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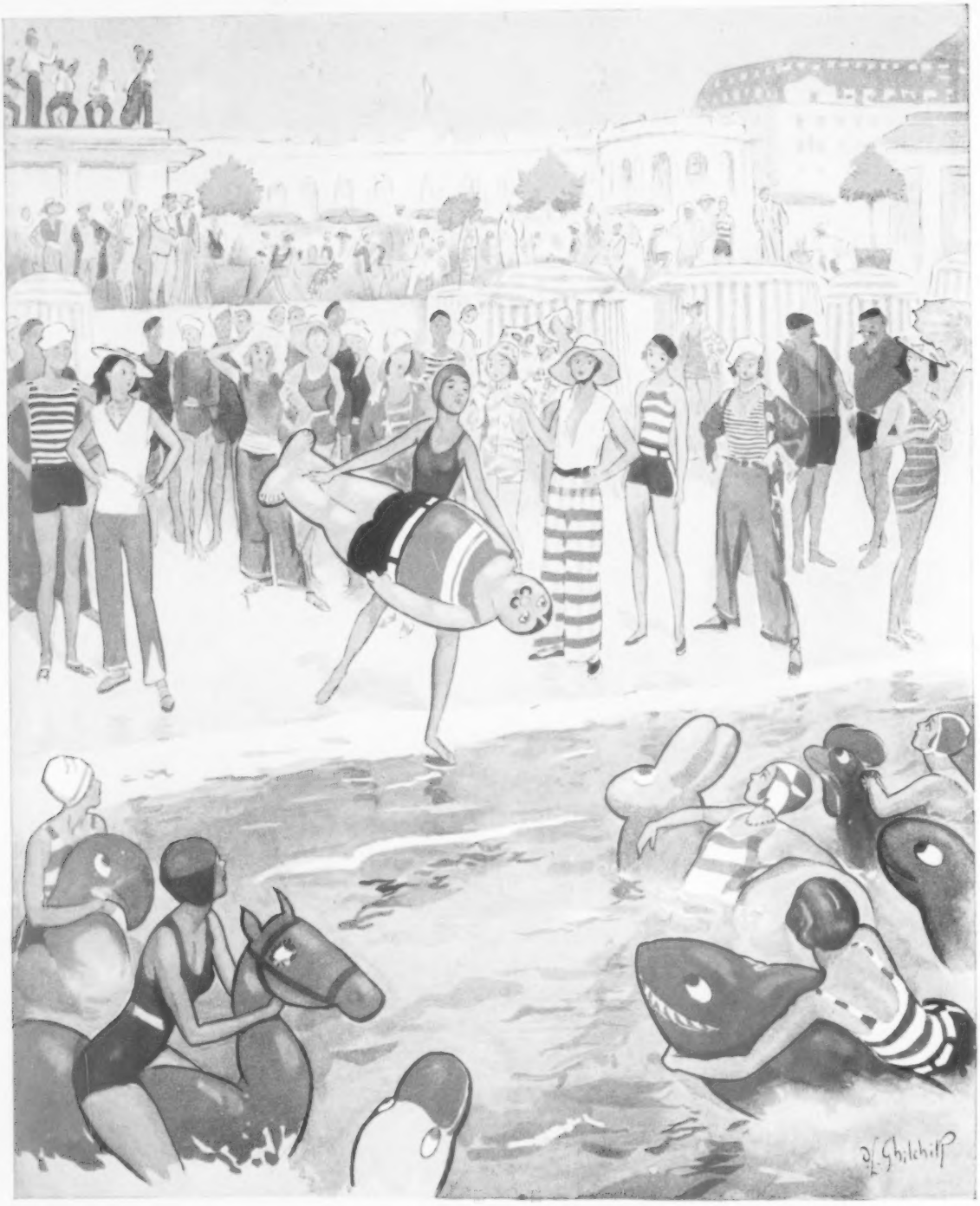
1930.

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What god is here . . . . .
what nymph pursued,
down carpets pied . . . .
with yellow?
'Tis Folly flying . . . .
through the wood
from nimble Punchinello.

Evoe.



THE ART OF GOING ONE BETTER.

LEADER OF FASHION APPEARS WITH THE PERFECT BATHING-ANIMAL.

OUR VILLAGE BOWLING.



THE DRAPER BOWLS SLOW.



YOUNG JARGE IS FAST.



THE CHAUFFEUR THINKS HE CAN BOWL.



THE PUBLICAN KNOWS HE CAN'T BOWL.



THE CURATE WOULD LOVE TO BOWL.



THE CHEMIST HAS NEVER BEEN ASKED TO BOWL.



GILES HAS NO WISH TO BOWL.



THE SQUIRE EXPECTS TO BOWL.



BUT IT'S ADAM GOLDHART THAT GETS THE WICKETS.



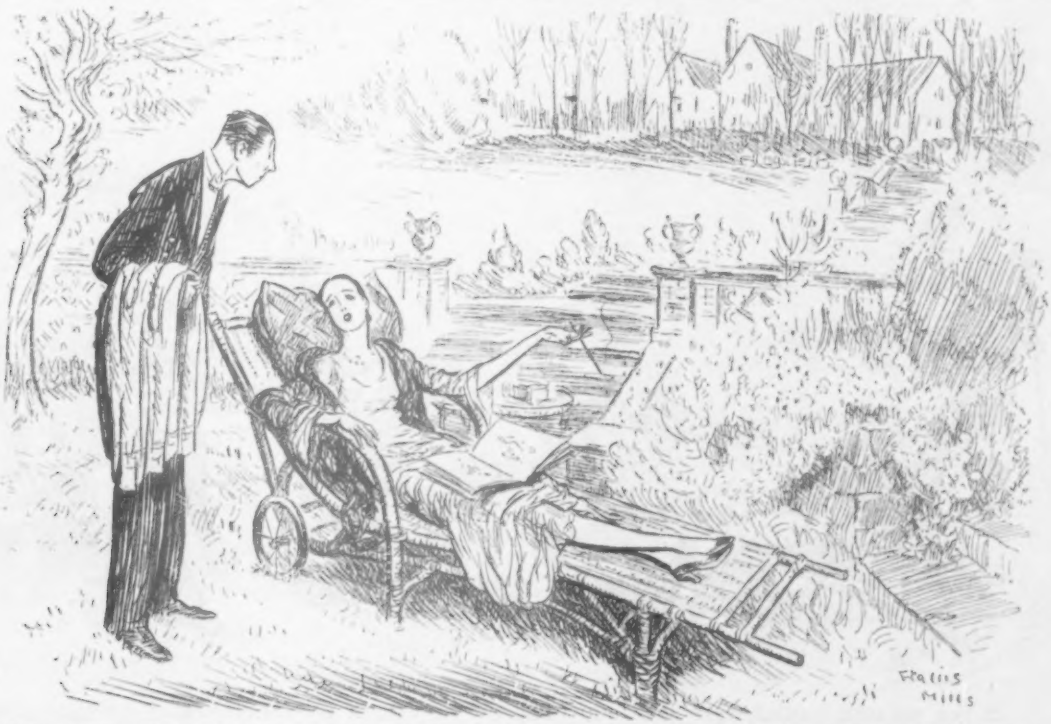
Nervous Little Man. "EXCUSE ME, B-BUT IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT I JOIN YOU TO COMPLETE A MIXED FEARSOME."



Flapper. "GOOD HEAVENS! THERE 'S MY FIANCÉ. PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW ME."



Irate Husband. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT I CAN'T BATHE WITH MY WIFE?"
Beach Inspector. "CERTAINLY NOT, SIR; WIVES OR OTHERWISE, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE."



Spoilt Young Woman (who is spending week-end in the country, to footman). "*CAN'T* ANYTHING BE DONE ABOUT THESE BEES? *TOO* DEAFENING!"







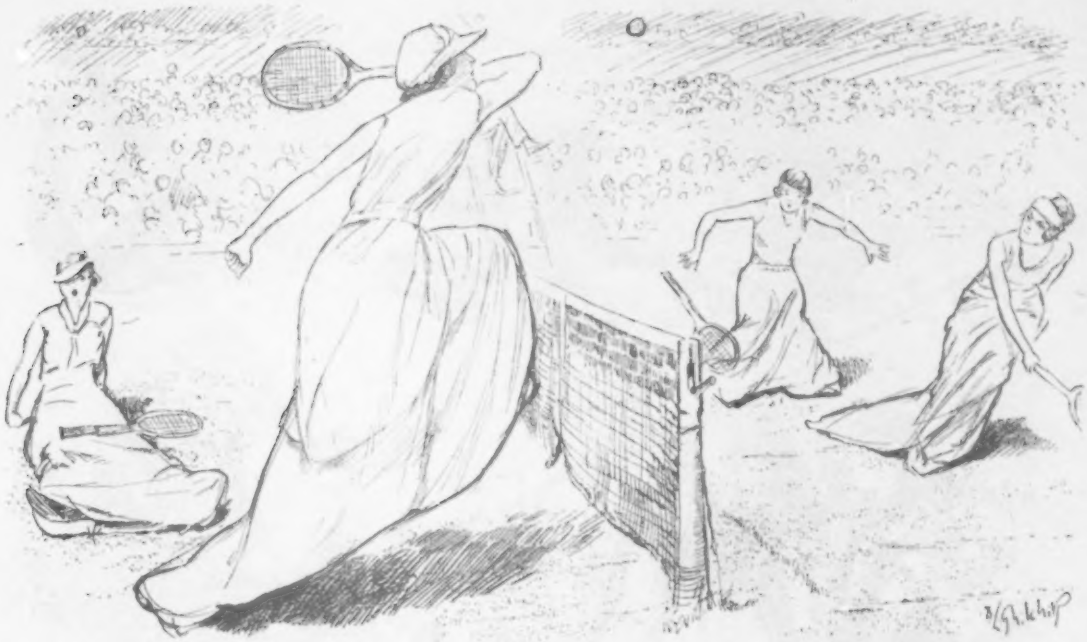
OWING TO OUR FAMILIARITY WITH PICTURES OF THE MORE RESTFUL ASPECTS OF THE LIFE OF A SUN-WORSHIPPER—



WE ARE APT TO FORGET THAT IT HAS ITS STRENUOUS SIDE.



THE MAN WHO ATE HIS LUNCHEON IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE.



THE LONG-SKIRT YEAR: TERRORS IN PROSPECT FOR WIMBLEDON.



A HIGHLAND HONEYMOON.

The Bride. "BUT SURELY, CUTHBERT DARLING, THERE MUST BE *SOME* WAY OF ACTUALLY CATCHING FISH!"



PUBLICITY IN THE JUNGLE; OR, THE LURE OF THE CAMERA.



PUBLICITY IN THE JUNGLE; OR, THE LURE OF THE CAMERA.



Turkish-Bath Shampooer (on holiday). "MY WORD! DON'T MY FINGERS JUST *ITCH* TO GET AT SOME OF 'EM."



SCENE—*Yacht in mid-Atlantic.*

Owner. "I'M BORED STIFF WITH THIS BIT OF OCEAN; LET'S TRY THE PACIFIC."

IT ISN'T ALWAYS CLEAR WHAT THEY ARE SINGING ABOUT, BUT SOMETHING MAY BE CONJECTURED FROM THEIR ATTITUDES.



"WE MUST THINK OF THE CHILD."



"NEARLY AS TALL AS DADDY."



"WE 'RE SELLING QUITE A NUMBER OF THESE."



"HAVE THIS ONE WITH ME."



"CHARITY RAFFLE."



"KENNEL UP, YOU BRUTE."



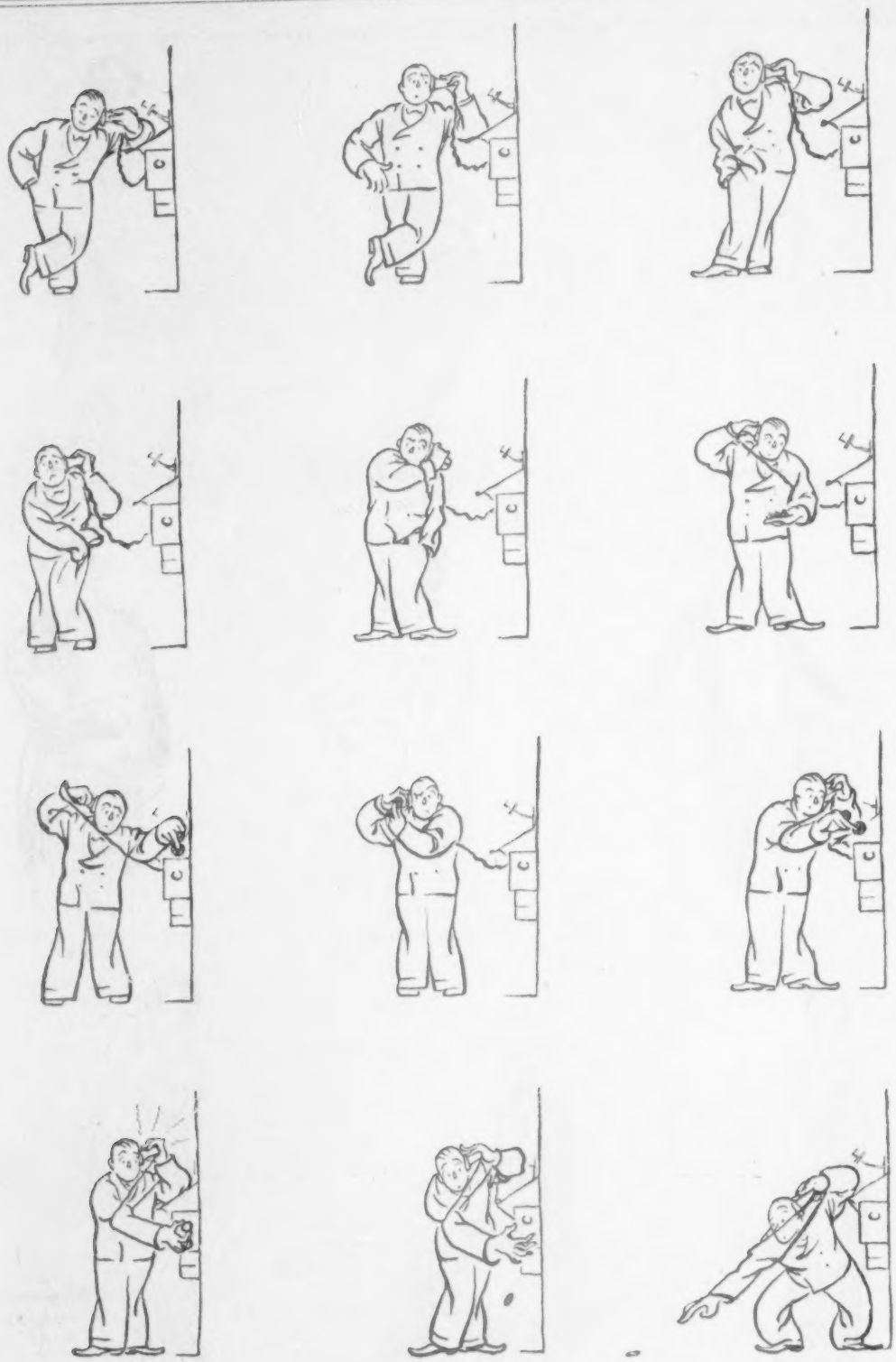
"I DON'T THINK I KNOW YOU."



"STOP ME AND BUY ONE."

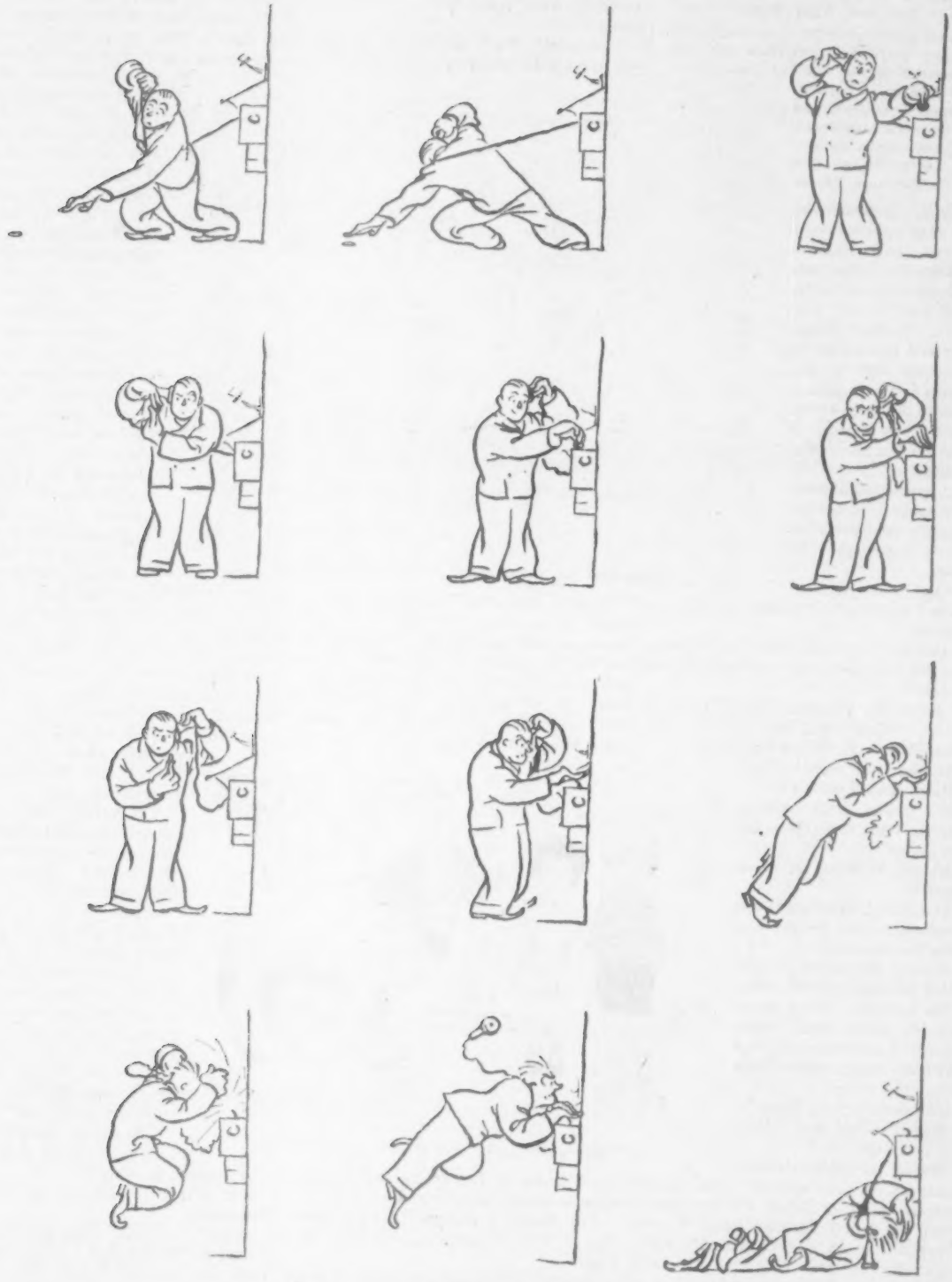


"FAREWELL FOR EVER."
(We hope.)



"TWO PENNIES, PLEASE!"

Fougasse



"TWO PENNIES, PLEASE!"

THE THREE COMPANIONS;

Or, Mr. Punch's Cheerful Corner for the Tiny Tots,

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR IMPLORES THE ARTIST TO CAST ASIDE HIS LETHARGY AND COLLABORATE WITH HIM IN PRODUCING A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED ADVENTURES OF CHILD-LIFE AFTER THE WELL-KNOWN METHODS OF THE POPULAR PRESS.

Myself (*commencing with easy nonchalance*). Mildred and Maurice and Titus the Takin now resolved to go to Fairyland and visit the Butter Scotch Mountains and the Lakes of Chocolate Ice Cream. So they crept cautiously through the little wicket gate at the bottom of their garden and found themselves in a dark green grove full of pine-apple trees. Butterflies of every colour darted about amongst the leaves.

"Oh!" cried Mildred, "how I wish we had brought our butterfly-nets!"

"Don't worry," said Maurice, "I have brought a soup-tureen. It will do just as well."

"How silly you are!" said Titus the Takin. "Can't you see they are not butterflies? They are tiny elves."

And so they were! One of them actually——

The Artist (*interrupting rudely*). What on earth is all this about?

Myself. What is all what about?

The Artist. Who are these three ridiculous people you have just named?

Myself. Mildred is a girl called Mildred and Maurice is her brother. They have recently come back from school. I am describing the way they amuse themselves in holiday-time.

The Artist. And Titus?

Myself. Titus is a takin.

The Artist. Eh?

Myself. A hollow-horned ruminant which inhabits the south-eastern corner of Tibet, while a second group is found further east, in the Moupin district. It is clumsily built, with yellowish-brown hair, and its hide bears a strong resemblance to that of the gnu.

The Artist. How strong?

Myself. Oh, very strong indeed. Almost painfully strong. Its nearest relatives appear to be the serows, but it hardly ever visits them. It is too proud.

The Artist. Well, what has all that got to do with Maurice and Mildred?



EXPERIMENTAL NOTES FROM ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

Myself. Titus the Takin belonged to them, of course. He was their pet. Have you no conception whatsoever of the way to please the kiddies? Have you not noticed that nearly every high-class paper contains an illustrated story in which a boy or a girl selects some kind of zoological freak from the rarer fauna of the globe and has the most amusing adventures with it?



"'THEY DON'T LOOK VERY HAPPY, DO THEY?'"

The Artist. I believe, now you mention it, I have seen something of the kind.

Myself. Of course you have. A great friend of my own does them in *The Daily Examiner*. He used to edit the financial column, but after five or six years' hard work he was promoted to the Children's Page and created the character of Henry the Hartebeest. There were two children called Sam and Sarah, who went about almost everywhere, and Henry the Hartebeest went with them. Sometimes they would go to Egypt and look at the Pyramids, or to India and visit the Taj Mahal. Or else you would find them going up to the top of the Woolworth Building together, having great fun with the man who worked the elevator. I believe *The Daily Examiner* considered this a vast improvement on the plot of the last series, which had featured Ughtred the Unicorn. Little readers had begun to grow tired of Ughtred, because he only indulged in domestic pranks such as toasting teacakes in front of the fire on his horn or screwing a mophead on to it and polishing the floor. There was something rather suburban about Ughtred the Unicorn. He never went to the Opera or to Lord's. The man who invented him was degraded and forced to do the political leaders instead. I thought we might do something really ambitious in this paper—something perhaps even better than Henry the Hartebeest, if we possibly can.

The Artist. And you envisage the achievement of this feat through the agency of Mildred, Maurice and Titus the Takin?

Myself. I do. I thought if you would draw a preliminary sketch of the *dramatis personæ* at once, so that we might get them firmly fixed in our imagination—a little group, if you understand me, entitled "*Starting for Fairyland*," *the figures in this group reading from left to right are so and so.*

The Artist. Here goes . . .

Myself. They don't look very happy, do they?

The Artist. I am rather tired of Fairyland.

Myself (*eagerly*). They needn't go to Fairyland if you don't want them to. Take the case of Egbert the Iguana, who has become so deservedly popular in *The Morning Scrutineer*. Time itself

can set no obstacle before the romantic ambitions of Egbert the Iguana. Accompanied by Tommy and Evelyn, whose guide and monitor he is, he has been present when the Great Charter was signed at Runnymede by KING JOHN. I remember the scene distinctly. Egbert the Iguana was asked to fetch the ink, and he actually upset it all over the bad-tempered King's beard. How Tommy and Evelyn did laugh, said *The Morning Scrutineer*, when Egbert the Iguana did this! And there was another time, during the Wars of the Roses, when Egbert led a little side charge at Bosworth Field and was largely instrumental in routing KING RICHARD III. and placing KING HENRY VII. on the throne. "Hip-hip-hooray for the red rose!" shouted Tommy and Evelyn, clapping their hands.



MILDRED AND MAURICE AND LANCELOT THE LLAMA FIND THEMSELVES AT PEVENSEY.

A great many of the children, again, seem to go round the sights of London with their pets. Surely you must have seen how Michael the Mandrill pretended to be a mummy at the British Museum, and how startled the custodians were when he suddenly came to life? That was in *The Daily Circulator*, I believe. Then there was the time when Michael the Mandrill dropped nuts from the Visitors' Gallery on to the Speaker in the House of Commons and provoked a great deal of mirth by throwing a paper-dart at the Prime Minister's head. But Fairyland is a very common kind of setting for these jolly escapades, and that was why I thought of sending Mildred and Maurice and Titus the Takin out through the little garden-gate——

The Artist. I suppose it's absolutely necessary that Mildred and Maurice should have this takin with them on this excursion of theirs? They wouldn't have any difficulty in finding one, I suppose?

Myself (*stiffly*). There's one on the Mappin Terraces, and a very good takin too. They could have that.

The Artist. A takin seems to me to be rather a tiresome animal to have in Fairyland, when the world is so full of hollow-horned ruminants of every kind. And what sort of adventures do you want Mildred and Maurice to have, with this awful pest trailing after them wherever they go?

Myself. I see you are determined to take a prosaic view of the whole episode. Let us have it out now once and for all. Perhaps you prefer history to Fairyland?

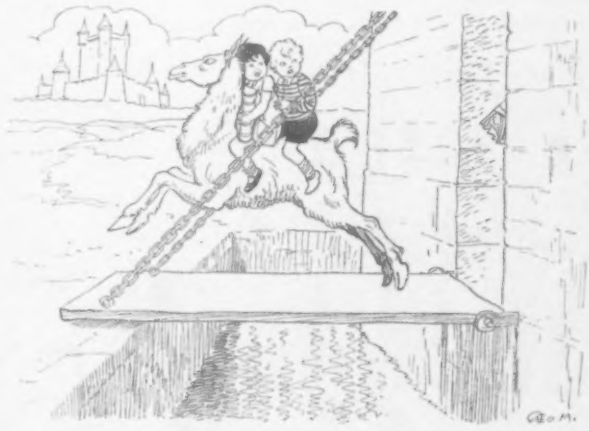
The Artist. I do.

Myself. Very well, then. Mildred and Maurice and Titus the Takin went out of the little gate at the bottom of the garden and found themselves near Pevensey Bay. Dawn——

The Artist (*suddenly*). I have come to a decision.

Myself. What is it now?

The Artist. I will not have a takin in this story. It clashes with my sense of artistic probability. I cannot visualise a takin posing at dawn near Pevensey Bay. Mildred and Maurice must find some other animal to accompany them through the pages of the past.



MILDRED AND MAURICE GET AWAY WITH DOMESDAY-BOOK.

Myself. You really insist upon that?

The Artist. I do.

Myself (*with quiet dignity*). Then what about Lancelot the Llama?

The Artist. Agreed.

Myself. I thought you would like that. It brings the eastern and western hemispheres together somehow to have a llama in the story. We shall very likely have a sale in America for this. I will now commence all over again. Mildred and Maurice and Lancelot the Llama had escaped from the nursery when suddenly they found themselves at Pevensey Bay. Dawn had dawned. There was a great battle going on.

"Dear me!" cried Mildred. "This must be the Battle of Hastings!"

"It is," replied Lancelot the Llama.

"Whom do you suppose will win?" said Maurice in a very excited tone.

"The Saxons, of course," said Mildred.

"No, they won't," said Lancelot the Llama, with a wise shake of the head. "See, they are beginning to run already. The Normans will win."

And sure enough they did.

The Artist. I don't think that is a very funny scene.

Myself. The real fun begins later on. You're sure, by the way, that you wouldn't rather have the takin back again in the story? I've always been very sorry for the takin. He seems to be the most miserable animal in the Zoo, and his face reminds me of someone I once saw on a platform at Basingstoke. I thought it would be rather jolly for him to have some romantic historical adventures for once in a way.

The Artist. I am adamant about Titus the Takin.

Myself. All right. When the battle was over, Mildred and Maurice and Lancelot the Llama were sorry for the defeated Saxons, and took their side. Lancelot the Llama carried several of them out of the battle on his back, and helped to bury them in barrows.

The Artist. Why did he take them away in barrows?

Myself. You don't seem to understand. Barrows are a kind of Saxon tomb.

The Artist. Oh!

Myself. Lancelot buried them very carefully in the barrows, with their swords and helmets by their side.

The Artist. I suppose this is where the real fun begins?

Myself. Perhaps I ought to have told you that in writing a popular children's

story like this we endeavour to give a certain amount of instruction as well as amusement to our little readers. When Henry the Hartebeest went round the world with Sam and Sarah in *The Daily Examiner*, the writer took care to mention that the Pyramids were built by RAMESES II. and the Woolworth Building by WOOLWORTH I. In the same way, if you had allowed me to take Mildred and Maurice and Titus——

The Artist. Oh, shut up!

Myself. —out through the little garden gate into Fairyland, we should probably have quoted one or two lines from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and later on we should have met Queen Mab. To continue then. Not long afterwards Mildred and Maurice and Lancelot the Llama heard that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR was compiling a great book called *Domesday Book* which the Saxons did not like at all.

"What fun it would be to steal it!" said Mildred.

And sure enough one night they did.

The Artist. How?

Myself. They put a sleeping-draught in the wine of the Norman sentinels who were watching over it. Then Mildred, who had the key, crept silently in. Just as they were getting away with the book one of the sentinels awoke and shouted "Harroo!" What a commotion there was in the castle! But before the Normans could put on their armour and seize their battle-axes Mildred and Maurice were safely riding away over the drawbridge on Lancelot the Llama's back with Domesday Book in their hands.

The Artist. Am I to make a picture of this?

Myself. Most certainly! You will find Domesday Book at the Record Office if you want to see what it is like. Or perhaps you can pick up a popular edition of it somewhere in the Charing Cross Road.

The Artist. Go on.

Myself. How angry the Normans were, and how fast Lancelot did run! In the end they came to a castle with a moat all round it full of water and mud. Over the drawbridge they dashed, and Lancelot the Llama showed them how to pull it up when they got inside, so that the Normans could not follow them. "How clever of Lancelot to think of that!" cried Mildred. "How ratty the Normans will be!" echoed Maurice. But the Normans began to climb up the battlements hand over fist. And what do you think the clever Lancelot did then?

The Artist. I'm sure I don't know.



LANCELOT THE LLAMA DISLODGES THE NORMANS.

Myself (triumphantly). I thought you wouldn't! Why, he poked his head through one of the little windows meant for shooting arrows from, and as soon as a Norman arrived he spat at him till he lost his hold and fell down.

The Artist. How very disgusting!



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR GRANTS A FREE PARDON.

Myself. Not at all. You must remember that this story is instructive as well as being highly humorous and full of romance. The liability of the llama to expectorate when weary or annoyed was noticed as long ago as 1544 by AUGUSTIN DE ZARATE, who describes how the Spaniards used to ride them in Peru. The days are past, I think, when the great facts of natural history have to be glozed over because they are not suitable for childish minds. We have got rid of the Victoria prudery which concealed the elementary facts of life from the young. We——

The Artist. I wish you would get on with the narrative.

Myself. Well, Lancelot the Llama spat and spat and spat until all the Normans had tumbled off the battlements into the slimy green moat, in which there were numbers of frogs. How Maurice and Mildred did laugh when they saw the water streaming down their coats of mail!

The Artist. So that was the funny part, was it?

Myself. It was. And the next day one of them came carrying a white flag and asking for a truce. "If you will give us back *Domesday Book*," cried the Herald, "WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR will grant you a free pardon, and Maurice shall be made an Earl." So they agreed, and that very morning they rode to Windsor Castle on Lancelot the Llama's back, and were received by WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR with all his Barons around him. There was a great feast, at which chocolate and ice-cream and méringues were served; but Lancelot the Llama only ate four handfuls of maize. It was a glorious day in mid-July and the geraniums were in full bloom.

The Artist. Why do you put that in?

Myself (with dignity). I think you forget that this is a Summer number. Little touches like that make all the difference to a tale. When the feast was over and everybody felt drowsy suddenly there was a great bang, and Mildred and Maurice found themselves back in their own garden again.

"What an adventure we have had!" they both cried to Lancelot the Llama. "Don't forget to take us back into English history some other time."

In the event of our further collaboration I propose to narrate how Mildred, Maurice and Lancelot the Llama took a lively part in the First Crusade.

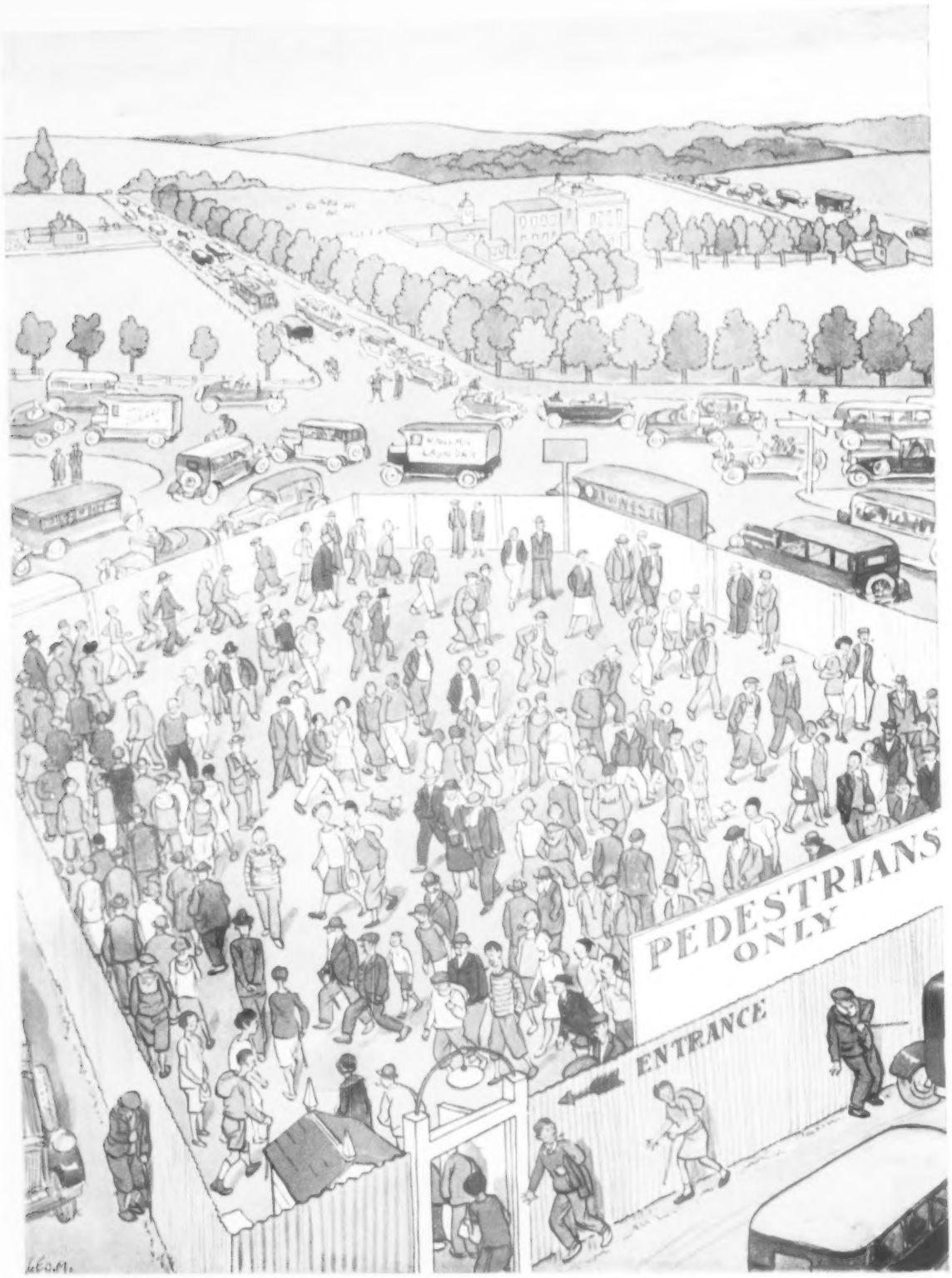
The Artist (piously). Heaven forbid!

Myself. Not even if I think of an even funnier graminivorous ruminant to take Lancelot's place?

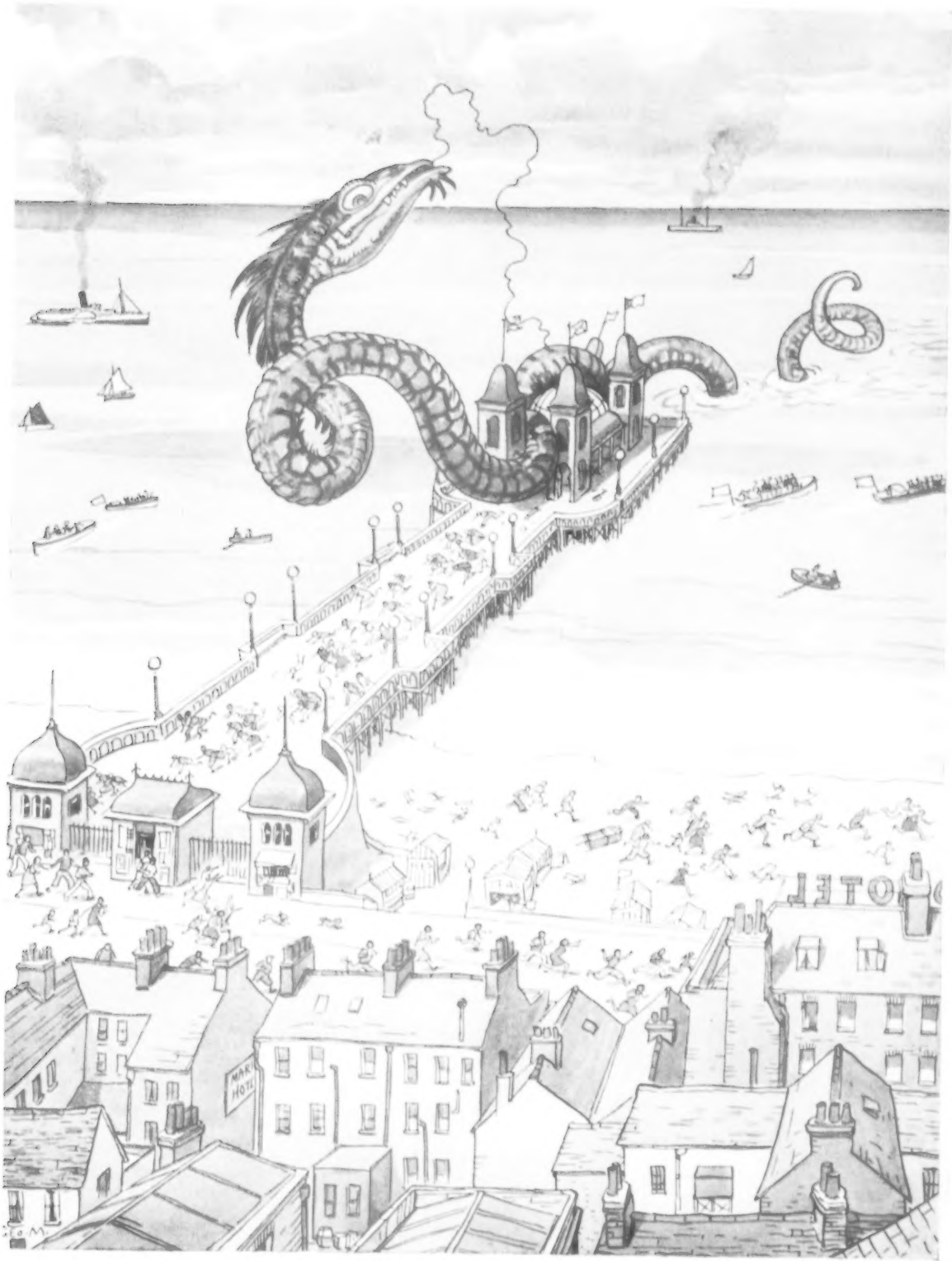
The Artist. Not for worlds! EVOE.



VIEW OF A PUBLIC PARK IN SCOTLAND.



A SANCTUARY FOR PEDESTRIANS.

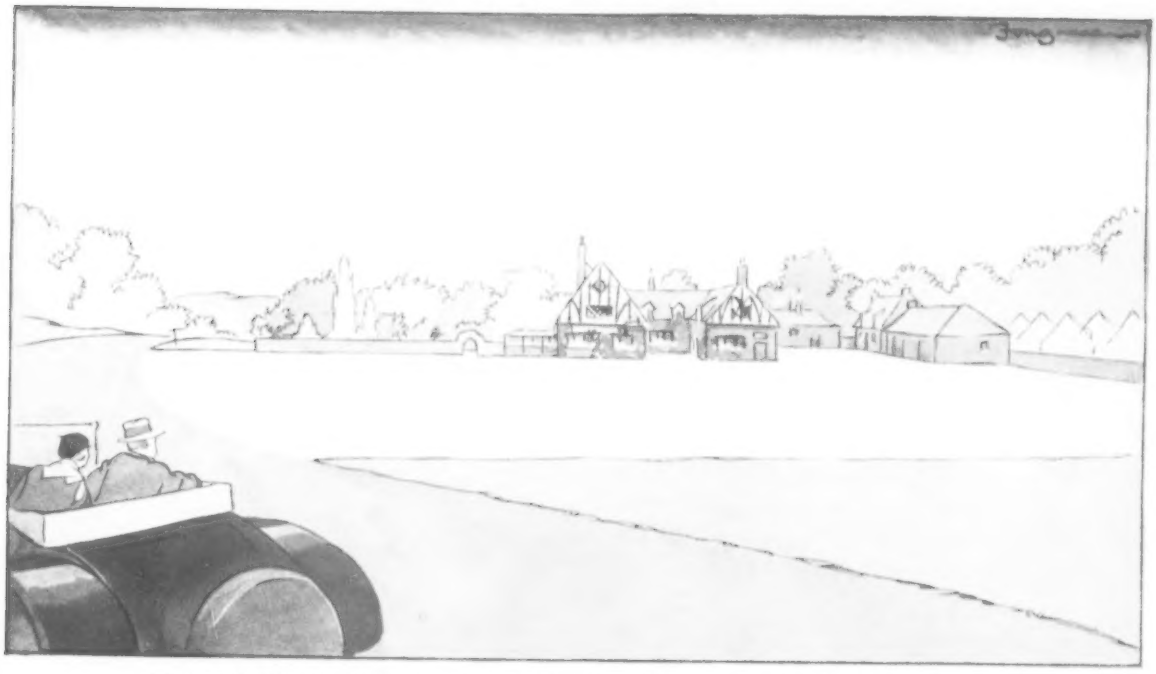


LITTLE WILLIE JONES, WITH A BENT PIN, WINS THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE ANNUAL SEA-FISHING COMPETITION AT PADDLEBEACH PIER

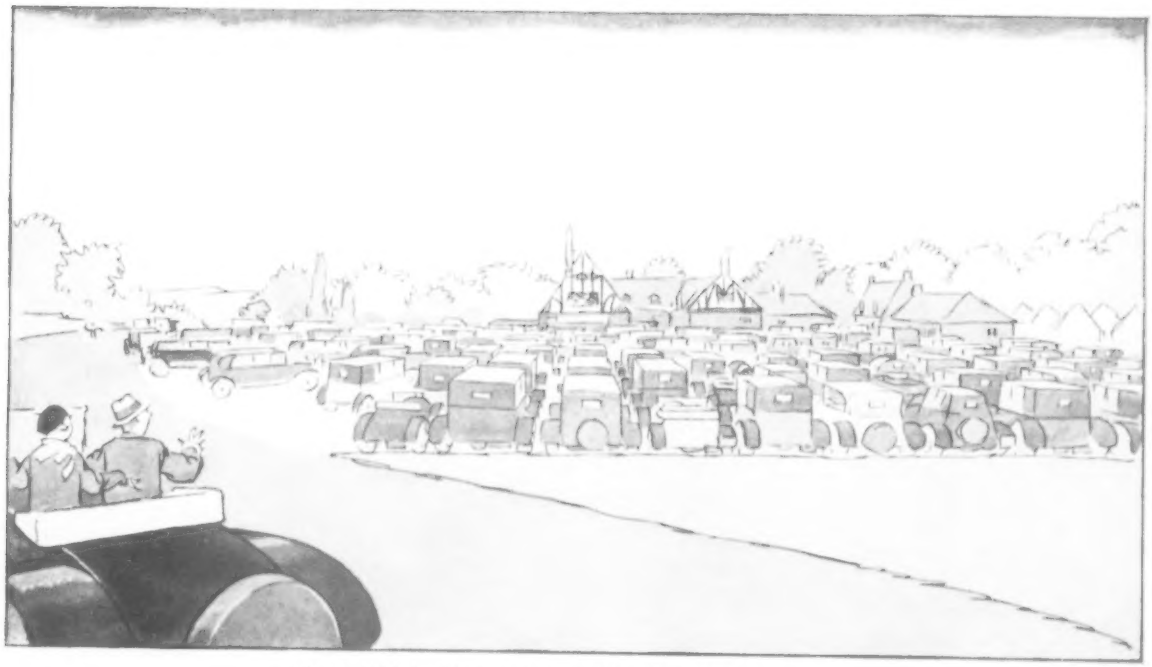


PERIOD COSTUME; OR, THE RIVAL OLDEST INHABITANTS.

A QUIET LITTLE INN.



WE FOUND SUCH A DELIGHTFULLY QUIET LITTLE INN TO LUNCH AT LAST WEDNESDAY—

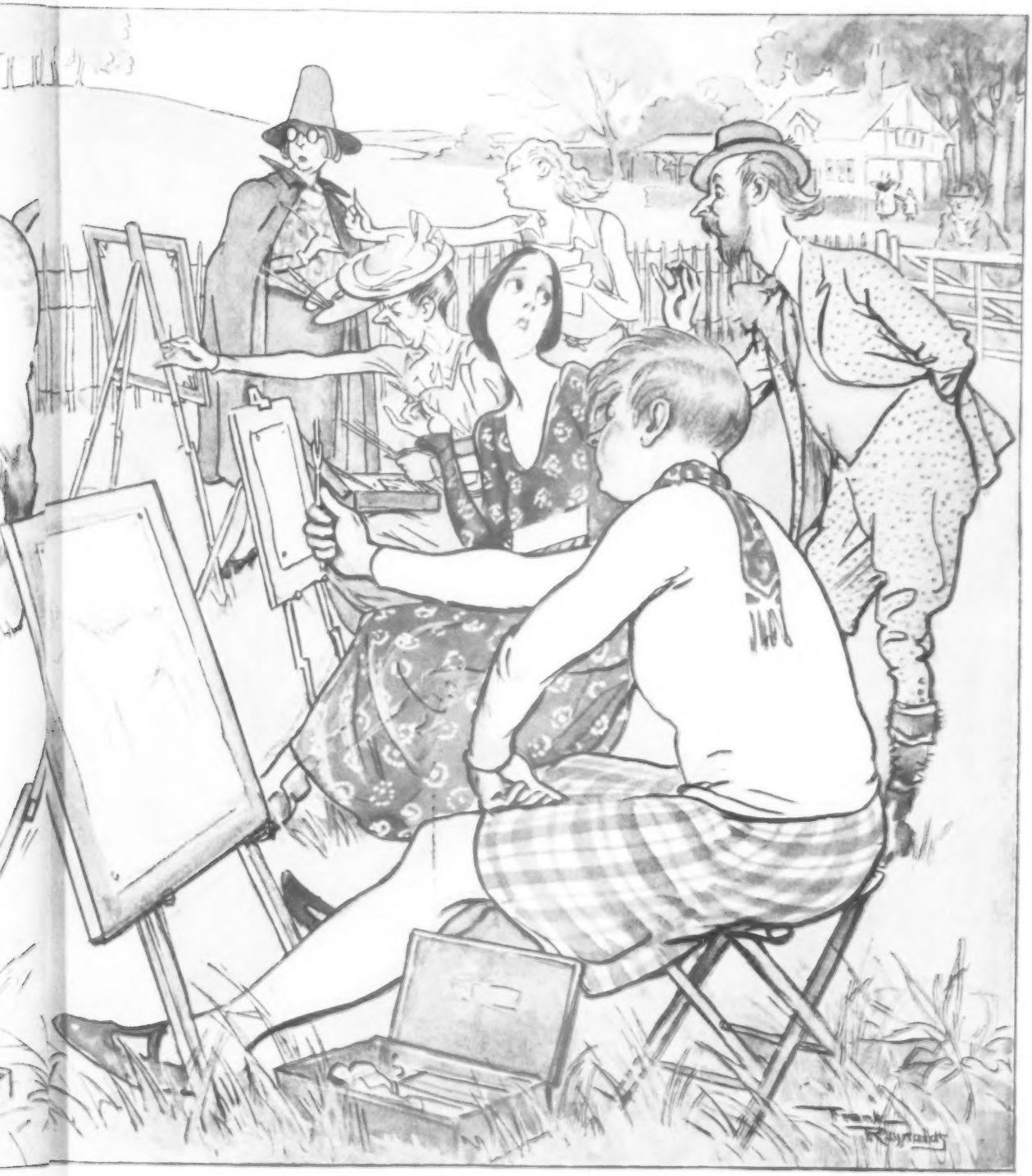


SO WE DROVE DOWN THERE TO LUNCH AGAIN ON SUNDAY.



WHAT OUR NOBLE ANIMA HA

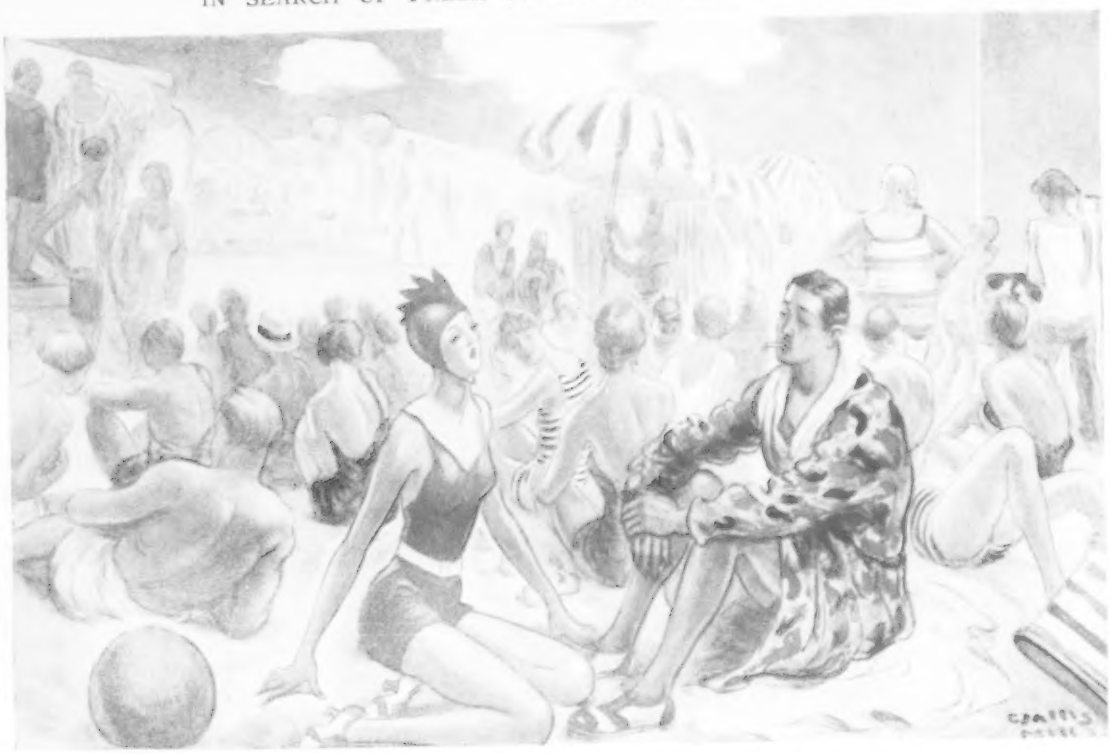
THE OUTDOOR TCHIN



IMA HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

OOR TCHING CLASS.

IN SEARCH OF FRESH FIELDS AND SEABOARDS NEW



WE WERE BORED TO TEARS WITH THESE SUN-BAKED CROWDS AT DEAUVILLE AND ANTIBES—



SO WE WENT FURTHER AFIELD AND TRIED THE COAST OF AFRICA, ONLY TO FIND CONGESTED SEASIDE-RESORTS

IN SEARCH OF FRESH FIELDS AND SEABOARDS NEW.



SO WE STEAMED AWAY TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, BUT EVEN THERE WE FOUND FAR TOO MANY PEOPLE ABOUT.



AT LAST WE DISCOVERED A RECENT VOLCANIC ISLAND WHICH IS LIKELY TO SINK AGAIN IN A DAY OR TWO, SO PROBABLY WON'T ATTRACT TOO LARGE A CROWD.



Passer-by (to extremely eccentric-looking Artist). "MIGHT I ASK, SIR, WHY YOU CHOOSE THE HEIGHT OF SUMMER FOR DEPICTING THIS LANDSCAPE IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER?"

Eccentric Artist. "CERTAINLY; IT'S SO MUCH WARMER."



THE BEAUTY-DOCTOR.

A HYDE PARK IDYLL.



HYDE HIS PARK

A Vision of 1931

PARK, that the noble Lansbury prepares
To soothe my mind disturbed by business cares!
Oft as I wander in thy grateful shade
Where once perambulators deckt the glade
And sprightly cavaliers, a well-dressed clan,
Spurned with the flying hoof the obsequious tan,
Now by this change I am become the butt
Of the spent ball or hurtling coconut;
The swaying swing distracts me as I tread,
A half-banana strikes my studious head.
Where Decency and Silence breathed their boons
(Saving, of course, on Sunday afternoons)
The wild carillon thrills the air with sound,
Hums the loud organ, hoots the merry-go-round,
The bather, plunging with continuous squeal,
Startles the widgeon and offends the teal.
Reared on the sward I mark a vitreous dome
Where teas (with egg) are bought and phosphates foam;
Ticklers engage my face above, beneath,
And Hyde his Park is grown like Hampstead Heath,
Save where the uncouth Rima acts the snob
And veils her presence from the various mob.

Here let me pause awhile and write in jerks
Odes to the Master of the Board of Works—
If I can do so in these rather curious circs.

EVOE.

CRICKET IN RUSSIA;

OR, THE VOLGA BATMEN.

[We hear that a film is now in preparation at Hollywood which depicts a cricket-match in England. More remarkable still, we present below the story of a cricket-match in Russia. It is based upon a well-known play by Vlov or somebody, brought up to date by a member of the Ogpu and translated by our Mr. Haddock.]

I.

"I TELL you what it is, Andrey Andreyevitch," said Stepan Pepushkin impatiently, "if the cricket competition does not soon begin it will be dark before it is finished. And then, you know, we shall be hampered by the wolves."

"What is the hurry?" replied the old man, chewing grass. "I am too drunk to umpire yet. Natalya Popova cannot find the bats. And, besides, the young men have not yet settled the dispute about the teams."

"Sometimes," replied the other passionately, "I think I see the stars in your old eyes, Andrey Andreyevitch; and sometimes they are like dead prawns."

Stepan Pepushkin was a poet. He wore a peaked cap and black knickerbockers. He was eager for the new game, which would bring back poetry to the village, the Commissar had said. "How can there be a dispute among brothers?" he cried.

"Well, you see, it is perfectly simple," said the old umpire. "I think I can stand now. I will get up. What a disgusting creature I am to be drunk on Wednesday! And Olga Merinin says the harvest will be late. What was I saying, Stepan Stepanovitch?"

"You were raving quietly," replied the young man. "There is Natalya, carrying the two bats like torches over her shoulders. How beautiful she is!"

"The young men are quarrelling. Boris Borisovitch has emptied the whitewash pail over Lopakhin; and now we shall have no crease. But all this is highly intelligible when you come to think of it."

"If I were to kill Maria Andreyevna," said the poet dreamily, "would you marry again?"

"Excuse me, the trouble is that our village has been collectivised under the Decree. Everything is in common. We are all in common. We are all brothers. Naturally, therefore, say the young men, we cannot have two teams of brothers playing against each other, for there can be nothing brotherly in trying to get the better of one another. But the Commissar has a paper from Moscow. He says there must be two teams of eleven, each with a captain; but the young men will not have captains. It is all rather unpleasant. I think I shall lie down again."

"Eleven is a beautiful number," said the poet. "Two ones. Two ones—two captains—two bats of forest wood. Some day, Andrey Andreyevitch, I shall go to London where this beautiful game was thought of."

But the old man was asleep.

Stepan Pepushkin walked over to the debate of the young men. He went straight up to Natalya Popova and kissed her. "Will you marry me?" he said loudly, because of the noise of the speakers, many of whom were talking in common. She had very brown eyes, like a small cow in springtime. She wore a Tartar skirt and knee-pads for the wicket.

"I think I am engaged to some of the others," she said. "Besides, you are a poet, Stepan, and there is no place for poetry now. We should have no food."

"If I were to write in prose," said the young man, "would you love me?"

"Prose is more respectable, to be sure," said Natalya Popova, "but, excuse me, everyone is active and vigorous now, ploughing and making grain for the State or combating the counter-revolutionaries. You are only a dreamer; Olga Merinin told me she found you feeding nightingales in the wood. What is the use of that when Russia is starving, Stepan Pepushkin? To-day, to take an example, the Committee will not let you take part in the batting. They have appointed you to count the runs. I tell you what is in my mind, Stepan; I am sorry I let you kiss me."

Stepan smiled dumbly and listened to the speakers.

"Comrades," shouted Serge Obolensky, the humane slaughterer, "the solution is evident. We cannot have two hostile teams competing against each other, for this would be to play into the hands of the Capitalist Governments, which seek to divide the workers. But we can all play on the same side."

"*Pravda!*" "Well spoken, Serge!" "*Yashmak!*" cried the cricketers.

Big Lubov, the bearded schoolmaster, came to the rostrum carrying a stump. "I have a proposition."

"*Nitchevo!*" "*Chuchuk!*" "A proposition!"

"My proposition is that all runs should be shared in common."

"*Pravda!*" "*Yashmak!*" "All runs to be shared in common!"

But Bortsov, the Commissar, stepped forward. "I have a paper from Moscow. At Moscow they say that you are idle; the grain lies unreaped, the bins are empty."

"*Tchai!*" "*Merovestia!*" cried the angry villagers.

"Moscow says that the will to compete and act energetically must be born again in you. Therefore they have given you this cricket which the English workers play. Therefore you must have two teams striving for victory, and therefore each worker shall keep his own runs, striving to gain more than his comrade."

"Kill the Commissar!" cried everyone. "Capitalism!" "The counter-revolution!"

"I will kill the Commissar!" yelled Big Lubov the schoolmaster. "Give me a bat, Natalya Popova," he said in a softer voice; for Big Lubov loved Natalya.

"There are only two bats," said the girl, "and they must be restored to the Government after the game. It would be a pity to break them."

"*Pravda!*" said Lubov; and he drove the sharp stump which he carried through the Commissar's heart.

"And now let us begin the game," said the schoolmaster.



"'BORIS BORISOVITCH HAS EMPTIED THE WHITEWASH PAIL OVER LOPAKHIN; AND NOW WE SHALL HAVE NO CREASE.'"

II.

"Now that we have killed the Commissar," Serge Obolensky was saying,

A HYDE PARK IDYLL.



HYDE HIS PARK

A Vision of 1931

PARK, that the noble Lansbury prepares
To soothe my mind, disturbed by business cares!
Oft as I wander in thy grateful shade
Where once perambulators deckt the glade
And sprightly cavaliers, a well-dressed clan,
Spurned with the flying hoof the obsequious tan,
Now by this change I am become the butt
Of the spent ball or hurtling cocoanut;
The swaying swing distracts me as I tread,
A half-banana strikes my studious head;
Where Decency and Silence breathed their boons
(Saving, of course, on Sunday afternoons)
The wild carillon thrills the air with sound,
Hums the loud organ, hoots the merry-go-round;
The bather, plunging with continuous squeal,
Startles the widgeon and offends the teal;
Reared on the sward I mark a vitreous dome
Where teas (with egg) are bought and phosphates foam;
Ticklers engage my face above, beneath,
And Hyde his Park is grown like Hampstead Heath,
Save where the uncouth Rima acts the snob
And veils her presence from the various mob.

Here let me pause awhile and write in jerks
Odes to the Master of the Board of Works—
If I can do so in these rather curious circs.

EVOE.

CRICKET IN RUSSIA;

OR, THE VOLGA BATMEN.

[We hear that a film is now in preparation at Hollywood which depicts a cricket-match in England. More remarkable still, we present below the story of a cricket-match in Russia. It is based upon a well-known play by Vlov or somebody, brought up to date by a member of the Ogpu and translated by our Mr. Haddock.]

I.

"I TELL you what it is, Andrey Andreyevitch," said Stepan Pepushkin impatiently, "if the cricket competition does not soon begin it will be dark before it is finished. And then, you know, we shall be hampered by the wolves."

"What is the hurry?" replied the old man, chewing grass. "I am too drunk to umpire yet. Natalya Popova cannot find the bats. And, besides, the young men have not yet settled the dispute about the teams."

"Sometimes," replied the other passionately, "I think I see the stars in your old eyes, Andrey Andreyevitch; and sometimes they are like dead prawns."

Stepan Pepushkin was a poet. He wore a peaked cap and black knickerbockers. He was eager for the new game, which would bring back poetry to the village, the Commissar had said. "How can there be a dispute among brothers?" he cried.

"Well, you see, it is perfectly simple," said the old umpire. "I think I can stand now. I will get up. What a disgusting creature I am to be drunk on Wednesday! And Olga Merinin says the harvest will be late. What was I saying, Stepan Stepanovitch?"

"You were raving quietly," replied the young man. "There is Natalya, carrying the two bats like torches over her shoulders. How beautiful she is!"

"The young men are quarrelling. Boris Borisovitch has emptied the whitewash pail over Lopakhin; and now we shall have no crease. But all this is highly intelligible when you come to think of it."

"If I were to kill Maria Andreyevna," said the poet dreamily, "would you marry again?"

"Excuse me, the trouble is that our village has been collectivised under the Decree. Everything is in common. We are all in common. We are all brothers. Naturally, therefore, say the young men, we cannot have two teams of brothers playing against each other, for there can be nothing brotherly in trying to get the better of one another. But the Commissar has a paper from Moscow. He says there must be two teams of eleven, each with a captain; but the young men will not have captains. It is all rather unpleasant. I think I shall lie down again."

"Eleven is a beautiful number," said the poet. "Two ones. Two ones—two captains—two bats of forest wood. Some day, Andrey Andreyevitch, I shall go to London where this beautiful game was thought of."

But the old man was asleep.

Stepan Pepushkin walked over to the debate of the young men. He went straight up to Natalya Popova and kissed her. "Will you marry me?" he said loudly, because of the noise of the speakers, many of whom were talking in common. She had very brown eyes, like a small cow in springtime. She wore a Tartar skirt and knee-pads for the wicket.

"I think I am engaged to some of the others," she said. "Besides, you are a poet, Stepan, and there is no place for poetry now. We should have no food."

"If I were to write in prose," said the young man, "would you love me?"

"Prose is more respectable, to be sure," said Natalya Popova, "but, excuse me, everyone is active and vigorous now, ploughing and making grain for the State or combating the counter-revolutionaries. You are only a dreamer; Olga Merinin told me she found you feeding nightingales in the wood. What is the use of that when Russia is starving, Stepan Pepushkin? To-day, to take an example, the Committee will not let you take part in the batting. They have appointed you to count the runs. I tell you what is in my mind, Stepan; I am sorry I let you kiss me."

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"'BORIS BORISOVITCH HAS EMPTIED THE WHITEWASH PAIL OVER LOPAKHIN; AND NOW WE SHALL HAVE NO CREASE.'"

II.

"Now that we have killed the Commissar," Serge Obolensky was saying,

"we have no one who can explain the rules of cricket. But Russia is like that."

"Who wants rules?" said young Nicolai Nicolaievitch. "Rules were made for the bourgeois."

"*Pravda.* True. But, excuse me, it would be convenient if we could come to some agreement about the method of our proceedings. To take an example, Nicolai Nicolaievitch, we know that there are two sets of stumps, for the Commissar told us so much; but where in the world are we to put them?"

"It is simple enough, Serge Obolensky. We will put one set here and the other over there."

"Yes, Nicolai," replied the older man patiently; "but where?"

"There."

"I recognise the energy of your mind, Nicolai—but how far away?"

"Give me the Commissar's paper. Twenty-two yards—that is versts. *Cuculin!*" said the young revolutionary in triumph.

"No one in the village can throw a leather ball so far. I tell you what, we will let each man bowl according to his capacity. The strong man shall throw from a great way off and the weak from a little distance. Thus we shall establish equality. Big Lubov, to take an example, must throw at the batsman from the next field, and I shall throw from here."

"But," said the young cynical clerk of the bank, "suppose that the strong man pretends to be weak, then he will have an advantage."

"Then," said Serge Obolensky simply, "we shall kill him."

III.

Big Lubov and Natalya Popova were still batting. All the village had bowled the round ball at them, some from this place and some from that. None of the peasants had hit them. Big Lubov defended his body nimbly with his great bat. But the young men did not like to throw the ball at pretty Natalya. They threw it away from her, so that she could not strike it with her bat. So it came about that Lubov had gained seven runs, but pretty Natalya had made none.

Old Volodia's best cow lay in the shade watching the game. Dreamily sitting on the cow, Stepan Pepushkin wrote the runs in his book. He thought that Natalya was like a tulip.

"Ho, Stepan!" Big Lubov cries, "how goes the count?"

"Lubov—9 runs," answers the poet; Natalya Popova—7 runs."

"*Nitchevo!*" How is this? Not once has Natalya struck the ball."

"From time to time I give her a run," said the poet, "because she is so beautiful."

"*Yashmak!*" At first Big Lubov was angry. But he loved Natalya and he shrugged with good temper. When Big Lubov shrugged it was like a storm on the hills. Trees fell down.

"Besides," said Serge Obolensky cunningly, "since all the runs are to be shared in common, Lubov Lubovinsky, the question has no significance. Strictly speaking, the count is Lubov—8; Natalya—8."

"*Botsch!*" shouted the schoolmaster angrily. "No man or woman shall take



"Stepan Pepushkin wrote the runs in his book."

my runs!" For Lubov had begun to enjoy the cricket, and the will to win was in his great heart, which was shaped like a pear.

"You are a *molak*, Lubov!" cried Nicolai Nicolaievitch. "Run-hog! *Menshevik!*"

"Bowl, thou," replied the big man with a threatening motion, "or I will bat thee."

Presently Lubov had made 13. Stepan gave Natalya two more runs because of the pretty curve of her waist, which was like the prow of a small ship. Natalya Popova was 9.

Then Alexis the blacksmith took the ball.

Lubov cries out: "Ho! blacksmith, you come too close! Stand yonder by Obolensky in the farther field!"

But Alexis throws the ball strong and low and strikes the schoolmaster in the stomach.

"*Yashmak!*" "Hit!" "Lubov is out!" cry the peasants.

"The blow was irregular," cries the batsman angrily. "He came too near. What is the verdict, Andrey Andreyevitch?"

All eyes turned to the aged umpire. But the umpire was still asleep.

"He is drunk," said Serge Obolensky.

"I tell you what," said Lubov, "is it not a very extraordinary thing that all the time, while we have been playing this game, the umpire was lying drunk at the place called square-leg, and none of us perceived it?"

"Russia is like that," said Serge Obolensky. "My father's sister kept beetles in her bedroom and fed them on sunflower seeds. Nobody knew."

"Practically speaking," the schoolmaster remarked logically, "the game, so far, has not been happening, for the official, in a manner of speaking, was not present. It follows therefore that I am still batting."

"In that case," said the cunning Nicolai, "you have not made 13 runs, but no runs."

"*Pravda!*"

Lubov weakened. He thought that none of the peasants would make so many as 13 runs.

"Besides, as you will be the first to appreciate, Lubov Lubovinsky, this umpire is only a mouthpiece for the voice of the people. Indubitably he is incapable; but what of that? The voice of the people has said that you are out."

"Out!" "Out!" "*Slava!*"

Lubov with a bad grace gave up the bat, saying, "As for you, Andrey Andreyevitch, to-night I will give you to the wolves."

The old man woke. "The queer thing is, brother," he said, "that I have forgotten your name."

"Russia is like that," said Serge Obolensky.

"I have just remembered," said Big Lubov unpleasantly, "that I have a pistol in my trouser pocket. If any brother or comrade makes more than 13 I will shoot him through the head."

IV.

All the peasants batted in turn and were thrown out. Boris Polunin was stunned. Michael Andrid ran away. Only Natalya Popova remained always at the stumps. Natalya had 11 runs; but Stepan would not give her any more now for fear of Big Lubov's pistol. Alexis the blacksmith had made 7. The others had made nothing. Meanwhile

Big Lubov had become exceedingly dogmatic and unpopular. When the last man was out he said, "Well, it must be evident to all of you that Lubov Lubovinski has gained the victory."

The angry shouts of the villagers drowned his speech; and Alexis the blacksmith said, "Excuse me, the affair is not concluded. Stepan Pepushkin has not yet tried his skill."

"*Pravda!*" "Stepan!" "Pepushkin the poet will put the schoolmaster down."

They summoned Stepan to the stumps, and gave the ball to Nicolai Nicolaievitch. The young poet was overjoyed to be batting with Natalya. On his way to the stumps he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Your hair is like the wild jasmine which grows in the Caucasus," he said. "Now, Natalya, if I am not mistaken, you are going to see that I am not only a dreamer."

Nicolai prepared to throw, but the poet stepped forward, lifting his hand. "Excuse me, Nicolai Nicolaievitch," he said, "but do you know this is a highly significant moment? Here am I, a young man who never in his whole life has played with bat and ball before. I have never been clever with my hands. At carpentry and needlework I was the duffer of my school. I never could knit or tie up parcels. Really, I don't know anyone so clumsy with his fingers. I am always dropping my tea-cup, upsetting things, pushing things over. As you see, Nicolai, I am quite unable to tie my cravat in a presentable bow. The only tool I was ever able to use was a lead pencil. And yet——"

"Pardon my abruptness, Stepan Pepushkin," said Nicolai, "but if you are going to relate to us the history of your life it seems to me that the fieldsmen had better sit down."

"That is as you please, Nicolai Nicolaievitch." And all the peasants sat down on the grass.

"As I was saying," the batsman continued, "the extraordinary thing is that here I am with this really most unfamiliar instrument in my hands, and, do you know, I am superbly confident? I am absolutely convinced that I am going to succeed in the game, and gain more runs than this blustering schoolmaster. Is it not remarkable?"

"*Pravda*," said the bowler, yawning slightly.

"The reason for all this is, I think, perfectly evident. It is Natalya—Natalya Popova, standing there with her Government bat like the torch of a new truth. Now that the Union of Soviet Republics has inscribed cricket upon its advancing banners I think you will agree that we shall conquer the world. Cricket was the one thing that Holy Russia lacked. Cricket will save Russia. Cricket——"



"'Out!' 'Out!' '*Slava!*'"



"On his way to the stumps he took her in his arms."

"Excuse me," said Serge Obolensky, rising to his feet at mid-off; "night is falling, Stepan Pepushkin; the grass is wet with dew, and I perceive that wolves are gathering at the borders of the field. It would be convenient to most of us if we could continue the game."

"By all means," answered the poet. "But, do you know, in spite of my confidence it has now occurred to me that men are but mortal and the future is uncertain? It is just possible that Nicolai Nicolaievitch will kill me with the ball. Permit me therefore to embrace Natalya Popova before we begin."

"Naturally, Stepan Pepushkin."

This ceremony concluded, the poet prepared to defend himself. Nicolaievitch threw the ball very hard at his head. Stepan put his bat before his face, and the ball, touching it, flew into the forest, scattering the wolves.

"Run, Natalya Popova!" cried the poet, and they ran.

Old Volodia, the long-stop, was fat and slow. They ran nine runs.

The ball was carried back at length, and Stepan, panting, faced Nicolaievitch again.

Big Lubov stepped forward. "I tell you what," he bellowed, "I have just realised that all this business is simply a waste of time. When you come to think of it, there are crops to be garnered, cattle to be tended, cows to be milked. The moon is rising, and here we all are throwing a leather ball at Stepan Pepushkin. Is it not preposterous? What in the world does it matter, I ask myself, whether Stepan gains more runs than Lubov or not? Naturally it is most unlikely that he will overcome me; but will the State be any the better for it if he does? Andrey Andreyevitch is asleep again. Let us all go to the village and drink *tchai*."

"What you say is extremely reasonable," said Serge Obolensky, "but, excuse me, you should have said it before. It is evident that Stepan Pepushkin has a talent for the game, and it would not surprise me if he were to overcome you."

"*Pravda!*" "*Yashmak!*" cried the peasants, who hated the schoolmaster.

Nicolaievitch threw the ball at Pepushkin's face a second time. The poet struck the ball towards the wood.

"Run, Natalya!"

"I run, Stepan. Do thou run also!"

A big wolf runs out of the wood and takes the ball in its mouth.

"Run, Volodia! The wolf has the



"AND HOW DO YOU TELL WHETHER THEY 'RE JUST FIRING A SALUTE OR REALLY ANGRY?"

ball. Follow and help him, Boris Borisovitch!"

The wolf runs into the wood. Volodia runs after the wolf. Boris Borisovitch runs after Volodia. Serge Obolensky runs after Borisovitch. Alexis the blacksmith runs after Obolensky. Olga Merinin runs after Alexis. Nicolai Nicolaievitch runs after Olga Merinin. The other peasants follow; and last of all, Andrey Andreyevitch, waking up, totters into the wood, where the wolves devour him with the others.

Only Big Lubov remains in the field, watching with a sour smile while Stepan and Natalya run up and down, hand-in-hand, between the stumps. Stepan has made two-hundred-and-ninety-four. Out of breath, he pauses; Natalya folds her strong arms about him.

"You are a true man, Stepan Pepushkin," she whispers. "We will go to Moscow together and make fly-papers for the Government."

But Big Lubov has picked up the Commissar's paper.

"It is all very well," he says spitefully, "but, do you know, Pepushkin, we were playing without the bails? Moscow says that without the bails the game does not exist."

Natalya wept.

"After all, then, Stepan, I find that I do not love you."

"Russia is like that," said Stepan Pepushkin. A. P. H.

BATHES.

"Come and have a bathe," said
  Charlie,
  Rubbing his blue hands.
The wind raged like a fury
  Along the Fifeshire sands;
Pale cold sunshine tinted
  The whipped waves and the ranks
Of the bleak bathing-hutches;
  And I said, "No, thanks."

For my heart was off to other beaches—
  East, East and away,
To great blue rollers combing, crashing
  Out of the Bengal Bay,
To a longshore breeze caressing
  Hot sands amber and dun,
To warm swift shining water
  And oh! what a sun.

My heart was back on the long beaches
  North of Cape Comorin,
With a sea that was all enchantress,
  A sea to idle in;
Not the snatched shivering minutes
  Charlie thinks ideal,
But bathes that lasted a whole morning—
  Real bathes, real.

And I was remembering moonlight,
  Moonlight like silver day,
The Cross lifting to seaward
  And the hours to dream away;
Lit sands and diamond water
  And the strong surf never cold;
The sea-days, the sea-nights of India,
  The silver, the gold!

"What about a bathe?" said Charlie,
  And I said, "Not for me,
For I funk your sunless sunshine
  And your grey bitter sea;
Bracing? I 'm sure it 's bracing.
  Hardens a chap? No doubt.
But I know what a bathe *can* be,
  And—I 'm staying out." H. B.

Miss Smith Again.

"The Apocalypse is what you put on your handkerchief when you have a cold."
Schoolgirl's Answer.

To economise in traffic-constables, "dummy" policemen are to line the middle of busy roads. There is no suggestion, however, of using any but real pedestrians, the supply not yet being exhausted.



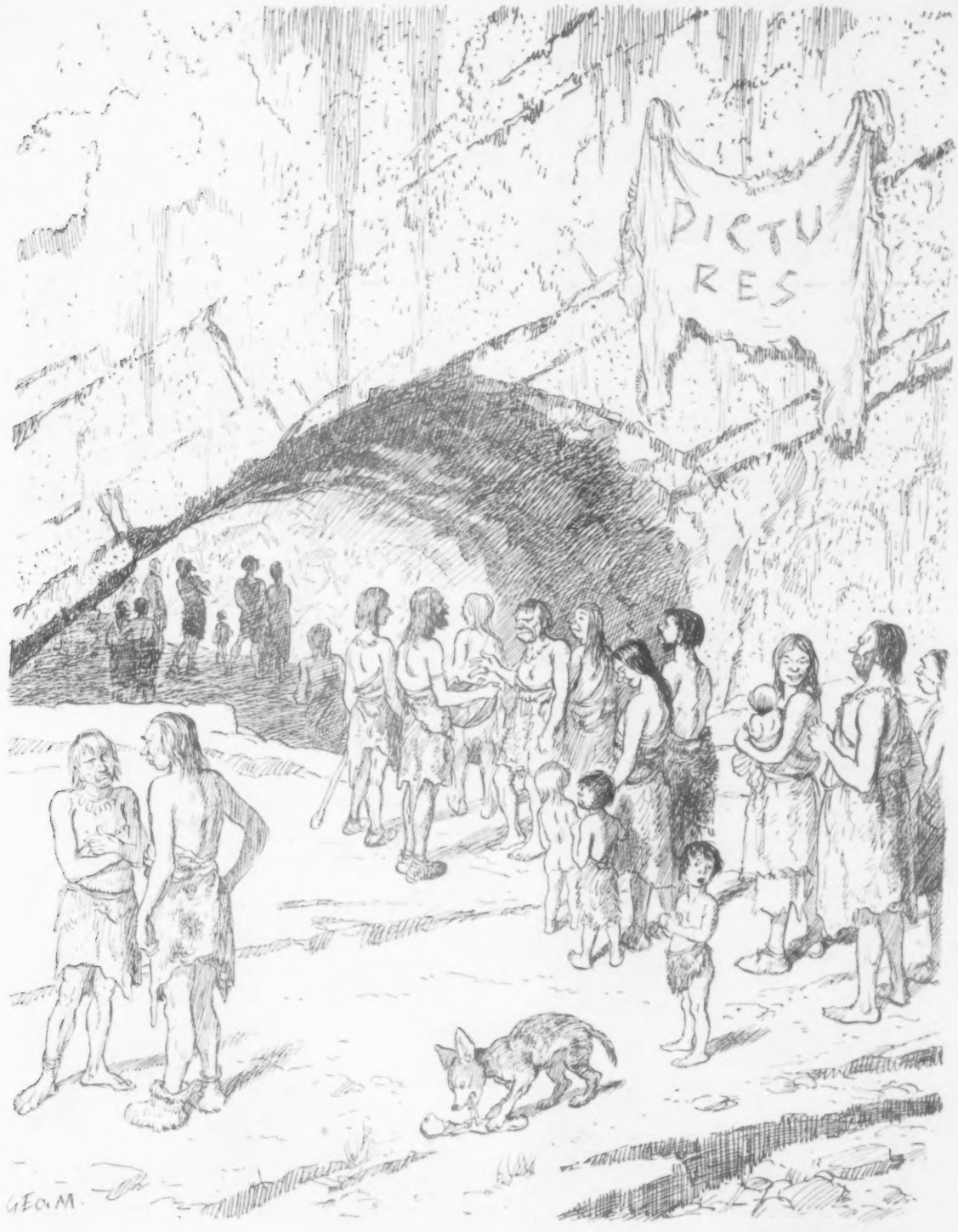
THE COUNTRYSIDE HAS BEEN BEAUTIFIED; WHY NOT START BEAUTIFYING THE SEASIDE?



Garage Hand. "RUN INTO ANOTHER GENT, DID YOU? WHERE'S *HIS* CAR?"
Motorist. "HE—ER—HE HADN'T ONE."



Golfer. "YOU NEVER CADDIED FOR ME BEFORE?"
Caddie. "OH, YES, SIR. BUT YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER; IT WAS AFTER LUNCH."



Cynical Artist (*neolithic*). "THESE PRIVATE VIEWS ARE SILLY THINGS. HALF OF THESE PEOPLE DON'T CARE A MAMMOTH'S HOOT ABOUT ART. THEY ONLY COME TO LOOK AT EACH OTHER'S CLOTHES."



THE MAN WHO PAID OFF HIS OVERDRAFT.



Very Sick Scot. "YE MICHT TELL ME JUIST WHEN AH 'VE HAD MA SHILLINGSWORTH."



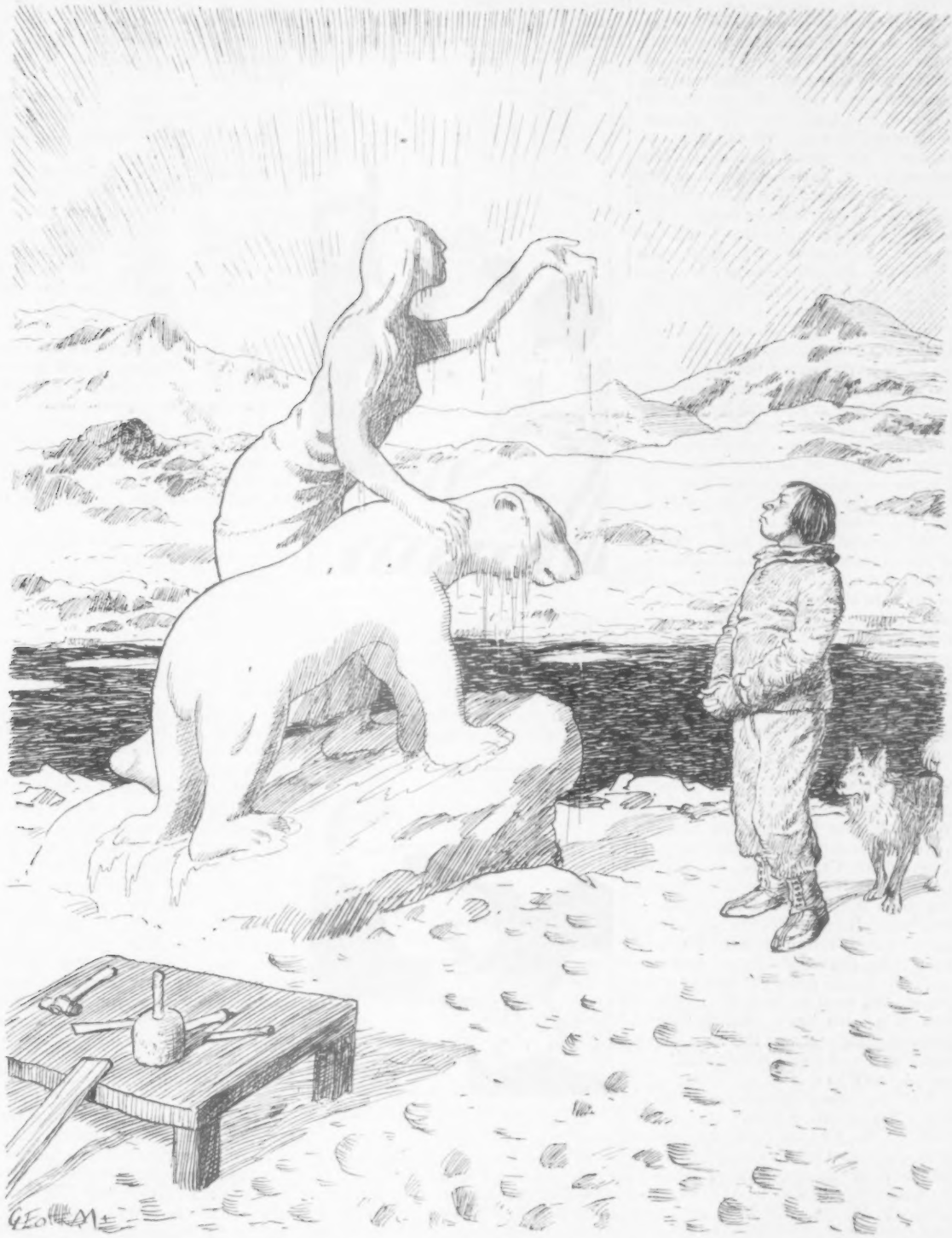
Valet (to Sunbather). "YOUR SUN IS READY, SIR."



"What sort of game does she play?"
"Oh—photographic."



Friend. "Dick, I had no idea what a fascinating cavalry walk your fiancée has."



PROMISING YOUNG ESKIMO SCULPTOR SEES HIS CHANCES OF FAME MELTING AWAY BEFORE HIS EYES.

THE NEW PAGLIACCI.

THE *Pagliacci* theme (or, "Can a Clown be Serious?" as the Daily Press would have it), that stand-by of the super-film world, has long been played out. The Underworld theme has succeeded it—and gone. So too has the theme of the Man who Sings Himself to Love and Death. What will be the next only Hollywood knows. My own theory is that, in the natural course of things, it will be a theme as far removed from the *Pagliacci* idea as possible, and so I have here roughed out a scenario on that assumption. I have removed it as far from *Pagliacci* as possible, as you will see. In fact it is the *exact opposite*.

The title I leave to Los Angeles. They probably have several good ones already on the waiting-list. It will, I suppose, have to ring the changes on Sin, Woman, Passion, etc., as usual, or they won't get anyone inside the place. Or perhaps in these days I should say that they won't get anyone past the Palm Lounge and Ye Olde Tyme Soda Fountayne and the Ladies' Smoking-room and the Imperial Pillared Halls into the auditorium itself.

My scenario will open with a picture of *John Granite*, a Captain of Industry. He is a stern, hard man, and we see him in his office sitting at a stern, hard desk on a hard, stern chair. He deals rapidly with enormously hard decisions. His eyebrows are like briars; his chin is a chunk of basalt. Obviously a man with no humorous side whatever. Indeed two stenographers giggle at a joke and he cuffs them both viciously without a single relieving smile.

John Granite is as serious in his luxurious bachelor apartment on Park Avenue as in his Wall Street office. We see him in his luxurious bachelor apartment—something like part of Buckingham Palace. He is still being serious. He catches his valet reading the comic supplement of *The Washington Post*. He snatches the paper from him and hurls it into his face. The man reels under the terrific impact and goes as dizzy as the principal in a two-reel comic; but even so *John Granite* does not smile. He has no feeling for real humour. He motions the man away, picks up *Relativity Made Difficult* and settles down to a little light reading.

Now for some subtle character-drawing. His attention falters, strays to a corner. He gets up, locks the nearest door and with a pathetic air picks up—a fragment of comic supplement. His hard features crack to a smile at the antics of *Buster Willie*. We have seen him with the mask off. The man actually has a hidden side which the world does not suspect; worse still, of which the world does not believe him capable.

A lady calls on him. It is *Fay Spright*, leading lady at the Frivolity, and she brings an atmosphere of laughing artificiality into the sombre acres of *John Granite's* bachelor apartment. And *John Granite* loves her. We learn this



"JAMBO RUBBERLEG . . . HAPPENS TO CALL"

from the five-minute clinch we are given with a screenful of his face before he greets his visitor—presumably while she is making the distance from the door to the centre of the room.

But it is obvious that *Fay* is not the type to love a stern, serious man, a man



"HE BROODS OVER HIS RIVAL'S SUPERIOR SHALLOWNESS."

never swayed by any jocular emotion, a man dead to the froth of life. And *John Granite*, try as he may, cannot show her that hidden sprightly side which we have been privileged to see; for his character and make-up are too much for him. The eyebrows and chin alone would kill any tender waggishness. True, he does at last shyly try to make the joke that *Buster Willie* makes in the last picture—the one where everybody else falls down under the weight of their merriment—but, before *Fay* has even time to see the fundamental shallowness of his character under the mask of depth, *Jambo Rubberleg*, principal knockabout comedian at the Mirtholeum, happens to call.

He enters on his hands with his feet under his chin, and *Fay* gurgles with delight. Or if it is to be a talkie perhaps she had better just clap her hands. *John Granite* at once relapses into his normal hard self, passing off his attempt at amorous jocosity with a short serious snarl.

Jambo Rubberleg turns a double somersault, commits a joke about saxophones and sex-appeal and generally makes whoopee all over the apartment. *Fay's* laughing glances urge him to higher things. With an extravagantly humorous gesture he draws a revolver, presents it at his head and swears that he loves her and that he will shoot himself unless she returns his truly whimsical passion.

Fay is by now too hysterical with mirth to answer and so he pulls the trigger. There is a loud report, *Jambo* falls heavily on the most humorous part of his anatomy and then announces that he has missed himself. At which *Fay* is doubled up with incipient love. Obviously there is a bond of buffoonery between them.

They at last go out giggling into each other's eyes; *Fay* must bend down to do this since *Jambo* is once again on his hands.

John Granite turns to his *Relativity Made Difficult* with a dull frown concealing his deep-lying sense of humour. He broods over his rival's superior shallowness. After a while in a shy tentative way he tries to turn a somersault. It is not a success. All he does is to crack his elbow, and it is but little consolation to him to realise that at least he has a funny-bone. He rings for his man to clear away the wreckage, and is seen with a grim exterior folding away *Buster Willie's* page in the comic supplement against his heart.

Next must be shown *Fay Spright's* slowly dawning love for *Jambo Rubberleg*, *Jambo's* overmastering and passionate buffoonery, and *John Granite's* pathetic attempts to conceal under the forbidding exterior demanded by his business the merriment which strives to break forth. Daily he scowls at his clerks, daily he cuffs his stenographers and hurls inkstands at the office-boy; but now to our penetrating eye there is an undercurrent of jocularity in his scowl, suppress it how he may. His



Child (having first sea-bathe). "OH, MUMMY, THE SEA 'S COME THROUGH MY BATHING-DRESS."

cuffs have more humour in them; the inkstand might almost have been hurled by *Buster Willie* in the last picture but one.

And then he meets *Fay* again on Fifth Avenue. For once the hated *Jambo* is not at her feet in some mirth-provoking contortion. *John Granite* by now has a plan for winning her. He leads off with a quip culled from a back number of *Puck*, and follows it up with one from *Life* (not such a good one).

Fay is amazed. At first she thinks he must be unwell and says so. So *John Granite* makes a supreme effort. He pulls a revolver from his pocket and swears he will shoot himself unless *Fay* says she loves him. *Fay* laughs immoderately; she is easily amused, and this particular joke always does get in amongst her. *John Granite* pulls the trigger, but, as *Jambo* had omitted to explain that the gist of the trick lay in having a blank cartridge, he shoots himself through the shoulder. A passing ambulance at once prepares to whisk him off to hospital.

Fay in tears kneels at his side.

"But you didn't *miss* yourself," she sobs.

He makes a gallant effort. With paling lips he lies: "I did not *mean* to miss . . . I did it for a—real—good joke. . . ." Then he loses consciousness—close up—and they pile him into the ambulance.

The comicality of it suddenly overwhelms *Fay* and her tears dissolve into laughter. She rocks from side to side in uncontrollable mirth. For eleven minutes she is incapable of speech—even to *Jambo*, who, since it is a film, naturally happens to be on the location. At last she manages to explain, and even *Jambo* is forced to turn his head away to hide a merry guffaw.

"He could be really funny after all," he nobly admits with an unselfish chuckle. He puts one leg round his neck and the other round *Fay's* waist and they gaze together on the departing ambulance containing all that a great witticism had left of *John Granite*, serious-minded Captain of Industry. Their heads are bowed in silent mirth. A. A.

"The general routine of study is situated amid the beautiful scenery of the Cambridge Locals, and the London Matriculation Examinations."—*Advt. in West-Country Paper.*

Lovely stretches of ploughland, as far as we can remember.

"Lady would like to exchange ideas on country pursuits and bobbies with other lonely villagers."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Since our village Robert got married there 's been no one left for Jane to pursue.

HOME-COMING.

FOR years and years I 've longed, with tears,
To be at home again,
To hear the small birds sweetly call
And stroll down Primrose Lane;
To see the millwheel slowly spill
Bright water past the leat,
And climb the downlands green and brown
With thyme beneath my feet;
To find once more that mossy floor
Where fairies used to dwell,
The little wood where pine-trees brood,
The wood we loved so well.

So now I 'll go down Council Row
To where the by-pass runs,
And hear the klaxons on my tracks
And bikes like Gatling-guns,
And see the gasworks' monstrous mass
Against the golden skies,
And smell the sewage farm where blue
Remembered hill-tops rise.
'Mid serried clumps of petrol-pumps
I 'll pause to say farewell;—
Just here it stood, the little wood,
Where fairies used to dwell.

"Box Hill I literally ate up on top."
Motoring Article in Evening Paper.

That is far the best place to start eating a hill.

OUR UNNAMED HEROINES.



THE FORTITUDE OF THE FIRST WOMAN TO "WALK ABROAD" UNDER AN UMBRELLA.



THE PLUCK OF HER WHO FIRST MOUNTED THE OUTSIDE OF A BUS.

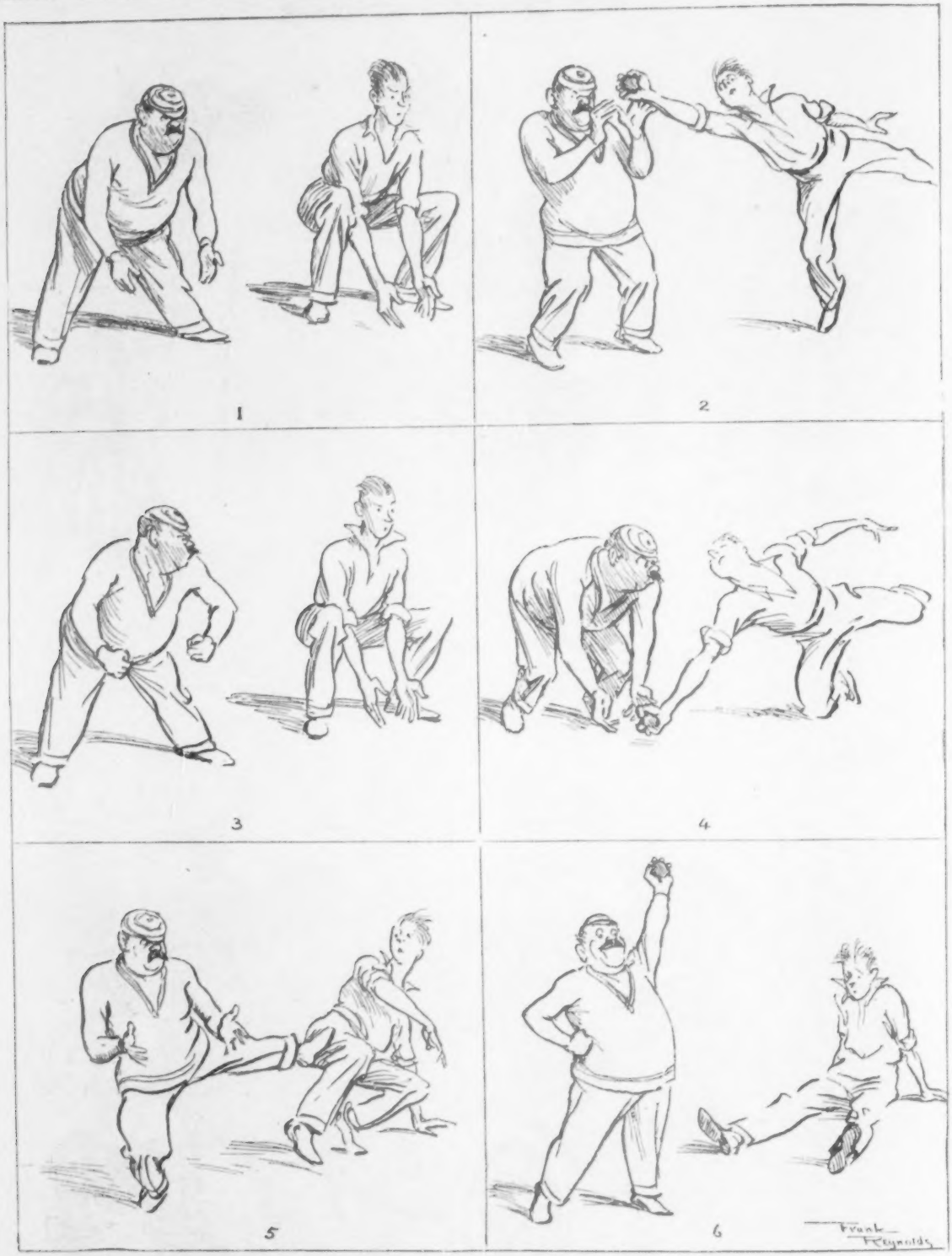
OUR UNNAMED HEROINES.



THE HARDIHOOD OF THE EARLY LADY-GOLFER.



THE COURAGE OF THE FIRST FEMALE MOTOR-DRIVER.



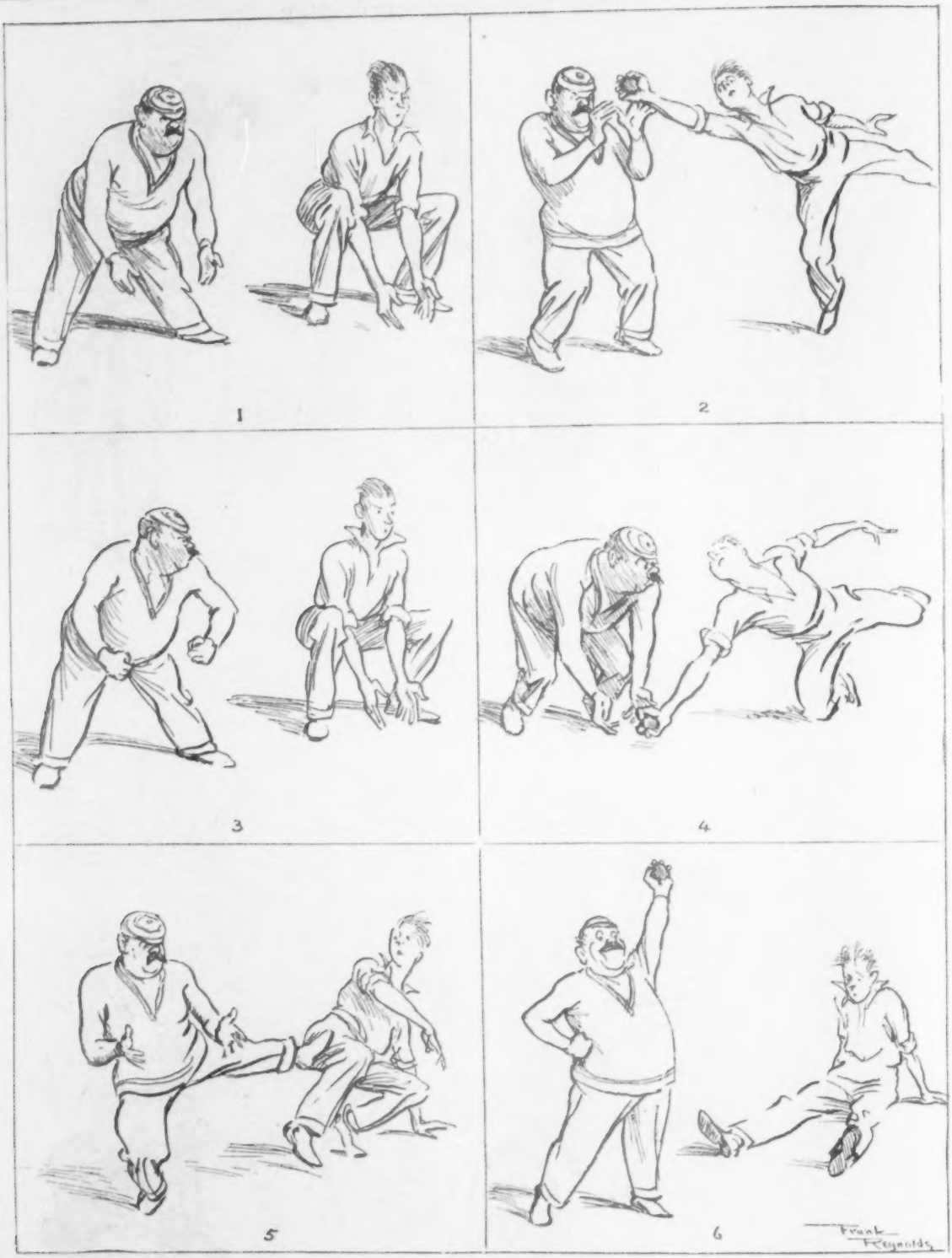
A TALE OF TWO SLIPS,

AND HOW THE THWARTED ONE CAME INTO HIS OWN.



TOEING THE LINE.

Guide. "UP A LEEDLE, LADY LEEDLE BIT MORE. AH! NOW YOU ARE STANDING EGGSACKLY ON DE EQUATOR."



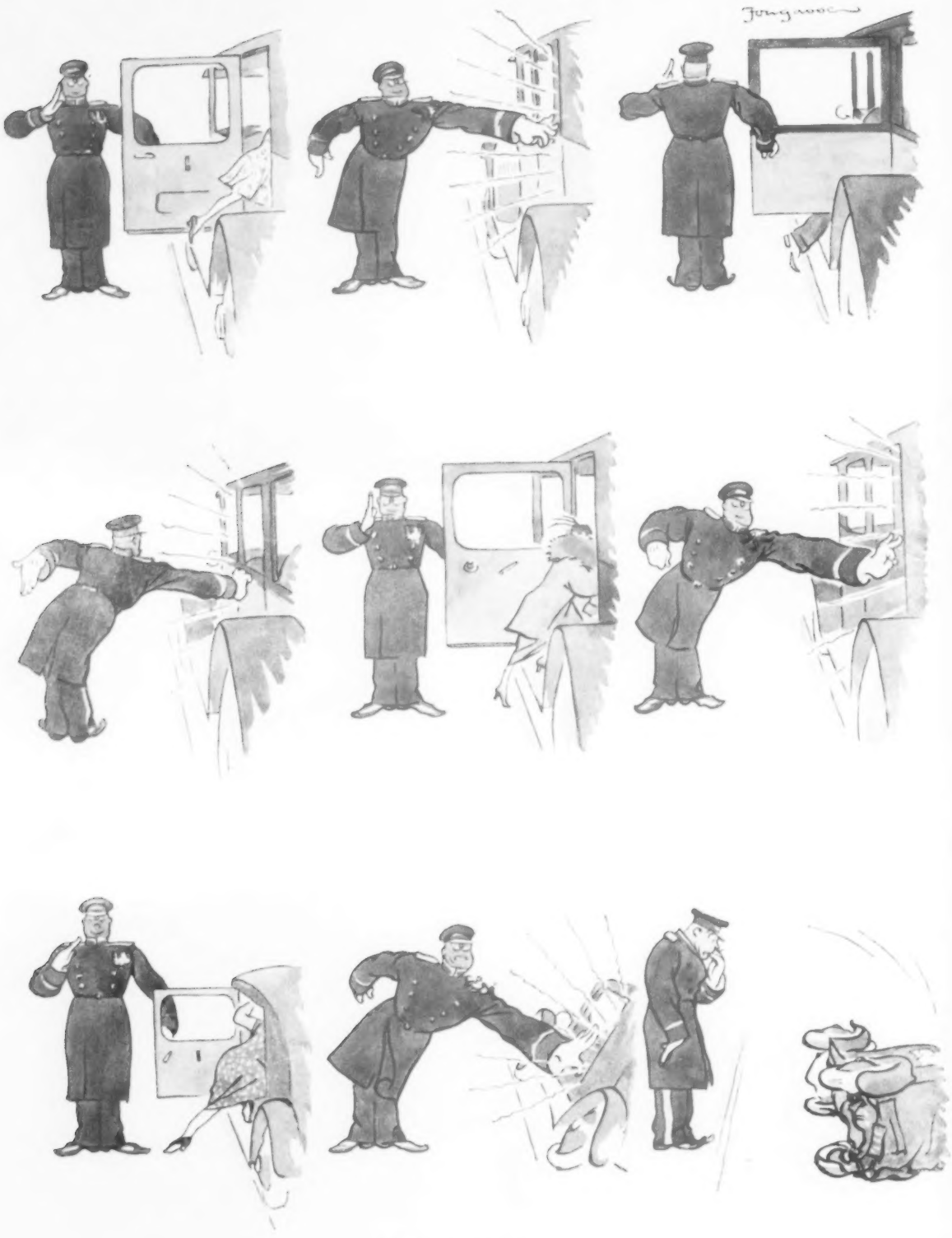
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GRAND SLAM.



A PHANTASY OF FAME.

[According to the newspapers, Mr. CARL LAEMMLE, "by far the most courageous and resourceful of all the movie monarchs," is about to have his biography written by Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER.]

OH, knowledge of our great men, how narrow is thine orbit!
How simple is the circle wherein we wander round!
I only see my own piece, you only hear of your bit,
And trumpeter by trumpeter eternally is drowned.

I've heard of ALEXANDER, I've read about NAPOLEON,
But my awe and veneration, not to speak about my love,
For the deeds of Mr. LAEMMLE are dependent almost wholly on
The artless little paragraph I quoted up above.

How first he saw the gleam, if gleam it was he followed,
That made of him a monarch in a world where all are stars,
What bitter disappointments in early days he swallowed,
Ere Fame had sought and found him, before he chewed cigars;

Before he came to Hollywood, before he knew the glory
Of celluloid and lighting, the rapture of the reel;
Before he thrilled the universe with story after story,
Containing (I imagine) undiluted sex-appeal;

Of all his mighty doings are the North lands and the South full,
He has spoken to the West, and the East has heard his voice,
And his lips were never opened but what he spoke a mouthful
Of something fairly nifty and spectacularly choice.

Yet in the dark I wandered, I roamed in the abysm
Of ignorance so awful that never to my shame
Had the form of Mr. LAEMMLE, be it bulky, be it lissom,
Occurred to me as standing on the pedestal of fame!

The empery of CÆSAR is very likely shaken
By LAEMMLE in his majesty, his monumental worth,
Which only shows how easy it is to be mistaken
In trying to enumerate the noises of this earth!

The Cromwells have departed, and LAEMMLE I salute him;
The Lincolns are no longer, and this is LAEMMLE's day;
A poet and a dramatist shall "feature" him and "shoot" him,
And none be left to murmur, "Who *was* he, anyway?"

EVOE.

The Decline of Mauritian Manners.

"During the lunch, Hon. A. Gellé took the toast of the newly-married couple."—*Mauritius Paper.*

A Sharp Glimpse of the Obvious.

"It was long since pointed out that the native ruler who relies on being able to fall back upon the British bayonet is likely to find his position somewhat uncomfortable."—*Manchester Paper.*

Another Libel on the L.C.C.

"Councillor —— said that when the L.C.C. built houses for Finsbury people they did not build houses for Finsbury people."
Islington Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD BRENTFORD ("JIX") is reported to have been seen at the Zoo on one of the weekly late nights. This satisfies us that there is no real moral harm in extending this exhibition into the hours of darkness and that it does not bring the Zoo within the category of night-clubs.

***

Eminent golfers complain of being embarrassed by crowds of spectators. The opinion is growing that golf should be heard *in camera*.

***

The sale by auction of the horses which have been employed in drawing Post Office mail-vans is believed to have been decided upon as the best way of defeating the nose-bag-snatchers.

***

We are asked to contradict the rumour that on the occasion of the forthcoming celebration of the jubilee of the Earl of YARBOROUGH bridge-players will observe a *hartal*.

***

A well-known writer says that men with blue eyes never commit a murder. The person next-door who renders "Sonny Boy" on the saxophone must know that we have blue eyes.

***

With reference to the lady-spectators who knit during Test matches, we understand that it is customary for one who drops a stitch to be called "Butter-needles."

***

"I want to live in the country," says Lord CASTLEROSSE. We deplore the spirit of unrest that pervades the Beaverbrook Press.

***

With reference to the suggestion that the Government should stimulate the "Come to Britain" movement in foreign countries, we can only express the hope that this won't be overdone in Russia.

***

A girl Communist spy who was expelled from France is said to have called herself "Red Maria," in imitation of the famous "RED ROSA." Another theory is that she had in mind the famous "Black Maria."

***

Sir WALTER SCOTT'S recklessness in financial matters is disclosed in a recently-published biography. Scotsmen have long recognised that the man who, as an infant, had laughed at thunder and lightning was not likely to be daunted by the banging of saxpences.

***

Dublin Civic Guards are conducting a vigorous campaign against the use of bad language in public, but it is believed that a lenient view would be taken of a curse in Erse.

***

Lincolnshire Agricultural Society is awarding prizes to labourers with large families. Dr. MARIE STOPES has much to contend with.

***

In a recent cricket report two M.C.C. batsmen were described as making merry at PEEBLES' expense. But he had his revenge and ceased to be regarded as a mere case of "Peebles for pleasure."

***

The annual fête of flowers at Geneva which took place recently is of course quite distinct from the periodical interchange of bouquets between members of the League of Nations.

***

A headmaster has indicated the possibility of schoolboys becoming too padded. Smith Minor's experience is that this precaution is easily detected.

***

At the Ideal Holidays Exhibition Princess MARIE LOUISE spent some time at the Greek Legation stall, and a woman gossip-writer inferred that Her Highness might be considering a visit to Greece during the VIRGIL celebrations. Our feeling is that women gossip-writers are apt to see in VIRGIL more than HOMER knew.

***

Although farming in Iceland is of secondary importance, we learn that it could, if the fisheries failed, be made to support many times the present population. Yet we should have expected Icelandic agriculture to be especially subject to depression.

***

Orange-peel scattered about the back-garden will keep cats away, says a domestic hint. Another theory which we have never seen tested is that apple-peel scattered about the front-garden will keep doctors away.

***

"Bobo," the black-faced ape who is joining the Zoo, is said to smoke ten cigarettes a day. We understand that tobacco manufacturers are considering the provision of suitable coupon gifts for black-faced apes.

***

A naturalist informs us that wasps have no memories. This does away with the comforting theory that they won't sit down twice in the same place.

***

A temperance advocate is of the opinion that the cooking of the average wife encourages the husband to drink. It remains to be seen whether this will drive many bachelors into matrimony.

We read of an American film actor who refused to be interviewed by the Press. His colleagues are accusing him of unprofessional conduct.

***

Faces are being worn natural this year, we read. In that case we should advise our income-tax collector to remain indoors during the day.

***

When a Brighton man walked out wearing shorts embroidered with purple braid and a jacket to match, a dog bit him. Some dogs have queer tastes.

***

A contemporary describes a tortoise-dealer as having a strange occupation. It is felt however that the palm should go to the man who makes wooden wishbones for vegetarian chickens.

A FEAT OF STRENGTH.

I CANNOT boast about my mass of muscle,
My biceps' bulge is not a sight to see,
And did you need an ally in a tussle
It were a folly to rely on me;
Though once I wore the shirts of Sister Susie
And bore a pack despite my lack of brawn,
Sight of a roller makes me shrink, all goosey,
From labour on the lawn.

From lifting weights I have a marked aversion
And, heedless how my Phyllida may frown,
I flee before the need for such exertion;
Spring-cleaning *always* sees me called from town;
Seaward I hie, and, though I may endeavour
To prove my sinews not entirely slack,
Testing my grip upon the pier, I never
Acquire my money back.

But, though my might may be a thing for scorning,
Though I am often trod on in a crowd,
I'd have you know that I performed this morning
One feat of strength of which I'm justly proud:
The fool whose letter said that bad luck lingers
With those who fail to send it on again
May like to learn that with my rending fingers
I broke his idiot "chain."

"The ss. ——, on her first trip after annual Thursday afternoon."—*Scottish Paper.*
The compositor seems to have been suffering from weekly Saturday night.



KEEPING HIS END UP.



Maid of absurdly rich House (to simple guest). "WHAT INGREDIENTS WILL YOU TAKE IN YOUR BATH, MADAM?"

THE POTATO-PEELING MACHINE.

"WHAT is that thing?" asked the Admiral, halting suddenly in his tour of inspection and pointing at a machine which was emitting skinned potatoes and a fiendish noise in a corner of the ship's galley.

"That, Sir?" said the Captain, taken unawares. "Oh! that is—er——"

"A potato-peeling machine, Sir," interposed the Commander smartly.

"What does it do?" asked the Admiral, unappeased.

"It peels potatoes," hazarded the Captain.

The Admiral turned and regarded him with a glassy eye for longer than was nice.

"Why?" he asked at last.

There fell that respectful silence which invariably follows an ingenuous question asked by an officer of flag rank. The glaze in the Admiral's eye began to be replaced by something more sinister. The Captain and the Commander exchanged glances; they sensed that a deep depression was approaching. The Admiral had entered the galley and was inspecting it.

"What are those men doing?" he shot out suddenly. The Commander nudged the Warrant Cook to indicate to him that it was his turn to speak.

"If you please, Sir," faltered that unhappy man, "they're taking the eyes out of the spuds—potatoes, Sir."

"Why?" asked the Admiral.

There is of course no limit to the number of times an Admiral may say "Why?" when inspecting a ship.

"If," replied the Warrant Cook, gaining confidence, "potatoes are cooked with the eyes in, Sir, they go all black, Sir."

"What!" shouted the Admiral. "Oh, stop that infernal machine; I can't hear myself speak!" Everybody else could hear him quite unpleasantly clearly.

The machine, in obedience to an electric switch, offered up one last potato and lapsed into inactivity.

"Now," commanded the Admiral, "repeat what you said."

The Warrant Cook obeyed, but somehow his voice lacked conviction.

"Nonsense," snapped the Admiral and turned to the Captain. The Captain smiled wanly. He really knew more about torpedoes than potatoes.

"What is the use of a potato-peeling machine if every potato has to be gone over afterwards to have its eyes removed?" asked the Admiral.

Nobody knew.

"Why did nature put eyes into potatoes if it didn't mean them to be cooked?" proceeded the Admiral.

Everybody knew, but nobody dared say.

"It is a gross waste of time," concluded the Admiral. "It is to be stopped at once."

"And are the potatoes to be cooked with the eyes in, Sir?" asked the Warrant Cook redundantly.

"They are," said the Admiral in a terrible voice; "and I will inspect them after they have been cooked."

"Ay, ay, Sir," said the Warrant Cook in the tone of one who ejaculates "Amen" with infinite foreboding.

The remainder of the tour of inspection was not so jolly as the Commander

had hoped that it would be. The Admiral seemed to have collected all the eyes from the potatoes and was using them to see things which it is not good for flag officers to see.

"And now," said the great man when he had raked the ship fore and aft, "I will see the men sit down to their dinners."

"Ah! yes, Sir," said the Captain as brightly as possible; "you want to see the potatoes, don't you?"

"I do," replied the Admiral briefly but sufficiently.

"If you will come to my cabin, Sir, the Commander will tell us when the dinners have been served out," suggested the Captain, well knowing the soothing effect of his steward's cocktails.

"I told you to sound off 'Cooks' a quarter-of-an-hour ago," snapped the Admiral. "How long does it take the men to get their dinners in this ship?"

The Captain, like the Carpenter on a pleasanter occasion, said nothing. The Admiral swept on to the Mess-deck. At the end of each Mess-table stood a doleful bluejacket clutching a Mess-kettle full of something hot and steamy.

"What is the matter?" asked the Admiral contentiously, advancing upon the man at the table nearest to him.

"It 's these 'ere spuds, Sir," replied the sailor gloomily.

"What 's the matter with them?" barked the Admiral. The sailor's face assumed the expression of a seraph.

"Looks to me, Sir," he said sweetly, "as if they 've been cooked with the heyes hin."

He gave the Mess-kettle a slight swing so that the steam should rise more directly to the Admiral's nose.

"Well, what if they have?" said that officer; "I always eat potatoes which have been cooked with the eyes in."

The matelot sucked a hollow tooth situated in his upper jaw but made no other comment.

"If I can eat them, you can," concluded the Admiral.

There was a tense silence on the Mess-deck. Since the days when Lord NELSON not only ordered his midshipmen to go aloft but showed them the way, it has been an unwritten law in the Navy that no good officer expects a man to do a thing which he is not prepared to do himself.

"Bring me a spoon," ordered the Admiral, with the spirit of Lord NELSON whispering in his ear.

Never was order so quickly obeyed. Every eye was upon him as he plunged the spoon into the Mess-kettle and with the rapidity of one taking a dose of castor-oil transferred a liberal helping of potato to his mouth. There was a moment's agonizing suspense, then, without another word, without even a swallow, the Admiral Commanding turned and withdrew from the Mess-deck.



Old Lady (at cinema box-office). "TELL ME—IF I PAY TWO-AND-FOUR, HAVE I TO SIT SIDEWAYS?"

Our Lyrical Charabancs.

"And what an enjoyable ride it was, howling comfortably along through pretty Buckinghamshire with the sun kissing our faces."—*Motor-Coach Article in Daily Paper.*

". . . . Fitted with modern conveniences, but retaining its old-world atmosphere."
House-Agent's Advt. in Sunday Paper.

Why not try opening the windows?

Snags in the Life of a "Fence."

"The other woman was placed on probation in 1923 for stealing St. Paul's Churchyard. Since then she had lived a respectable life."—*Woolwich Paper.*

She was a bit of an optimist to hope to get away with a thing like that.

"Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. ——— and one or two single benedictines who had not yet celebrated a first wedding."
Scots Paper.

The double benedictines had presumably already gone to assist the celebration.

MISLEADING CASES.

PORT TO PORT.

Rumpelheimer v. *Haddock.*

THIS case, involving some difficult points of Marine and Traffic Law, was brought to a conclusion to-day.

The President of the Divorce, Probate and Admiralty Division (who had the assistance of an Assessor), giving judgment, said:—

"This action was originally instituted in the King's Bench; but, Mr. Justice Juice holding that the issues disclosed pertained to the Law of Admiralty, although the ground of the claim was damage to a motor-car, the case was withdrawn from the King's Bench List and referred to this Court.

"Mr. Rumpelheimer is suing Mr. Haddock for negligent behaviour on the high-road, as a result of which his motor-car, a costly Botellini-Ninebacho, was damaged. The dispute, as is usual at the present time, is only nominally between the parties named, the real litigants being two insurance companies. If it were not for the insurance companies there would be very little litigation of any kind to-day, and members of the legal profession owe to them a debt which we can only repay by careful labour and clear decisions.

"On the 21st March last Mr. Rumpelheimer was driving his motor-car along the thoroughfare known as Chiswick Mall, which runs beside the north bank of the River Thames. Now it appears that during the high spring tides, especially those of the equinoctial season, the waters of the Thames overflow the banks and cover the highway to a depth of from two feet on the river side of the road to a few inches on the landward side. Such was the condition of affairs a little before high-water on the date in question, when Mr. Rumpelheimer, who had an important business appointment in the City, began his voyage along the Mall. His evidence is that he was keeping carefully to the left or landward side of the road, where it was still possible to drive through the shallow water without fear of damage. While thus engaged he was startled, he says, to see coming towards him on the same side of the road the defendant, Mr. Haddock, who was navigating with a paddle a small boat of shallow draught. The plaintiff blew his horn vigorously, but the defendant held on his course. Mr. Rumpelheimer shouted courteously, 'Out of the road, you fool!' and Mr. Haddock replied, as he admitted under cross-examination, 'Port to port, you foolish beetle! Are you not acquainted with the Rules and Customs for the Avoidance of Collisions at Sea? I am going to starboard."

"The plaintiff judged from this speech that he had to do with a maniac, and, obeying an instinct of humanity, which in the circumstances deserves all praise, he swerved to the right rather than collide with the defendant's flimsy craft. But this manœuvre brought him into the deeper water, which penetrated to the delicate mechanism of his motor-car and caused it to stop.



Charlady. "YOU WOULD 'AVE GOT ON LOVELY WITH MY POOR 'USBAND. 'E WAS A GRAINER."

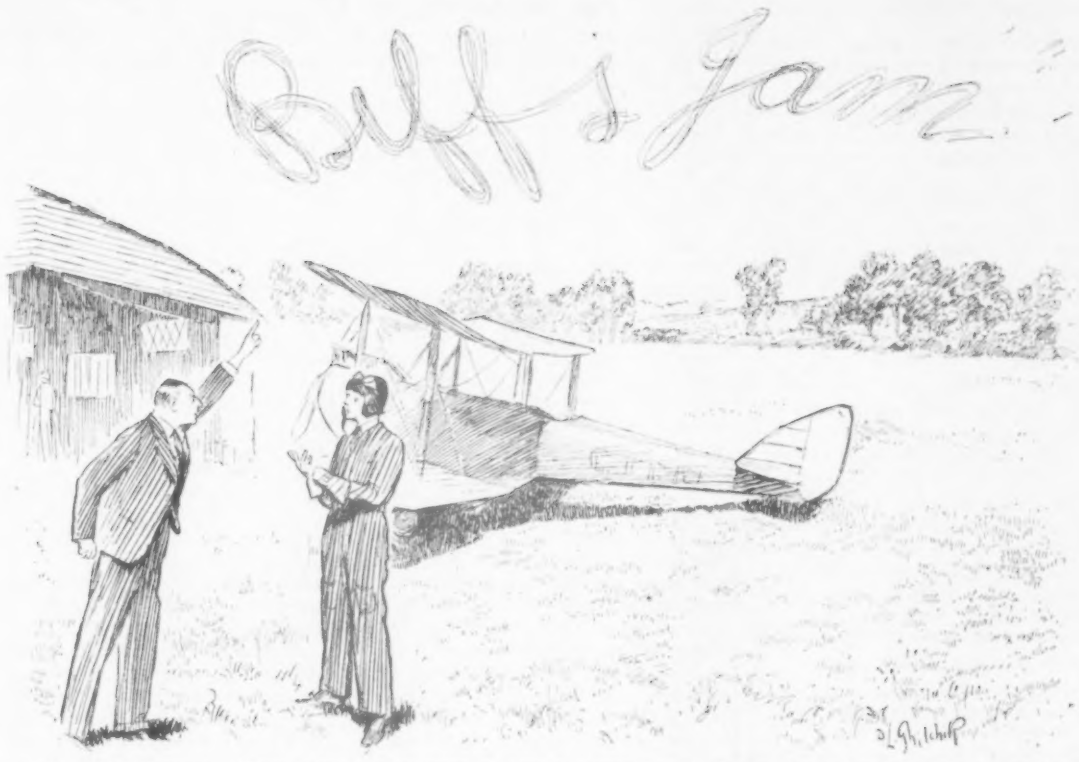
"It would not be profitable or seemly to dwell upon the exchange of views which followed. Although clearly expressed they reflect small credit on the breeding and education of either party. Mr. Rumpelheimer was compelled to remain where he was until the tide fell. (Mr. Haddock, by the way, in gross breach of the customs of the sea, declined to convey him to the shore or pavement in his boat, on the ground that he feared a breach of the peace.) On the waters subsiding it was found that the car had been seriously damaged and it had to be towed to the nearest garage. Mr. Rumpelheimer was unable to keep his appointment and, as a result, he tells us, suffered pecuniary loss.

"The evidence of Mr. Haddock was grossly unsatisfactory, and if he thought that by singing snatches of sea-chanties he would commend himself to the Admiralty Court he was mistaken. Further, he has imported into the case a deplorable element of personal prejudice. He made certain comments on the personal appearance of the plaintiff which he must have known can have no juridical significance. He said that he had once or twice with resentment observed the plaintiff going about the neighbourhood in an opulent motor-car of foreign make, driving to the public danger, in excess of the statutory speed-limit and to his (Mr. Haddock's) inconvenience and alarm. He said that plaintiff seemed to think that he might be a law unto himself on the high-roads, but that he (Mr. Haddock) was blowed if he (Mr. Rumpelheimer) was going to get away with it on the high seas as well. He had therefore acted as he did, willing to discomfit Mr. Rumpelheimer, but believing that the law was on his side—that is to say, the regulations for the prevention of collisions at sea or on the tideway.

"The defendant is clearly one who insufficiently appreciates the value of the motor-car to the human race. But we must not allow our natural detestation for such an individual to cloud our judgment. The meanest citizen, actuated by the meanest motives, is entitled to insist upon the enforcement of the law. The question is, 'What is the law?' a question which frequently arises in our Courts and sometimes receives a satisfactory answer.

"Now the law or custom of the road is that when two vehicles meet they shall each keep to the left. But the law or custom of the sea is that when two vessels meet they shall go to starboard and pass port to port, that is to say, they shall each keep to the right. It is the contention of Mr. Haddock that when the tide covers the road that road becomes a part of the tideway, that traffic upon it is thenceforth governed by the regulations and customs of the sea, and that he did right, therefore, to steer so as to pass Mr. Rumpelheimer on his port hand. Further, it is the duty of a steam-vessel to keep out of the way of a rowing-boat; and Mr. Haddock argues that the plaintiff's motor-car when navigating the tideway has the status of a steam-vessel and that plaintiff has nobody but himself to blame.

"With considerable reluctance we



Sky-writing Overseer. "I'VE WARNED YOU BEFORE ABOUT CARELESSNESS, JONES. NOW YOU'LL JUST GO STRAIGHT BACK AND DOT THAT 'I' AND PUT IN THE APOSTROPHE."

find that there is some substance in these contentions. The law of the land says one thing; the law of the water says the contrary; and it seems elementary that (upon navigable waters) the law of the water must prevail. It is idle to say that Chiswick Mall was not at the time of the accident navigable water. Mr. Haddock was, in fact, navigating it, and if Mr. Rumpelheimer chooses to navigate it at the same time he must be bound by the appropriate regulations and should make himself familiar with them. Mr. Rumpelheimer makes the rather childish objection that his motor-car is not a vessel and ought not to be treated as such. I find no difficulty there. Recent developments of the internal-combustion engine, and in particular the out-board motor, have produced a type of water-conveyance which in aspect and dignity is little more than a floating automobile; and though Mr. Rumpelheimer's motor-car appears to be unseaworthy it is otherwise as much a boat as many motor-boats. The point is that, boat or not, it was navigating the tideway.

"Again, it was argued for the plaintiff that, since the high-road was only covered with water by an exceptional inundation of short duration, it cannot be held to have lost the character of a high-road. But to accept this view would be to admit a very dangerous and confusing precedent. Suppose that large sections of our Southern counties were covered for a long period by exceptional floods, so that the inhabitants were compelled to cross them regularly in steam or motor vessels, can it be doubted that the regulations of the water, as to the avoidance of collisions, the carrying of lights, sound-signals in case of fog and so forth, would be observed and enforced in that area? Yet in principle the two cases are the same; and differences of degree cannot be allowed to derogate from principle. The fact that a certain area of water was once dry land and is expected to be dry land again is unimportant. Much of what we now know as land was once covered by the ocean—and *vice-versa*; but a motorist would not be allowed to appeal to the customs of the sea because he was crossing the Romney Marshes, on the ground that they used to be sea. In the same way it is idle for the plaintiff to urge that Chiswick Mall used to be dry land. The question in every case must be a question of fact—Was this area at the material date water or dry land? And neither geographical size nor extent of time is a relevant consideration. We find in this case that the area in question was water, and tidal water.

Now tidal waters lead to the ocean and are navigated by the vessels of every maritime country. The Regulations upon which Mr. Haddock relies are not of British origin or sanction only; they govern the movements and secure the safety of the ships of the world. The nations rely upon each other to observe them faithfully and defend them jealously. It will be easily seen what international complications might ensue if it were to go forth that the Admiralty Court of Great Britain was prepared to play fast and loose with them for the benefit of a motorist, however small the issues at stake. The defendant is no gentleman, but that is neither here nor there. We find for the defendant, much as we dislike him. The case is dismissed." A. P. H.

"The next man in the queue was Mr. John Fisher, of Birmingham. He is spending the first week of his annual holiday in seeing the Test Match."—*Evening Paper.*

We don't know what Mr. JOHN FISHER (of Birmingham) did on Sunday, but we fear he will be disappointed with the sixth and seventh days of his week.

FROM AN INDIAN LIBRARY.

(*Dedicated to those Cooks of Portugal who have recently expressed a desire to be known as Culinary Artists.*)

JACOBITE MEMOIRS were what I was actually after, but History had yielded nothing, and alphabetical catalogues in India must be attacked with an open mind. There was a whole year during which our Bishop, whose name began with a "W," was to be found in the *Telephone Directory* only under "R," for "Right Rev."

In my quest I turned to the section headed GENERAL LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Memoirs under "M" there were none. But this triplet caught my eye:

"Moral Ideals, A study of
Mutton, Cold, What to do with
Mystery of the Ages, The."

That cold mutton in that company touched my imagination. I passed on to HISTORY. Yes, there it was, and even more agreeably sponsored:—

"Close of the Middle Ages, The
Cold Mutton, What to do with
Coldstream Guards, A history of the."

There was a cross-reference:—

"Dogs for the Gun, Concerning
Do with Cold Mutton, What to
Down with England! Anon."

After that, HISTORY was silent. PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS were blank, but in SOCIAL SCIENCE, not unsuitably, I found my cold mutton again:—

"What does History teach?
What to do with Cold Mutton
World to come, Immortality a Physical Fact."

My quest for JACOBITE MEMOIRS was forgotten; the character of PICKLE had no longer any interest for me at the moment except as a possible side-line to cold mutton.

BOOKS OTHER THAN NOVELS looked hopeful; nor did they fail me. They yielded this:—

"Music and Morals
Mutton, Cold, What to do with
My Schools and Schoolmasters."

After that I found it only once again, and there was a touch of wistfulness about its company:—

"What all the world are seeking
What to do with Cold Mutton
What's Wrong with the world?"

There, under the solemn head-line, MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE, I was forced to leave it. But can anyone deny that cooking in India is given the position it deserves? Small wonder that it was not found necessary for any scheme of instruction in the elements of culinary culture to be embodied in the Simon Report.

IN RE THE REFERENDUM.

I THINK it is perhaps time that I should give the readers of *Punch* a short *résumé* of the proceedings which led up to the abolition of the referendum by Lord BEAVERBROOK and Lord ROTHERMERE, and the reinstatement of the referendum by Mr. BALDWIN and the Conservative Party.

It has caused me a great deal of trouble to trace all the negotiations from the beginning up to the present time, but I think I have got them clear at last.

Apparently what happened was this: Some time ago Lord BEAVERBROOK became convinced that it was necessary to make food taxation the foremost plank in the banner of economic salvation, and at once determined to drive a straight furrow through it by hook or by crook until the goal was attained. In coming to this decision he had no private or selfish interest to serve. He likes food. His anxiety to tax it came solely from a wish to extricate the country from the pathless morass in which it has been wandering ever since the present Government came into power.

Accordingly, he submitted a short article to *The Daily Mail*, in which he put three points clearly before the electors of this country in the following order:—

(1) Food taxation to be the principal jewel of the Imperial diadem.

(2) All hands to be called to the pump.

(3) All contributions to be marked clearly "CRUSADE."

Happening to read *The Daily Mail* that morning, Lord ROTHERMERE noticed the article and wrote to Lord BEAVERBROOK in the following terms:

"*I liked your little thing in the D.M. to-day. Come and have a spot of lunch at the Carlton, and talk it over with me.*"

To this Lord BEAVERBROOK replied by telegram:—

"*Righty-ho!*"

So far, as the reader will perceive, not a word about the referendum had been breathed by either of the parties concerned in the campaign. On the way to this lunch Lord BEAVERBROOK happened to overhear two men in the street talking to each other, about halfway along the Strand. One of them was saying: "I should imagine that a popular referendum would be the easiest solution of the financial imbroglio in which England is involved."

And the other replied, "You have put the Gordian knot in a nutshell."

Lord BEAVERBROOK was so much impressed by this conversation that he repeated it to Lord ROTHERMERE during lunch.

They were now faced with the problem: What is a referendum, and how can it be used?

The Latinist at Shoe Lane gave it as his opinion that in getting on to the referendum Lord BEAVERBROOK had got on to a good thing. He said that it was the gerund or gerundive participle of the verb *refero*, and was almost certain to be popular with the electorate, especially with the ladies. There was nothing in the slightest degree indelicate about the word.

On hearing this Lord BEAVERBROOK immediately conveyed the information to Lord ROTHERMERE, and they agreed that the referendum should be put to Mr. BALDWIN at once. Accordingly Lord BEAVERBROOK got into telephonic touch with Mr. BALDWIN and, after obtaining the right number, put to the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION the pointed question: "What about a referendum on Empire Free Trade?"

To this Mr. BALDWIN, after a certain amount of hesitation, replied, "Well, what about it?"

Considering this first response unsatisfactory, Lord BEAVERBROOK determined to press the issue further. Still holding the transmitter in his left hand and the receiver in his right, he breathed into the ear of the instrument the momentous syllables, "Are you on?"

To which Mr. BALDWIN, after a few moments' delay, responded quietly, "Yes."

It is this answer which has flung the apple-cart of Imperial unity into the melting-pot and caused so much dirty linen to be transferred from the frying-pan into the fire.

For what did Mr. BALDWIN do next?

Instead of publicly proclaiming his conviction that the word *referendum* was the Latin for a tax on food, he permitted his henchmen to announce in various places that it was merely a gerundive participle with very little more meaning than a supine; until at last the word began to be relegated to the limbo of the political dust-bin instead of forming the cynosure to which the aims and endeavours of the whole Conservative Party were tied. This threw the whole electorate into confusion. What next? they wondered.

Lord BEAVERBROOK was not idle. Perceiving that the referendum was not being now employed as a beacon, but rather used as a gag, he wrote a letter to *The Daily Express*, which *The Daily Express*, out of consideration for the vast importance of the issues at stake, published in full on a prominent page. At the same time Lord ROTHERMERE



First Lady. "THERE'S A WOMAN OVER THERE NOT SMOKING."
Second Ditto. "MY DEAR, THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO'LL DO ANYTHING TO BE CONSPICUOUS."

wrote a long letter to *The Daily Mail*, which was also published. The upshot of both these communications (omitting a part of Lord ROTHERMERE'S letter which dealt with the annexation of Lithuania to the Hungarian Empire and the removal from Russian influence of the Caspian Sea) was the same. They both demanded that the referendum should go. Lord BEAVERBROOK stated bluntly that the referendum had become a shibboleth, and Lord ROTHERMERE went even further. He wrote:—

"The referendum is the red herring on the high road to Imperial unity. It must never rear its hydra heads again."

To all intents and purposes the referendum now appeared to be scotched. But what must Mr. BALDWIN do but go and call a meeting of Conservative Members and Candidates, in which he reaffirmed his intention of tying this Will-o'-the-wisp round the neck of Imperial Free Trade? What is more, he scouted as a piece of insolence Lord ROTHERMERE'S demand that at least ten members of the next Conservative Cabinet should be incapable of conjugating the Latin verb *refero*, which had proved a fly in the ointment of progress instead of a step-ladder towards the taxation of food.

This, so far as I can ascertain it, is the whole truth, up to the time of writing, as to the referendum. Instead of being a mere Scylla, it has assumed the proportions of a Charybdis; and the people of England are left asking each other with a melancholy interest, "*Quousque tandem?* And, if not, *Cui bono?*"

EVOE.

"H.M. battleship Rodney, with the deputation from both Houses of Parliament on board, arrived here this morning in connection with the millinery celebrations of the Iceland Parliament."—*Belfast Paper.*

We take it that this must be Woolly Helmet Week.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A WRONG NUMBER.

I.—JASON'S QUEST.

May 31st.—One of those mornings when poets lean on gate-posts and inhale deeply. Life presented me with the usual conflict of necessities. The lawn wanted mowing. The car wanted greasing. Letters wanted writing.

The telephone rang.

"Hallo! Is that you, Jim?" said a strange voice packed with emotion. "The mayfly is up!"

"Indeed," I remarked, "how awful! And the price of treacle? Tell an anxious father, now, what has happened to the price of treacle?"

"Poor old chap," said Jim's friend; "I had not heard. No one thought of telling me. But if they let you out at all, or if you can escape, listen to me. I've put up my old greenheart for you—cast on and everything—and left it propped against the porch of the Mill Cottage. Sandwiches in the car as usual. I'm off; Good-bye!" . . . And the voice of Jim's friend became but a treasured memory.

I sat for a while and envied Jim. What a friend the man had! Presently a twinge of jealousy prompted me. I rang up the exchange and inquired whence the call had come. They told me Wadingbridge.

"Wadingbridge Ho!" I muttered after a pause for reflection.

"What number, please?" the operator demanded.

"Ho!" I said, "is not a number. I don't know what *The Oxford Dictionary* makes of it, but I regard it as a sort of gesture. Good-bye!"

Wadingbridge is fourteen miles away. I parked the car in the market-place about half-an-hour later and found the Mill Cottage without any difficulty. The rod was there and on the end of the cast was Jason—a spurious insect whose lines seemed to warrant me in naming him after Miss JOHNSON'S aeroplane.

A large trout rose with a plop in the millpool, not ten yards from where I stood. Others immediately took their cue from him. A general plopping began up and down the reach. With palsied fingers I unleashed Jason and set to work.

I am not a fisherman in the narrow sense of the word, but if it be looked on as a title rewarding character rather than attainment—a title denoting the possession of patience, perseverance and all the less demonstrative forms of pluck—I am become one now.

I had always understood—indeed I had thought it common knowledge—that in the season of the mayfly the epicurean trout surrenders his natural caution and falls an easy victim to the angler's crudest enterprise. This is not so; it is mere hyperbole, exaggeration as grotesque as any that is to be found in fishing literature. Jason's appearance on the surface of the water evoked no enthusiasm whatever. Alike by the trout and by his own indigenous relatives, of which there were thousands, he was made to feel that his presence was entirely superfluous.

Temperamental, highly-strung natures are bound to react to an atmosphere of that sort. Jason began to make mistakes. One moment he would be floating proudly on the bosom of the stream; the next he would suddenly founder with all sail set and require to be dragged from the depths all dripping and melancholy like an unsuccessful suicide.

But his worst blunders were perpetrated on dry land, and they were too numerous to catalogue. Deserving of mention, however, was his incursion into a garden behind me, whence he returned laden with the first rose of summer, snatched, it was alleged, from the corsage of the indignant lady to whom it belonged.

Of misdemeanours such as this, Jason felt the stigma. So did I.

Perhaps it was with the idea of placing himself out of reach of further disgrace that he became entangled in some telegraph-wires. Fortunately it was close to a pole, and the pole had iron brackets which enabled me to climb it. It was when I was descending after this rescue, amid the plaudits of a crowd of small boys, that I was accosted by a middle-aged man who inquired very civilly as to the sport I was enjoying. It had, I told him, its ups and downs.

"Quite so, Sir," he agreed. "You'll understand, Sir," he went on, "that I'm bailiff to the Board of Conservators, and I'm obliged to ask you to show your licence."

If he had laid a hand on my shoulder and charged me with wilful murder I could not have been more unpleasantly surprised. I threw myself at once on his mercy. "Have you a mother?" I began, and went on to draw a comparison between the pitiful and narrow existence it was my lot to endure and the free and spacious life that was his among the kingcups and the watercress. Eventually, at the cost of two shillings for the licence and seven-and-sixpence graciously accepted by the bailiff as a bond and token of the universal brotherhood of man, we parted.

But worse was to befall.

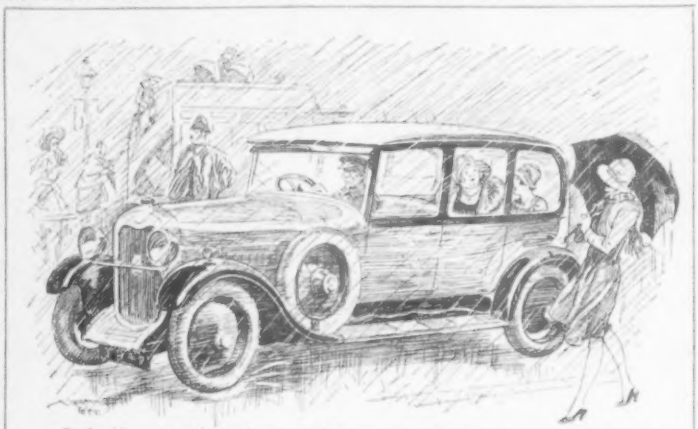
I was crossing the stream by the bridge, which is (as a land-agent might say) but a stone's-throw from church, shops and post-office, when a brother of the angle passed me going in the opposite direction.

"Any luck?" he inquired politely. And then his eyes wandered to my rod and his face became a mask. Without another word—without even waiting for a reply to his greeting—Jason's rightful owner made straight for the sign of "The Blue Boar," beneath which, I saw to my dismay, the village constable was standing.

During their colloquy the constable looked most markedly in my direction and the other man as markedly avoided doing so.

Flight would have been tantamount to a confession of guilt. There was nothing for it but to stand my ground and fish. After all, I had a licence to do so.

At about the third cast—a less unhappy one than most—the constable intervened. "This gent tells me there's bin a misunderstandin'," he began, and any ambiguity in his words was dispelled by the conviction expressed in his tone and manner that he had to deal with a common felon But at that instant there came a noise from under the bridge as of a torpedo breaking surface, and a trout, that had surely lain concealed since the Normans first



Lady (in expensive saloon). "I LOVE BEING OUT IN THIS WEATHER. I'M A REAL CHILD OF THE STORM."



Wife. "SO SWEET OF YOU TO CARRY ALL THOSE THINGS, GEORGE. YOU REALLY OUGHT TO LET PEKIE CARRY THE PAPER."

laid the foundations of the structure, accepted Jason at his face value.

The reel screamed. I thrust the quivering butt of the rod into the hands of the constable and, muttering something about fetching a landing-net, dashed wildly for the car.

Just before the corner of the church interrupted my view of the proceedings a glance showed me the constable about to follow his helmet over the stone parapet of the bridge.

Poor fellow! In the performance of his duty, I suppose they will say. I know nothing—not even if the body has been recovered. I seldom read the Sunday papers.

Mr. Bennett Caught Napping.

"I have regularly slept after lunch for a quarter of a century."
Arnold Bennett in Weekly Paper.

Even HOMER couldn't afford to nod for as long as that.

"A DENSE FOG.

Railway stunting operations at Christchurch, Addington, were delayed considerably."—*New Zealand Paper.*

It would take more than a fog to stop our stationmaster from getting into his customary flat spin.

THE RIDGE.

THIS is the rock, with a sea of grass
Breaking in emerald foam,
Just as it dared the Pict to pass
Over the right of Rome;
This is the ridge where the vanguard wheeled,
This where the standards slowed,
This where the pride of sword and shield
Halted and held the road.

Here were the barrack-gateways laid,
Here were the chariots drawn,
Here were the vows to Mithras made
Day by day at the dawn;
Here were the carven altars set,
Here were the outlook towers
Marking the miles of the parapet,
HADRIAN'S Ridge, and ours!

If on that sacred rock shall ring
Hammer and drill and bar,
Rattle of steel on stone will bring
Answer from fields afar;
Legions that served on the Outer Post,
Grim through the exile years,
These will return in a wrathful host,
Cresting the cliff with spears.

Helms will glint in the moon again,
Banners will lift and fall,
Eagles sway to the march of men
Guardians once of The Wall;
Shadows will pass on the buried bridge,
Ghosts to the broken towers;
Rome with her dead will haunt the ridge,
HADRIAN'S Ridge, and ours!

W. H. O.

Mr. Punch At Home.

The New *Punch* Offices will be open for inspection, and an Exhibition of original drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER will be on view, until July 25. Admission will be by Invitation Card, which has been sent as a matter of course to those who subscribe direct to the *Punch* Offices and all other subscribers whose names and addresses are there recorded. Invitations will be gladly sent to other readers, if they will apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

There's a man who might well be imprisoned;
He *will* call bedizened bedizened,
Though we said, "Do be wise and
Pronounce it bedizened,
For bedizened it certainly isn't."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE JUMBLE SALE.

Mr. and Mrs. Woddy hadn't been married very long and they sometimes quarrelled, they hadn't got tired of each other yet but they hadn't got quite used to not having their own way in everything, and of course husbands and wives can't both have their own way and one has to give in to the other sometimes, and Mrs. Woddy didn't see why she should, because after all he had promised to endow her with all his worldly goods and did he mean it or didn't he?

Well the Vicar of the place where they lived wanted some money for repairing the organ, the bellows had become very wheezy and one of the high notes would go on sounding all the time the organist was playing, and two of them had got stuck together with a jujube, and there were several other things wrong with it, and it would cost about twenty pounds to have it put right. So he thought the best thing was to have a jumble sale, because it was hardly worth a bazaar, and besides people would go on having raffles in bazaars and he didn't believe in that when it was for a sacred object.

Well everybody was asked to turn out all the rubbish they didn't want which was only collecting dust and send it to the Vicarage, and Mrs. Woddy hadn't got any old clothes of her own because she had had everything new when she was married, but Mr. Woddy had kept a lot of clothes that he had had when he was a bachelor and she went through his wardrobe and found several things that she thought he could spare, and she sent two perfectly hideous vases that an aunt of hers had given her for a wedding-present, and she could always say they had been broken by mistake if she came to see her and asked where they were, it was quite likely that they might have been broken by that time and anyhow she didn't mind telling a white lie so as not to hurt her aunt's feelings.

Well when Mr. Woddy came home from his business that evening he was rather low in his spirits, because he was a fur merchant and he had bought some astrakhan from Russia and they had sent him clipped poodle instead. And he told Mrs. Woddy about it and he said it all comes from trusting Russians and I can't do anything because of the Ogpu, it is a great relief to come home and forget all about it, what is there for dinner?

And she said you will see when the time comes, but you haven't asked me what I have been doing to-day. And he said well what *have* you been doing, washing the cat? because he was still feeling depressed in his spirits and he thought she wasn't very sympathetic.

And she was rather annoyed with him and said no, have you been brushing the poodle?

Well that made him angry because he didn't want to hear anything more about poodles for a long time, and



"FOR SHAME, HUBERT!"

when she told him about the jumble sale and said she had sent six of his shirts to it, and an old ulster and several of his ties he was simply furious. And that made her angry too, and she said well I never did like those shirts with red and blue anchors on them, and Charles would never think of wearing shirts like that, when I married you I thought I had married a gentleman.

Well Charles was her brother who was a Captain in the army and she was always holding him up to Mr. Woddy which he couldn't stand, especially as Charles was always asking him to lend him some money, which he hadn't told her of but it rankled, and he said you don't mean to say you have given away that brown ulster of mine, why I have had it for nearly twenty years.

And she said well then it is quite time you got rid of it, and I am sure Charles would be ashamed to go about in a thing like that, he is always well dressed and doesn't care what he owes for his clothes. And he said damn Charles, what did you price the ulster at? and she said three-and-sixpence.

Well then he was almost mad with fury and he said well you shall see. And what he did was to rush upstairs and take one of her very best hats and come down and flourish it in her face and then go straight off to the Vicarage with it.

Well the Vicar was pleased to see Mr. Woddy and he said oh what a beautiful hat, is it for the jumble sale, what do you price it at? And he said one-and-threepence, but there has been a mistake about a brown ulster and I should like to buy it back if you don't mind. And the Vicar said oh yes, you can have it for seven shillings, quite a lot of husbands have bought back things that their wives sent us and we are making more money like that than we shall by selling things cheap, are you sure you wouldn't like to buy back your shirts and ties? the shirts were only priced at fourpence each and I would let you have them at a shilling, and you could have the ties at sixpence each instead of a penny, you would have to pay much more at a shop. So he bought back some of his ties but he left the shirts because of Charles.

Well when he got home he found that Mrs. Woddy had gone to bed in a temper and had sent for her mother Mrs. Surmise. And he said to himself oh all right, we can have it out now, and we will see who is master. And he enjoyed his dinner and had some champagne with it, and by the time Mrs. Surmise came round he was quite ready for her. And she went straight up to her daughter, but he said she is sure to come down soon and start in on me, so he put on his old ulster and sat down to wait for her, not because he was cold but because he wanted to show who was master.

Well Mrs. Surmise soon came down and she was a very presumptuous woman and directly she came into the room she said for shame Hubert get up out of that chair at once and go upstairs and say you wish to be forgiven or I won't answer for the consequences.

And he said nobody asked you to,

Mrs. Surmise, when it comes to selling a man's favourite ulster behind his back it is not the business of the mother of the wife of that man to interfere and she does it at her peril.

And she glared at him and said you are a brute, and he said well I may be but it is not for you to say so, Mrs. Surmise.

And she said you are drunk and walked straight out of the house.

So then Mr. Woddy felt better and he went upstairs and found Mrs. Woddy crying, because she did love him really and she was all right when she wasn't under the influence of Charles or her awful old mother. And she said she was sorry for selling his ulster and he said he was sorry for selling her hat and he would go and buy it back again.

So they made it up, and the jumble sale was a great success, and Mr. Woddy let the Vicar have his ulster after all, because he never wore it and it was only collecting dust. A. M.

A Chimney-piece Atlas.

"... Lord Daresbury. Here is the real Squire; it is as though the mantel of Lord Chaplin had passed quietly on to his shoulders."—*Daily Paper.*

ADVICE TO DEBORAH.

THE infant Deborah on my knee
Sat solemnly and studied me;
A puppy some twelve inches short,
A rough-haired terrier—not the sort
Endowed with lanky legs and nose
That downs competitors at shows;
A sturdier, snubbier kind of thing.
Victorian (Late) in finishing;
For, though I find much to engage
Affection in the present age,
Yet men may read when I depart
"Victorian (Late)" graved on my heart.

Deborah asked, it seemed to me,
What sort of business life could be.
"Even a dog of humble price,"
I thought, "may profit by advice;
Let me instil into this pup
The gentle art of growing up."
"Distinguish clearly, Deb," I said,
"The garden walk, the garden bed,
And, feeling sprightly from the bath,
Race, if you must, but on the path.
Remember, many dogs are cuffed
For laying low the candytuft.
There is assigned a special spot
For digging; elsewhere dig you not;
For should you lightly undermine
Gaillardia or columbine
The pleasing but illegal act
May end in shame and getting smacked.

"The quadruped that snatched and spat
When you approached it was the cat.
Be very cautious till you know
Exactly how far you may go;
Wait till he offers you a game
And then be cautious just the same.

"Especial care should be bestowed
On your behaviour in the road.
Be very zealous for the lives
Of motorists, their offspring, wives,
Friends and chauffeurs, a costly host,
But your life interests you most;
Cross only when your owners do
And stick to them as tight as glue."

Thus having reached the very top
Of my best form, I had to stop;
For Debby, after breathing deep
And yawning wide, was fast asleep.

"The dirigible 'Graf Zeppelin.' ... The newspapers emphasize the excellent behaviour of the airship during a gala which it encountered in mid-ocean on her return trip to Europe."—*Egyptian Paper.*

We commend the Graf's self-restraint.
Incidentally he seems to be of every
other gender but his own.



Child (*suffering from slight bilious attack*). "MUMMY, CAN'T I GET UP?"
Mother. "NO, DARLING; I 'M GOING TO KEEP YOU IN BED ALL THE MORNING."
Child. "OH, MUMMY, I *do* SO HATE BEING BEDRIDDEN."



MANNERS AND MODES.
"CONVERSATION PICTURE," 1930.

WHEN OUR VILLAGE PLAYS CRICKET.

WE in Willoughby-under-Wychewood do not consider it necessary to adopt any of the recent recommendations connected with brighter cricket, for, under existing conditions, we usually settle two-innings matches after tea on Thursday evenings, unless unduly hindered by the loss of the ball in the outfield.

Our matches, as a rule, begin at half-past six, but in our important home engagement with Compton-in-the-Hollow on Thursday evening last a start was not possible until five minutes to seven, as, owing to the excessive heat, our opponents, who travelled by motor-lorry, were delayed by serious throttle trouble, which developed when they came in sight of the "Pig and Whistle" at Cobberley-on-the-Water.

Having won the toss, our Captain, the landlord of the "Punch Bowl," after a careful inspection of the playing surface, decided to take first knock, the effect on the wicket of the recent activities of Farmer Porrett's pigs having failed to inspire him with confidence.

Parson and Squire, who opened our innings, showed, in spite of the advice humbly offered by our captain, an unusual restraint which occasioned a certain amount of barracking from visiting spectators unaware of the identity of the performers. Towards the end of the third over, however, Squire was dismissed owing to a "safety first" movement which caused him to fall over the stumps and the wicket-keeper, while shortly afterwards Parson sacrificed his wicket in a reckless attempt to open our score by means of a glance off the knuckles.

The rest of the team, by consistent batting, collected the satisfactory total of seventeen, and although our opponents obtained a lead of one on the first innings, we were by no means rattled, for the visitors' score included some extras presented to them by Farmer Porrett, our longstop, while our runs had been made entirely off the bat, wrist or fingers.

In our second venture, although we were well ahead of the church clock, our batsmen showed great enterprise, and the visitors were set the task of making nineteen runs in order to win on a wicket which by this time had fully justified our captain's choice of innings.

James, the under-footman at the Hall, our demon bowler, who opened the final attack from the pig-sty end, unfortunately laid out one of the fieldsmen with his first delivery, but soon afterwards found his spot, which lies about half-way down the pitch, and in less than half-an-hour nine batsmen had been dismissed for fourteen runs, James having been responsible for two clean and four otherwise bowled and a brace of "retired hurts."

The last man in complained of bad light after a communication from George Harris, the visiting umpire, who went to meet him on his way to the wicket, and a satisfactory conclusion of the game seemed unlikely. We won, however, by the comfortable margin of three, a finish having been made possible by William the blacksmith, our umpire, who after a short debate persuaded George that the light was good, the latter having announced his conversion while William, who is locally regarded as a rival of CARNERA, was in the act of removing his coat.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRUM.

My faith is of the BALDWIN mint
  And I grow hot with shame
To find no "Tory" evening print
  That's loyal to his name;
False friends that deal a traitor's blow
  I am resolved to bar;
Give me for choice an honest foe—
  Give me, in fact, *The Star*.

"Kemp-Welch gave his Blue to R. H. C. Human, of Repton and Emmanuel, at the end of the day."—*Daily Paper*.

Unless HUMAN gives it back, J. T. MORGAN (the Cambridge captain) will have to give KEMP-WELCH another.



THE SCRIBBLING ON THE WALL.

MR. BALDWIN. "'B.M.G.'—BEAVERBROOK MUST GO! NOW I CALL THAT VERY PUBLIC-SPIRITED OF HIM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 23rd.—Three 's company, two 's none where non-party conferences are concerned, so it must have been a bit disappointing to Mr. MACDONALD to have to announce that Mr. BALDWIN had declined to play gooseberry at a Lib.-Lab. exchange of agricultural confidences. It was unwise, however, of Sir KINGSLEY WOOD to try to add to the PRIME MINISTER'S cup of bitterness by asking, "Who will answer for this Conference? Will it be Mr. LLOYD GEORGE?" "BEAVERBROOK!" came a derisive shout from the Government benches, and Sir KINGSLEY ceased his idle banter with some suddenness.

When the House went into Committee once more on the Finance Bill such an atmosphere of harmonious give-and-take had imparted itself to the mutual gestures of Mr. SNOWDEN and Mr. CHURCHILL that one could almost smell orange-blossom. As a result the House rose betimes, the principal contribution to the gaiety of the evening being the hope expressed by Mr. TINKER that he might look forward to the day when estates would contribute a far larger sum to the national revenue than they do now. The admission that there will be any estates when Mr. TINKER has his political way came as an agreeable surprise to some of the gentlemen opposite.

Tuesday, June 24th.—An unusually large number of Peers turned up to assist Lord SALISBURY to reject the bulk of the House of Commons' amendments to the Lords' amendments to the Coal Bill. The principal "guns" to which their Lordships stuck were the deletion of the district levy and the permissive "spread over" of hours of work. In respect of the former, Conservative Peers received a sort of negative encouragement from the Liberals, Lord BEAUCHAMP declaring that, in the absence of information as to what the Government intended to do if the Lords insisted on their amendments, they (the Liberals) could accept no responsibility in the matter.

In a sort of preliminary canter Lord SALISBURY intimated that they had no objection to the Upper Chamber being reformed, but could not assent in the meanwhile to dwindle away and become obsolete through sheer inanition. Neither Lord PARMOOR nor the LORD CHANCELLOR embarked on the delicate question of what might be the grievous result of their Lordships' brazen defiance of the Commons, which seemed to confirm the view that the Government would not be too sorry of an excuse for dropping the Bill altogether.

With the Conservative Members in a



Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD. "ANY CONJURER CAN PRODUCE RABBITS FROM A HAT, BUT IT TAKES A REAL ARTIST TO PUT THEM BACK AGAIN."

state of suspended animadversion—to be continued at five P.M. at the Hotel Victoria—and the Labour stalwarts cast into a certain gloom by the news that plain living and low thinking were to resume their ancient reign—in other words, that there would be no Consumers' Council Bill and no Education Bill this Session—interest in the Commons showed a tendency to flag. It perked up considerably when the PRIME MINISTER announced, in answer to a question by Mr. MACPHERSON, that the Government had cut the Gordian knot of politico-religious controversy in Malta by the happy expedient of suspending the Constitution. The Vatican had demanded the elimination of Lord STRICKLAND from Maltese politics—an intolerable demand. The Government had replied by eliminating the Vatican from Maltese politics, or rather by removing Maltese politics out of reach of the ecclesiastical finger. It seemed an ideal solution and the Government found itself enjoying a greater unanimity of approval than it has been accustomed to of late.

It is a far cry from the still-vex'd Mediterranean to the bonny, bonny banks o' Loch Lomond, and the House remained apathetic in the face of Mr. SNOWDEN'S announcement that the prospect of securing the last-named beauty-spot for the nation in lieu of the Duke of MONTROSE'S taxes was unlikely to fructify, the land not being required for some "useful or necessary purpose." The House by its silence admitted that in the circumstances it was for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to take the high road—and the cash.

Even Dr. ADDISON could hardly be expected to scour the zenith on the wings of eloquence with a subject like Land Drainage, and the rest of the House showed little desire to do any scouring on any wings at all. There are, however, as the song points out, organisms that, although devoid of wings, get there just the same, and the Bill, after being praised with faint condemnation by such experts as Mr. GUINNESS and Viscount WOLMER and damned with no praise at all by Captain BOURNE and Mr. MACLAREN, got its Second Reading without a division and the House tripped lightly homeward humming a catchment aria.

Wednesday, June 25.—As an occasion of religious controversy today's debate on Church and State in Malta would have moved Comrade TORQUEMADA to derisive sniffs. One looked in vain for the savagery of religious fanaticism peeping through the black habiliments of twentieth-century tolerance.

Lord CUSHENDUN is an Ulsterman and perhaps revealed that His Holiness is not well thought of in Antrim, let alone Portadown. Yet his exposition of the case was both dignified and restrained, even if one



THE NEW BRUM.

"TO SWEEP THE COBWEBS OUT OF THE SKY."
MR. N. CHAMBERLAIN.

did gather that, compared with Monsignor ROBINSON, Cardinal GASPARRI and the Bishops of MALTA and GOZO, a bagful of rattlesnakes would be a pleasure to consort with.

Lord FITZALAN tempered his ecclesiastical fervour with some humour and not a little discretion. There had been faults on both sides, he suggested, but Lord STRICKLAND, to whom a sense of proportion and of humour were alike denied, had brought the trouble on himself by not excluding the clerical element from the Constitution of Malta. There had been misunderstanding and wrong action all round, he soothingly suggested, which could be righted if Lord STRICKLAND would place himself in the hands of his friends with the view of initiating the *amende honorable*. Lord STRICKLAND readily admitted that he erred like other humans, but refused to accept personal responsibility for the impasse that had arisen or regard the Vatican's demand that he be eliminated from Maltese politics as a purely personal matter and not as an unwarranted interference by the Church in the temporal and political affairs of the island.

Lord PASSFIELD made it clear that while it took no sides in the insular aspect of the controversy the Government on the larger issue agreed with Lord STRICKLAND'S view and had for that reason held up his hands. There the matter stood. The Government will not eliminate Lord STRICKLAND from Maltese politics at the instance of the Vatican, and the Vatican will not eliminate the noses of its prelates from Maltese politics as required by the British Government. For the time being therefore Malta will worry along without a Parliament.

Those who remembered the great Naval programmes of old were prone to smile at the puny sample of small fry which, it appeared, was to form the substance of ALEXANDER'S feast. Does not G. K. CHESTERTON tell us of NOAH that "the soup he drank was elephant soup and the fish he ate was whale"? So it was in the old days when a First Lord would swallow six super-dreadnoughts at a gulp and ask for more. But there is nothing of the sea-going patriarch about your modern ruler of the King's Navee. Three small cruisers and a flock of auxiliary fighting-boats, sloops, towing-vessels and what not are all the Government proposes to construct in 1930, said Mr. ALEXANDER in answer to several questions.

There was a certain pricking up of Dockyard Members' ears, but no apprehensive shudders for the safety of the realm.

Thursday, June 26th.—Mr. LANSBURY has been doing so much with the Serpentine that he is getting a bit that way himself. The question of bathers who cut their feet on broken bottles was raised by Sir N. SANDEMAN (who in spite of his name has no connection with bottles of the more loquacious sort), and the FIRST COMMISSIONER reminded him that people had been bathing in the Serpentine for two hundred years. "But not mixed," interjected Lady ASTOR. "I do not think it is right to blame the fair sex for having brought the bottles," replied the Minister amiably, adding that the daily toll of cut feet was "very trifling indeed."



ALEXANDER'S FEAST.
THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.
[*Inset to scale:* The contents of the dish.]

The House in Committee took the Vote for the Dominions Ministry and it was a very different Mr. THOMAS that presented the Bill from the abject and apologetic creature that so patiently bore the slings and arrows of outrageous unemployment debates.

Discussion being confined to Overseas Settlement and the Empire Marketing Board, the burning question of Empire Free Trade could not be raised; but Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, who congratulated Mr. THOMAS on his return to his old office and the Empire on having a trade of £3,000,000,000—three times that of the United States—managed to suggest that "it was a profound error to think there could be no Empire policy but a tariff policy" before a cold look in the CHAIRMAN'S eye switched him off to the Committee of Imperial Development.

Mr. AMERY raised the question of an Imperial paper currency and an equally Imperial gold reserve and urged Mr. THOMAS to approach this and other topics with an open mind.

Mr. THOMAS—the old, resilient, optimistic Mr. THOMAS—made it clear that an open mind is one of his specialities. It is so open, he confided to the House, that, after having the pros and cons dinned into him for a twelvemonth, he still did not know whether the gold standard was a good thing or not. The House, which of course does not know either, but is not always so frank about it, decided that here was Mr. THOMAS at his best, a Mr. THOMAS who deliberately mixes his aspirates and makes everybody feel that he is among his friends. He too welcomed himself back to the Dominions Office and a post which would enable him "to meet many old friends in the Dominions, who were rather more agreeable than those with whom he had been in contact as Lord Privy Seal."

Various Imperial conundrums having been propounded and the debate adjourned, the House, on the Colonies Vote, discussed Malta without adding anything further to what had been said the day before in the Lords. Mr. AMERY'S explanation of it all was that the Catholic Church had always taken a hand in Maltese politics and had done its share of mud-slinging on the best Maltese lines. Now, just because it happened to have stopped a couple of well-aimed ones from Lord STRICKLAND, it got cross and refused to play. Possibly as good an explanation as any other.

Conflicting News From the Dark Continent.

"A CLEAN SWEEP,
TRIUMPH FOR SMUTS IN NATAL."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

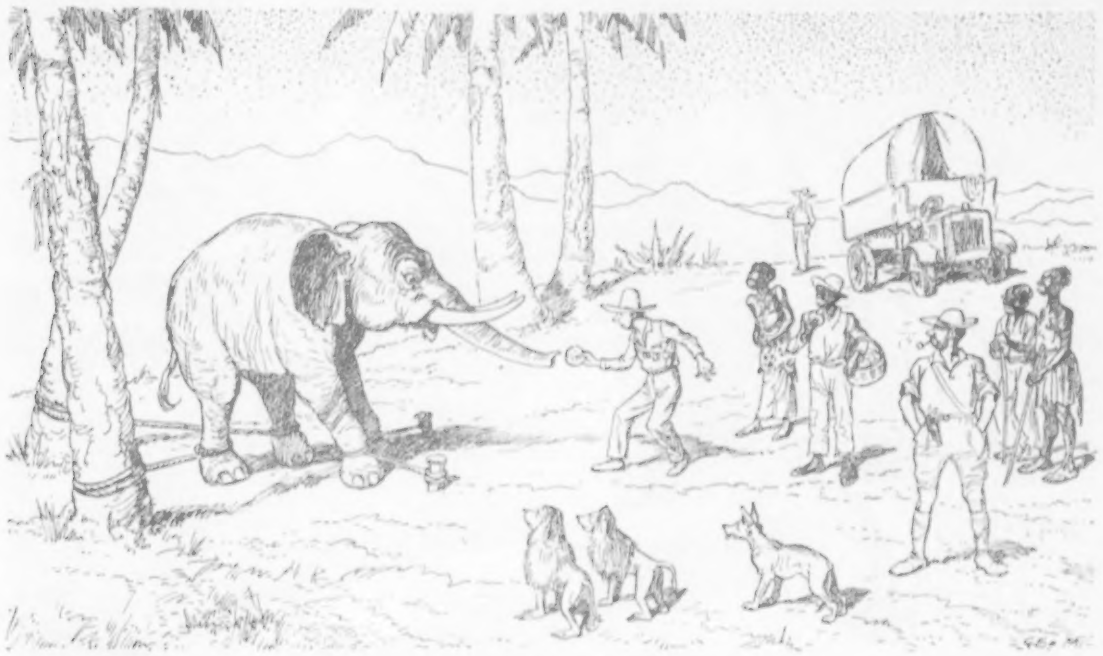
Contempt of Court.

"Mr. —— has been expelled from Iraq on a charge of exporting antiquities without a permit.

Mr. ——'s motor-car was stopped at the frontier station at Ramadi."—*Daily Paper.*

Unusual Precocity Down Texas Way.

"Miss Bebe Daniels, the film star, was married here last night to Mr. Ben Lyon, the film actor. Born in 1901 at Dallas, Texas, Miss Daniels' mother was Spanish."—*Daily Paper.*



AN ELEPHANT SEES A BUN FOR THE FIRST TIME.

"WHEN IS A DOOR . . . P"

UNTIL yesterday the most romantic and honourable profession to which I had ever attained was that of Poet. But now unwittingly I have entered a higher estate—I am an Inspirer of Poets. For into my hands yesterday was thrust a poem, newly-born, unseen as yet by the world and inspired exclusively by myself.

It is not exactly a lyric, although it has passages of purest music; nor is it dramatic, though it contains the stuff of drama; it is in a sense epic—if a work can be called epic which is written throughout in the imperative and not the narrative mood. It might with truth be described as a "slim volume," but its slimness is more than counteracted by its superficial size, which is foolscap. It runs to some fifteen hundred lines—no mean achievement for a man who doesn't even call himself a poet. For Haythorn is a very modest man: all he said when he pressed his work of art into my hands was, "Well, here's the spess. Have a look at it, will you, and let me know if you can suggest any improvements."

Improvements? Improve this masterpiece—I, who never wrote a poem longer than thirty lines in my life, and miserable puling stuff at that, full of love and flowers. . . No! only over my dead body shall a word of it be altered; for it is, after all, partly my property, springing as it did from some casual stumbling words which I let fall to Haythorn a little over a week ago. How weak, how inadequate those words of mine seem now, compared with Haythorn's vivid vigorous style!

"Look here," I remember saying to him vaguely, "I think I'll have a door just there."

A door—well, I mean, a door is a door, isn't it? Except in riddles. But observe how this simple object blossoms and expands beneath Haythorn's touch:—

"Provide and fix to external door opening Ground Floor Back Room 4-in. × 3-in. solid deal rebated posts and head secured to brickwork and dowelled into stone threshold with architraves on inside. Provide and fix 11-in. × 3-in. York stone threshold with iron water bar fixed in groove as weather check, throated under.

"Provide and hang with pair of 4-in. steel butt hinges 2-in. deal square framed and panelled door 6-ft. 6-in. × 2-ft. 6-in. upper panels prepared for glazing and with vertical and horizontal stout glazing bars, the lower panels bead and butt and flush panels on outside. Provide and fix to lower panel splayed and throated weather bar.

"Provide and fix lock and furniture to approval. Allow P.C. sum of 15/-, add profit and fixing complete. Point in cement all door frames throughout to the new work and make good where defective all cement soffits and reveals."

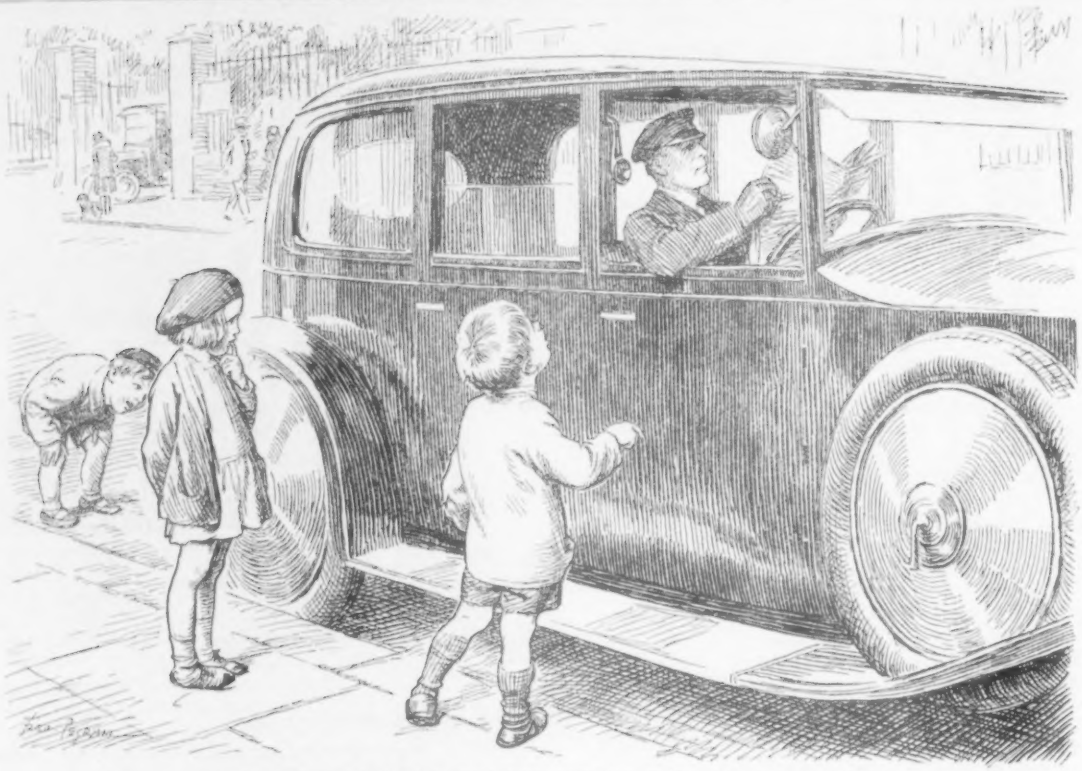
What detail! What observation! You and I walk through doorways a hundred times a day; would it have occurred to either of us to mention the soffits and reveals?

Again, I said airily, "Oh, let's have a few steps here." And out of this idle wish has sprung the following inimitable passage:—

"Form flights of stairs to the widths shown with 2-in. wall strings and carriages and 1½-in. treads with nosings and scotia moulding under and 1-in. risers and proper fir carriages three in all including fir brackets."

He knows too how to make skilful use of that favourite poetical device, the refrain. For nearly every stanza (or should it be canto?) of the poem ends with the phrase, "*Make good all work disturbed.*" It is psalm-like in sound and reassuring in substance; it falls sweetlier on the ear at every repetition.

If he has a fault it is a tendency to obscurity, as in such a line as: "two 8-in. × 6-in. R.S.J.'s @ 35-lbs. per ft. run



"MOVE UP A BIT, MISTER, WILL YER, OUR MARBLE'S GORN UNDERNEAF."

each." But, compared with some of our really advanced poets, even that is as clear as daylight.

And what a style he has, what a love for the short strong word rather than the sesquipedalian and diffuse! Are ceilings in question? Then "lath, plaster, float and set them." Or wood-work? Then "knot, prime, stop and paint four oils." Or sand for the mortar? Then it must be "clean, sharp sand, free from loam, salt and mud." How boldly the clear monosyllables go marching past!

But the best passage in the whole poem, both for beauty of language and loftiness of ideals, is the following:—

> "The whole of the bricks are to be the best of their respective kinds, hard, sound, square, well-burnt, uniform in texture, regular in shape, with true arises, even in size, all to approval."

What symbolism! What uplift!

After reading that I shall sleep soundly at night, knowing well that my house is in safe hands. Under Haythorn's care there is nothing to fear: all colours will be intense and finely ground; somebody will attend upon, cut away for and make good after all trades in all trades; no flettons will be used in the footings; moth, rust, corruption and snap-headers will be kept at bay. . .

Dear Haythorn! I always knew he was an architect; he has proved himself to be a poet; and now I am convinced that he is a brick. He himself would wish for no higher praise.

"The Howell Observatory has named the recently discovered Trans-Neptunian planet Plato. The trustees of the Observatory have felt that the practice of naming planets after mythological gods should not be discontinued."—*Indian Paper.*

My dear Euthyphro, mythological indeed!

A TUDOR LEGACY.

1530—1930.

[Strawberries were first cultivated in England in 1530. HENRY VIII. esteemed them.]

I, WHO have eaten fabled mangosteen,
And bitten deep the clear-fleshed rambutan;
I, who have carved the pumelo's full span
And sucked its contents; who have often seen
Golden papaya, sliced and crisp and keen;
In China eaten lichee; who began
Each day with chikoo whence the juices ran—
Surely I know what fruit at best may mean.

What need to travel, when at home there glows
The perfect fruit, whose flavour melts away
Regretfully, like echoes of far tunes?
Red-cheeked, white-hearted, this the Tudor rose,
The strawberry, rooted in our English clay,
Four hundred years matured in English Junes.

What Might Have Been a Great Come-Back.

"Sandham has played in only one Test Match in England—at the Oval in 121."—*Evening Paper.*

More Rope for Mr. Snowden.

"Death duties have of late years become an increasingly important part of the State Revenue, so much so that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to be executed if he rather looks forward to windfalls of this nature."—*Egyptian Paper.*

"NEED FOR A NEW PARTY.
BY VISCOUNT ROTHERMERE."—*Daily Paper.*

But surely we could not ask for better entertainment than he has been giving us for a long time.

AT THE PICTURES.

A RUSSIAN MOVIE.

IT will be interesting to see if the so-called revolt against "canned music," by which is meant music transmitted by mechanism along with the film instead of being played by the theatre band, is going to lead to the reinstatement of orchestras. That there was a



KING MOVIE RECALLS HIS FIDDLERS.

revolt I should not, as a mere member of audiences, have known; but, since the papers declare that there is one, let me say that my sympathies are with the musicians. When I stand up during the National Anthem I like to think that the strains proceed not from Hollywood but from English instrumentalists on the spot.

But how is this revolt being manifested? Is anyone staying away as a protest? I wonder. People don't stay away much, unless they don't want to go; and empty seats may just as well mean disinclination as rebellion. I have noticed lately, it is true, that empty seats are increasing in numbers, but I have put that down to inferior films and to the claims of the open-air under the benign WILLETT. Still, if the musicians come back it will be all to the good, because they may in their turn bring back the kind of picture that needs an accompaniment throughout, as the talkies naturally don't, and then the old hypnotic spell will be recaptured.

I myself recaptured some of it the other evening at the Scala, where a silent Russian movie called *Turksib* was shown. The title comprises in portmanteau form Turkestan and Siberia, the subject of these fascinating photographs being the construction of a railway across darkest Asia and the resulting development of the wool and cotton industries. There is no plot, no Bolshevism, no love-interest; nothing but wild and beautiful scenery and the indomitable spirit of engineering man; but the attention is held throughout and the music is the authentic product of visible violins between the spectators and the screen. I enjoyed *Turksib* from start to finish.

At the moment it is difficult to see how the talkies mean to proceed; but while the Big Noises are making up their minds there is a tendency towards the variety entertainment. *Paramount on Parade*, for example, is plainly a mark-time film in which all the stars of the Paramount Studio on Long Island have been utilised, with MAURICE CHEVALIER, whose broken English alone would make him a luminary, at their head. But there are some odd misfits and cases of indifferent casting. It was said of JAMES KNOWLES, the founder of *The Nineteenth Century*, that his great idea as an editor was to get people of eminence who knew all about one thing to write about something else; and in a way this principle has been followed by the devisers of *Paramount on Parade*, where actors sing, singers dance and tragedians would be comic.

The organiser is an old favourite with English playgoers, Miss ELSIE JANIS, and the result is a medley of song, dance and sketch, just as in a revue on the stage. The talkies, when they put themselves to registering a song, do it exceedingly well, and I am not sure that that is not their true



ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. GARY COOPER. "FOLKS, SOME OF US ROMANTICS AREN'T MUCH GOOD AT THIS VAUDEVILLE STUFF, BUT IT DOES HELP TO BOOST US."

function. When not long ago I heard EDDIE CANTOR, the American comedian who comes nighest to AL JOLSON as an assembler of dollars, singing "My Wife is on a Diet," he might have been in the room. And it is so with some of the Paramount Paraders—especially perhaps MAURICE CHEVALIER and EVELYN BRENT, who demonstrate how the famous Apache dance originated in an ordinary marital brawl. HARRY GREEN, on the other hand, loses definition in his Toreador scene, because there are so many other performers that he is crowded out, and furthermore because the last thing that we want from that delicious speaking voice of his is song. Anyone can sing.



ON PARK PARADE.

When constabulary duty 's to be done
The gendarme's life is not a gloomy one.

MR. MAURICE CHEVALIER.

There is some mildly amusing satire on the crime-film in an extravaganza entitled "Murder Will Out," where the great masters of detection, WILLIAM POWELL, CLIVE BROOK and EUGENE PALLETTE, cope with the ingenious and implacable turpitude of WARNER OLAND as *Fu Manchu*; while the underworld hero of the screen, GEORGE BANCROFT, becomes unexpectedly human and humorous in the best sketch of all, called "Impulse," a perfect revue item, drawing its inspiration from GILBERT'S *Palace of Truth*. When I add that NANCY CARROLL and CLARA BOW are among the performers, although out of their true element, and that the titles of the songs in what are called the "production-numbers" are "Any Time's the Time to Fall in Love," "I'm in Training for You" and "All I Want is just One Girl," the experienced reader will know all. E. V. L.

"The skirt was long and fluted, and fell to her ankles, where it joined a simple bodice."
Liverpool Paper.

It sounds as if she were preparing for the Serpentine.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LOVE RACE" (GAIETY).

MR. STANLEY LUPINO is not only the life and soul of this musical play, but the author of its book, and he is too old and practised a hand to tell a plain unvarnished tale. Indeed from the moment that flashlight photographer has taken his "snap" and given the heroine's birthday-party its head the story he tells defies description. It is a sort of fugue on the tables of consanguinity with incredible variations. One cannot imagine him writing it in cold blood, but only creating it as he (and the rehearsals) went along. Its lawless vivacity is that of spontaneous combustion. The dialogue, as bewildered memory recalls it, consists largely of rhetorical epigram steadied with patter of the *tu quoque* order which in similar circumstances and from time immemorial has never been known to fail. Each loaded jest is fired off with a justified confidence of hitting the mark, and practically instantaneous laughter is the echo.

It would be something of a comfort to the conscientious critic to find in the mazes of the matrimonial labyrinth through which the characters rush some helpful thread that would lead direct from start to finish while enabling descriptive justice to be done to the scenery *en route*. Sufficient to say, perhaps, that the heroine's sisters and her cousins and her aunts all enter the love race with zest and with what seem, until the end, poor chances of winning prizes. Yet each, as the curtain falls, succeeds not only in snatching but retaining just the partner that Mr. LUPINO, rather than any law of probability, preordained.

The going is good. It allows for gentler passages that evoke a different but not less spontaneous delight from that which is expressed by the sudden guffaw, and that give Miss MADGE ELLIOTT, herself a competitor in the race, opportunities to charm us with dancing dalliance by the way. She is admirably paced and partnered by Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD, who sustains her in mid-air where the dance so often lifts her, flings her graceful figure to the winds, or lands her so safely on *terra firma* again that she can bow without embarrassment to the responsive storm of cheers.

In reflecting on the entertainment's less hurtling features one notes that its girls, in common with their workaday sisters, achieve an independence that approximates to supremacy. Thus the twin heroines, whose aim it has been to delay until curtain-fall inevitable alliances with Mr. LUPINO and Mr. LADDIE CLIFF, not only are married off-stage in the twinkling of a scene, but proceed from the altar to the motor-track, win an open championship there in a dead-heat, and take the final curtain clad not in the resplendencies that ever have constituted the good heroine's going-away dress, but in motor-kit of masculine design.



THE LADY WITH THE MIXED BAG.

Reggie Powley . . . . . MR. STANLEY LUPINO.
Bobby Mostyne . . . . . MR. LADDIE CLIFF.
Rita Payne . . . . . MISS CONNIE EMERALD.

The dresses of the Chorus too show similar signs of progress, being no longer the orchidaceous incredibilities in which the pristine *coryphée* was wont to dazzle us, but merely such pretty and probable frocks and hats as would grace any secular occasion. And what a wonderful leveller is the permanent wave! This universal coiffure bridges the gulf between one side of the footlights and the other, establishes, if not the brotherhood of man, the sisterhood of woman, and marks, it may be, the first step on the way to that equality of opportunity at which the ideal Socialist aims but only bees and ants have achieved.

Mr. LUPINO is an idiosyncratic comedian. His technique is infallible, but it is the personality behind it that moves even the grudging admirer to laughter. Some of the fun he exploits is calculated to appeal to one's unkinder instincts; such fun, for instance, as that to which Miss DRUSILLA WILLS, as the spinsterial dud in the love race, lends her grotesque talents with such characteristic devotion to duty. One notes too the increasing popularity of the pun when reinforced by Mr. LUPINO'S deprecatory grimaces, and that M.P.'s have now succeeded mothers-in-law and kippers as an accepted symbol of farce.

Mr. LADDIE CLIFF'S drier methods and incomparable agility as a dancer provide Mr. LUPINO with a perfect foil. These two comedians support each other on the stage as *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza* complement each other in romance, or as the plumber and his mate combine against society in life. Mr. CLIFF dances creatively: his toe-tapping has an astonishing virtuosity, and he is always at hand to support Mr. LUPINO when the heavens justifiably threaten to fall.

Of the music let it be said that Mr. JACK CLARKE knows his job; that when tenderness is in the air he can articulate it musically, and that when the comedians' patter invades the lyrics his note is always on the beat. The choral manœuvres achieve fresh permutations which are not at variance with their prettily-attired executants, and the scenery has the contributory glitter such a show demands.

Thus, having established a new and successful tradition under this present *régime*, the Gaiety lives up to its name. And whether the intending playgoer seeks out this show for the sake of its clever principals, or merely takes pot-luck, the show is good enough and the principals are funny enough to justify either enterprise. H.

A SEASON OF BALLET
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

The kindlier critics of these young dancers whom Madame MARIE RAMBERT is presenting for a two-weeks' season at Hammersmith are likely to be those whose memories of the Russian Ballet in its nomadic heyday enable them to appreciate the beauties of the programme while making intelligent allowance for its contingent

difficulties. For, while it would be unkind to bring to bear upon them the heavy critical guns invited (and as often defied) by Mr. DIAGHILEV'S devoted *entourage*, much of that programme and one or two of the dancers are good enough to recall such memories without traducing them.

Both dancers and dances were best, I thought, when they paid most devotion to the classics; one or two of the ultra-modern essays were hard on a technique that had its excusable limitations. In the little fantasy, "Leda and the Swan," for instance, that opened the programme to music by GLUCK and was decorated after BOTTICELLI, charming talents that matched the beauty of its nymphs were as charmingly revealed.



LA BELLE RUSSE IN "LA BELLE VIENNOISE."
MME. THAMAR KARSAVINA.

Danced on this small stage by these attractive young people, with the merest suggestion of scenery but in delightful costumes, this pretty pastoral had the air of an orchestral piece adapted to the harpsichord. The graceful mazes of the nymphs ere *Jupiter* descended from the empyrean to scatter them and make his choice, his brief but tender dalliance with *Leda*, the feigned consummation indicated by the fluttering hands of the nymphs who screened these rites, and *Jupiter's* swan-like return in triumph to *Olympus*, were admirably designed to display the arts and aims of these young dancers.

The series of short sketches in which KARSAVINA herself more imperially recalled the past glories of the ballet, and two of her young colleagues showed its present promise, led to the second of the more ambitious items. This was a rendering in mime to music by RESPIGHI of a little divine comedy, "Our Lady's Juggler," which was chiefly notable for its quaint happy *décor* and costumes, the success with which it communicated the spirit of this naïve old legend, and for the acrobatic skill of Mr. HAROLD TURNER.

And so to "Les Sylphides," that exquisite bouquet whose fragrance does not stale. Here is ballet as the unpretentious amateur most readily appreciates it. What, for him, a charged moment of expectation that is when, with the house hushed and darkened, the opening strains of CHOPIN enchant the silence! What another, when the curtain lifts to reveal the mist-and-moon-flooded glade with its bevy of muslined beauties wavering between repose and the promptings of rapture before CHOPIN persuades them into life, and Valse, Prelude and Mazurka recreate that romanticism which charms the present generation as completely as it charmed the past!

Of a different and less honied sweetness were the Elizabethan dances that followed in the Capriol Suite to music collected and scored by Mr. PETER WARLOCK. Traditional both in their mannered graces and their knockabout, these little period vignettes of swooning poets and their proud mistresses, volatile clowns, Morris dancers, Izaak Waltonian milkmaids and their complementary swains, were danced with a zest that did not outrun discretion, as did the occasional appetite of the audience for encores.

The most ambitious, perhaps the most directly derivative, of the Divertissements that concluded the programme was an athletic *jeu d'esprit* called "Le Rugby." Here high spirits and an infusion of the eclectic farce with which the later experiments of the Russian Ballet made us familiar gave Mr. TURNER further exercise in the graceful acrobatics that seem to be his especial *forte*.



A BRAZIL NUT.
MR. FREDERICK ASHTON IN "SAUDADE DO BRÉSIL."

In writing of these young dancers one takes into account the difficulties general and particular they are up against. To its practitioners ballet is no spare-time profession, but one that involves a discipline and a devotion comparable to those with which rumour credits the Foreign Legion or the Trappists. The amateur may bask in its more social shallows or achieve a certain status by adding to the amenities of musical comedy. But the sort of thing attempted here, and at moments achieved, involves an infinite capacity for taking pains.



THE RETURN OF THE SHORT SKIRT.
MISS DIANA GOULD IN "MANNEQUIN."

The presence and the example of such a past-mistress as KARSAVINA should do much to encourage this promising school of dancers. She appears as *première danseuse* in "Les Sylphides," lends her imperial style to the Divertissements as *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and, partnered by Mr. TURNER, concludes the programme with a froth of petticoats in a Galop by STRAUSS.

H.

Elsinore at Pooh Corner.

"ST. JAMES'S.—Last Perfs. HAMLET. 'By A. A. Milne."—*Daily Paper.*

"WHITE STAYS COLLAPSE."—*Daily Paper.* We shall bear this in mind next time we visit our costumier.

THE LAST STRAW.

AN OLD SONG RESUNG.

O MERVYN dear, and did you hear the news that's going round
Of dangers new and deadly that in our midst abound—
Of poisonous flying insects and odious birds unclean
That threaten the divinity that rides in the machine?

Wild ducks to-day are breeding in the Fields of Lincoln's Inn
And, instead of extirpating these savage birds of sin,
A set of sentimental fools are harbouring the pests,
Counting their eggs with rapture and watching o'er their nests.

Ducks are notoriously uncouth and unmelodious birds;
Unlike the clever cuckoo they cannot quack in thirds;
But as long as ducklings, wild or tame, are suffered to be born
They'll imitate and spifflicate the honking of the horn.

Worse still, of late in Oxford Street, I'm credibly informed,
Bees on a lofty lamp-post have insolently swarmed,
And by their bombinations have caused a cruel scare
In the bosoms of the motorists who throng that thoroughfare.

I met with Colonel ASHLEY and he took me by the hand
And he said, "How's poor old HENRY FORD, and how does MORRIS stand?
We're the most down-trodden helots of these topsy-turvy days
For they're jailing owner-drivers and emancipating Jays."

Pedestrians are bad enough, but with persistent pains
They can be drilled and sense instilled into their feeble brains;
But bees have wings and deadly stings that pierce like poisoned wires,
Quite capable of puncturing the very strongest tyres.

When laws can give protection to sheep and hens and dogs,
And grant the freedom of the road to all non-human hogs,
Then I will chuck the sponge at last and sell my limousine,
But till that day I mean to be the god in the machine.

C. L. G.

FASHION AND FILMS.

A FRIEND of mine, Lady Brania Tulle, who is a gossip-writer by profession, has recently been promoted. She has been appointed Film Critic and is now, of course, making a success of this too—as anyone with a title may in modern journalism. I understand, however, that her first copy had to be returned for revision, the Editor explaining that it suffered too much from previous influences.

She showed it to me, and I can't help feeling that the Editor was perhaps right.

* * * * *

FROM MY FREE STALL AT THE PICTURES.

Socially, of course, one should be at the theatre, *never* at the pictures; but still the *première commerciale* (so much more chic than the common term, "trade show") of *Sins of Hollywood* is definitely an occasion. One would even wear one's latest evening creation from Vionneux were it not that the hour is eleven A.M. "Too ghastly! Fancy seeing pictures before breakfast—what!" as young Lord Mudheadham (whose likeness you see here) said wittily to me in a famous grill-room off the Strand the other day. But then, I discovered afterwards, he was thinking of the Royal Academy.

A QUAINT ACQUAINTANCE.

Mention of the Royal Academy reminds me that Mulch, the Bessarabian artist and exponent of Boobahism, or the If-you-think-it-looks-like-that-it-does School, was dining with Lady Parasang at a very well-known grill-room last night. He uses a knife for peas and so wears a long flowing cravat. "Such a quaint habit," Lady Parasang told me afterwards, in a corner of the public bar of a Bohemian resort. "But the artistic temperament—*que voulez-vous?*" Lady Parasang, who speaks French fluently, was before her marriage a spinster.

A FINE FILM.

Sins of Hollywood, however, is a fine film. There is perhaps a little too much Hollywood for my taste and not enough sin; but then this is not the season for sin. Everyone is either at Juan-les-Epingles or a certain Strand grill-room, where, by the way, I was asking a well-known M.P. the other day who he considered the best-dressed man in the Cabinet. I wish I could tell you his answer, but he spoke with his mouth full. It sounded like apple-sauce. He was wearing a double-breasted white waistcoat and a *crème tomate* shirt-stud.

NOT IN THE FLESH.

Talking of dress, by the way, at the *première* of *Sins of Hollywood* I recognised Clara Roe, Sweeta Larbow, Louis Brick, Lois Boran and many other notable film-stars. Quite a galaxy! All on the screen, of course. In the audience were Sir John and Lady Satrap, the latter in maroon velvet, the latest, I think, from Patet. The film has an interesting plot; it is the story of a girl's ambition and of passion's fire concealed 'neath the demure exterior of a little "super" who rose to be a star, and who, because she was able to tell the gold from the dross, found true love waiting for her on the heights. The young Countess of Blitherstup was looking charming in flowered muslin. The jade and cement bathroom in her Portman Square home is a dream. She uses *fraise du bois* bath-salts for her two pedigree Pekinese, "Too-Too" and "Not-Quite."

A SOLDIER'S CRITICISM.

Lunching the other day at one of London's most fashionable rendezvous not a hundred miles from the Strand, I met General Sir Lancelot Swordfree, who served on the West coast throughout the War. Bristol, not Dunkirk. He told me, when I asked his opinion, that he thought the *Sins of Hollywood* were most attractive. This, by the way, is a splendid film and should not be missed when it is shown to the public (it should be released in about eighteen months' time). To begin with, it has a chase in it all over a film studio, and I just adore chases. There is, however, no custard-pie throwing.

A WITTY RETORT.

Talking of custard-pie, Lady Buffhampton, with her two charming daughters, was eating one the other day at a well-known hotel grill-room. "What's it like?" I asked her. "Custard-pie," she replied without an instant's hesitation. She said it so gravely that those who did not know her would almost think she was unaware of her own whimsical humour. Her daughters shrieked with mirth and would have been thrown out but for the intervention of Signor Vermicelli, most urbane of restaurateurs.

A. A.

"Dr. J. C. Flugel, Assistant Professor of Psychology at University College, Gower Street, maintained that happiness depends largely upon the avoidance of unhappiness."—*Daily Paper.*

It is statements like these that show us how dependent we are on psychological research.



HINTS FOR MR. LANSBURY.

LUNCH-TIME GOLF IN ONE OF LONDON'S QUIETER THOROUGHFARES: COALING OUT AT THE TWELFTH.



Wife (to belated reveller). "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?"
Husband. "FILL UP MY INCOME-TAX FORM. I FEEL EQUAL TO ANYTHING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE dying fall of Lord MACAULAY'S *Jacobite's Epitaph* re-echoes in the very subtle and moving little book which Mr. MAURICE BARING has dedicated to the fortunes of a still earlier English exile. *Robert Peckham* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), saw out three TUDOR reigns in his own country. But the fourth, ELIZABETH'S, beheld him hand over his manors to his next-of-kin and die broken-hearted in Italy. His story is the tragedy of those souls—too sincere for blind partisanship, too sensitive to brook charges of disloyalty—whom such heady political crises as, say, the Great War or the Reformation invariably catch at a disadvantage. With ironic art Mr. BARING gives *Robert* a naturally accommodating father, a Catholic whose patriotic single-mindedness induces him not only to swear to serve each of HENRY VIII.'s offspring in the order indicated by that monarch, but to procure the taking of a similar oath by his son. *Robert's* efforts to honour his pledge while fulfilling his paramount obligations to God keep him sufficiently occupied during the reigns of EDWARD and MARY. ELIZABETH'S varying adjustments prove the final straw. *Robert's* is not the only study of conscience in the book, and the politico-religious history of a devastating half-century has intriguing domestic repercussions throughout. The novel enters an eloquent and always timely plea against those politicians, ecclesiastical and secular, whose crudities of dominance entail such exquisite suffering on more delicate spirits. For this plea, and the poetry both of prose and verse in which it finds expression, I express myself very markedly Mr. BARING'S debtor.

Sir IAN MALCOLM calls his brief tribute to Lord BALFOUR, who was his chief for thirty-five years, a "summary of side-lights." It is a correct but modest description of a sheaf of memories gleaned with devotion and arranged with unfailing skill. Reverence and affection never degenerate into idolatry. The great qualities of his subject are emphasized—imperturbable serenity, courage and courtesy—but the limitations are not overlooked. Lord BALFOUR "gave everything he had to give—companionship and intellect and charm—generously with both hands, whenever called upon; his heart he kept to himself." The secret of his conquest of the Americans is acutely analysed; he stood for qualities which they could not "duplicate" and which are not likely to be reproduced even in England. It is interesting to learn that of all the honours bestowed on him that of Chancellorship of Cambridge appealed to him most. The charm of the text of *Lord Balfour: A Memory* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) is greatly enhanced by several admirable photographs, notably that taken of him driving with Mr. CHOATE through New York in 1917, and another sitting with Lord HAIG in the garden of the Trianon Hotel, Versailles, in 1918. The book is dedicated "to his friends," but I rather doubt whether any of "A. J. B.'s" enemies survived the Indian summer of his return to public life in and after the War.

Mr. FRANK KENDON'S enjoyment of the child's innocent savagery reminds me of ROUSSEAU—of the ROUSSEAU who wrote of his own small boyhood that the least little doings of that age pleased him, simply because they belonged to that age. Mr. KENDON'S small boyhood, now reviewed from a vantage-point of thirty years on, had for its setting a school conducted by his father and grandfather in the Weald of Kent, a school profoundly interesting in these days of educational strait-waistcoats because it repre-

sents the happy side of that pedagogic liberty whose reverse is seen in Dotheboys Hall. The school, however, and the dynasty of KENDONS who ruled it, figure as a mere background to *The Small Years* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 6/-). It is the comparatively untrammelled pre-school-room days, not their disciplined successors, that engross Mr. KENDON. But he prefers the former not because he finds himself so absorbing in retrospect, but because he himself was so absorbed in his immediate surroundings. He recaptures a time when every simple interest, now blunted by use and wont, was at its *n*th; and he renews a child's sensitive appreciation for himself and us. Especially he notes the ecstasy of the changing seasons—the flooded weald, the first cuckoo, the summer sky, "cloudless like a great blue bubble"—and so, *da capo*, back to "the time of celery and chrysanthemum." It is a poet's childhood, and, though its materials are, as Mr. DE LA MARE reminds us in a charming preface, common property, the rapture of their acquisition and recollection is not.

The Loveable Outlaw (bless his heart!)
Is a novel type of that race apart
Which is always wrong in the eyes of the law
But otherwise mostly without a flaw.

He's a half-caste roaming the sultry land
That's hymned as India's coral strand,
And his talk's a seemingly endless store
Of brilliantly twisted metaphor.

Anything disciplined bores him. He
Abandons a job in the C.I.D.,
Preferring a happy-go-lucky lot
Where his time's his own and his money not.

And GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON earns my thanks
For his tale of the scoundrel's quips and pranks,
Ingenuities, bluffs and tricks,
Which HEINEMANN issues at seven-and-six.



Passenger. "I TOOK THIS VOYAGE TO GET THE SUN."
Comforting Sailor. "WELL, SO YOU WILL, SIR. YOU'LL ONLY BE SICK FOR ANOTHER THREE WEEKS, AND THEN WE'LL STRIKE THE NICE FINE WEATHER."

Sir ALFRED HOPKINSON groups psycho-analysis and cocktail parties with plus-fours and *vers libre* in a list of new and bad things he has seen come into existence in the course of eighty years or so; and, saying farewell with satisfaction to undesirables passed away, such as bed-curtains and pomatum, welcomes, amongst things new and good, short skirts, telephones and the Boy Scout movement. He hesitates, I notice, to classify motor-buses or Mr. BERNARD SHAW. In *Penultima* (MARTIN HOPKINSON, 18/-), though fortunately often beguiled into quite personal recollections, his professed and most modest intention is to place on record, for the benefit of future searchers among second-hand book-stalls, details concerning the actual way of life of those our ancestors who admired the Albert Memorial and assessed social status in terms of "Church" or "Chapel." Quite correctly, for such a purpose, he was born in Manchester. His book, like his life, has a pleasant flavour of JOHN BUNYAN. He has shared with men even better known than himself in big political and educational movements, and as he tells of them one seems to hear in the background just a suggestion of the sound of Sunday-school hymns. He is a middle-class Victorian unashamed and unrepentant, but a Victorian with a difference, for as lawyer, scholar and University Member he has moved with his times. Your genuine article—and there are still perhaps more left than he thinks—remains where Sir ALFRED was half-a-century ago.

My first thought on finishing Miss MIGNON G. EBER-

HART'S *While the Patient Slept* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) was that the book should be labelled "Not for hospital nurses," since the boldest of these, after reading *Sarah Keate's* adventures, might jib at private cases. My second thought (that, as the story is so unlikely, a label is not necessary) is no insult to the author. After all, she convinces for the moment, which is what matters in a thriller. The fact that the bedroom of *Sarah Keate's* unconscious patient had no door, but just curtains through which his relations were for ever creeping, doesn't matter. If it hadn't been for these curtains and for the tower stairway (another rather curious bedroom fixture) *Sarah's* nursing would not have been nearly so exciting. During her first night on duty *Adolph Ferdie*, a son of the patient, was shot on that staircase; during the second night a servant was strangled just below it. Then, again, if all the characters had not been so queer the post-murder suspicions could not have been so complicated. As it is, the readers are allowed the joy of suspecting every member of the household, and (since the author has the knack of investing even her animals with sinister attributes) the wilder-minded may even wonder if the dog or the horrible yellow cat had anything to do with the killing. Miss EBERHART has written an excellent, though unlikely, thriller and has laid her trails as lavishly as any small boy at his first paper-chase.

Cécile (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 8/6) is the historical romance with a difference. Mr. F. L. LUCAS is more concerned with the intimate thoughts and feelings and lively conversational exchanges of his subtly-drawn characters than with the stirring events of the war, politics and the Court of MARIE ANTOINETTE, though these form a well-indicated background. *Andrée*, deep-natured, critical, self-torturing daughter of the impoverished die-hard lord of Vraulx St. Mieu, is married to *Gaston, Vicomte de Launay*, Liberal and sceptic, heir to a wealthy new noble; *Cécile*, her well-beloved sister, rebellious, pleasure-loving but by no means empty-headed, to the austere *Gabriel de Rieux*. *Andrée* passionately loves her husband, sympathising with his Liberalism, yet more than half despising the rhetorical egotism of its expression, and, angrily jealous of his occasional infidelities, turns for consolation to an English lover. *Cécile* never pretends love for her devoted but exacting *Gabriel*, and her reckless adventures lead to her confinement, under *lettre de cachet*, in a convent and her tragic death when attempting escape. The full-length portraits of these two fascinating women are tenderly drawn; and the other characters, *Gaston* the idealist, his shrewd blunt father, the staunch sensitive *Captain Elliot*, the cynical *Madame de Lavaganne* and the varied company at her salon in Paris are made to live against their plausible background and to talk with wit and a literary allusiveness which betrays, without parading, the author's learning.

Your sprinter is not often good for the three miles, but Mr. A. P. HERBERT, who can pack as much pith as any man into a page or two, is a winner at any length. *The Water Gipsies* (METHUEN, 7/6) is a long book and as leisurely as the waterways—the Thames at Hammersmith, the Grand Junction Canal—which are the scenes of so much of it, but there is not a page which one would wish away or quicker in *tempo*. It is delightful from beginning to end, this story of a simple soul called *Jane Bell*—maid-of-all-work, artist's model, barmaid and true daughter of London's river. The book has the constant charm of exquisitely-contrasted characterisation, and there are some unforgettable *genre* pictures in it—Derby Day, a night at the "dogs," the skittle-alley at the "Black Swan." And the humour is not the humour of the professional humorist, but the finer sort which springs from a loving understanding of humanity. *The Water Gipsies*, if it takes us into places which the superfine might call sordid and introduces us to emotions at which the "unco' guid" might frown, has the charm of England's green and pleasant land, the heart of so much of which it embraces.

Arm's Length (CONSTABLE, 7/6) would have been a far finer and more tragic story if Mr. JOHN METCALFE had not made it almost impossible for his readers to take a sustained and sympathetic interest in its central figure. *Gerald Imray*, whose lack of backbone is ruthlessly exposed, became involved with a family of no social status, and the way in which these *Pounds* wove their tendrils round him is shown with remarkable insight and clarity. Few novelists of to-day can surpass Mr. METCALFE in giving lifelike pictures of such people as the *Pounds*, and however vulgar and deplorable they may be he endows them with powers of attraction peculiarly their own. Unsatisfactory and even exasperating as this story is in some respects, it also contains qualities which convince me that sooner or later Mr. METCALFE will be recognised as a writer of distinction.



Shipwrecked Millionaire. "DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THIS, MY GIRL. I'LL SOON SETTLE WITH THESE PEOPLE. FORTUNATELY I HAVE MY CHEQUE-BOOK WITH ME."

Moscow is the scene of *His Master's Voice* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), a tale that both for its drawing of character and its unusual setting deserves the attention of those who are not ordinarily attracted by novels of detection. Indeed Miss IVY LOW writes so ably and gives—especially in her description of a band of young hooligans—such a vivid picture of life in Moscow that the problem of discovering the murderer of *Arkady Petrovich Pavlov* is very far from being the only interest obtainable from this story. And *District Procurator Nikulin*, who was compelled to arrest a girl of whose innocence he was soon convinced, is such a human and humane sleuth that even to deal with him officially lost some of its terrors. Miss LOW, unlike most writers of sensational tales, sees to it that neither accident nor suicide saves her criminals from meeting the fate which they richly deserve. The title, I should add, is rather frivolously allusive to the fact that *Pavlov* was engaged in changing a gramophone-record when he was killed!

CHARIVARIA.

A FAMOUS wicket-keeper has given a testimonial in favour of a certain brand of chewing-gum. Some umpires, however, are prejudiced against appeals made with the mouth full.

***

An American has flown nineteen days over Chicago without coming down. Who shall blame him?

***

The Parish Council of Forest Row recently decided, "as a matter of urgency," to purchase a new pair of trousers for one of its firemen. It says much for British sportsmanship that pending the purchase there were no outbreaks of incendiarism.

***

Lord BEAVERBROOK says he has no desire to become the leader of the Conservative party. That makes it practically unanimous.

***

Attention is drawn to anachronisms in a musical comedy. In productions of this type we have often noticed that, though the action is supposed to take place at the present day, the jokes are of a much earlier period.

***

A Los Angeles message states that a woman has shot a dance-partner for treading on her feet. "Hell knows no fury like" a woman's corns.

***

The suggestion has been made by a correspondent of an ecclesiastical paper that bishops should abandon the title of "Lord," because it is incompatible with the modest example of ST. PETER. Somebody will soon be reminding the Higher Clergy that the Apostles didn't wear gaiters.

***

A Simla journalist accuses the Government of India of "selling the pass." In view of the uneasiness in certain quarters we trust that Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN will take an early opportunity of giving assurances that no offer for the Khyber Pass could be seriously considered.

***

A correspondent in a contemporary asks what are the qualifications necessary for a bull-fighter. It is, of course, essential that he should be fond of animals.

A paragraphist mentions that on a visit to his dentist, an old friend, they fell to chatting about the passing of time and the waning of youth. There is a certain wistfulness in recalling long-lost teeth.

***

In the glove-making industry it is felt that the Government's decision to take off the Safeguarding duties is a matter of minor concern to politicians who take off the gloves.

***

JIM LOUTOS, the Greek runner who is to receive the congratulations of his country's Parliament on his triumphs, is believed to hold the record of being the first Greek athlete to be called Jim.



FORCE OF HABIT.

JONES, A GARDENING ENTHUSIAST, WHO IS ON HOLIDAY, AUTOMATICALLY PINCHES OUT TOPS OF SEAWEED 'TO INDUCE BUSHY GROWTH.'"

The annual "Rush Sermon," which was preached in a Kentish church last Sunday, dates from the sixteenth century and is said to commemorate a man who was drowned in a bed of rushes when the worse for liquor. It is not, as might be supposed, a concession to the demand for hurried homilies.

***

Now that a song has been specially written for the United Empire Party it is said that Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN has dedicated to Lord ROTHERMERE the song entitled "I just can't help loving that man."

***

Mr. LANSBURY is reported to have been seen lunching at a table actually on the pavement outside a Soho restaurant. It won't be his fault if Soho doesn't become Lido-conscious.

A well-known actress is about to publish a book entitled *Actors—and People*. This is not to imply that she regards the profession as barely human.

***

A gossip-writer seems surprised to have seen a couple kissing on a Tube escalator. They probably mistook it for an osculator.

***

A news item informs us that "it is now possible to telephone to Sumatra without any trouble." We confidently expect that science and engineering skill will one day make it possible for us to say the same thing about telephoning to Harrow or Tottenham.

***

We have had such good weather of late that pessimists are now fearing that we have had next year's summer as well.

***

According to a scientist, if Saturn was thrown into an ocean big enough to hold it, it would float. In that case the experiment hardly seems worth while.

***

Interviewers who are admitted to the presence of Signor MUSSOLINI, it seems, find him sitting at his desk at the far end of a vast apartment with a slippery marble floor. Only non-skid interviewers should approach the DUCE.

***

ZARO AGA, the Turk who is one-hundred-and-sixty years of age and the oldest man in the world, is going to the United States for exhibition purposes. It is thought that Americans are anxious to ascertain his reactions as an infant to the news of the Boston "Tea Party."

***

A girl who lost her match at Wimbledon kissed the umpire at the end of the last game. With all her faults she loved him still.

***

A gossip-writer says he was unable to attend the races at Henley this year. We understand that the Regatta Committee hopes for better luck next year.

Consolation.

John Bull (returning from Wimbledon). "Well, anyhow the Americans didn't win the Test Match."

A PAYING REFERENDUM.

["To give the public an opportunity of expressing their views on this important question" [should a list of prospective Members of the Cabinet be submitted to the nation?] "*The Daily Mail* is offering £20 daily in prizes. . . . For the letter which, in the opinion of the Editor, is the best in each day's selection, *The Daily Mail* will give a prize of Ten Pounds, while the writers of the ten next best letters printed each day will receive a prize of One Pound each."
Daily Mail, July 2.

The same issue contained eleven prize letters, all supporting Lord ROTHERMERE'S views.]

How great the difficulties are
That hedge his lot, the Press Free-lance's!
With here a column, there a par,
He takes the most precarious chances;
When the wild pig gets off unstuck
He must resort to mere tent-pegging,
And even so, by rotten luck,
His bag will often go a-begging.

But now (God bless *The Daily Mail!*)
New prospects, very rosy, urge on
His mount to charge with tossing tail,
Fresh hopes within his bosom burgeon;
Lord R. will pay a handsome meed
If in a bright spontaneous letter
Our Free-lance backs his lordship's creed
As he 's expressed the same—or better.

You ring the office up and say—
So as to obviate collisions—
"What are the Master's views to-day?
Kindly report his latest visions;"
These if you state as being yours
(I should advise you not to vary 'em),
With any luck your letter scores
At least a pound of honorarium. O. S.

"ENCORE ALPHONSE."

SINCE I wrote in these columns of Cruise 25 on the magnificent new Motor Mail Ship *Alphonse Daudet, Alphonse's* managers have taken great interest in me, sometimes twice by one post. This morning they wrote asking me to decide for them where *Alphonse* should go for his next cruise but one. They had, they said, held a ballot which had resulted in a tie, and they would like me to record my vote just to settle the matter.

The question is whether to exclude Cyprus, Rhodes, Patmos and Delphi from the wealth of places to be visited and extend the voyage to Constantinople; or to include these four places and miss Constantinople. It is, it appears, a matter of indifference to *Alphonse* himself. He has sufficient stamina for either journey.

The passengers, however, are divided against themselves. Mrs. Dalby, probably, and Miss Squeam (a recent booking), together with the Bletherspoons, are all for Constantinople; whereas some of the others, including Miss Clegg, who intends to have her revenge on the Bletherspoons for putting her in an "inferior cabin" at seventy guineas, are equally determined to go the other way.

There is the additional complication of Professor Haldon Sabine, who has prepared a lecture on "The Early Monoliths of Patmos" for delivery when the fun on board tends to slacken, and is now faced with the awful possibility of having to rake his study in search of "Fundamentals of Byzantine Mosque Construction."

The case of Mr. Britons Never-Never M.P. is difficult too. He is very anxious to go to Constantinople in order to obtain some Turkish Delight for the mollification of Lord BEAVERBROOK, and will not be persuaded that his lordship would be far happier with a really Empire sponge from Cyprus.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hoskin, who, in spite of my recent protest, has not been moved from his cabin "having no porthole or natural light," has, rather sulkily but not altogether inexcusably, refused to record his vote because, as he very rightly points out, he won't be able to see anything either way.

Quite clearly this is a question which must be settled before *Alphonse* can sail with an easy mind. It is no practical sort of use to set off for Cyprus with the risk of mutiny on the cheaper decks. It would be a dreadful thing to have to clap Miss Hopkirk (97A) and Joseph Curtis, Esq. (99B), into the bilboes.

Yet who am I to give a decision? They have sent me a field-card saying:

"Not having visited Constantinople, I vote for its {inclusion. / exclusion.}
Having previously visited Constantinople I vote for its {inclusion. / exclusion."}

The whole thing can be settled with a few strokes of the pen. I must, however, honestly say that I do not feel big enough, in one way, to deal with this Turkish question. Is it altogether fair to ask any one man to shoulder the responsibility for the exclusion of Constantinople? One remembers PALMERSTON. A wrong decision might well lead to another Balkan imbroglio, or quite possibly a seraglio.

I am afraid that whichever way I give my vote there is bound to be unpleasantness. How the "Having-previously-visited-Constantinoples" would sneer if *Alphonse* went there and it rained all the time; and with what faint praise would the "Not-having-visited-Constantinoples" damn the enforced attractions of Patmos and Delphi!

There are two possible solutions to the difficulty. Let *Alphonse* proceed straight to Delphi and ask the oracle for a route, as at home we appeal to the A.A. or the R.A.C., the passengers having agreed to treat the verdict with the reverence accorded to the decisions of editors in the matter of competition results. The objection to this method is that these oracles always used to be so vague. Perhaps nowadays they have adopted more businesslike methods.

But by far the most sensible way, and the one which I shall bring to the notice of his owners, would be for *Alphonse* to cut out the Mediterranean altogether this time and visit Tahiti and Honolulu, and possibly, like TENNYSON'S *Ulysses*, "touch the Happy Isles and see the great Achilles," whom some of these people are bound to know.

More Municipal Metaphors.

"Councillor Smith said it was a good sign that someone was beginning to get up and bark. They had all been paying through the nose ever since the war. Now the worm was beginning to turn and he thought they ought to give him a 'leg-up.'"
Sevenoaks Paper.

"WIMBLEDON ACCIDENT.

Mrs. Wills-Moody beat Mme. Mathieu 6—3, 6—2."
Leicester Paper.

We are relieved to know that she didn't do it on purpose.

"The State Tourist Co. 'INTOURIST'—Moscow, Hotel Metropole—is arranging winter hunting on wolves, bears, foxes and other game."—*Soviet Travel Circular.*

We prefer to ride our blood samovar.



THERE WERE TWO SAILORS.

ADMIRALS JELLICOE AND BEATTY :—

"WE SEE THE PREMIER AND THE NAVAL TREATY,
AND PRESIDENT HOOVER AND AMERIKEE,
AND A LOT OF EXTRAVAGANT LEGISLATION,
BUT FAR TOO LITTLE OF THE KING'S NAVEE."

(Adapted from THACKERAY.)



Old Lady (unacquainted with the latest sun-tan bathing-suit models). "MY DEAR CHILDREN, HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED? THE MOTH'S GOT INTO YOUR BATHING-COSTUMES TERRIBLY."

CAPTAIN BAYONET'S ATTACHMENT.

THERE was at first no competing with our Captain Bayonet when he returned from a month's attachment to a cavalry regiment. Indeed he would hardly vouchsafe more than a nod to persons below Field rank unless they were wearing spurs. We did our best with him of course; but once a fellow has begun to remark superciliously on different occasions that the cavalry are the "aristocracy" of the army and pays no attention to the retort, "Well then, the infantry are the 'workers,'" he is pretty far gone.

By constant application we at last got him to unbend a little; but it was uphill work. Then came the memorable night when, having bought a new pair of perfectly-fitting "Hussar-agoon" riding-boots, he found he had omitted to buy the peculiar wooden contraption for taking them off, and five of us had to help him. After this he has been practically human again. I mean, the moment he now shows signs of reverting to the equine, Lieutenant Holster has only to summon the Mess-waiter, and in a pompous voice order him to bring him his apparatus for disconnecting and taking off a Sam Browne belt, and Bayonet hurriedly orders a round of drinks. And, what's more, he signs the chit for them. He says, by the way, that the 7th Cavaliers (to whom he was attached) don't usually have chits. We reply that they don't usually have Bayonet.

Once humanised, Bayonet has told us a good bit about living with the cavalry. He says there are a lot of things an infantryman must know when he goes to be attached to a cavalry regiment—that is if he wants the cavalry regiment to become to any extent attached to him. A very important thing to begin with is not, upon first arrival, to sail in error into another infantry Mess next-door and ask if they are the cavalry; they just slide you out on your ear. You can, however, always tell the cavalry officers' Mess by the number of cars outside it. Every cavalry officer keeps at least two cars, one for hacking about and one for going to the polo-ground. If he hunts a lot he probably has a thoroughbred limousine as well. They are peculiarly proud of their cars and will offer you a lift and a mount in the same breath. The former may safely be accepted.

You must, adds Bayonet, be sure to praise up the condition of their cars. Say how fat they look, how their coats of paint shine, and inquire how many miles they can do to the bushel. If you do this conscientiously on Thursday night you may even next morning get a lift to town for the week-end in the passenger saddle. Later on, when your knowledge is a little greater, you can venture on more technical remarks. You can say that the Adjutant's "Flyleigh" charger seems to have slight thrush in the off hind tyre, or ask politely if it is ever troubled with excessive wind-sucking in the carburettor. Or you can ask whether the front springs of his "Sun" tourer have not developed a touch of laminitis from that bad bit of road behind the barracks. This goes over big. Indeed on the strength of it you can probably proceed at once to wear spurs and carry an adjustable riding-spanner.

With regard to the horses, of which even in these days some cavalry regiments possess quite a number, you must be more careful. Not necessarily of what you say about the horse, but of the horse itself. Remember it has two ends, both equally and unexpectedly

dangerous. Never be inveigled into accepting a mount, even if guaranteed quiet. The animal may be quiet when it has an officer of the 7th Cavaliers on board, but, Bayonet says, believe him, the horse knows the difference, and in any case has probably a latent sense of humour which may or may not coincide with an inexperienced rider's idea of good clean fun. (We quite saw Bayonet's point over this: we have seen Bayonet ride.) He came to this conclusion after watching a couple of 7th Cavalier officers actually riding polo-ponies with *bitless* bridles, and yet having a hand free to wave a polo-bat around. Any horse that had a bitless bridle when Bayonet was on the bridge wouldn't be in the county long. He needs at least four reins, one good strong curb bit, a saddle with a handle in front and an anchor to starboard.

Another thing, Bayonet told us, one should be careful about is being shown round the stables. We in our battalion are apt to call a horse a horse (except when we are trying to steer him about on a ceremonial parade, when we call him something quite different and biologically incorrect), but it seems there are several different kinds of horses. There are polo-ponies for playing polo, and hunters for hunting, and chargers for (we understand) charging, and there is, Bayonet adds, a locked stable containing the draught-horses, referred to as "six-wheelers." This, Bayonet explained loftily for the benefit of our young Lieutenant Swordfrog, is merely a technical cavalry term for draught-horses and does not mean that there is another stable with six "leaders" in it. Then there is a drum-horse, and any officer who wants to stay attached to a cavalry regiment must not be so misled by its imposing appearance as to ask whether it is the Colonel's charger.

With care and application, such as Bayonet gave us to understand he had devoted to the subject, one can even develop the ability to make a few intelligent remarks when being shown over the stables. To say "That's a nice horse" some thirty-two times, and then realise there are several more stables, is not good enough; while if you add for variety that he "has a kind face" you will be a total loss. But you can call them fat as often as you like and the squadron-leader will probably stand you several drinks; while "has a good forehand" goes down well, though Bayonet is not quite certain yet exactly what a forehand is. "Well let-down behind" is all right, and so are intimate remarks about the animal's bones; though you must take warning from the sad case of the young attached officer who got carried away by success in this line and finally said of a choleric major's pet hunter, "What magnificent side-bones!" This poor lad died quite soon afterwards at the back of the cavalry officers' quarters; for, explained Bayonet for our benefit, side-bone is really a disease, being the ossification of one or both of the lateral cartilages at the sides and top of the hoof and . . .

At this point Holster rang the bell for the Mess-waiter and asked him to bring the machine for extricating oneself from a service-dress tunic.

Actually he brought a round of sherry instead. On Bayonet. A. A.



Visitor. "MARVELLOUS! I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW YOU DO IT. AND THEN, OF COURSE, WHEN YOU 'VE DONE IT YOU HAVE TO THINK OF WHAT TO CALL IT."

AT LORD'S: JUNE 28, 3 P.M.

SING a song of WOODFULL,
Wiping England's eye;
Thirty-thousand people
'Neath a baking sky;
When "BOY" BRADMAN opened
The ball began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the KING?

"HENLEY REGATTA.

Ladies—Christ's College (Cambs.) beat Pembroke College (Oxford). Pembroke (Oxford) beat Christ's College (Cambridge)."
Evening Paper.

Once again the ladies appear to have changed their minds.

MISLEADING CASES.

SAD CASE OF MR. JUSTICE WOOL.

Huxley and Others v. *Phipps, Potts, Slammer and Co.*

THIS unusual libel action was brought to a close to-day before Mr. Justice Wool, whose hay-fever appears to be no better.

His Lordship, addressing the jury, said: "Members of the jury—A-tishoo! —In this case the plaintiffs—A-tishoo! A-tish-*oo!* A-TISH-oo! Oh hell! — the plaintiffs are certain well-known English authors — Usher, get me that nasal spray—who are suing the defendants for damages for libel. The defendant firm are publishers, conducting their business in this country, and they have issued in this country a publication called *The Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, a list of prohibited works and authors. A-tish-oo! My hat! What are the doctors for? It is admitted that the inclusion of a book or author in this list conveys, and is intended to convey, that they have an immoral or irreligious tendency, and the plaintiffs, being authors who enjoy the respect and custom of vast numbers of the British people, object to being included in such a list.

"Stupefied though the Court has been throughout these proceedings by the ravages of an absurd but enfeebling disease, we at once put the question to counsel: By whom have these books been 'prohibited'? Who has judged them to be blasphemous or obscene? It was open to the defendants to plead justification and to show by evidence that what they have said or insinuated is true. A-tishoo! Drat! For example, if they had shown that these books have been condemned under Lord Campbell's Act by a British tribunal there would have been no more, or not very much, to be said. They could have exhibited the actual books to the Court and jury and by suitable extracts excited our horror and indignation. A-tishoo! If the third juror from the left laughs at my misfortune again I shall commit him. But what, in fact, have the defendants done?

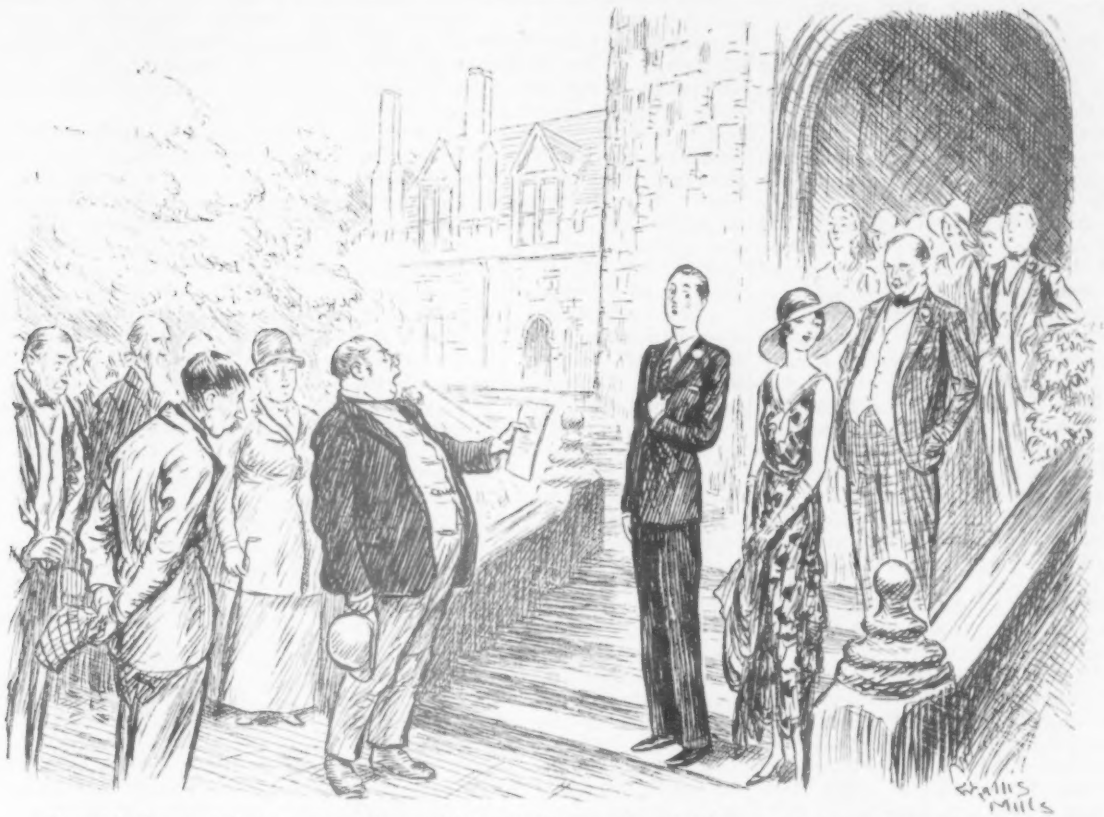
"They have not pleaded justification. They have not attempted to show that plaintiffs and their books may reasonably be described as blasphemous or morally corrupting. They have pleaded what is called 'privilege.' And a more astounding plea I never heard in my life. Usher, I think I will try that Noso stuff again; it seems to give some small relief.

"This Index or list, the defendants tell us, was not compiled by any British official, cleric or social worker, or indeed by any British subject. It was compiled by a foreigner at the instance of a religious body which has its headquarters in Italy. The members of that body are informed not only that the literary works mentioned are objectionable, but that it is a sin to read them. Strong language, you may think, but not excessive, perhaps, in view of the exceptional privileges which in almost every country the human race delights to give to its spiritual advisers. A-tish-oo! These privileges, however, are not unlimited, and can be abused; and where the subjects of one State attempt to restrict the liberty of action of the free-born subjects of another a new and disquieting set of questions may arise, as, for example, Is such a restriction, however worthy the motive which inspires it, compatible with modern ideas of sovereignty and democratic government? These delicate questions, happily, I am not called upon to answer. A-tishoo! The Court will not sit to-morrow. It is enough for me to say that had the defendants in this case been the responsible representatives of some recognised religious body having its roots in this country I should probably have ruled that this was a privileged occasion. It would be dangerous to lay down a general rule in more positive terms. The official religion of Russia, for example, is atheism: and it is conceivable that the Soviet authorities might issue an *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* for the guidance of the Soviet's devotees in this country; and that *Index* might declare to be corrupting and harmful a theological work by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Hymns Ancient and Modern, or the prose reflections of the Dean of ST. PAUL'S. But in any proceedings which arose no British Court, I think, would be prepared to say that that *Index* was a privileged publication. And some Court some day may have to decide whether and on what grounds we are willing to grant to Rome what we should certainly refuse to Russia. A-tishoo!

"All these speculations, however, are, I repeat, irrelevant, and I hope that they weary you as much as they weary me. The defendants are not a religious body, foreign or British. They are a commercial firm, publishing books for gain. Their case, as I understand it, is that the *Index* was compiled originally under circumstances of privilege which excused the authors from the ordinary legal consequences of defamation, and that that privilege protects the defendants also. A preposterous—A-tishoo! A man does not become a clergyman by putting on a clergyman's hat. 'Privilege,' in the legal sense, is not transferable.



Urchin. "COO! I SAY! *They* KNOW WHAT WOMEN LIKE."



Tenant Spokesman (offering engagement congratulations to the young Squire). "AND IT DO MAKE US VERY 'APPY TO THINK, SIR AND MISS, THAT YOU ALLUS BIN NIGH NEIGHBOURS AND GROWED UP TOGETHER PIGEON-PAIR LIKE; AND IT DO MAKE US VERY 'APPY TO THINK THAT THIS 'APPY FRIENDSHIP IS NOW ABOUT TO BE BROUGHT TO A HEND."

It is attached to particular persons in particular situations. The privilege of a mistress entitles her to state to an inquirer that a servant cannot make a good kidney omelette; nevertheless other people will not be protected if they go about and broadcast that damaging information. Usher, bring me wine; my ears tickle. The defendants are in the position of persons who have repeated or passed on a defamatory statement made by another; and it is settled law that he who repeats a slander is as guilty as he who originates it.

"Counsel for the defendants, whom I dislike intensely—A-tishoo!—insisted on dragging in the POPE, the argument being that the POPE is behind this *Index*, and that the authority of the POPE is so extensive that, like the umbrella of an Oriental potentate, it may give protection to lesser individuals. But no alien, whatever his authority, can excuse a breach of the law by a British subject. A-tishoo! We may, or may not, extend to him special privileges—the evidence does not disclose; but, if so, they belong to the POPE *qua* (if I may say so) POPE, and cannot be shared with the ordinary citizen. In short—A-tishoo!—I find that the defendants have no defence; they have stated or insinuated that the plaintiffs are the authors of books improper to be read by the ordinary citizens of this country; they have produced no positive evidence to support these assertions; their only defence has fallen to the ground and they must pay damages. I assess the damages at thirty thousand pounds. A-tishoo!

Sir Ethelred Rutt, K.C. (for the defendants). Milord, with great respect, milord, a jury has been sworn in this case, and, milord, with great submission, milord, I submit, milord, it was generally understood, milord—milord, I think me learned friend will support me here—milord, it is not for us to call in question your lordship's conduct, but, milord, we rather thought you were addressing the jury, milord, preparatory, milord, to the finding of a verdict by the jury——

The Judge. The jury? A-tishoo! A-A-A—Oh, my detestable ancestors!—A-tishoo! What does the jury know about it? A lot of smugs—A-TISH-OO!

Sir Ethelred. I beg your pardon, milord——?

The Judge. I said a lot of smugs—ignorant smugs, self-satisfied smugs—and, by my mouldy trousers, I meant it! Think I'm going to sit here and sneeze all night? Verdict for the plaintiff; damages, whatever I said; costs all round; the Court will not sit again this week. A-tishoo! O Jee-HOSH-aphat!

The Court adjourned. A. P. H.

Mr. Punch At Home.

The New *Punch* Offices will be open for inspection, and an Exhibition of original drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER will be on view, until July 25. Admission will be by Invitation Card, which has been sent as a matter of course to those who subscribe direct to the *Punch* Offices and all other subscribers whose names and addresses are there recorded. Invitations will be gladly sent to other readers, if they will apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD.

I PRAISE a great and good man.

I know nothing about him except what has been stated in the papers, and therefore, lest the publicity should annoy him, I do not mention his name. It contents me to laud and celebrate his deed.

He was fined for riding a push-bicycle dangerously in Folkestone. It was a lady's push-bicycle. He was said, by the motor-cyclist into whom he cannonaded, to have been riding at something between twenty-five and thirty miles an hour. I accept the statement. It is not my duty to criticise the starry imagination of motor-cyclists. Besides, the Court accepted the statement and it does not seem to have been denied. Nearly all motorists and motor-cyclists who have crashed into anyone assert with tears and protestations that their speed was fifteen miles an hour; let us then give the greater glory to the rider of this feminine velocipede. He said that he had been riding no faster than he had always ridden since he first began to ride a bicycle in 1876.

What memories he stirs! I have forgotten how many years ago it is since a boy whom I knew, having been twice fined for riding a bicycle furiously, was told that if it happened a third time he would be sent to gaol. But it was a long, a very long time ago. All of us who were young were road-hogs in those dear dim days. How we tore between the scented hedgerows! How we flung the miles behind us! I was never arrested myself for anything more dreadful than riding on the foot-path. But I was fined (proud memory!) twice for that.

I had, however, several crashes owing to my tempestuous speed. I struck a cow amidships at the bottom of a hill and was flung over a hedge into a field. I hit a tram also. It was a steam-tram. The tram won. It won so easily that the Company took no action against me for trying to destroy their vehicle. And once, as I dashed like a meteor filled with the poetry of motion up a steep hill (we never got off our bicycles when we went up hills in those days) I touched the rear-wheel of another bicyclist and was unhorsed.

But if you want to know how slight is the endurance of our modern youth, how feeble its pedalling power, I will draw your attention to the newspaper report of the case of the veteran whirlwind whom at the beginning of this article I set out to extol.

"On one day," says the admiring journalist, "he cycled from Folkestone to London (over seventy miles)."

Over seventy miles, forsooth! What was seventy miles to us greyhounds of the turnpike in the frenzy of our lust for speed as the hedges and trees whizzed by? From eighty to a hundred miles a day we could manage easily and be ready to leap to the saddle and annihilate space on the morrow. I knew one man who regularly rode home from Cambridge at the end of term, a hundred-and-twenty miles or more. Courage and hard work went hand-in-hand. And the frightened villagers gaped at us with reverential awe.

A few professionals, I suppose, but scarcely any amateurs, linger on to remind us of the days when, nose to handle-bar, we speed-kings used to terrify the countryside.

Therefore I praise this man who, true to the old tradition and riding under his own steam, crashed into the motor-cyclist and was flung, I am sorry to say, on his face into the road. He suffered gloriously. The spirit of England was in him. He may be compared to the windjammer.

It appears that he was known well for his desperate riding in that sea-coast town where he lived, and cheeks would blanch when he flung himself upon his space-defying machine. It was, as I say, a lady's bicycle. Whether it was one of those which had a net carefully arranged over the back wheel to prevent the long skirt from becoming entangled in the spokes, I cannot say. Nor do I know why he, a strong man, chose this female conveyance as his engine of fear. We used to consider bicycles of the fair sex as being more cumbrous, and as a rule they were less highly geared. We knew a good deal about their psychology, for it was our custom, ever so gallantly, to detach them from a lady's hand and push them up hills. She-cyclists never rode up hills. Demons on the downward grade, the feet supported by the front-wheel rests, the hem of the skirt attached by an elastic to the shoe, they would fail with a little sigh halfway up the following slope, and man, the superior, the triumphant, who otherwise would have panted to the top, condescended to their frailty. There were dowager, there were matronly bicycles. Quite often there would be a roomy basket containing flowers, fruit, music or sketching-materials attached to the front of the handle-bar.

But if it was a strange it was perhaps a beautiful gesture to employ a lady's bicycle for this mad speed-burst through Folkestone which shattered the calm of the leisurely limousines and may even have caused pedestrians to jump. For on the whole the rider was a chivalrous man. Speed was not everything to him. He was "keeping a special look-out," he told the magistrate, "for jay-walkers." It was only the crawling motor-traffic that he despised and, I think, despised rightly. I would count it an honour if he permitted me to pay his fine.

He may be the forerunner of still more glorious exploits in road-locomotion. I have seen a fastish goat-carriage trotting along the Brighton front. I should like to think that this also may be fined some day for butting a poor motor-omnibus in its headlong race. Are there no aces of the bath-chair world ready to defy the speed-limit and crash through the streets of Eastbourne and Torquay? I think I would choose so to die, raging amongst the automobiles until I piled up my invalid chair against a promenade-shelter, amongst a crowd of intimidated chauffeurs.

EVOE.

SOOTHING SYRUP.

THOUGH sorely tempted to despair
Of the Republic, or to swear
Or tear your hair,
Rend not the hirsute covering of your skull;
Such cruel laceration will not lull
But cause exacerbation of your pain;
Be temperate; from blasphemy refrain;
Be calm!

Though deadly be the wiles of GRIMMETT
Let not your language pass the limit
Of "dash" or "dim" it;
Seek not with hand-grenades or flame-projectors
To terrorise the Board of Test-selectors,
Or by electrocution's artful aid
Remove the duds who England have betrayed;
Be calm!
There is no better way to keep
Sorrow at bay than quiet, deep,
Untroubled sleep.

Remember HOMER, who composed the *Iliad*
Before the days when there was balm in Gilead,
And found, when carking care his heart was prodding,
Refreshment in reiterated nodding;
Be calm!

Revive the spirit once revealed
In "more was lost on Mohac's field"—
Crusaders never yield!
England has weathered worse conditions
And more "terrific propositions."*
The world's not hastening to its final fall
Because the Test Match score is now one all;
Be calm!

* See Mr. FENDER's article in *The Star*.



Maid. "WHERE'S MISS ETHEL, MASTER JOHN?"
Highbrow Youth. "SOMEWHERE IN THE ABSOLUTE ELSEWHERE."

THE RULES OF GOLF.

A DISTINGUISHED golf-player, writing in a contemporary, complains that golf-players generally have not a very accurate knowledge of the rules of their game; and he suggests that, should stormy weather prevent play in a golf competition, an examination in the rules of golf would be a more fitting occupation for the players thus incarcerated in the club-house than the frivolous game of bridge.

This is an excellent and a wise suggestion. I trust it may bear fruit. But ought we not to go further and examine players not so much in the letter of the law as in its application to peculiar circumstances? After all, anyone can learn the rules of golf by heart if he gives his mind to it; and if the examinations are merely in the rules we shall have players "cramming" and getting full marks who could not deal with a difficult case to save their lives. The setters of examination-papers at our public schools and universities are to-day trying to circumvent the crammer. Let golfers stoop to take a tip from them. It is not only good memory that we want, but imagination and intelligence.

Here are a few examples of the sort of question that I consider should be set:—

Question 1.—A and B are playing through the green. A cloud-burst occurs and they take shelter under a tree. When they come out to continue the round they find that a large mushroom has meanwhile grown up against A's ball on the side away from the hole. What should A do about it?

The point is: Does Rule 15, which decrees that a player "shall not move, bend, nor break anything fixed or



HINTS FOR MR. LANSBURY

AN "ALL WELCOME" POLO CLUB ON THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE.

growing," hold in this case, or does a mushroom of such exceptionally rapid growth partake rather of the nature of a loose impediment? It is an interesting problem. Marks, of course, must be given to those who point out that, if this is a stroke competition, A and B are both in danger of being disqualified for "discontinuing play on account of bad weather."

Question 2.—Before coming out to play, X has left his driver resting against a pot of particularly strong glue, and some of this has become smeared upon the face of the club. When he drives off, the ball adheres to it. No one notices that the ball is sticking there; all think that X has driven with such power that the human eye has been unable to follow it. They search everywhere. Finally X looks into the hole to see if by any chance the ball is there. While he is doing so the ball falls off the driver into the hole. Is he justified in claiming that he has done the hole in one?

This seems quite a good question for the imagination. Rule 5 evades the point, for it merely decrees that the ball must be "fairly struck at with the head of the club, not pushed, scraped, nor spooned."

Question 3.—M and N are playing a quiet medal round on a respectable English course when a black leopard of ferocious aspect, which has escaped from a travelling menagerie, comes onto the course and sits down beside M's ball. What should M do?

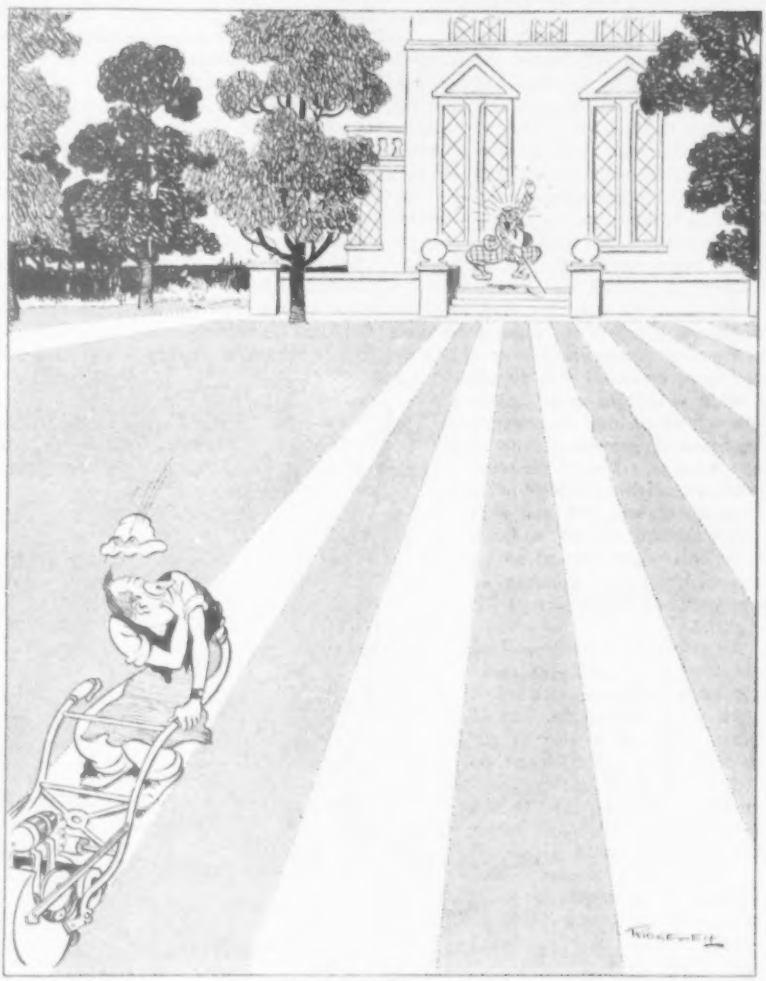
Examinees who say merely that M's ball is unplayable and that he must therefore "drop a ball as nearly as possible at the spot from which the unplayable ball was played and lose a stroke" should be ploughed as showing lack of imagination. Those who say, "Climb the nearest tree," show lack of courage; also a deficiency of natural lore, for leopards can climb too. Nor would it facilitate the progress of the game. To throw morsels of some tempting food in the direction of the opponent's ball would be a sound suggestion. But the case gives ample scope for imagination and resource.

I can think of many more questions, but some day I may have an opportunity of springing them upon a storm-bound company in a club-house; and it would be unfair, by offering to readers of *Punch* a chance of previous meditation upon such problems, to give them an advantage over non-readers (if any).

A. W. B.

More Liberal Disintegration.

"LLOYD GEORGE EXPLODES."
Daily Paper.



THE WOBBLE.

A HINT TO VEGETARIANS.

[On reading of the sufferings of vegetables when they are lacerated and boiled.]

O PITY the pangs of the tater
And the plight of the carrot or pea
At the hands of assassins who cater,
Fellow-culprits, for you and for me;
Shall they murder the innocent marrow?
Say, do not the dolorous sighs
Of the onion whose feelings they harrow
Bring tears to your eyes?

Ponder well how the pear and the apple
Whose bounties you hail with delight
May be struggling with torture to grapple
At your deadly incipient bite;
Who can tell of the sore ululations
The banana, poor thing, may contrive
All unheard, while you make preparations
To skin it alive?

O why with your consciences parley,
Saying, "This or else that I shall cut"?
May not wheat have its feelings, or barley?
Have you thought of the nerves of the nut?
If you hunger henceforward to bruit your
Response to humanity's call,
Be consistent at least, and in future
Eat nothing at all.

A. K.

A Bright Spot in the General Slump.

"At the Annual Conference of the British Undertakers' Association ALDERMAN K. V. KENYON said that it was a matter of satisfaction that while some organizations were suffering from trade depression, their association was holding its own."—*Daily Paper.*

It seems a live business.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

RAPID FIRE.

NOT long ago I yielded to George's blandishments to the extent of temporarily deserting my post and venturing into the wilds in search of big game, accompanied by George, his batman (Private Ali), my own batman (Private Sibele) and a motley assortment of interested hangers-on originally intended to bring home the bacon.

We were armed to the teeth, and George had added a picturesque touch to his outfit by lashing a sheaf of straw to the puggaree of his helmet, the idea being that in moments of stress he had only to stand still to resemble a tuft of dried grass, against which any unsuspecting bit of big game might come and browse. I wore no such device, cherishing a secret hope that we should not get into direct action at all, a hope based on what proved to be a well-grounded distrust of George when he gets busy with a gun.

All might have gone well had not George by some extraordinary mischance shot a small buck some two miles out of camp. At least he very nearly shot it, and the incident so elated him that he developed into a positive menace to the countryside. We shall never know exactly what happened to that little duiker, who popped up an inquiring head as we were passing, but George swung round like lightning and fired, and Private Ali, with a promptitude born of bitter experience, threw himself down on his face. Now normally, when things like that occur, the buck flirts a disdainful tail and bounds away unharmed, while George curses and Private Ali gingerly rises to his feet again. But on this occasion the buck dropped in its tracks and the phenomenon was so amazing that we all gaped, especially George. Then, recovering, he set off at a gallop, recklessly flourishing his rifle and giving vent to staccato whoops of delight. The rest of us followed with wary eyes on George's brandished weapon.

Just as he was bending over the inert form of his victim it gave a convulsive wriggle, leaped to its feet and was off through the undergrowth like a flash, leaving George open-mouthed and much too astonished to shoot. He explained afterwards that his shot must have stunned the duiker, but my own impression is that the thing simply fainted from the shock of being nearly shot by George, whom it probably knew well by sight as a noisy but harmless intruder in its silvan retreat.

The affair did us no good. There was no holding George after that, and it was my bad luck that the neighbourhood seemed to be teeming with game that day. George had pot-shots in rapid succession at a reedbuck, a wild pig, a koodoo, a rabbit, and Private Sibele, who had ventured out to a flank to do a spot of beating. But after George had put a bullet uncomfortably close to his head, in the mistaken belief that he was an eland bull, Private Sibele returned to my heels and remained there with dogged determination.



"I HOISTED THE WHITE FLAG."

Still, no damage had been done to man or beast, and I began to breathe again in the belief that every head of game within miles must have been scared away by the fusillade. But I was wrong.

Private Ali grunted and pointed to some rocks. I could not see anything, and I don't believe George could, but he just let drive in the general direction of his batman's outstretched arm. There was a squeal and I caught a glimpse of a spotted yellow body leaping for shelter. George had evidently wounded a leopard and matters had grown serious. With difficulty I restrained the rash youth from rushing headlong into the grass in search of his victim, and eventually we spread out fanwise in the attempt to locate the beast and drive him out.

With the faithful Sibele at my heels I worked round on the right, moving warily with the knowledge that a wounded leopard in the bush demands cautious handling and acutely aware that George, crawling about somewhere on my left, was, if anything, a slightly more dangerous neighbour. I lifted my head over a little knoll and in the same instant heard the crash of George's rifle and the smack of a bullet in the leaves above. As I ducked another bullet whined through the ether.

This was getting serious. I spoke to George. I spoke pointedly and his answer floated clearly down the wind.

"All right, skipper. Don't worry. I think I can see him."

I looked up and another bullet ricochetted off a stone beside me.

"Stop it, you fool!" I roared.

George bellowed something in reply and signalised his remark with a further shot. By mutual consent Private Sibele and I prepared to evacuate the position, and as we slid stealthily backwards down the slope there came from the grass on our right an unmistakably menacing growl.

We had located the leopard.

Cautiously I turned to face the lesser danger, and as I moved George blithely pumped another ·303 past my head. He was evidently getting the range, and so in all probability was the leopard. Something had to be done about it if Nukuku was to escape the embarrassment of a military funeral. For obvious reasons I could no longer exchange verbal pleasantries with the invisible George, and in any case there was little to be gained from argument with an opponent who emphasised his points with salvoes of rapid fire and persisted in a myopic belief that I was a leopard. On the other hand the real quarry, probably in an even worse temper than I was myself, what with his fortuitous wound and the deafening noise of George's fusillade, was in unpleasantly close proximity and simply waiting the opportunity to get a bit of his own back.

A great thought struck me. Moving with infinite care I tied my handkerchief to my rifle and without the slightest shame hoisted the white flag. True to his traditions George immediately ceased fire, and I heard his exclamation of horror as it dawned on him that for

the past ten minutes he had been using his superior officer as a target. Then he came bounding through the bush; but before he reached us I saw the grass on the other side moving and took my chance. It was a lucky shot, and I must say George was very nice about it. As a leopard it was a good specimen, and I subsequently took a snapshot of George with his foot on its tummy.

But I have always felt that it was a pity no gramophone-record was taken of what I said to George. It was pithy, comprehensive and entirely justified.

Gems for the Sportsman's Anthology.

"On Paper, at any rate, the Commonwealth stand on velvet."
Test Match Report in Daily Paper.

How to Win at Wimbledon.

"Great enthusiasm greeted Miss Betty Nuthall on her first appearance. Wearing a scarlet bandeau and a sunny smile, she won easily."—*Daily Paper.*

". . . Crawley's full-blooded driving being magnificent. No one hits the ball harder than the young Harrodian. . . ."
Sunday Paper.

What about Tanner, the old Woolworthian?

SHOULD THE PUBLIC KNOW?

An Open Letter to Lord ROTHERMERE.

MY LORD,—I am an ardent Empire Crusader and a constant reader of several of the numerous newspapers controlled by yourself. I may say that what knowledge of political matters I possess is derived entirely from the very excellent instruction contained therein. I beg leave, therefore, to write to you upon a matter of considerable constitutional importance which you appear so far to have overlooked—a matter upon which hangs the fate, not only of English cricket, but of England herself and of her glorious Empire.

It is no less than this: *I am informed that the Selection Committee for the Test Matches was actually appointed before they had submitted to your noble self a list of the team which they proposed to select!*

You have modestly suggested, in referring to another issue, that "the public has a right to know." Might I go a little farther and assert that in this affair, as in that of Cabinet Ministers, Lord ROTHERMERE has a right to know?

I suggest that in future no Selection Committee shall be appointed until its provisional Chairman has consulted you on the eleven players who are to be included in the English team and his list has been approved by you; after which the committee could be properly constituted, by election or otherwise, and they could then proceed fairly and impartially to select the team chosen by yourself.

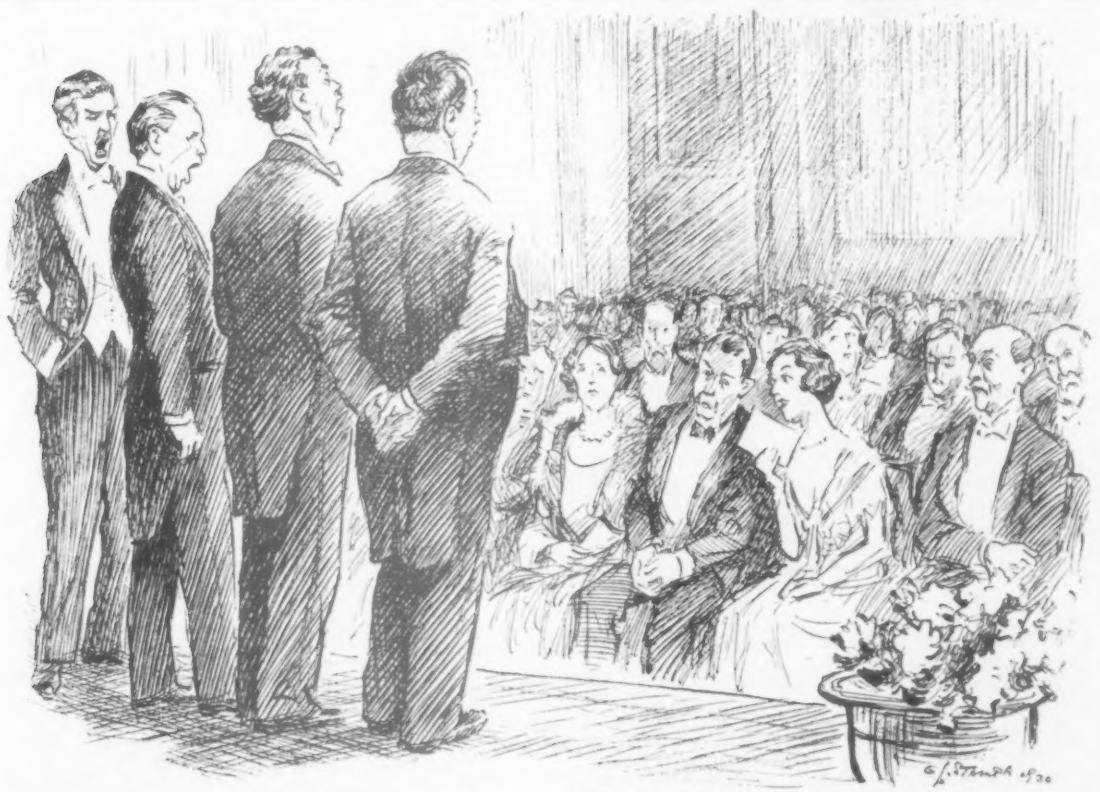
It may of course occur to your lordship that the best plan would be to appoint your noble friend and colleague, Lord BEAVERBROOK, as provisional Chairman. As an advocate of Empire unity he would probably be induced to select the Australian eleven also, but this is a matter for your lordship's superior judgment, and I leave it with confidence in your hands.

I have the honour to remain, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble and obedient servant,
CONSTITUTIONALIST.

"Filmy black is amazingly good on a hot day, worn with black '1880' hats trimmed with beige-dyed ostrich tips and black crepe-de-chine shoes."—*Birmingham Paper.*

Our next year's Ascot Hat is going to have a simple trimming of water-wings.



Lady (to neighbour during unaccompanied glee-singing). "I DO LOVE A QUARTET WITHOUT MUSIC!"



Lady (passing garden suburb). "I ALWAYS GET THE FEELING THAT THESE PLACES ARE INHABITED BY FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE."

WEATHER.

I OFTEN wonder,
I often doubt
Why all this thunder
Keeps hanging about;
Storms were adroiter
In days gone by;
Heat didn't loiter
So long in the sky.

And I talk to a fellow
Both wise and old,
His heart grown mellow
With digging mould;
Though it weren't in a college
Nor yet in a school
That he larnt his knowledge,
Did old Jim Poole.

He thinks it were better
In the olden days,
Drier or wetter
And not this haze;
A deal more frightening,
But arter the rain
And the twisty lightning
'Twas clear again.

But now we simmer
The long month through,
When skies are dimmer,
When skies are blue;
"'Tis a lot perverser,"
Says he, "the air,
And a great deal worser
Nor what it were."

And he says the reason
That, year by year,
Our thundery season
Has got so queer
Be them vibrations,
Like enough,
From the wireless-stations
As catch the stuff.

"In course it 's clouded,"
He says to me,
"For the sky 's all crowded
With ohms, you see;
Since airystatics
Has been the fad
My old rheumatics
Are tar'ble bad.

"And all these pylons
Are filled with volts,
They stop the vi'lence
Of the thunderbolts;
They get together
From spike to spike
And make the weather
All swallocky-like."

A full reliance
I place on Jim
(Ah, would that Science
Had more like him!)
And I cease to wonder,
I cease to doubt,
Why all this thunder
Is hanging about. EVOE.

A Heavy Passenger.

"Mrs.—— also sank 'Twickenham Ferry.'"
Canadian Paper.

Not so good as the Goose.

"1,000 Rhodes, Wyandottes, Leghorns, laying 5/- each."—*Provincial Paper.*

"SHARES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.
THAMES GRIT."
Daily Paper.

A plunge in Oils might ease the pain.



THE EXIT FROM EDEN; OR, ADAM, EVE AND THE SERPENTINE.

JOHN BULL. "I SHAN'T BE SORRY TO LEAVE THIS MANDATED GARDEN—EXCEPT FOR THE SUN-BATHING."

BRITANNIA. "AH, WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS MR. LANSBURY'S PARADISE."

[By the New Treaty, to come into force in 1932, all our mandatory responsibilities in Iraq (traditionally regarded as containing the site of Eden) will cease.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 30th.—It was natural perhaps that the hottest day of the year so far should produce one of the most tepid debates. Not only were Members freed from their restraining partisan shackles to vote on the Channel Tunnel but they were given to understand beforehand that the Government by no means undertook to change its mind if the House should happen to take a different view of the subject from its own.

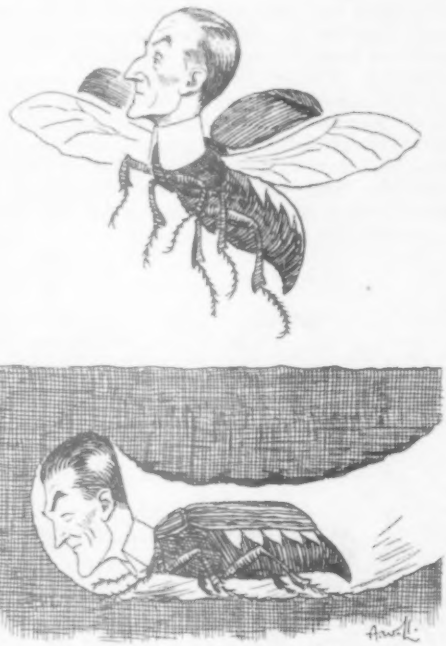
As a matter of fact the House agreed with the Government, though only by a narrow majority of seven votes, against the project. Whether the result would have been otherwise if a more persuasive orator than Mr. THURTLE had pleaded its cause or if the PRIME MINISTER had not condemned the project with more vigour and cogency than he is accustomed to exhibit, one cannot say.

The chief argument in favour of the Tunnel was that it would be constructed with private funds. To this Mr. MACDONALD replied that such a project should be undertaken, if at all, by the State, which in any case would be morally bound to step in and complete the work if private enterprise failed to make good on it.

The PRIME MINISTER'S most potent argument, however, was in the nature of a personal hope, freely expressed, that people would not willingly exchange a breezy channel crossing for a hole in the ground thirty-six miles long. To a House jaded with heat and eloquence the thought of white cliffs and ozone, the brisk Channel breeze and the brave curl of spray at the ship's cutwater must have appealed more strongly than an hour of economic or strategic arguments.

The House had not become jaded merely by thinking in terms of Channel Tunnels. For over three hours it had discussed Housing, and quite apart from the fact that at this season of the year houses are apt to seem more like stuffy superfluities than national necessities the debate, as debates on severely practical problems are apt to be, was dull.

Before public business had begun the House was mildly startled to observe Mr. MCGOVERN, the new Member for Shettleston, steering his way to the Table, flanked on either side by Messrs. MAXTON and CAMPBELL STEPHEN. This seeming evidence of ebullient Left Wingism—for tradition requires a new Member to be chaperoned on the floor of the House by at least one Whip—drew derisive cheers from the Opposition but no cheers rose from the benches that Mr. MCGOVERN is destined to adorn. Those in front continued animated conversations with one another. Those behind looked glum or merely surprised. Mr. MCGOVERN seemed about as welcome as a temperance orator at a policemen's picnic.



THE HIGH ROAD AND THE LOW ROAD;
OR, SOARING AND BORING.
SIR SAMUEL HOARE AND MR. THURTLE.

Tuesday, July 1st.—It blew great guns, little guns and every other sort of marine artillery in the Lords to-day when Lord BEATTY rose to call attention to the serious effects which will ensue for this country from the proposed Naval Treaty. When Lord JELLICOE also manœuvred into line and poured in a few additional broadsides it seemed that H.M.S. *Pacific, alias* Lord PARMOOR, must surely be sunk without a trace. Whatever the differences in tactics between these two eminent Admirals in the War they were now quite unanimous in discharging every ton of metal at their disposal into the Naval Treaty and its embarrassed defender.

Lord BEATTY argued that the Treaty gave Great Britain, the only nation to whom command of the seas was a matter of life and death, the small end of the deal. At Geneva it was maintained that seventy cruisers were the minimum we could get along with and the number was now reduced on nebulous grounds to fifty. As the gallant Admiral dealt with one fatal aspect of the matter after another—our inadequacy in this kind of ship and that, our inferiority in one category and another, our helplessness in the face of almost any contingency that might arise—one felt that if the Naval Treaty is ratified there will not be enough Navy left to capture Valetta from the Bishops of Malta and Gozo. Lord BEATTY simply could not understand it. Surely our political leaders could not remain so apathetic, our great organs of public enlightenment so uninformed, on this burning topic!



LORD PARMOOR RULES THE WAVES.

Lord JELLICOE proved a sister ship to Lord BEATTY in the velocity of his arguments and their rate of discharge. One thought that Lord PARMOOR must be completely scuppered, but he managed to loose off a salvo or two. If the Treaty was as bad as all that why had the Dominions agreed to it? This was one on the water-line for Lord BEATTY, because however fiercely a noble lord may charge the British Government of the day with imbecility he must never suggest that a Dominion has acted otherwise than sagely.

Pressed by Lord CARSON to say what altered conditions had justified the reduction of the security line from seventy cruisers to fifty, Lord PARMOOR could only bleat feebly about "the general growth of a spirit of friend-

ship and a desire for friendship between countries."

Lord THOMSON, coming to Lord PARMOOR's assistance, scouted the "lurking danger which so many noble lords opposite seemed to apprehend," and boldly prophesied that they would come in time to recognise the Treaty's saving virtues. What the noble lords opposite really thought about it all was not manifest, since there was no vote; but some of them may have been struck by the fact that the admirals of most of the other nations concerned were busy bewailing the position of permanent inferiority to which the Naval Treaty relegated *them*.

In the Commons the PRIME MINISTER announced that the Joint Committee to consider the question of closer union in East Africa would not be appointed this Session. Mr. SNOWDEN established another record for casuistry when he replied to Sir W. DAVISON, who was pleading for *ex-gratia* payments to taxpayers from whom the Inland Revenue authority had illegally collected taxes, that, "it was not correct to talk of the State having made a mistake when it had merely been acting under a wrong interpretation of the law."

Thereafter, in resumed debate on the Finance Bill the House considered those clauses especially designed to catch the wily tax-evader, whose guile, one gathered from the Opposition's criticisms, is such that the legislative balls aimed at that elusive nut by Mr. SNOWDEN have landed on poor Aunt Sally, the honest taxpayer, in the next booth. Harmony, however, reigned, and by twenty minutes past midnight substantial progress was reported.

Wednesday, July 2nd.—The Lords broke all records to-day by the rapidity with which they passed a Bill through all its stages. It was a Bill confirming the transfer from the Dominion of Canada to certain Provinces of the control and administration of their natural resources, and Lord PARMOOR explained that Manitoba would shortly celebrate its sixtieth birthday and would like to celebrate it complete with natural resources. Their Lordships, with a natural resource equal to anything Manitoba can produce, had the Bill despatched in less than no time.

Like "Sally in our Alley" the Auxiliary Air Force dearly loves but one day, with the result that on the day that comes between Saturday and Monday the outraged inhabitants of Hendon are assailed by the roar and buzz of countless stunting aeroplanes. So Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER complained on Hendon's behalf, and Mr. MONTAGUE, for the Air Ministry, was sympathetic, but pointed out that cases of dangerously low flying could be dealt with either by disciplinary action on the part of the Air Force itself or through the police.



MR. BALDWIN (to MR. MACDONALD). "SORRY I CAN'T JOIN YOU IN YOUR JOY-RIDE; YOUR BUS WON'T TAKE MY KIT."

[Mr. BALDWIN, in reply to Mr. MACDONALD'S invitation to a Three-Party Conference on Unemployment, made it clear that he could not take part in a discussion from which the Safeguarding policy of the Conservative Party was to be excluded.]

The House again took up the Finance Bill, but its attention was diminished by the presence in another part of the Palace of Westminster of a meeting of all Parties summoned to a pow-wow with three heap big Indian chiefs, representatives of the Six Nations of Ontario, who have crossed the great water to lay certain grievances before Parliament.

The meeting was not reported, but it is understood that Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY, in the Chair, said "Ugh!" very convincingly a number of times, and that Mr. MAXTON contrived in the sign language to ask Big Chief Snakes-in-his-Gaiters to show him how to use a tomahawk. It is denied, on the other hand, that another of the distinguished visitors asked if there would be any objection to his taking some of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S hair home as a souvenir.

Thursday, July 3rd.—The menace of the low-flying aeroplane is possibly more apparent than real. In any case Lord THOMSON was clearly justified in declining Lord STANHOPE'S suggestion that he should insert a clause dealing with it in the Air Transport (Subsidy Agreements) Bill.

All this talk of flight naturally affected Lord PONSONBY, who on the Second Reading of the Overseas Trade Bill embarked upon a fine flight of fancy on the beneficent results to trade of our renewed relations with Russia. This brought Lord BRENTFORD swooping down out of the great inane with every pin feather bared. There had never been any ban on trade with Russia, he declared. On the contrary Russia had every year a trade balance with us of some twenty million pounds. Instead of making her use that to buy British goods the Government was guaranteeing the Soviet's bills for that purpose. A fat chance it would have of seeing the interest on its money if the Government found it necessary to break with the Soviet Government again.

In the Commons Mr. CLYNES expressed his regret that he was unable to change his mind about letting Comrade TROTSKY into the country in spite of Miss ELLEN WILKINSON'S obvious anxiety to show him to Middlesbrough.

Alarmed, perhaps, by the news that next week there will be added to the already overcrowded menu of the Session a Bill embodying the Government's emergency measures to facilitate local undertakings for helping unemployment, the House made short work of its allotted whack of the Finance Bill. The most important subject—that of allowances in respect of life insurance premiums—was dealt with by Mr. SNOWDEN'S producing a new Clause 12, which disallows income-tax exemption only on insurance premiums paid not with the object of genuine life assurance but to put the money out of the tax-collector's reach.

"Another disaster quickly followed, Allen after scoring the next three runs being bowled by A. Yorker on the leg stump."
Cork Paper.

Another of A. N. Other's numerous kin.



THE FINER POINTS OF GOLF.

A PROFESSOR GIVES A DEMONSTRATION OF THE CORRECT WAY TO TEAR UP A CARD.

"WHO LOVES TO LIVE I' THE SUN."

["Protests against sun-bathing at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, have been received by the District Councils of Willesden, Hendon and Kingsbury. The Chairman of the Kingsbury D.C. said there was no footpath within three hundred yards of the sun-bathing." *Daily Paper.*]

"WHO doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,"
Or for the nonce is disinclined
Diversions of a livelier kind
  His leisure hours to spend on,
Should go elsewhere—he's not the one
  To value life at Hendon.

Ye sons of guns who ache
Your surfaces to bake,
Come out, come out and taste the joy
Of Phœbus purged of all alloy!
  Your coats and trouserings bury!
But wait a bit—for Heaven's sake
  Don't try it on at Kingsbury.

Who loves to toast his skin
Almost from heel to chin,
And flees, to woo the sun's embrace,
From house and shack and sheltered place,
  From mountain's cave and hill's den,
Is ill-advised to tarry in
  The neighbourhood of Willesden.

Bask on, ye Nature's cubs,
Who fancy solar tubs
As well as those with H_2O;
But as to pitches you should know
  There are, I grieve to tell, sharp
Objections to a certain pub's;
  Perhaps you know the Welsh Harp?

How strange! Whoso regards
A fellow that discards
Most of his clothes with pain, is quite
At liberty to shun the sight;
  So why should anyone try
His eyesight at three hundred yards
  In England, a free country? C. B.

STREET CRIES.

OUR forebears, either by design or accident, have left us a fund of information concerning the Street Cries of Old London. We have songs into which the poet has contrived to work many of the juicier bits; while prints and pictures by the score yet survive to inform us of the languishing ladies in æsthetic gowns who sold hearthstone or herrings, trotters or tripe or doormats.

But what of the modern street cry? And are we, as a generation, alive to the needs of students yet unborn? Like us, our descendants will probably yearn for news of the street cries that their fathers heard. Yet I doubt whether one man in twenty amongst us ever dreams of recording the quainter cries in his district.

The merchant to whom I am indebted for the cry, "Any old raspberries," patrols our district about three times weekly. He doesn't sell raspberries, as might be expected. Nor, indeed, is he any kind of fruiterer. He sells coal. And lest it be suspected that I make this assertion lightly, let me add that the richness of the deposits about his person and the evidence of the contents of his lorry leave no doubt in my mind as to the nature of the commodity in which the man is interested.

But my best cry, a cry that has baffled me for months past, is "Areomandypoygar." Used by an old gentleman with a handcart and of resigned appearance, this cry may be heard at any time between 10.30 and 12 on a Saturday morning in our district. What it connotes I have not yet succeeded in discovering, the handcart being invariably veiled with a tarpaulin. Whether the proprietor sells Areomandypoygar or purchases it or exchanges it against other commodities I know not. Nor can I guess, even remotely, at the nature of the substance. Does one eat it or drink it or wear it or put it in one's bath? Or is it merely a compound word signifying the willingness of the user to negotiate for such trifles as rabbit-skins or moribund bedsteads?

Some day, perhaps, I may surprise the old gentleman in the act of effecting a deal. Or a timely breeze may lift the veil. Otherwise, rather than fail posterity, I am prepared one day to dash out basket on arm and demand a shillingsworth of his best.

NEMESIS AND THE DETECTIVE.

"THE question is," said George, "whether I shall now go and turn on the lights of my car or remain here drinking this somewhat moderate port wine and listening to the unedifying conversation of you and Charles."

"It isn't really a question, darling," said Phyllis; "you know you're far too lazy to move."

Quite possibly this remark would have stung George into activity had not a couple at that precise moment entered the dining-room of the little country inn and sat down at a table. They were not a very interesting couple, an elderly baldish man and a plump, slightly over-dressed female of uncertain age. George eyed them sombrely for a moment and then turned to his wife.

"It would be interesting, my dear Potson," he said, "and not uninstructive, if you and your young friend Bonehead were to deduce from the appearance, behaviour and such conversation as we may chance to overhear, of that apparently harmless couple, their true relationship to each other and the circumstances of their seemingly humdrum lives. Come, Bonehead," he said not unkindly, "don't tell me that you can deduce nothing."

I looked penetratingly at the couple. They seemed to me painfully ordinary. The man had that mild sheeplike appearance which comes only to the long-married. The lady was more dashing; her hair held a hint of peroxide, her lips a dash of carmine; but her figure was cast on solid matronly lines.

"They are married, of course," I began, but was checked by the sardonic curve of the great man's lip.

"Even I can do better than that," said my fellow-investigator. "She's got no wedding-ring, my poor innocent. Trust a woman to spot that."

"Very well," I said bravely. "She's his sister."

"Possibly," said Potson; "but I don't think so. She wouldn't have put on all that make-up for her brother's benefit. I think she's his lady-secretary. You can see he's just the kind of helpless creature who always wants to pour out his troubles to any woman except his wife."

At this juncture the waiter came up for orders. They decided on plaice and fried potatoes.

"I don't believe," I said with conviction, "that any lady-secretary on the spree would stand for fish-and-chips. Besides there's a domestic air about her, in spite of the peroxide. Can't you see her on one side of the fire with her knitting, while he does the crossword-puzzle on the other? She's his sister, and keeps house for him."

"No," said Potson decidedly; "he's got that married look, though he isn't married to *her*. I admit that the fish-and-chips are a little unromantic. But have you ever seen a brother talking in that soulful way to his sister? And his eye is just hungry for womanly sympathy. I know that hungry eye so well."

"The deuce you do!" muttered the great man, becoming human for a moment. Immediately, however, the mask was resumed. We gazed at him expectantly, sensing a pronouncement.

"Well, Potson, and you, Bonehead," he said with a rare touch of geniality, "I cannot complain this time of lack of observation. You have collected all the necessary data, and it only remains to draw the correct conclusion. On the one hand there is the married aspect of the man, on the other the absence of wedding-ring on the digit of the lady. On the one hand there is the meretricious peroxide, on the other the unromantic fish-and-chips. Further, we have the domestic air of the lady, which Bonehead has so acutely pointed out, as opposed to the hungry eyes of her swain, which Potson has so convincingly diagnosed. How are we to reconcile these apparent anomalies? The answer is, I think, a simple one. The lady is clearly the gentleman's deceased wife's sister. No doubt in due course, by virtue of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Act, she will become his guilty spouse."

"Guilty!" we cried in amazement. Before he could reply, a striking confirmation of his words was wafted towards us from the adjoining table.

"If only," the peroxide lady was saying—"if only poor Mary was here!"

"Yes, if only——" sighed her companion, and promptly choked over a fish-bone.

"Ah!" exclaimed the great man with unwonted animation, "see, he chokes. What can that mean? Does Nemesis already overtake him? At this very moment, as he sits in amorous dalliance with the sister, it may be that the body of the unfortunate deceased wife is being exhumed from the common graveyard. By the flickering light of lanterns the corpse of that unhappy lady is being dragged forth in an advanced state of decomposition. And in her organs will inevitably be found—"

"Please, please!" cried Potson with a gesture of uncontrollable horror.

At that moment the door opened and the waiter reappeared in the company of a police-constable. We held our breath as the representative of the law advanced into the room. Was a drama about to be enacted before our eyes? Had Nemesis arrived?

"I dunno if it's you I want," said the P.C. addressing George, "or the other gent."

"Not me, not me," said George quickly. "I never knew the deceased. I have a complete alibi. My means are comfortable. I have no garden and therefore no weed-killer. It's the other gent."

The constable scratched his head in perplexity.

"Are you the owner of a little yaller car, now in the King's 'ighway without lights, contrary to the Ac'?"

"Guilty," said George brokenly. "I'll go quietly."



FOR THE NEXT HOT WIMBLEDON.

WHY NOT CUT NECK-HOLES IN THE NEW BALL ICE-BOXES SO THAT THE PLAYERS CAN HAVE A COOLER BETWEEN SETS?

"EMPIRE THEATRE.
THE GREAT NICOLA.
World's Master Magician and his own Company of Mostly Beautiful Girls.
For one week only."
Indian Paper.

It seems as if even master-magicians have their limits.

"Berkshire detectives are searching for a large brown fabric saloon car bearing, it is believed, registration number meginninfi LN42—. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

Yes, but is it *really* believed?

BU-BU-BU.

["On my tour round the world I visited a great many places in South Africa. Among others, the little town of Bu-bu-bu."—*Lady S—— in a Travel Talk at a Women's Club.*]

SHE spoke of distant travel,
Of alien seas and lands,
Of gold-concealing gravel,
Of coral-laden strands;
My mind was idly threading
A maze of gold and blue,
When suddenly came that magic name—
The name of Bu-bu-bu.

Within my brain what fancies
Were wakened by that word—
Adventures and romances
Deliciously absurd!
For anything might happen
And anything be true
Of quaint delights and taking sights,
Methought, in Bu-bu-bu.

Of matters that befell there,
Alas! she never spoke;
But surely there must dwell there
Some strange enchanted folk;
One day, when London bores me,
I know what I shall do:
I 'll take my pack upon my back
And make for Bu-bu-bu. R. F.

"FOUL IS FAIR."

IT was, I think, the *Three Witches* in *Macbeth* who first laid down the principle

"Fair is foul and foul is fair."

The New York Boxing Commission has now adopted this precedent by a resolution that a blow below the belt shall no longer be recognised as a cause for the termination of a contest. "Boxers will be allowed to wear almost any protection they see fit," says *The Times*, "but every low blow will be counted fair."

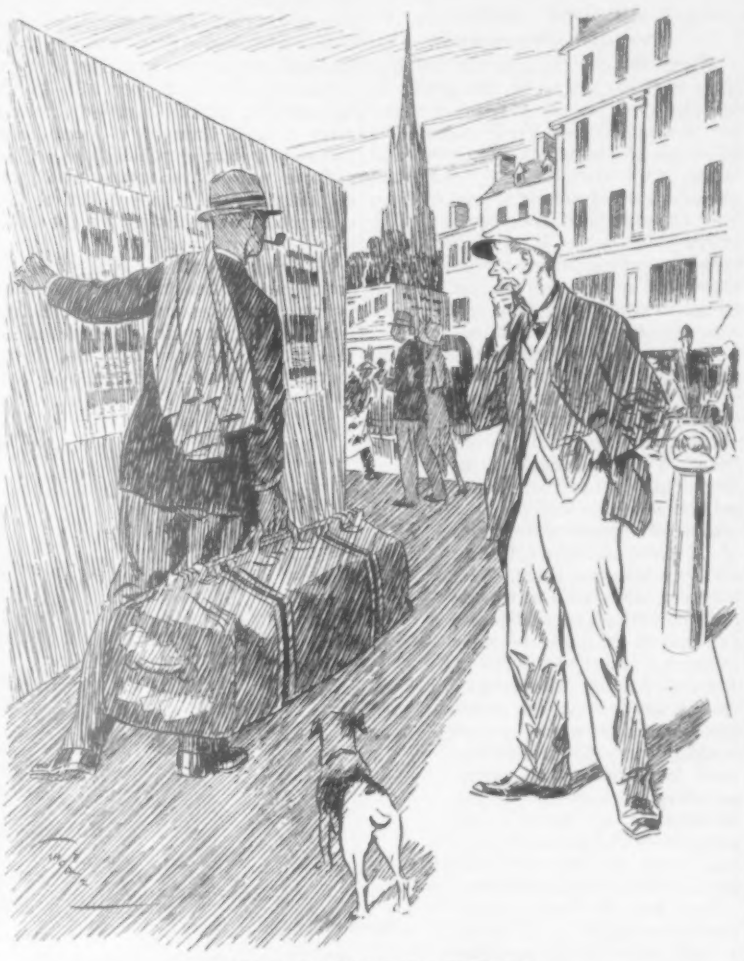
The New York Boxing Commission was evidently watching the progress of the "Big Fight" adumbrated by Mr. Punch some weeks ago. On April 9, for example, we recorded that "this evening a statement was issued from 'Gouger' Gecko's camp pointing out that by Rule 7 there were no fouls. Lew Swab retorted at once that the rule in question covered fair fouls, but that there was such a thing as a foul foul." And in the actual fight (April 30) I read, "The 'Gouger' lay on his back shouting in Methylanian, 'Foul!' Bloom retorted in Dago, 'It was a fair foul!'"

Thus freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent.

But there were of course other precedents in American and, indeed, English life. The American footballer already goes on to the field arrayed and protected like a Crusader. If people will not obey the rules it is always easy to alter the rules and make the other chap look out for himself. If motorists will run over pedestrians you call the pedestrian a "jay-walker" and tell him to take more care. And this charming principle might be endlessly extended. In some parts of South America, they tell me, the use of knives is to be permitted in boxing matches, but the combatants may wear chain-mail. In others, burglary is lawful, but the householder of course may fortify his house to any extent.

Many of our own sports are cluttered up with tedious pieces of pedantry which give trouble both to umpires and competitors. How much easier a time the Soccer referee would have if only by a simple stroke of the pen we declared that all fouls were fair! Why not let a chap be charged from behind? He could carry a periscope and see the other fellow coming. Boxing too—what is the prejudice against kicking in the stomach? Modern developments have produced a stomach-plate which can repel the fiercest hack. In this played-out old country we must all do what we can to absorb the ideals of the Virgin Continent, and a "Hack-as-Hack-Can" rule would be a delicious gesture.

Cricket, again—I begin to think that a no-ball ought to count as a ball. And might not the ball itself be covered with small spikes? The batsman could be armoured and the field could wear steel gauntlets. A. P. H.



THE BAG-SNATCHER'S DESPAIR.

"Bradman apparently felt that he had been a little sack. . . ."—*Evening Paper.*

Yet everyone else is of the firm opinion that he is a really big bag.

AT THE PLAY.

"CYNARA" (PLAYHOUSE).

WHEN the curtain rose on that balcony in Capri and, from the depths of her *chaise-longue*, *Mrs. Warlock* urged her husband to tell her in detail how he came to shipwreck his career and betray their love, the programme had already warned us not to expect from him an unbridled monologue. This heavy-laden little inset, indeed, was merely a prologue that served with its fellow, the epilogue, to bracket the nine scenes in which the story of *Jim's* fall was retrospectively unfolded.

Warlock was a successful barrister, devoted to his wife and rising rapidly in his profession; and when, during his wife's brief absence abroad, he accepted his old friend *Tring's* invitation to dinner in Soho neither he nor we had any idea that his host combined so many of the traits of *Mephistopheles* with the ability to exercise them. We, however, were the first to suspect so articulate a hedonist and one so gratuitously eager to force *Jim* out of the rut of domestic felicity. The restaurant too was curious. It catered for epicureans whose purses enabled them to gratify the most fastidious tastes within accosting-distance of young dressmakers' assistants whose preferences and purses did not lead them beyond the soda-fountain's flatulent economies.

Yet, for all *Tring's* practical encouragement, *Jim* was a reluctant *Faust*; and had *Doris* and *Milly* (whom they picked up) not been just the sort of girls to make the *rôle* an easy one for him—— But this is to anticipate.

Having bandied compliments and accepted peaches from *Tring*, the girls withdrew their maidenly objections to a *partie carrée*, and the friendship thus begun over the dessert and liqueurs ripened unconscionably at the public baths, where *Jim*, still stage-managed and transported thither by *Tring*, judged the bathing-beauty competition and not unnaturally presented *Doris* with the plated epergne for which inferior beauties contended.

That she should sprain her ankle on returning to her dressing-box; be carried there and afterwards home to her lodgings by *Jim*; attend the Derby with him; break down his marital reserve with specious vows of independence at her lodgings after the race; be next discovered in a spurious wedding-ring and a country inn passionately unswearing those vows of independence she made ere the affair had reached this pitch of intimacy; and should finally land poor *Jim* in the witness-box at the coroner's inquest after a fatal draught of poison had thrust this horrid publicity upon him—these were all so many swift and glancing stages in a story that was redeemed from banality by the brilliance of its presentation.

Many of the questions begged by the action of the piece and by the arbitrary behaviour of its characters were shelved by the skill with which it was acted and produced. It often happens that a story told first as a novel and then gutted to make a play loses those narrative devices that lure the reader from incident to incident without calling undue attention to the means of progression; and in the early stages of this play the methods employed to hurry us and the action along attracted undue interest, blunted the edge of the tragedy and made the effect of each short scene ephemeral.

Indeed it was not until *Doris* had drunk the spirits of salts given her for the purpose of cleaning the costume which her absent-mindedness had ruined in the workroom, and thus brought *Jim* before the *Coroner*, that Messrs. H. M. HARWOOD and R. GORE BROWNE, the dramatists, were able to concentrate upon a scene long and intensively enough to counteract the claims of the play's productive distractions.

The affair can hardly be said to end happily; for, although *Mephistopheles* reappears in the epilogue as a *deus ex machinâ* and so plays upon *Mrs. Warlock's* fears lest *Jim* should follow poor *Doris* into oblivion that she forgives him and declares herself willing to accompany him into the Colonial wilderness, things could never be the same for her and *Jim* again.

Sir GERALD DU MAURIER does everything for *Jim* that such an expert can do to vitalise and enrich a somewhat humdrum hero, and Miss GLADYS COOPER's beauty of person, elegance of attire and steadiness of method allow none of the sympathy due to *Jim's* wife to go by default; but we admire the exposition rather than are moved by the characters.

As *Doris*, Miss CELIA JOHNSON increases a reputation recently made and brings out all the pathos in the character. Miss DORICE FORDRED cleverly makes the most of her intermittent opportunities as *Doris's* outspoken friend and housemate; Mr. ERNEST JAY delightfully projects a live municipal organizer, and Miss JOAN SWINSTEAD pulls off a double event as a councillor's wife whose only gift is that of indifferent song and a French *modiste* who lifts her share in the coroner's inquest to the plane of art. As *Jim's* Mephistophelean friend, Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN has to steer a difficult course between realism and melodrama, and steers it well. H.



A BATHING CASUALTY.

Doris Lea . . . . MISS CELIA JOHNSON.
Jim Warlock . . . SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.

"SONS O' GUNS" (HIPPODROME).

Although this Anglicised American musical comedy has no fewer than six begetters, it relies for success more upon the goodwill created by that popular little comedian, Mr. BOBBY HOWES, than a self-respecting work of art should. The picture of war it presents is naturally a partial one, consisting largely of behind-the-lines engagements fought in and about a fanciful estaminet by those storm-troops, male and Amazonian, which musical comedy exclusively enlists. And since it would be tiresome to report those engagements in detail let me select a few of the amusing skirmishes with which Mr. HOWES enlivens the campaign.

When the call to arms first reached him it sounded in deaf ears; for *Jimmy* was dissipating health and fortune at his private golf-course in Devon. Dozens of agreeable girls were his guests, and they beguiled with song

and dance the tedium of waiting for him to rise from an habitual bed of sickness. When he did rise he had to be put summarily into condition to face the sun by a posse of footmen reinforced by an electric masseur.

Having shaken and pounded their master into bearable consciousness of his surroundings, every man jack on his staff incontinently embarked for France, leaving *Jimmy* alone with the intractable cocktail-shaker that contained the only breakfast his abused system could tolerate and with no alternative to taking the King's shilling himself. Thus our next sight of him was on the quay at Southampton, clad in penitential khaki and catching the troopship by the skin of his shins.

Arrived in France, *Jimmy* became inch by inch a soldier. Despite, or perhaps because of, his pre-war engagement to his *General's* daughter, who was also in France, he rescued from the brutal attentions of a French officer *Yvonne*, the waitress at the estaminet in whose stables his platoon was billeted, and faced the inevitable consequences of that gallantry gallantly.

I regret even more than he did that the villain (a captain in the R.A.M.C.), on whose account he innocently risked not only court-martial but a firing squad at dawn, should have also been an illicit pigeon-fancier. For it was *Jimmy's* kindness of heart towards the basketed birds, cooing so loudly under the bed which *Yvonne's* gratitude had enabled him to exchange for the stable straw, that led him to release them from his window, and with them full details of our plans, which they carried straight to German Headquarters.

But life in the army had its ludicrous compensations. By a merciful dispensation of Providence the hard-faced platoon-sergeant, who drilled his men with such choleric bravura, was none other than *Hobson*, *Jimmy's* late and devoted valet. And when I add that in extra-civil life, so to speak, *Hobson* is Mr. ROBERT HALE you will realise perhaps why *Jimmy*, as the platoon's incorrigible dud who knew not right from left, ported his arms for preference into the next man's eye or sloped them over his neighbour's shoulder, so gratefully amused us. In short, he was as cursable a rookie as ever overlooked the marshal's baton in his knapsack in order to qualify for a posthumous V.C.

But it was less any conscious hope of glory than the desire to escape from durance vile shared with two nasty German spies that gave us that comforting interlude of farcical tactics in which, theorising disputatively with the *Staff-Major* who visited him in his cell, *Jimmy* tricked his superior officer out of his scarlet-and-brass, escaped in them to Hill 23, put out the enemy machine-gun with a bomb and cap-



A TABLE TURN.

Yvonne . . . . MISS MIREILLE PERREY.
Legs . . . . MR. BOBBY HOWES.

tured, only to fraternise with, its square-headed crew.

That single-handed feat served not merely to rehabilitate him but to win the War, since the years passed in a



A TWO-BOTTLE MAN.

Jimmy Canfield . . MR. BOBBY HOWES.
Major Archibald Ponsonby-Falcke . . MR. PETER HADDON.

flash and demobilisation was accomplished in a brace of scenes.

I must not forget to mention in these despatches *Yvonne*, ripe now for the penultimate estrangement that led to complete reconciliation, whom Miss MIREILLE PERREY so encouragingly embodied; or that little wandering cutie whose American elocution is an acquired taste, whose A.B.C. method of singing was merely a rhythm-fixing prelude to the acrobatics she essayed with or without provocation, and who strayed in and out of the campaign in a uniform that left one in no doubt as to her ability to do so.

The full fighting, dancing and beauty strength of the company was shown in festive action at a Parisian café during a lull in the battle. The Chorus has the necessary pep for the "red-hot and blue rhythms" it compulsively advocates and practises, as well as a sublime indifference to which national costume it dances them in. But despite some visual splendours and one or two well-played if perfunctorily-written soldier-characters—Mr. ROBERT ENGLISH'S indubitable *General*, for instance, and Mr. PETER HADDON'S bacchic *Staff-Major*—it is to Mr. BOBBY HOWES that memory most gratefully returns.

One saw, or fancied one saw, how generously he justifies the confidence reposed in him by the promoters of this piece in the endeavours of his colleagues to avoid catching his eye while sustaining personal passages with him. And, since he makes it so difficult for them to keep straight faces, small wonder that laughter comes easily to us.

H.

LORD'S.

I WISH to sing a gallant deed,
In lofty song to raise
A name unknown, that all may read
Some modest hero's praise;
A man of high yet humble brow,
To danger's threat unyielding;
But all that I can get at now
Is Mr. CHAPMAN'S fielding.

A lady of old-fashioned views
Would have me sing of Her,
A wish to which a courtly Muse
Would naturally defer;
The arts with which that girl appealed
(In vain) would melt a stoic;
But—Mr. CHAPMAN in the field!—
Dash it, the theme's heroic.

DUM-DUM.

Hammersmith Ho!

"Jane Bell, daughter of a family of bargees, is the central figure in a novel by A. P. Herbert (A.P.H. of 'Punch') called 'The Water Babies.'"
Publisher's Magazine.

"HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA.
THAMES CUP.
Heat A.—Lansbury R. C. v. Westminster Bank R. C."—*Sunday Paper.*

We are so glad that the Serpentine Tubbers are represented at last.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—You will have had the result of the second Test Match by cable and I won't bore you with cricket details, but I think you will like to know that a clergyman, who wished to be allowed to stand, free of charge, among the seats over the inn while waiting his turn for lunch, left in a huff when his request was refused, exclaiming, "Rot! No wonder England loses!" As a matter of fact we lost because we could not bowl the Australians out. It all comes back to that. In the third Test, which begins at Leeds this Friday, we shall have to present a much stronger attack.

Just as at a race-meeting it is obvious that for every person who cares about horses, or wants to catch sight of a horse running, there are ten who don't, but merely want to be in the open air in a crowd, with the chance of winning money; so at a cricket-match is it clear that to many the occasion is more attractive than the play. I deduce this from the extraordinary restlessness of those who are not fixed by circumstance to their seats. To the various definitions of a gentleman (and lady) which have been attempted, I now add: "One who stands up or walks about at a cricket-match only between the overs."

When next you come home—and I hope it won't be long before you do so—you will find, in addition to many major changes in London, such as vast blocks of flats in Park Lane where old noble mansions used to be, a minor one which will probably interest you far more. When you left, the only pillar-boxes we had were vermilion, leading to time-worn jokes about short-sighted persons attempting to post their letters in Chelsea pensioners' mouths. But now among the vermilion pillars are some that are slightly smaller than the red ones and of a bright and sumptuous blue (too bright and rich to be mistaken even by the intoxicated for a policeman), which are reserved for letters labelled to be carried by aeroplane.

For European countries, Russia included, the cost is fourpence for the first ounce and threepence for all others. If you are writing further afield you must, of course, pay more. Thus a letter to Egypt or Cape Town costs fivepence-halfpenny the first ounce, to Adelaide sevenpence-halfpenny and to Delhi one-and-threepence-halfpenny. There is nothing very new in the actual air postal service, which is being extended every day; the novelty is the blue pillar-boxes to add gaiety to London's pavements. They have their perils for the thoughtless too. "Special attention," says an official leaflet, "is called to the danger of posting in the special Air Mail boxes correspondence not intended for Air Mail transmission. Such correspondence will almost certainly be delayed." I'll bet it will. Another terror for the colour-blind.

No one can object to such enterprise, but in other and less obviously useful ways the air, as WORDSWORTH might say, is getting to be too much with us. Particularly do I resent the presence of an aeroplane over a cricket-match: during the first day of the second Test at Lord's we even had the R101. But the most amusing development of flying of a more special sort I myself witnessed on a recent Saturday afternoon in the heart of the country. Suddenly out of a clear sky, buzzing above the heads of the hay-makers, came an aeroplane which, having reached the desired position and altitude, not half-a-mile away from where I was watching, began a series of evolutions. It flew sideways, it flew upside-down, it wheeled, it hovered, it soared, it terrifyingly dived, and then was away again to its starting-point. Asking a farmer friend what it all meant, he told me that the aviator was sweet on a girl in the neighbouring village and this was his way of paying his devoirs to her. The new courtship, in fact. He was there once a week, if not oftener. "And who pays for the petrol?" I asked. "Everybody," he said; "it's the country's wedding-present to them." Courtship by aerial stunt! Thus vanishes the last vestige of distinction which the rivalled birds were cherishing.

The following notice—although not exactly broken English but rather English in need of breaking—you may like to add to your collection. It was posted up in a cinema-theatre in Dublin:—

> "The management requests that all ladies should remove their hats as it is obvious that the enjoyment of many is entirely spoilt by the view being obstructed by ladies hats."

I don't want to be spiteful, but I can't help adding that green peas have never been so good as they are this year. I wonder if you remember them—very green, marrowfatty, sweet and particularly delicious with lamb, new potatoes and a touch of mint; in short, the kind of food you will never get over there. Yours, E. V. L.

Our Gloomy Prep-School Boys.

"Dean Inge, one of the best-known figures in the Church of England, celebrated his 10th birthday this year."

Manchester Paper.

ARMY ABLUTIONS.

[Hot and cold baths have just been discovered in the Roman legionary fortress at York. In 1857 Dr. SUTHERLAND'S Commission on Barrack, etc., Sanitation found that there was "hardly a barrack in the United Kingdom provided with means of bathing. . . . The occasional use of an old horse-trough or of an iron barrack coal-box as a bath . . . cannot be considered as an exception to the rule." Even this Commission did not recommend hot baths except in cases of sickness.]

WHEN past reformers in Pall Mall
Suggested bath-rooms for the Army,
The fogies muttered, "What the——?"
And thought the innovators barmy.

They searched, but found no previous case
In CÆSAR, where he writes of Britain;
No word of baths in any place
In all VON CLAUSEWITZ had written.

Said they: "The records both before
And since the CONQUEROR'S incursion
Show clearly that the arts of war
Do not include complete immersion.

"When CROMWELL and his Ironside men
Spurred on their mounts with Ripon rowels,
The barrack-schedules did not then
Provide for either sponge or towels.

"MARLBOROUGH won wars with fighting troops
And not with armies soaped and scented
Like namby-pamby nincompoops—
Egad! the thing's unprecedented!"

But Progress called the critics off,
For no instructed opposition
Could think the coal-box or the trough
Were in the Army's true tradition.

And barrack-baths (though seldom warm)
Were instituted in these regions,
A nineteenth-century reform
Forestalled, in fact, by Roman legions,

Who, marching far away from Rome
Where CÆSAR'S eagles chose to take 'em,
Enjoyed "the comforts of a home"
Inside the Baths of Eboracum;

And sluiced themselves with h. and c.
When on the walls they 'd kept their vigil,
And found that Yorkshire grit could be
Removed by scraping with a strigil.

"The Peterborough Agricultural Society's show, the great annual exhibition of Finland husbandry, opened to-day on the fine permanent show ground here."—*Daily Paper.*

It seems almost *lèse-majesté*, considering that Lord BEAVERBROOK himself was staying not so very far away.



NO ONE MINDED WHEN THE CHIEF ARRIVED AT THE OFFICE IN PLUS FOURS—



OR THE HEAD CLERK IN HIS TENNIS ATTIRE—



OR EVEN WHEN THE CASHIER CAME PREPARED FOR THE DIRT-TRACK—



BUT WHEN MILLICENT, OUR TYPIST, APPEARED IN HER SERPENTINE COSTUME!!!



Athletic Young Lady. "I'VE JUST SWUM AT LEAST TWO MILES OUT AND BACK AGAIN WITHOUT TURNING A HAIR. NEXT YEAR I MEAN TO DO THE CHANNEL."

The Other. "MY DEAR, HOW TERRIBLY SUBURBAN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

April Fools (CASSELL, 7/6) is a merry performance in the exact spirit of its title. That is to say it exhibits from first to last a childish and slightly laboured comicality untouched by the subconscious pity which is the salt of all adult humour. Its principal characters are almost Jonsonian in their faithfulness to their foibles; and all who enjoy seeing the biter bit, the trickster tricked, the engineer hoist with his own petard and the mood of one First of April prolonged till the following Christmas, will enjoy the adventures and misadventures of the *Touchwood* family as related by Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE. There are three impecunious *Touchwood* brothers, two ditto sisters, their partners, and four assorted children. These having plagued the life out of their rich brother, brother-in-law, and uncle, *John Touchwood*, their victim escapes to America, relinquishing his country-house to his tormentors on condition they live in it together. The protracted All Fools' Day at "Ambles" had, I confess, few charms for me while it remained true to type. But Mr. MACKENZIE is far too fine an artist to remain satisfied with burlesque, and we break loose fairly frequently to an inn and a farm in the neighbourhood, where a couple of almost Shakespearean hostesses play providence to the younger members of the cast. I give Mr. MACKENZIE full marks for *Mrs. Pringle* and *Mrs. Pocock*; and, in admitting that "The Blue Dragon" and "Highrood Farm" might have been "lifted" from *Guy and Pauline*, I am paying him, and them, the highest compliment in my power.

When a small Egyptian page-boy felt his honour aggrieved by the rude remarks of an English contemporary, KING EDWARD VII. had to go without his coffee till the affair was composed; and when QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S string of pearls was snapped in the courtyard at Buckingham Palace a procession to the Houses of Parliament was delayed while HER MAJESTY'S footmen scrambled to recover the priceless jewels. Court chroniclers are often handicapped by the desire to avoid anything that may detract from the dignity of Royalty, but in *King Edward VII. and His Court* (MURRAY, 12/-), a record of personal contacts and occasions related by the late Sir LIONEL CUST, it is the human side of life in English palaces that is under review. The writer, both as Gentleman-Usher and as Surveyor of the King's Pictures, was well placed to see the comical side of things most dignified; for his difficulties when it was his duty to separate the little gold and black members of Japanese and Korean embassies—at daggers drawn in the Far East—who had unfortunately been delivered mixed at the Palace, or his adventures in charge of a Slavonic prince visiting England for the Coronation, who when under stress of emotion desired to be put to bed, are matched by the embarrassments underlying his references to the despatch of unlimited quantities of lithographed portraits, accumulated by QUEEN VICTORIA, to various royal personages on the Continent, who might be supposed to desire them but who did not acknowledge receipt. Sir LIONEL'S book emphasises once again the human kindliness of KING EDWARD, and rather restores the impression, a little questioned of recent years, that after all it is not bad fun to occupy a throne.

Before me lies a slender work,
Opened with keen anticipation,
The English Inn, by THOMAS BURKE—
"No guide-book, but a revelation."

Thus A. P. H., who writes with zest
A preface praising public-houses
By fools and faddists sore oppressed:
Their ignorance his wrath arouses.

For when the world you roam, says BURKE,
Searching for faint historic traces,
Make for the Inn, and not the Kirk,
For there the Spirit of the place is.

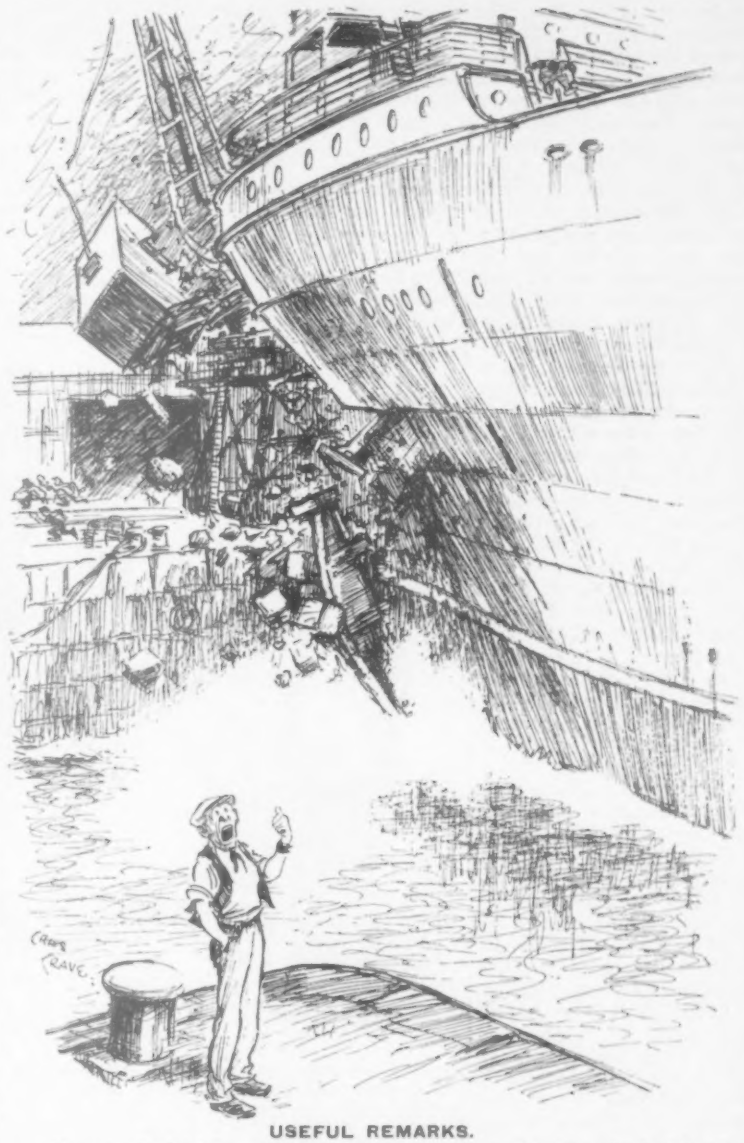
The Inn, the Tavern, the Hotel,
The Past, the Future and the Present—
He treats them all, and writes so well
I found his book extremely pleasant.

So follow BURKE, if you would fix
Your choice on where the best of cheer is—
Published by LONGMANS, three-and-six,
One of the English Heritage Series.

Mr. HAMILTON FYFE'S biography of *Northcliffe* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 16/-) carries weight not only as an individual portrait—and a very good one—but as a piece of social history. At the outset of his career as a journalist ALFRED HARMSWORTH discovered the New Public, the millions who could just read but "were not in any sense of the word educated." He was not in the best sense of the word educated himself, and his uppermost idea at the outset was to make money by anticipating the New Public's wants. This he did with an irresponsibility which would have argued cynicism in anyone with a less childlike singleness of purpose. Outside his own professional sphere, in which he showed a notable talent for new methods of presentation and distribution, and did much, and generously, to better the conditions of newspaper employees, he took a close interest in the future of roads and mechanical transport, and to these subjects he brought a far-sighted vision. For the rest, his story retraces the evolution of the Stunt Press and sheds light on the journalistic side of party politics. Ultimately it provides a discouraging chapter in the history of a country left with "opinion less stable, emotion more superficial," by one man's commercial enterprise.

When Mr. ALAN SIMS sat down to write *Anna Perenna* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), he must, I think, have been in two minds as to the sort of book he intended. Was it to be a political satire or a fairy story? In the result it is a bit of both, and the components do not amalgamate very well. As we read we find ourselves now in the world of the author of *Erewhon*, now in that of the author of *Jurgen*, and the violent transitions from one to the other jolt us into bewilderment. To begin with we seem to be promised a picture of England a hundred years hence, nominally ruled by an elected *King Tom*, but in the real power of the usurers and the Billion Sale Press. But we soon find ourselves in the company of a strange creature called a Glastig, who is induced by *King Tom* to lay a spell upon his daughter, *Anna Perenna*, against whom he has a spite for not being a boy, that she shall die as soon as she is loved. The pathetic fate of *Anna Perenna* is the author's main theme; but he also tells us a good deal about her half-brothers, *Arthur Hicks*, who becomes Archbishop of Canterbury and works miracles, and *Noble Gore*, who is condemned for a crime of violence to a life-sentence as Prime Minister. It is all rather a muddle and rather crude; yet there are indications that, if Mr. SIMS would clarify his ideas and purge his style of pinchbeck, he might write a good book.

Since books must inevitably reflect something of the



USEFUL REMARKS.

Observant Dock-labourer (addressing pilot as ship crashes into wharf). "HOI! YOU 'VE KNOCKED AGIN SOMETHING DAHN THIS END."

characters of their authors, I gather from the pages of *Grayson's Girl* (COLLINS, 7/6) that KATHARINE TYNAN is one of the kindest of women and has a positive passion for tucking up tired or sick or disabled people in nice cool beds with lots of flowers round them and all the windows open. *Grayson's Girl, Rose,* is a charming creature, but her story is slight, and quite obviously I ought to have read at least one earlier book, *Lover of Women,* before I embarked on this one if I intended to appreciate its characters and their relationships to the full; yet all this had very little effect upon my enjoyment of it. *Alicia* and *Simon Grayson,* and old *Mr.* and *Mrs. Peters,* and their two big drapery stores, and all their loving-kindness to each other and to everyone around them, so delighted my heart that the objections raised by my head were quickly silenced. Of course there were sad moments; for instance, when *Simon* and *Lord Ludlow,* who, no doubt for some reason detailed in the earlier book, was his ancient enemy, met in the Great War, and when *Simon* died in hospital at Boulogne, and, for a time, I feared that lovely *Rose* had the seeds of tragedy in her; but this happy book, I am glad to say, ends happily. And KATHARINE TYNAN can hit the nail of truth very neatly on its head at times, as when she says that the flat is "the natural enemy of the baby."



Wife. "HENRY, COME AND HOLD THIS NAIL FOR ME WHILE I KNOCK IT IN. I'M SO AFRAID OF HITTING MY THUMB."

The deeps of the sea have often provided a theme for the writer of adventurous and fantastic fiction. But narratives of actual fact relating to the subject are by no means numerous, and for that reason *Pearl Diver,* by VICTOR BERGE and HENRY WYSSHAM LANIER (HEINEMANN, 10/6), has an interest not always to be found in the bizarre autobiographies which are enjoying at present something of a literary vogue. Mr. BERGE, whose life-story the book tells, is a Swede who ran away to sea as a boy and after a few years drifted quite by chance into pearl-fishing, an occupation which—with an interlude as a steeplejack—he has followed ever since. He has much to tell that is new, to me at least, about his out-of-the-way calling, from which modern methods have not yet, it seems, removed the element of unexpectedness both as to its risks and its rewards. The narrative is by no means lacking in thrills, and Mr. BERGE's description of the octopus and its little ways suggests that here, for once, fiction has not outdone sober truth.

Professional humorists at play are an interesting spectacle. Mr. J. B. MORTON takes his diversion from his regular paths robustly, and reacts from *Mr. Thake* and *Miss Cork* to the creation of characters who are clearly men after his own heart, big-lunged, beer-loving rhymers who Belloc tunefully across the Downs from one tavern to another, in the best manner, if I may say it, of the Alcoholic Picaresque. But there is more than that in *Drink Up, Gentlemen* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6). Against this background of thirst and song Mr. MORTON projects some fair satire on the way the world is going. Carrying the tendencies of 1930 to what he considers to be their logical extremes, he gives us a depressing picture of England in 1935. The Press Lords have completed their corner in public opinion, and with the Princes of Commerce and the Advertising Kings they headline, broadcast and slogan the English into accepting their arbitrary bidding. Organisation and restriction run riot, hand in sticky hand, and the land has finally surrendered itself to the Pink Brick Brigade. I cannot decide how seriously Mr. MORTON would have us take his prophecies. While admitting every sign of our present decline, I think he would be better justified if he put the date of our fall somewhat later than 1935. But, however we take it, this is an enjoyable book. Many of the drinking-songs with which it abounds are eminently inn-worthy, and its satire on our precious brethren of Bloomsbury gave me peculiar pleasure.

From the red slip, reminiscent of a cummerbund, which engirdles *Vanishing Shadows* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) I learnt that here we have a book "that you will either enjoy enormously or dislike very much indeed." But for my own part I read Miss J. MACONECHY'S story without either a trace of rapturous enjoyment or of acute distaste. Her squire and parsons are far from being people who arouse surges of emotions; indeed they seem to me to gain some distinction from the fact that in their typical conduct they are remarkably lifelike. Miss MACONECHY'S speciality, however, is not the grown-up but the child. Her children may be precocious, prone to ask awkward questions and to be disconcertingly inquisitive, but they are drawn by one who observes childhood with sympathy and a friendly sense of the ridiculous.

I should quote *Printers' Devil* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), 7/6) as incontestable proof that sensational fiction is becoming more and more literary if I were confident that the epithet "sensational" can be applied fairly to Miss CLEMENCE DANE'S and Miss HELEN SIMPSON'S story. It is true that *Horrie Pedler,* a charming and successful woman-publisher, is murdered, but of this untoward event one hears nothing until page 187. All the first, and by far the best, part of the tale is concerned with *Horrie's* affectionate admiration for and difficulties with *Marmion Poole,* whose books she published. The conflict between *Horrie's* business instincts and her sentimental feelings is admirably described, and seldom has an author's vanity been more ruthlessly or effectively exposed than in the portrait of the unheroic *Marmion.*

CHARIVARIA.

A CORRESPONDENT writing to a contemporary mentions that at the Zoo the other day he saw three Fellows walking about. It should be pointed out that no extra charge is made for this spectacle.

***

The fact that a leading Mormon had to abandon his honeymoon in Honolulu in order to return to Washington to support the Naval Treaty reminds us that the days have long gone by when a honeymoon more or less meant little to a Mormon.

***

A homing pigeon entered in a race five years ago has just returned to its owner at Wilmslow, Manchester. It is said that as soon as it entered its old loft it turned to its owner and shouted breathlessly, "Who won?"

***

In view of Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD'S admission at a horticultural show that he doesn't know one flower from another, it is anticipated that any bouquets intended for the Ministry of Health will be handed to Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE.

***

We understand that the United Empire Party's new marching song can be sung in public without fee or provocation.

***

A team of Chinese footballers is to tour Europe this autumn with the object, it is believed, of correcting the impression that the Chinese are too indolent for anything more strenuous than civil war.

***

In a scientific article we are reminded that anglers have long cherished the belief that fish can hear people's movements and conversation. For this reason the conversation of anglers within earshot of the water is restrained by a certain sense of shame.

***

A Birmingham man is advertising in the papers for two vultures. We are asked to deny the allegation that he is a local income-tax collector in search of a suitable mascot.

***

A bowls expert is inclined to be pessimistic about England's chances in the British Empire Games at Hamilton, Ontario, next month. We can only express the hope that the Mother Country won't be disgraced by her halma team.

The success of an action for breach of promise against an astronomer should be a warning to astronomers to exercise caution in deciding whether a girl's eyes are of the first magnitude.

***

The eldest member of the Men's Dress Reform Party, we are reminded, is a clergyman who always wears a kilt and got special permission to wear it in the pulpit. Most clergymen are content to wait until they are entitled to aprons.

***

Dutch tourists on the Rhine complain of being shocked by the scantily-clad bathers. The bathers, on the other hand, object that Dutch tourists keep too close a watch on the Rhine.

***

When a prize bull which had jumped off a ferry-boat in New York Harbour appeared panting among a crowd of bathers their first impression is said to have been that there was another panic on Wall Street.

***

The allegation that dogs and cats in Soviet Russia are boiled down to make soap is discredited by those who have difficulty in believing that Bolshevists are really interested in this product.

***

A prominent actor is reported to have confessed that, as a youth, he was employed to impersonate W. E. GLADSTONE in speaking for the phonograph. Still, this doesn't affect what GLADSTONE said in '79.

***

It is reported that Lord ROTHERMERE, accompanied by his personal staff, paid a secret visit to North Norfolk during the Election campaign. The natives seem to have been unaware that these were other than ordinary mortals.

***

Young readers of a contemporary are informed that the age of a seventeenth-century rocking-horse in the Victoria and Albert Museum was discovered by a comparison of its saddle with a sketch in a book of that period. Not, as they might think, by an examination of its teeth.

***

The coolness of certain lawn-tennis players in ignoring the umpire has been the subject of comment. Only nervous novices allow the presence of this functionary to cramp their style.

***

"I have come to the conclusion, from observation," writes a Society lady, "that wealth is by no means all beer and skittles." So much for the cruel rumours about the skittle-alleys of the idle rich.

***

A man is reported to have cured his asthma by playing the bagpipes. It must have been awful to listen to these two complaints exchanging wheezes.

***

In Chicago several spectators were wounded when gangsters attacked a police motor-car. Chicago spectators should know by this time that gangsters don't like to be stared at.

***

A man has complained to a London magistrate that a sailor knocked him down and swore at him in French. Perhaps he is one of those patriots who prefer to be knocked down in English.

***

Following the principle on which the Serpentine is now called LANSBURY'S Lido, Somerset House is to be known as SNOWDEN'S Monte Carlo.



Police Doctor. "YES, MY MAN, YOU FELL FROM THE FOURTH FLOOR, AND I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU THAT YOU'LL BE NO USE AS A CAT BURGLAR AGAIN."

Patient. "CAN'T YOU PATCH ME UP SO THAT I'LL BE ALL RIGHT FOR GROUND-FLOORS AND BASEMENTS?"

Our Hounds Get Above Themselves.

"After Mick the Miller had won the Greyhound Derby at the White City, he advanced across the track, garbed in a dinner jacket and a bowler hat, to present the prize to the owner."—*Daily Paper.*

SMELLING BY EAR.

SOME time ago the newspapers published an account of the strange case of a young woman who said she could smell music. She lived in one of those Balkan States, I believe, or possibly a Baltic one. The local doctors were much puzzled by this unusual case, but finally they decided that the young woman was suffering from an obscure nervous disorder known as "synæsthesia," which, my dictionary explains, is "a sensation produced at a point different from the point of stimulation."

We are all more or less abnormal nowadays, so it should not be difficult for us to smell nose to nose, as it were, with this young person from the Balkans (or the Baltic). Let us for a moment try to put ourselves in her place while she smells-in on the wireless to the Fifth Symphony. For her, Fate does not here knock on the door; Fate enters subtly but convincingly through the keyhole on a blast of sulphuretted hydrogen. And of course the Fifth Symphony is the Fifth Symphony no more: it is the Fifth Synosme.

I like to think of her sitting there with twitching nostrils while the Pathetic Odorata lavishes on the air the sweetness and the melancholy of clove-pinks and lime-flowers. Who knows but that MENDELSSOHN, with his charming "Smells Without Sounds," is her favourite osmographer? If so, I can imagine that to this young Balkan (or Baltic) woman the poignant realism of "The Venetian Gondola Song" must be almost unbearable.

It is when we look at synæsthesia in this light that we at once see new avenues for artistic exploration opening up before us. This is as it should be. For it is of the deepest cultural importance that our susceptibility to the influence of Art should not be limited by the mere demarcation of our five senses. We should try to break down these stultifying barriers in the great melting-pot of *Feeling*. After all, Miss EDITH SITWELL has been doing it for years on a small scale.

In the interests of Art, therefore, I determined to concentrate on the importance of being synæsthetically-minded. My first experiment was with the music of STRAVINSKY. On a cool spring evening I settled down by the fire with the gramophone by my side, put on the record of "The Dance of the Fire Bird," and concentrated. After some ninety-six minutes of the purest concentration, during which the Fire Bird danced continuously and nothing else happened, I began to think that perhaps my nasal ego was not properly attuned to STRAVINSKY'S spiritual emanations. But just as I was about to adjourn the séance I became aware of a faint odour of burning rubber, so I kept the Fire Bird at it. By the time the record had played itself through once or twice more the stench was unmistakable—burning rubber.

I was naturally much elated by this success, and it was not until I was preparing for bed and took off my shoes that I noticed how badly their rubber soles had been burnt while I had unknowingly rested them almost against the bars of the grate during the period of concentration.

However, I did not let this small setback discourage me. Day by day I persevered and concentrated and rid my mind of gross thoughts. Now at last I am rewarded, and am able to smell almost any music I hear. For the guidance of those who feel that they cannot yet without suggestion appreciate the odorous delights of their favourite composers, I append the following list of Smell-Values:—

Bach, J. S.—Quite odourless.
Beethoven.—Not readily interpreted in osmological terms. Comparable with a forest fire, perhaps, or gunpowder.
Chopin.—Carnation, lily, rose.
Debussy.—Lilies again and narcissi and syringa, with a *soupçon* of chypre.
Elgar.—Roast beef, caviar and expensive cigars.
Franck, César.—Incense and church-mice.
Hindemith.—Machine-oil, acetylene.
Honegger.—Machine-oil, wet boots.
Ketelbey.—Stale patchouli, peppermint cream, kinema interiors.
Liszt.—Approximates to almost any costly perfume out of a bottle.
Mendelssohn.—A master whose genius can be expressed by mixed fruit drops, scented soap and talcum powder, except in (*a*) "Fingal's Cave" and (*b*) "A Midsummer Night's Dream," where (*a*) seaweed, shell-fish, ozone, and (*b*) sweet musk roses and eglantine occur more readily to the student.
Rimsky-Korsakov.—Spikenard, terebinth, mastic, cinnamon, apes and peacocks.
Saint-Saëns.—Magnolia and coffee.
Schubert.—Any sweet-smelling cottage garden-flowers. Apple-pie with cloves in.
Strauss, J.—Hock and roses.
Stravinsky.—Drains, cabbage-water, petrol, eucalyptus-oil.
Tchaikovsky.—Hot metal, damp cellars.
Verdi.—Crême de menthe.
Wagner.—Extremely diversified. Frequently incense, sea-water and the characteristic odour of theatre scenery.
Woodforde-Finden, Amy.—See *Ketelbey*.

Every day I add new names to the list. I hoped to be able to catalogue BELA BARTOK to-night, but unfortunately I shall be prevented from appreciating this composer's remarkable music. I have such a bad cold in the head that I cannot even smell "The Pilgrims' Chorus" from *Tannhäuser*.

PEACE IN THE PRESS.

(*A Recollection of Last Week's News.*)

STATESMEN and Ministers may blunder
And fill their lips with lies,
But in the heart of Histon Wonder
And in his secret eyes
There is content, all fear disarming,
And this is true no less
Of Piper's Duke and True Love's Charming
And Preston Druidess.

Swinton Proud Queen! In thee shall never
Be found a breach of trust,
Nor shalt thou know that life's endeavour
Goes on from dust to dust;
Thou shalt not learn—serene, resilient—
What bitter memories are;
Thou art at one with Bladon Brilliant,
And sib to Sandrock Star!

In fact, whenever cares annoy me
It pleases me to read
Of Wessex boars—they never cloy me—
And sows of Berkshire breed;
I count it ecstasy most solemn
To sit, when time affords,
Perusing, column after column,
Their championship awards.

Immune from altercations silly,
And faithful to their vows,
And radiant as the arum lily
Are long white lop-eared sows;
Beyond, the storm of battle rages,
The hurtling insults go,
But still *The Times* in ordered pages
Deals with the Royal Show.

Cattle and sheep and mares and stallions,
They all come into line,
But most I love the big battalions
Of pure and blameless swine:
Who that hath seen the oak-trees fronting
The pasture-dotted hills
Can think of Woodside Lion grunting,
Without romantic thrills.

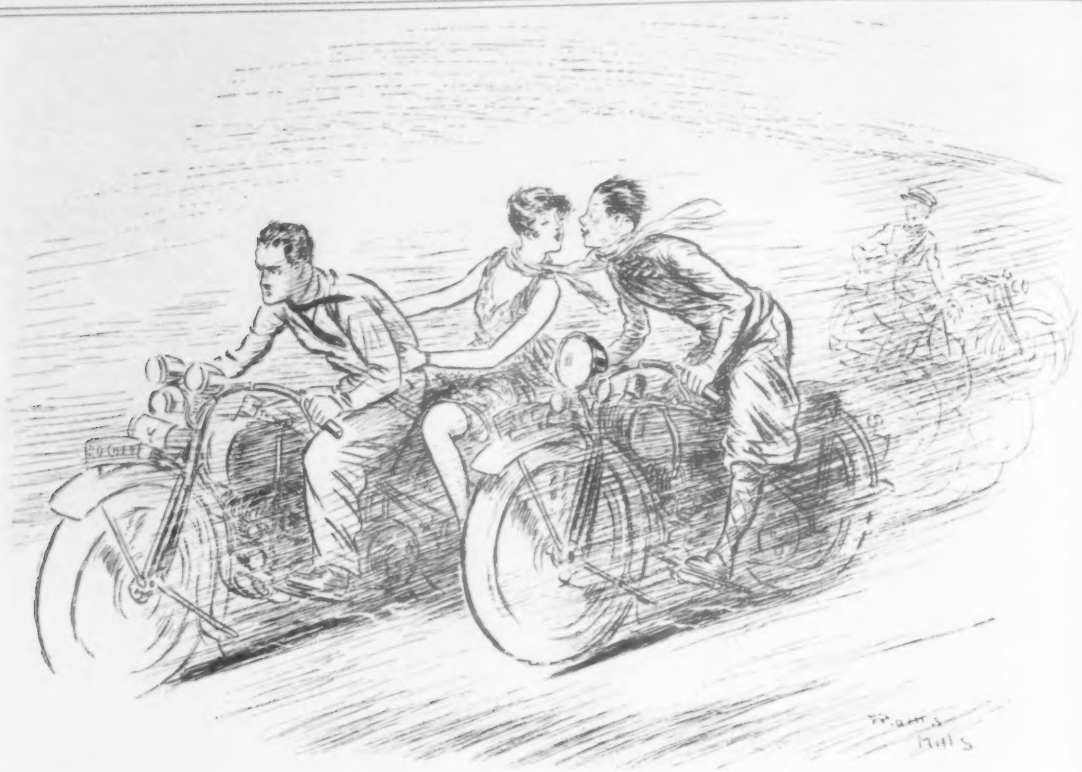
So, lost in thought, I bid my airy
Fantastic sprite confer
With Milton Prince and Peakirk Mary
And Walton Bandmaster;
If elsewhere in the nation's vitals
The worm of sorrow digs,
It's not reflected in the titles
Of her portentous pigs. EVOE.



AJAX ASKING FOR THE LIGHTNING.

THE PRIME MINISTER. "THE AIR 'S GETTING A BIT SULTRY. I COULD DO WITH A THUNDERSTORM."

[Though they escaped defeat in North Norfolk and in last Wednesday's division on the Finance Bill, the position of the Government, faced with the growing figures of unemployment and with other difficulties, is not too happy.]



THE FLIRT.

AFTERNOON AT LADY GAMLINGAY'S.

". . . I *have* enjoyed our little talk. And now I'm afraid I really must go and do my duty with the Committee. Oh, do you know Miss Packett? Mr. . . ." and Lady Gamlingay drifted away through her rose-garden, trailing clouds of amber chiffon as she went.

One tiny wrinkle broke the peculiar smoothness of Miss Packett's brow.

"I've seen you before," she said, "and I can't think where. It's so puzzling."

"Life is like that," I murmured; "one never quite knows. Have you ever been to West Hartlepool?"

"No."

"Vladivostok?"

"Never."

"Or Ponders End?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I don't know where it could have been. But it only goes to prove my contention that everyone over the age of eighteen should be forced to wear descriptive labels wherever they go. Like dog-collars. What a zest it would put into life, wouldn't it, guessing what people are and then checking them up by their labels!"

"Admirable," said Miss Packett dreamily; "and it would save so much manœuvring to find out people's ages. If the labels were accurate, of course. What would you think *he* is?" She pointed in an unmannerly way to an old gentleman further down the path.

I studied him carefully. He was the sort of man who called for deep reflection. Though dressed in a low key, his general mien spoke stridently of fat crops of wild oats which had been finally garnered within recent years.

"I should say he's one of Nature's privateers seeking respectable harbourage in the autumn of his life. But his nose is pretty alcoholic, isn't it? What do you make of him?"

"I say he's a brain-specialist with the rigidest ideas about drink, who's never been out of the country except to Cannes, which he loathed."

"You amaze me," I said, "and somehow you looked so perceptive. Will you bet on it?"

"How much?"

"A couple of Lady Gamlingay's ices and, if no one's looking, one of her fattest blooms."

"Done."

"Wait a moment while I go and ask that fellow over there. He knows all the gossip."

Miss Packett put a small hand on my arm.

"Don't bother," she said coolly; "let's go and have the ices straight-away. I ought to know best—he's my father. He's really rather a darling, and the first to admit that his complexion's a bit of a handicap."

It was one of those occasions when I felt it safer not to utter, for the hot blood of the Empire Crusaders runs in my veins, and when roused I find it difficult to curb the tongue.

She led the way unconcernedly through a little gate, across a lawn to where under a great elm-tree two long chairs lay invitingly in the shade. I wrested four ices from a bewildered maid and handed Miss P. a couple in a frosty way which I had hopes was not altogether lost on her.

"To think that not once but many times I have done battle for the modern girl, telling off her detractors in no mean terms," I remarked in injured tones to my plate. "There are times in a man's life when he has to revise his beliefs. I feel that one is at hand."

"Do you lie awake at night getting up your conversation, or does it just bubble up?" asked the brain-specialist's daughter with a show of interest.

"It's just the ices—and the congenial company."

"In that order?"

"In that order," I replied, and tilted my hat over my eyes.

All around in the gardens the other guests hummed like bees.

"It's funny," she said, "how a large quantity of ice doesn't leave its mark on your temperature. Do I look as apoplectic as I feel?"

I glanced critically at her under the brim of my hat.

"Even without allowing for the tropical conditions you look—I was going to say 'rather nice,' though I believe that's no longer thought to be a compliment by the women of our country. Still, it's true."

"Thank you," said Miss Packett; "I take it kindly. It's the first time a man's said that to me for ages. I'm usually told I'm just shattering or crashing or something rather combustible like that. I note with growing pleasure that you are not a modern young man."

"No, thank God!" I growled fiercely. "Have another ice?"

"There *is* some champagne, Miss," the maid said.

"No, thank you. I'd love another ice and some of those strawberries."

"You can't be quite as hard-boiled as I thought," I exclaimed, "to refuse drink on a day like this."

"Like my father," she answered primly, "I eschew the vine."

"I'd much rather you left your father out of it."

"Your delicacy does you credit," she said with a smile so radiant that I took my hat off to get a better view of it.

"What a funny business this party is!" she murmured. "Do you know what it's all about?"

"One of these Causes with no Effect," I explained, "which could only raise one's interest if, as I suggested, the combatants were all properly labelled. It's highly charitable, anyway. In return for our dollars Lady Gamlingay throws wide the doors of her garden and of her cellar. Very sweet too," I added, emptying my champagne ostentatiously over the grass. I remembered too late that a joke like that was lost on a Packett, and felt suddenly thirsty.

"Needless to say, I didn't pay. Did you?" she asked.

"Heavens, no! The people I'm staying with had to bribe me to get me here at all."

"How?"

"They promised me a special treat at dinner, but they wouldn't say what."

"It doesn't sound very businesslike to me. Dinner can be such a dull meal. Which reminds me that I've got to go out to-night to meet a man I've been threatened with for a long time. I'm sure not to like him."

"The dislike may be mutual," I suggested, "in which case it might be rather fun. Where's he staying?"

"Oh, miles from here, in the next county. You wouldn't know them; people called Spoffing."

I put on my hat again and tilted it low.

"Well," I said, "treat the poor devil kindly. At all events leave your father out of it."

"Oh, he's going too."

I groaned.

"And there he is, registering his exodus expression," she cried, jumping up. "You've been very sweet, really. In case we never meet again, tell me your name."

"You'll see it on my label at dinner," I said dramatically, and swept off my hat for the last time. ERIC.



Policeman (clearing the ground, to wonderfully-attired spectator). "'URRY UP, SIR, THE BELL'S GONE AND IT'S TIME YOU GOT YOUR PADS ON!"

Another Change in the Target at Bisley.

"BISLEY
ARMY CHAMPION SHOT
YOUNG OFFICER'S SUCCESS."
Daily Paper.

Blood Sports in the House.

"Having condemned the practice of stag-hunting on the floor of the House of Commons. . . ."—*Letter in "The Times."*

A Chum for A. Yorker.

"He hesitated and then ran, without Colling, for a doubtful run."—*Daily Paper.*

COLLING, even though a bit of a shriek, is usually worth waiting for.

MISLEADING CASES.

TYKE *v.* TYKE.

THIS unusual action was concluded in the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division to-day.

The President, giving judgment, said:

"This distressing case is a suit for restitution of conjugal rights by Charlotte Tyke, *née* Charlotte Watts. Mr. Edwin Tyke, the respondent, has already been tried and convicted at the Old Bailey for that he did bigamously contract a marriage with Eliza Perkins, he being already married to Charlotte Watts. Mr. Tyke has never denied that on the 15th April, 1914, he went through the form of marriage with Miss Watts, or that, on the 1st December, 1925, he married Miss Perkins. But he maintains that the former marriage is null and void according to law. The Judge and Jury, however, did not take that view, and Mr. Tyke has only recently emerged from prison. Not even his meditations in prison have inclined him to return to the unfortunate Charlotte; and she, with that feminine tenacity in the pursuit of an undesirable object which must always be a source of wonder to the wiser sex, has called upon the law to restore him to her.

"Now the evidence is that these two persons were married at St. Margaret's, Fish Street, by the Venerable Archdeacon Wagshott. It is not everybody who is married by an archdeacon, and it is a circumstance which might be expected to confirm rather than detract from the validity of a wedding. The church was prettily decorated with flowers; the choir (engaged by Mr. Tyke without thought of the cost) sang two or three appropriate hymns, and one, less appropriate perhaps, concerning the somewhat irregular alliance for which the Garden of Eden is famous. The Archdeacon delivered a brief homily to the happy pair; a great number of well-dressed and well-known people were present, and the reception took place at Susan, Lady Shapwit's house in Park Lane. Everything that ceremony, goodwill, champagne or money could do to bless and speed the nuptials of the happy pair appears to have been done; but there was one little flaw.

"The marriage, through some accident, was solemnised at ten minutes past three in the afternoon; and it is the law of England that a marriage shall not be solemnised after three P.M. This quaint unnecessary restriction is not found in any other civilised country; it does not apply in this country to the marriage of Jews or Roman Catholics, and it cannot therefore be said to have any deep religious or moral significance. Anyone who did say that would be making a great ass of himself. For the fact is, as anyone may learn who cares to study the Second Reading Debate on the Marriage (Hours of Solemnisation) Act, 1889, the thing is an historical accident, or rather a jumble of historical accidents, such as have often been responsible for insane but enduring contributions to our laws. Some trifle impels some law-making busybody to action; the busybody perishes, the trifle is forgotten, but the law remains; and later generations magnanimously invent a moral principle to account for it. The present piece of lunacy was founded on the dictum of a certain Home Secretary that 'in the north of England in the winter months it is generally dark before four P.M.,' and further 'that it is desirable that weddings should take place in the hours of daylight.' From which strange assertion the conclusion was drawn that all members of the Church in England, in all parts of England and Wales, at all seasons of the year, ought to be married before three o'clock in the afternoon.

"It is impossible at the present date to imagine a sensible defence for this unique piece of legislation. A man may lawfully be buried at any time of the day or night; yet on the face of it the burial after dark must be at least as liable to abuse as the wedding after dark. Further, the hours of daylight between 1 P.M. and 4 P.M., during which the majority of marriages are solemnised and celebrated, are those in which by common consent the vital spark is dimmest among men. They are, in short, the hours of the day least suitable to the celebration of the most vital of all ceremonies. Lord Mildew said in *Baxter* v. *The Grand Junction Canal Co.*: 'It is impossible to be really merry at half-past three in the afternoon.' And the psychologist or cynic may well connect this law with the atmosphere of depression and disillusionment which often surrounds our English weddings, and indeed with our declining marriage rate. Further, it must seem strange to any reverent mind that an ordained clergyman should be forbidden by law to give his blessing except between certain specified hours, as if he were a public-house. But of such are the laws of England, and, however lunatic, it is the law.

"The question is: What is its effect in the present case? After the reception the couple departed on what I understand is called a 'honeymoon' to the Continent. The difficulties and irritations of foreign travel, the fatigue and loss of temper which are attendant upon a hurried inspection of Italian picture-galleries and churches, had a not uncommon result: Mr. Tyke formed a strong distaste for his unfortunate wife. On their return to England they were waited upon by an emissary from the Bishop of the diocese, who, having heard of the irregularity of their union, was greatly distressed and desired them to be married again at the proper time of day. Mrs. Tyke was willing enough, but Mr. Tyke—than whom,



Curio-Hunter. "EXCUSE ME, BUT MAY I ASK WHERE YOU GOT THAT HAT?"

Artist. "I COULDN'T TELL YOU, OLD CHAP. AS A MATTER OF FACT I 'VE ALWAYS WORN IT."



Attendance Officer. "WHAT IS YOUR HUSBAND'S POSITION, MRS. HIGGS?"
Mrs. Higgs. "JUST ME 'USBAND."

surely, there can be no more unfeeling monster alive—Mr. Tyke refused. He regretted, he said, that through an error of judgment he had taken Charlotte to be the partner of his life, and since it appeared that he had done no such thing it would be an act of gratuitous folly to do it again. Providence had come to his aid, and to refuse the gifts of Providence was proverbially foolish. A personal entreaty by the Bishop had no better result; Edwin left Charlotte, and I have to say whether he should be ordered to return to her.

"I cannot discover that the question has ever been raised in a Court of Law. Counsel for Charlotte Tyke quoted the dictum of a Bishop that, while the officiating clergyman in such a case is subject to pains and penalties, the marriage itself is valid, on the ground, presumably, that the Divine grace cannot be subject to the fluctuations of Greenwich Time (as adjusted by the Summer Time Act). But Bishops, unfortunately, are not judges. And, on the other hand, we cannot ignore the action of the Bishop mentioned in the present case, who clearly was of opinion that the marriage was invalid; for, if it were valid, there was no point in the parties being married again. All that was necessary was to punish the Archdeacon. Nobody, it appears, has done this, nobody attaching sufficient importance to the nonsensical statute.

"Then there is the conviction for bigamy, which seems to imply that the first marriage was valid. But this, again, does not assist me much; for it is conceivable that the Assize Judge and Jury, having no special knowledge of the problems of matrimonial law, were wrong.

"What, in the simplest terms, is the position? A contract has been made unlawfully and I am asked to enforce it—and to enforce it by ordering what is called specific performance. Now there is no department of affairs in which our Courts are prepared to do that. A contract unlawfully made may have certain consequences. For example, the Court will punish an act of fraud which went to the making of it; and it must obviously refuse to assist either party to carry out an unlawful contract.

"Lord Mildew, in the case of *Wagg* v. *The Chief Constable of Ely*, has ably pointed out certain similarities between a gaming contract and a contract of marriage; and the same parallel is of assistance here. The Court will not enforce a gaming contract (lawful or not), whatever it may think of the party which repudiates it. It is a debt of honour. And Mr. Tyke has contracted a debt of honour which he refuses to pay. We can record our loathing of the man, but we can do no more. The petition is dismissed.

"Further, it is assumed by the Court that the reasonable man foresees and contemplates the natural and probable consequences of his own acts of folly; and the same assumption must charitably be made in considering the Acts of Parliament. It cannot be supposed that Parliament, when it says that such-and-such a contract shall not be made, intended to say that if that contract were made it should be valid and enforceable. It does not, for example, say that bank-note forgery is unlawful but that a forged bank-note shall be as good as a genuine one. Evidently it meant that if a man is not married before 3 P.M.

he is not married at all. Eliza Perkins, therefore, is Mr. Tyke's lawful wife and he was wrongfully convicted of bigamy. I shall recommend that he receive a free pardon for an offence which he never committed; and to those young persons who are anxious to marry but are uncertain of the durability of their affections I recommend that they arrange for the ceremony to take place at 3.15. They will thus enjoy all the romance and respectability of marriage and be able to escape from it without the scandal of divorce. Costs to Charlotte Watts. A. P. H.

THE NEW THEOLOGICAL ANGLE.

IT arose out of an unexpected encounter with gipsies in Grassy Lane. Eve has a deep-founded dread of gipsies (due to certain juvenile fiction), and when the caravan suddenly lurched round the bend she became panicky. Instead of running back, she hurriedly commanded John to kneel down behind a small bush, shut his eyes and ask for immediate assistance.

"Why John?" I asked gravely, when the matter was reported to me.

"Because I simply daren't take my eyes off the gipsies," she replied, "and you can't ask for things with your eyes open."

Thus John, cherubic of countenance, obedient, found himself thrust suddenly into a position of considerable responsibility with no very clear notions of procedure; small wonder that he did not quite rise to the occasion. "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful. Amen," he said earnestly and repeated it twice.

As a supplication in a moment of imminent peril, it certainly left something to be desired, and I commented mildly on this.

"It was all he could think of," explained Eve.

"Everything was so quick, you see," added John.

"Well, what happened?" I asked.

"Nothing — absolutely nothing." There was a shade of severity in Eve's tone which rather startled us.

"But what did you expect to happen, darling?" asked Irene.

"Well, we thought the caravan might have been made to disappear, like the walls of Jericho," she answered, wide-eyed.

"And an ice-cream stall come in its place," added John, who is inclined to mix high theology with a strict utilitarianism.

"We only thought of that coming home," explained Eve; "but we *did* expect *some* help."

"Things don't happen quite like that, you know, dear," murmured Irene.

"But here you are home again quite safe," I put in cheerily, "and no harm done."

Eve looked indignant. "There was a lot of harm done," she retorted; "my heart was beating like anything, and one of the gipsy children took our ball. Why didn't help come?"

"Well," I said, "we—we ask for things, you know, and we—er—don't always know whether they are good for us or not."

"It can't be good for your heart to beat like anything," she countered.

"Pooh!" I said.

But Eve was not to be poohed. "When I think of all the pocket-money I've put in my missionary-box," she continued, "it does seem——"

"Hush, dear!" broke in her mother, "you mustn't talk like that; it's very wrong indeed. Run off and get your tea now."

The situation was, however, rather serious, and Irene was much concerned. "Something must be done," she said, "to restore Eve's trustfulness; we can't leave things as they are."

"What do you suggest?" I asked.

"We must somehow get them to look at the affair from a new angle."

"New angles aren't easy," I said.

That evening I visited the children in the night-nursery and, after a little chat about courage and self-reliance and how these estimable qualities are fostered, I made them an offer. "You were in danger," I said, "or thought you were, and were left to get out of it as best you could. Try to think of some good reason for this — good reason, mind you, and come to me with it. If it is well thought out and sound there will probably be a nice little prize waiting for you."

Not a very brilliant effort, perhaps, but it seemed to me to offer possibilities.

It was on the next afternoon that the pair stood before us, charged obviously with great excitement. Eve, as usual, was spokesman.

"We've thought it out!" she said eagerly.

"Good," I answered.

"And we're very sorry for anything we said wrong."

"That's splendid, darling," put in Irene.

"We see now what God wanted us to do; He wanted us to escape very, very quickly."

"Well——" I murmured dubiously.

"Of course you said you couldn't quite afford it yet," she went on, "but if we had had them we could have escaped ever so quickly."

"I'm afraid I — er — don't quite follow you," I said.

"Well, you see, we think *God wants us both to have bicycles.*"

It rather took my breath away, but after a consultation with Irene and an examination of my banking account it turned out that they were right.

C. M.

LYRA LUNATICA.

"Beasticles, birdlings and boys."—*Lear.*

My interest in Nature
Is rather based, I feel,
On freaks of nomenclature
Than scientific zeal;
Let the Mendelians mingle
Their breeds, the names that jingle
And make my senses tingle
Far more to me appeal.

By injudicious blinking
Facts from our vision slip,
Only by furious thinking
Can we the causes grip
Why pigs are labelled guinea,
Why wrens are christened Jenny,
Why whinchats never whinny,
Or pipits catch the pip.

I do not think a gander
Should say "Moo!" to a moose,
Nor should a tope philander
With any sort of goose;
But I know not if a bustard
Ought to be fed on custard
And cooked with cream or mustard,
Or simply in its juice.

I sometimes wonder whether
The Kinkajous or Kinks
Indulge, in sultry weather,
In more than forty winks;
I wish that JONES, great BOBBY,
Would cultivate a hobby
For lobbing in his lobby
Golf-balls to bobolinks.

I sometimes like to ponder
Upon the proper mien
For coping with a condor
Couched on the nineteenth green;
Or else a capercaillie
Conversing in Old Bailey
About the works of PALEY
With our tremendous DEAN.

I cannot tell why muzzles
Are never worn by cats,
And whether cross-word puzzles
Are good for dandiprats;
Whether all days are palmy,
At Palm Beach and Miami;
But why am I called balmy
By rude and vulgar brats?

Though poor be my position,
Though dim my vital spark,
I cling to one ambition
That I may live to park
At sumptuous Gleneagles—
Where luxury inveigles
The HAGENS and the DIEGELS—
A pack of pure porbeagles,
For hunting of the Snark. C. L. G.



"AFTER LUNCH SMITH WAS UNPLAYABLE."—*Local Paper.*

THE DINING-CAR.

I SOMETIMES think I must be the most-talked-to-in-the-train-man in England. Advisedly I say talked-to, for I never begin conversations in trains. I am far too shy. And when the conversation begins I am always a mere listener.

Amongst the many curiosities of railway-travelling in England I count it not the least that it causes its devotees to desire me, and me only, as a confidant. In dining-cars this is especially true. I imagine that the waiter has been bribed to put me opposite one of these strong continuous speakers who give the lie to the notion that the English are a reserved and taciturn race.

The things that people have told me before I have spilt my first spoonful of soup! The diatribes on travel, on commerce, on sport that I have suffered whilst pouring my wine on to the table-cloth! The pent-up boredom which has found no relief until the slab of Gorgonzola cheese and the bowl of salad with which railway companies for some mysterious reason wind up a five-course dinner have been dropped with a thud on to the swaying cloth!

None of the people who talk to me in trains has ever had a bright thought or an original theory to impart to me. But sometimes, if their way of life has lain in different fields from mine, they have had experiences which were new to me, and for these at least I am thankful.

There was the man, for instance, who talked about bumble-bees—there was a bumble-bee in the train. I myself am not good at entomology. The bumble-bee, obeying the inscrutable designs of Providence, fell into my beer. The man then told me that the bumble-bee belonged to the genus *Bombus* and lived in the holes of shrews. He said that the bumble-bee worked harder than the ordinary bee; and that there was a kind of cuckoo-bee that came into the



"HOW OLD IS JOAN?"
"SHE WON'T TELL ME."
"AH, I *thought* SHE MUST BE ABOUT THAT AGE."

bumble-bee's nest, did no work at all, but lived on perfectly good terms with the bumble-bee, utilising its labour and toil. All this he told me, and a great deal more, while the train swayed from side to side and dashed through the scenery and I fished the bee out of my beer with a fork. It was quite drunk, and I gave it to the waiter to carry away.

Then there was the man who told me that he had a neurotic niece who was a great trouble to the family. One day, however, she took it into her head to make an aeroplane ascent, and this pleased her so much that she studied flying and obtained a pilot's certificate. Since then, he said, she had given herself up almost entirely to flying and her nerves were enormously improved. I have no niece at present, and I told him so; but I assured him that if I ever had one and she became neurotic I would encourage her parents to make her fly. He talked with as much *empressement* about his flying niece as the other man had done about the flying bumble-bee, and he seemed equally certain that the information he was giving me was helping me forward on life's road. I remember that he ate an enormous number of biscuits with his Gorgonzola cheese, and that he drank the railway claret, which I should have supposed was a rash thing to do.

Another man had returned from the Gold Coast, and gave me a minute description of all the kinds of food which he had eaten there. He was an engineer. I should like to have heard more about his engineering, and I imagine him building bridges of pure gold; but he preferred, for some reason or other, to think that the exact composition of the dishes that he had eaten on the West Coast of Africa would satisfy some dark hunger for knowledge lying deep in my soul. I have by this time forgotten entirely of what these messes were composed; but I recollect that this man also ate Gorgonzola cheese. It sometimes has seemed to me that a passion for Gorgonzola cheese, combined with the desire for helping others, is what leads people to travel on restaurant-trains.

One or two of those who have used me as a confessional have taken a cynical view of life. They have spoken of business deals which seemed to me to be a little on the shady side. They have taken pleasure in recounting accidents. Just as we were reaching Euston and when the body of the Gorgonzola at least had been entirely removed, I recollect a fellow-traveller saying brightly to me: "The last time I used this train I sat opposite a fellow who had taken a thousand-pound insurance-ticket for the journey. As we came into this station he tore it up and threw it out of the window. He got off while the train was still in motion, slipped on the platform (he was an oldish man) and broke his thigh."

This anecdote caused me to wait until the train had entirely stopped before I dismounted, although I had not taken any insurance-ticket. But it also filled me with so much pity for the changes and chances of this mortal life

that I forgot to take away my umbrella.

But politics are, of course, one of the principal spheres of activity of the train-talker. A solemn and, I thought, rather sternly-brooding man said to me quite suddenly last week, near Peterborough and just before the fish, "RAMSAY MACDONALD and LLOYD GEORGE must be fairly angry with themselves by this time that they didn't take up Protection."

The fish came and I took up my fork.

"Oh, yes," I said. Then, as an afterthought, I murmured that perhaps even now it was not too late.

He told me that he thought they had missed their market, and said also that duties on foreign food would save England, because all the farmers would grow wheat.

I looked at the scenery and said I was glad.

"Would you tax Canadian wheat?" I asked him.

"Not at first," he said, "but afterwards." He then bitterly attacked Mr. BALDWIN. He told me also that Free Trade had ruined Ireland, and I said I supposed that this was true. He also said that every Government we put in and paid for kept bringing in Socialist measures which we had to pay for as well. He said that in his part of the world, which I gathered was in the remote North, nearly everybody was on the dole, and that they spent all their time dog-racing. He then said that what we needed was a Dictator. I agreed again, asking him who the Dictator ought to be. He named a name. It was Lord ROTHERMERE'S. After that he recommended to me the wine which he himself was drinking, which was of a fizzy kind, though not champagne.

"But French?" I queried.

"Yes," he said. "I've travelled a great deal in France. And I'll tell you another good wine. It's called Ho Soturn. H-a-u-t, Ho; S-a-u-t-e-r-n-e, Soturn. You can get that almost everywhere."

I said that I would try it some day. This dialogue, with embroideries which I do not relate, took us right into the charlotte russe and beyond Biggleswade. I snatch it as a jewel from the envious grasp of Time, for I do not nowadays travel very often by train. I waited with some curiosity to observe the reaction of Gorgonzola cheese and salad upon my new-found friend. It was unerring. He took a great deal of both.

EVOE.

"U.S. TARIFF BILL HITCH."
Daily Paper.

The correct retort would seem to be a crushing embargo on BABE RUTH.



Incarcerated Pickpocket (counting his gains). "STRUTH! THEY DON'T PAY THESE WARDERS MUCH."

Mr. Punch At Home.

The New *Punch* Offices will be open for inspection, and an Exhibition of original drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER will be on view, until July 25. Admission will be by Invitation Card, which has been sent as a matter of course to those who subscribe direct to the *Punch* Offices and all other subscribers whose names and addresses are there recorded. Invitations will be gladly sent to other readers, if they will apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

New England.

"Miss —— has all along been determined to have a typically English wedding. She has brought over several of her friends from America to act as bridesmaids at St. Margaret's, Westminster."—*Daily Paper.*

". . . we have witnessed a curious controversy between Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook on the one hand, and Mr. Baldwin and the official Conservative hierarchy on the other, about Empire Free Trade. They are travelling to the same gaol along different roads."—*Exeter Paper.*

Lord ROTHERMERE will no doubt insist on Mr. BALDWIN'S submitting to his lordship his choice of prison-cells.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE INTERVIEW.

ONCE there was a clerk called William Socket who was rather lazy and rather impudent, and he thought a good deal of himself though they didn't think so much of him at Messrs. Spinner and Flute's where he was employed.

Well one day William Socket read in his newspaper that it was easy enough to get clerks for a hundred pounds a year but it wasn't so easy to get people for ten thousand pounds a year. And he thought to himself well I don't see any difficulty about it, I should be quite ready to apply for a job like that if I knew where to apply to, and I dare say others would too. And he wrote to the newspaper and asked them about it, but they didn't answer his letter.

Well he was annoyed at that, and as he was rather impudent he thought he would go and call on the editor of the newspaper. So the next time he was sent out about a consignment he went there, and he said to the porter at the door is the editor of this newspaper at home? And he said well perhaps he is and perhaps he isn't, what do you want with him?

Well he thought of saying what has that got to do with you? but then he thought well if I say that he will stop me seeing the editor, so he said what a lot of medals you have got, I should think you must be very brave to win all those, I suppose that one is the Victoria Cross?

Well the porter was flattered at that, and it wasn't the Victoria Cross but he didn't want to explain what it was, so he said I haven't time to talk about that now but if you want to see the editor you can write your name on that piece of paper and what your business is and I will have it sent up to him.

So he wrote on the piece of paper William Socket business private, and the porter called to a boy who had only just left school and said to him take this gentleman up in the lift and ask if the editor will see him. And as they were going up in the lift William Socket said to the boy what is the editor like? And the boy said well he takes after his mother. And he said do they train you to be impudent in this office? And the boy said yes, Herbert, mind the step.

Then the boy showed him into a small room with a table and two chairs in it and said wait here, Clarence, and make yourself comfortable, and went away. And William Socket would have liked to box his ears, but thought he had better not because of what the editor might say.

Well he waited for about half an hour in the room and began to wonder what Messrs. Spinner and Flute would do without him, and he had nothing to do but sit on both the chairs and on the table and he began to get very annoyed. And just as he was beginning to think that he really must be getting back a nice-looking young lady came into the room with the piece of paper he had written on in her hand and she said are you Mr. William Socket? and he said he was. And she said you want to see the editor, and he said well I did want to see him about something important, but I think I shall go to another editor now, as this newspaper doesn't seem to know how to behave. First of all you don't answer my letter, then when I come myself I get insulted all round, and am left for half an hour in this room with hardly any furniture in it, and am not even offered some refreshment. But it will be your loss and not mine.

Well the young lady was the editor's secretary, and it was her fault he had been kept waiting for so long, because when the piece of paper was brought to her she was reading a love-letter, as she had only just got engaged to be married, and just then the editor rang the handbell on his desk for her, and she put the love-letter under the blotting-paper and seized hold of her shorthand book and rushed into the editor's room, and the piece of paper with William Socket's name on it blew off the table on to the floor. And she was some time with the editor and when she came back she wanted to read the love-letter again and she forgot all about William Socket until she saw the piece of paper on the floor.

Well she couldn't very well tell him all this, and she was rather sorry for him because he wasn't the gentleman she was engaged to, so she said well the editor has been very busy deciding what this newspaper is going to say next, and it often happens that people are kept waiting like that and we are very sorry for it but it can't be helped, could you tell me what your business is?



"'WAIT HERE, CLARENCE.'"

Well William Socket was rather softened because she had spoken nicely to him, and she was a great improvement on Mr. Spinner's private secretary who was at least forty and often ticked him off for being lazy. But he didn't want to tell her his business, as he wasn't quite certain what it was by this time, so he said no, miss, it is for the editor's private ear.

And she smiled at him and said which ear? because he has two, and one of them is rather deaf.

Well when she smiled at him like that and made a joke William Socket quite fell in love with her, because she was really very pretty, and as she was in love herself she was looking happy which is always such an improvement to anybody's looks. And he said to her if you will come out to lunch with me at an A.B.C. shop I will tell you what my business is.

Well she was quite offended at that, especially as she was going out to lunch with the young gentleman she was engaged to at a much grander place than an A.B.C. shop, and she frowned and said certainly not, come with me.

So she took him into the editor's room which was rather like the lounge in a large hotel but with less furniture in it, and the editor was sitting at a table at the other end of it, and he said to William Socket well young man what can I do for you?

And William Socket said I wrote to you a few days ago *re* a job worth ten

thousand pounds a year, and you didn't answer my letter, and now I have come to ask you about it because it is just the sort of job I should like.

And the editor said well I am afraid it is filled up, but I could offer you one worth twenty thousand pounds a year if that would do.

And William Socket was pleased at that and he said oh yes, what is it?

And the editor said well we are thinking of having a new Prime Minister. All you would have to do would be to promise to obey this newspaper and we will see that you are elected.

So then William Socket knew that he was only laughing at him, and he was so offended that he walked straight out of the building and went back to Messrs. Spinner and Flute's. And when he got there Mr. Spinner's private secretary ticked him off for staying out for so long, and she said that the next time it happened he would get the sack. A. M.

New Terrors for our Arterial Roads.

"Two Careful Guns Wanted.—Excellent shooting 40 miles main road, N. London. Many partridges and pheasants, all driven."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

We do hope they'll be driven carefully.

PERSONAL DIARY.

I.—WRITER APPLE'S MORNING.

9.30 A.M.—Writer Apple decides he'll work under the pear-tree at the far end of the paddock because it's right away from the house and he won't be disturbed.

9.31–9.45.—Collecting paper, fountain-pen, deck-chair, cushions, pipe and tobacco and answering wife's questions.

9.50.—Reaches edge of paddock under heavy load and finds that grass is long and soaked with dew. With Napoleonic forethought Writer Apple decides to go back right now for whatever it is he has forgotten and not just after getting through all that wet grass.

9.50–9.55.—Checking-up on belongings. Finds it's matches.

9.55–10.15.—Usual fuss over obtaining matches. Writer Apple wonders why it is women get that way about matches. A fellow can snaffle a pint of salad-oil to use on the springs of his car without much comment, but if he asks for more than one box of matches a week from the store-room he invariably starts something. There could hardly be more fuss if he lit his pipe with pound-notes from the housekeeping purse. Apple is certain there must be an answer to "What *does* happen to all the matches you have?" which will satisfy the feminine mind, but he hasn't found it yet. "I use them" is considered merely frivolous.

10.20.—Apple starts portage across paddock and drops cushion half-way.

10.21–10.24.—Trying to pick up cushion under full load. Drops another.

10.25.—Lets them lie.

10.26.—Reaches pear-tree and starts to set up deck-chair.

10.32.—Deck-chair up.

10.32½.—Deck-chair down.

10.40.—Deck-chair up again. Goes back through wet grass for dropped cushions.

10.40–10.44.—Wringing out cushions and setting out to dry.

10.45.—Wondering whether to change wet socks.

10.46.—Sits.

10.46½.—Deck-chair down.

10.50.—Deck-chair up. Tests under inanimate load and finds it stays up. Sits.

10.51.—Starts to light pipe. Sudden gale springs up from four points of compass.



Overheard at the Zoo. "LUMME, BERT—LOOK! WHAT'S THEM BIRDS WIV OSTRICH FEVVERS?"



Scandalised Etonian. "MOTHER, I TOLD YOU JOAN WAS TOO YOUNG TO BRING HERE. DID YOU HEAR WHAT SHE SAID? SHE JUST TOLD SIMPSON THAT THE PART SHE LIKED BEST WAS THE '*DINNER*' INTERVAL."

10.55.—Still lighting pipe. Has new answer to what *does* happen to all the matches.

10.58.—Pipe alight. Gale suddenly dies down.

10.59.—Unscrews fountain-pen. Gets sheet of paper on knee. Gale suddenly springs up again. So does paper.

11.0–11.5.—Extracting paper from hedge. Extracting thorn from fingers.

11.5–11.20.—Composing and writing out title to snappy article.

11.21–11.25.—Deleting title and trying to think of better one.

11.26.—Arrival of first green caterpillar by express thread from seventeenth floor of pear-tree.

11.27.—Deletes caterpillar.

11.28.—Fountain-pen develops temperament under hot sun and begins to gush over paper.

11.29.—Paper blows away again. Fountain-pen continues to gush over Apple.

11.30.—Goes back to house for paper-clips, sheet of heavy cardboard and blotting-paper. Also to get pencil.

11.35–11.45.—Involved in discussion with wife as to why car is knocking on hills. On ultimately getting petulant, is told that if he wants to be undisturbed he shouldn't come in obviously looking for conversation.

11.47.—Returns to pear-tree.

11.51.—Clips down paper to cardboard and starts to write.

11.52.—Throws away fountain-pen and uses blotting-paper.

11.53.—Throws away blotting-paper and uses pencil.

11.54.—Breaks off to conduct search in long grass for mislaid fountain-pen. Traces it by apparent spring of ink under deck-chair.

11.55.—Removing ink from fingers. Wondering how it is that a small fountain-pen which runs dry all too frequently when asked to write can yet produce so much ink when acting on its own initiative.

11.58–12.1 P.M.—Writes.

12.2—Arrival of second green caterpillar with large brown head and astonished expression.

12.3.—Abolition of caterpillar.

12.4.—Wife calls out he'd better come and get hat as sun is very hot.

12.5.—Calls back he doesn't need to wear hat because under pear-tree.

12.6.—Arrival of three green caterpillars in hair. Decides he *does* need to wear hat because under pear-tree.

12.7.—Goes back for hat.

12.10–12.20.—Writing.

12.20.—Wife calls is he busy, she wants to ask question.

12.21.—Calls, Yes, he is busy.

12.22.—Wife asks question.

12.23–12.25.—Answering question.

12.25–12.30.—Answering two supplementaries.

12.30–12.33.—Wiping spectacles to get rid of black speck in front of eyes.

12.33–12.35.—Discovers black speck is something swinging at end of a web from pear-tree. Decides pear-trees are over-populated.

12.35.—Pipe out. Matches lost, tobacco mislaid.

12.35 – 12.45. — Intensive search. Sole discovery, more loose ink. Muses on giving up out-door smoking as a hobby. Considers it more of a full-time profession.

12.45.—Hat by now being overcrowded with minor forms of creation, they simultaneously begin to let themselves down by ropes from brim in search of undeveloped real estate.

12.45–12.55.—Entomology.

12.55–12.56.—Writing.

12.56.—Wife interrupts. Apple asks angrily what is it now, can't he get a minute's peace to start work? Is told to come in to lunch. A. A.

Salad Days.

"Our only hope of salvation lies in a complete onion."—*Story in Boys' Paper.*



THE BONNIE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMBARD.

LORD BEAVERBROOK (*sings*). "I KNOW SOME BANKS WHERE THE HIGH TIDE FLOWS. . . ."
MR. BALDWIN. "I'M NOT SURE THAT THIS SONG ISN'T GOING TO REACH MY HEART."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 7th.—The Questions of Mr. DAY, though frequent and painful and free, like the observations of *Bill Nye* on the *Heathen Chinee*, do not often cause a ripple of interest on the fair face of things. Members did look a bit surprised, however, to-day, when, in answer to Mr. DAY's suggestion that the MINISTER should make every effort to see that orders for railway material for the Indian State Railways were placed in this country, Mr. BENN replied rather coldly that the High Commissioner "has power to purchase where he thinks fit and without pressure being brought to bear on him by the India Office."

This seems to be one of those cases where the distinction between actual pressure and, let us say, mental suggestion could be usefully maintained.

Sir ALFRED KNOX wished to know how many aerial blows the Haji of TURANGZAI had received. Mr. BENN could not say. The HAJI had retired, it seemed, but whether the final inspiration had come from above it was quite impossible to say.

"I have been in consultation with fishermen for four hours to-day," said Mr. ADDISON, answering a question as to the possibility of including fishermen in the unemployment insurance scheme. It did not appear, however, that the fishermen, after toiling for four hours, had secured anything.

At the instance of Colonel MOORE suspicious Conservative Members transferred their attentions from the high seas to Regent's Park. What did Mr. LANSBURY propose to do with the Botanic Gardens' site in 1932, when the lease falls in?

Mr. LANSBURY, modestly aware that, though his public spirit may go marching on, his beneficent suzerainty of our demi-Paradises may by 1932 have passed temporarily into less avuncular hands, replied that the ground would be devoted to "some purpose for the benefit of the public."

It also fell to Mr. LANSBURY to explain that he personally had not made away with the iron gates that formerly adorned the entrance to Regent's Park, but that a predecessor had ordered their removal during the War.

The explanation was really superfluous. The FIRST COMMISSIONER has the courage but not the thews of a Samson. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON may have both, but it is a sense of mathematical precision that controls his every act. He, too, repudiates the charge of removing landmarks, and is anxious that old milestones disturbed in the course of road-widening operations shall be replaced as near their original site as possible.

Some of your imaginative Ministers of Transport would not hesitate to replace them a quarter of a mile or so further on.

The Finance Bill found Mr. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON anxiously waiting to urge that the incomes of husbands and wives should be taxed separately and not jointly. By thus taxing lawfully-wedded couples at a higher rate than an unmarried pair, the CHANCELLOR, he suggested, was casting a blight on respectability. Mr. GRAHAM replied without much enthusiasm that to do as Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON suggested would cast upon the CHANCELLOR the blight of having to find eight million pounds or so elsewhere. Moreover the substantial income-tax allowance in respect of his wife which the husband now received was a solid proof of the regard which the Treasury has for the married state.

All this talk about the married state was too much for Mr. MARJORIBANKS, who is a bachelor and can see these things from a viewpoint of elevated detachment. Mr. MARJORIBANKS pro-



Battering-Ram. "INTO THE BREACH, MY FRIENDS!"
Dissentients. "THERE AIN'T GOING TO BE NO BREACH JUST YET!"
Battering-Ram. "WELL, WELL, PERHAPS IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN WHAT TO DO WITH IT."
MR. LLOYD GEORGE, *MR. IAN MACPHERSON*, SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, MR. HORE-BELISHA, SIR JOHN SIMON, MR. RUNCIMAN, *MR. LAMBERT*, SIR DONALD MACLEAN (*actual supporters in italics*).

fessed some sympathy with Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON's Amendment and propounded a neat problem to the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE. If he, Mr. MARJORIBANKS, were to marry a highly salaried actress, he pointed out, and she betook herself to the United States and earned a still more formidable salary there, the Treasury could come down on him, the poor husband, and levy on his slender substance for the income-tax his wealthy wife forgot or declined to pay. Was not that a glaring injustice?

It was, and it was also such a gross distortion of the normalities of the married state that Mr. MORRIS retorted by suggesting that the only way to collect the £8,000,000 which the Treasury would lose by adopting the Amendment would be to clap a tax on bachelors. The proposal, he added in conclusion, was a hardy annual that commended itself to all parties—when they were in Opposition. Mr. RAMSBOTHAM, severely practical, said that the fact of its being a hardy annual commended the proposal rather than otherwise, and observed that at the present time a married couple each earning £500 a year paid together £95 10*s.*, instead of the £64 5*s.* they would pay if neither of them had uttered the fateful "I will."

The House agreed with Mr. ALBERY that the proposal, though generally favoured, was not practical politics at that stage of the Finance Bill and passed on to vegetable turpentine.

Tuesday, July 8th.—The little British army continues to grow beautifully less, largely owing, as the SECRETARY FOR WAR explained to Sir A. KNOX, to the fact that the physique of the would-be British soldier involves his rejection at the rate of rather more than fifty per cent. A suggestion by Mr. THURTLE that the decline in recruiting was due to "more enlightened views now prevailing in regard to war" excited cynical derision, and a request by Lieut.-Col. HENEAGE that Mr. SHAW should conduct a personal recruiting campaign did not excite that gentleman's enthusiasm.

Yet it was a good suggestion. Mr. SHAW's enlightened views on war might cramp his style a bit, but Mr. SHAW as an advertisement of the advantages of a robust physique leaves nothing to be desired.

After Mr. HORE-BELISHA by a skilful Question had extracted from the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTER OF HEALTH the admission that while, as compared with the previous twelve months, houses built by private enterprise had gone up from approximately 114,000 to 140,000, houses built by local authorities in the same period had only increased from 55,723 to 61,850, the House settled down to discuss Housing Bill No. 2 as amended in Committee. Mr. GREENWOOD introduced a clause calling on local authorities to have due regard for buildings of historic, artistic or architectural interest. A step in the right direction, said Sir KINGSLEY WOOD. True, agreed Mr. HARRIS, so long as the clause was not used to prevent any steps being taken at all.

After a lively debate, in which the MINISTER found himself enjoying very little support, Mr. GREENWOOD accepted in principle the Amendment moved by Mr. JOWETT, one of his own supporters, providing that the dimensions of houses built for rehousing



PISCES.

A STAR TURN BY DR. ADDISON.

should not fall below the standards laid down in the Housing Acts of 1923.

The relative merits of gas and electricity were raised by Mr. WOMERSLEY, who moved an Amendment forbidding local authorities from restricting their tenants to any particular form of light, heat or energy. Mr. GREENWOOD, calling it a Gas Company's Amendment, resisted it with heat and energy, though not, according to Mr. WOMERSLEY, with light.

After some further Amendments had been accepted or, as the case might be, rejected, the Bill, "a timid and half-hearted measure," according to Mr. E. D. SIMON, and a Bill that "opened up a new era in housing," according to Miss LAWRENCE, was read a third time.

Wednesday, July 9th.—Lord O'HAGAN called attention to the high assessment of playing-fields. Lord MARLEY was sympathetic, but thought the difficulty should be met in some other way than by lowering the assessments, as to which the uniformity sought by the Rating and Valuation Act, 1925, should be preserved.

Content with this philanthropic gesture their Lordships gave the cause of liberty a miss to the extent of turning down Lord BANBURY's Amendment and giving the Barbers' Shops (Sunday Closing) Bill a Second Reading by 34 votes to 3. There is no truth in the suggestion that several of Lord BANBURY's supporters were alienated at the last moment by the discovery that the arch-massacrer of innocents has his hat ironed on Sundays.

Sir J. WITHERS introduced a Bill requiring solicitors to keep their clients' money in the bank instead of at present stuffing it under a loose board in the senior partner's room or giving it to the office-boy to put in his money-box. Mr. BEN TURNER, whose Father Christmas-like appearance conceals a like passion for filling people's stockings with presents that somebody else has paid for, introduced a Bill to "restore to the nation all lands, rivers, minerals, streams and tributaries." Whether the present proprietors are to be compensated was not stated, but Mr. BEN TURNER does not look like a man who would take anything away from anybody and not pay for it with somebody else's money.

On further consideration of the Finance Bill, Dr. BURGIN moved the Liberal Amendment to relieve from income-tax all profits spent on the reconditioning or modernisation of plant or machinery. Mr. SNOWDEN derided the suggestion, which he said would cost thirty million pounds. Where, he scoffed, was the crisis which this Liberal motion was so freely rumoured to be about to project? There was no crisis, said Mr. SNOWDEN comfortably, waving a hand towards the relatively empty Conservative benches that on the previous Division had yielded up a paltry 156 votes.

It was a blanched and shaken Mr. SNOWDEN that a few minutes later watched a hefty reserve army of Tories emerge and swarm into the Lobby. For a moment the crisis seemed to have arrived, but once more the divided counsels of the Liberals saved the Government's bacon—by a majority of three (later corrected to two)!

It was a chastened Government that invited the House to consider the Lords' reasons for insisting on some of their Amendments to the Coal Bill. There was no talk of a crisis, but the House voted to stand pat on its determination to reject the alternative ninety-hour fortnight.



HISTORICAL EXAMPLE OF TACTLESSNESS.

A RETURNED TRAVELLER PRESENTS THE LAST SURVIVING DODO TO QUEEN ANNE.

GIVE THANKS WHERE THANKS ARE DUE.

[Suggested as a hymn of thanksgiving on reviewing, a month or so after their inauguration, the developments in the West London Parks (notably bathing in the Serpentine, sandpits, paddle-boat ponds and cinder-tracks), designed for the benefit of a small minority of London's citizens.]

RESTRICTION'S knot is undone!
The Grundys are o'erthrown!
The citizens of London
Have entered on their own;
See, to the Hyde Park waters
Across the silvan swathe
Approach her sons and daughters,
Or some of them, to bathe.

From first-floor-flats and attics
And basements they emerge;
Community aquatics
Provide the latest "urge";
By bus and bike-cum-pillion
Parkward they swarm to dip;
There is a new pavilion
To screen them while they strip.

What radiant group of toddlers
In yonder pit of sand
As spade and bucket modellers
Of mountains tries its hand?
Dig on! Scoop out your craters,
Pile on the mountain crest,
And let your harassed maters,
Shorn of their litters, rest.

What party long continues
To circle yonder track
With bravely stiffening sinews
And lungs that scorn to crack?
How beautifully cindered
The route! And note that they
Devour the laps unhindered
By trees that bar the way.

Observe the infant Beatties,
Adventurous (and cool),
Whose well-assorted fleet is
Afloat on yonder pool—
Destroyers, sloops and clippers
Entirely manned (or girled)
By proud and paddling nippers
Of London's nursery world.

Ye valiant sailors, you who
Conceal your tear-stained eyes
And stifle sobs of boo-hoo
When battleships capsize;
Ye bathers, gallant cockneys
Who scruple not to bare
Your bandy legs and knock-knees
To those that love to stare;

Who think the charged few coppers
Well worth it for the sake
Of sampling belly-floppers
On London's famous lake;
Ye shovellers (and pailers)
Of sand, and, lastly, you,
The cinder-track prevailers—
Give thanks where thanks are due!

When in your Western spaces
At even you have ceased
These licensed joys, your faces
Uplift toward the East
In thanks for all that ye owe
To Bow and Bromley, E.,
For making LANSBURY, GEO.,
GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P. C. B.

THE STORY OF A FRAGRANT LIFE.

THERE is no more to tell of Anastasia than will fill a few short lines. I feel myself in some sort responsible for her early decline, and therefore I should like to bear this testimony to her unfailing sweetness.

Anastasia was as fresh and sweet as a newly-opened rosebud when she came into my service to help me in my handiwork. Daily she served her thoughtless ungrateful mistress and life became the fairer for her ministrations.

Brute that I was! How could I fail to see that as she served me uncomplainingly Anastasia began to lose weight, that the smooth rounded curves of her body dwindled until she became almost emaciated, a mere shadow of herself? Was it I who had wrought this change? What could I do? Could I never restore her pristine plumpness, her firm sweetness, her fragrance?

To-day she is but a wraith, scarcely able to fulfil her duties, fading away before my eyes, so frail that at any moment. . . .

Gosh! She's gone down the plug-hole! Mary, Mary, get me another cake of soap.

AT THE PICTURES.

THE KING'S PUDDING AND MAD WAGGERY.

IT is to be hoped that when *One Family*, Mr. WALTER CREIGHTON'S new British film which has just been given a start at the Palace, is put into regular programmes it will be more attractively set than it was last week. At the



Professor (*Mr. ROBERT WOOLSEY*). "THERE'S A GOOD DEAL OF HAND-SLAPPING IN THE PICTURES NOW."

Fannie (*Miss JOBYNA HOWLAND*). "SURE. IN THE TALKIES WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING WITH A NOISE. THEY'LL SOON BE LOOKING FOR A GIRL WHO CAN OGLE WITH A CLICK."

Palace its chances were prejudiced by the dreariest preliminaries I ever endured. The time-table promised it for 5.30; it began at 6.40, nothing being said in the advertisements as to what was to come first. We started with the Guards' Band in a medley of national airs; then some movietone news; then a comic British talkie in which a number of tippling farmers were pre-eminently boring; then an old "Mickey Mouse"; then a Zoo film which seemed to go on for ever; then the Right Hon. J. H. THOMAS at his dullest, introducing *One Family*; then an interval of a quarter-of-an-hour; then the Guards' Band again and some ladies in fancy-dress, who said nothing and were not introduced, but silently faded away. Audiences accustomed to cinema theatres must not be asked to be as patient as this, unless on the principle that those who patronise British films will ever, ever, ever be slaves.

When *One Family* at last arrived it was found to be ingenious and patriotic rather than exciting, with, I think, the least epigrammatic dialogue I ever heard. The idea is sound—to illustrate as vividly as possible the assembling of a Christmas plum-pudding for the KING. A small and intelligent boy, DOUGLAS BEAUMONT, by means of a dream, is enabled to take a position of authority in Buckingham Palace and superintend this culinary operation. Coal being needed for the fire, he goes to a coal-mine; a similar need for raisins sends him to Australia; for orange-peel, to South Africa; for a Scotch loaf, to Scotland; for a Welsh loaf, which I never knew was a necessary ingredient, to Wales; while for eggs he thinks it his duty (incited by the intense and dulcet tones of Lady LAVERY) to visit in person the Irish Free State, although England is notoriously full of them. His companion in these enterprises is a London policeman transformed to a Court functionary, played with a not unnatural want of enthusiasm by Mr. SAM LIVESEY; while the Dominions were found to be represented by the hitherto unexplained ladies, comprising Lady KEEBLE, who used to be LILLAH MACCARTHY, as Canada, Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY (Australia), the Baroness RAVENSDALE (New Zealand), the Countess of CARLISLE (South Africa), and (India) Miss DADABHOY.

I am sorry not to be able to commend



Anita (*Miss DOROTHY LEE*) *to Sparrow* (*Mr. BERT WHEELER*). "DARLING, SHOULD THERE BE ANY CORES WITH THE APPLES OF LOVE?"

One Family with more cordiality, because I am sure that such things are worth doing; but I can look upon it only as a step in the right direction, not as an accomplished movement.

Anyone who likes irresponsibility on the stage is bound to welcome *The Cuckoos*, the new Ideal film, for seldom can there have been so much comic nonsense in one evening as the two comedians, BERT WHEELER and ROBERT WOOLSEY, provide. "Mad waggery" the programme calls it. I don't think they are quite so funny as the MARX BROTHERS, but very nearly. The residuum naturally suffers, for if there is complete irresponsibility in two of the principal characters in a play the others are bound to lose conviction. The result is of course that nothing matters in the least, and we are bored



Julius (*Mr. MITCHELL LEWIS*). "DON'T YOU TALK AT ME. AFTER ALL, YOU'RE ONLY A VILLAIN—I'M *THE MENACE!*"

when BERT WHEELER and ROBERT WOOLSEY, particularly ROBERT WOOLSEY, are absent. Next to them in attraction I should put little Miss DOROTHY LEE, and after her there is no one to hold us; neither the Baron, who plots so clumsily to carry off the heroine; nor the Gipsy King, who helps him so clumsily in this project; nor the Gipsy Queen, who sings us to death; nor the hero, who arrives and leaves in his aeroplane at the right moments; nor Miss JOBYNA HOWLAND, who is a good actress wasted here.

Vast sums of money have been spent on *The Cuckoos*, which contains ballets in colour and all the costly accessories of this kind of show; but only the "mad waggery" tells.

Even more people than usual (if that is possible) seem to have been concerned in its production; but their strange names, with the mixture of familiarity and foreignness that belongs to those who are connected with the film industry, passed on the screen too quickly for me to note them. At the end of the programme, however, I found a line which might be called at once an echo and a summary of all those lost announcements: "Miss ENA BAGA at the Wurlitzer," the Wurlitzer being, not a hotel, as the uninstructed might suppose, but a musical contrivance. There

you have movie nomenclature and terminology in one: "Miss ENA BAGA at the Wurlitzer."

Cinema programmes are, by the way, very odd things, and sometimes, as at the Plaza, for example, you are given them, and sometimes, as at the Palace and at the Tivoli, where I saw *The Cuckoos*, you have to pay sixpence. It is true that there is much reading matter in addition; but one must take it home to arrive at it, for there is no light to read by. But the chief reason why cinema programmes can be so curious is their reticence. The programme of *The Cuckoos* omits from the cast the names of both the hero and the heroine. E. V. L.

A CURSE

designed to fall upon the head of a gentleman in a scarlet sports-car who ignored my signal to slow down and so caused my mare to shy and slip up on the road.

BECAUSE he laughs when Judy shies
Before his devastating blare,
I shall not merely damn his eyes
And so defile the April air
(Already it has been defiled enough
By things that chug and puff).

No, all I ask the Fates is this:
Let troubles fall upon his car
Till a mere breakdown shall be bliss;
And follow him, pursue him far
With ragged punctures and with sooty plugs
Till he no longer chugs.

May every bottle gravitate,
As pins to magnets, to his tyres;
Where'er he goes may he be late;
Tangle and muddle up the wires
Within his switch-box, so that all his lights
Go out on moonless nights!

May he be cursed in every part
That helps his beastly car to go
Till it can neither stop nor start;
And wreck in turn his dynamo,
His axle, bearings, carburetter, mag.
And so avenge my nag!

Curse him at slow and rapid speed,
In jets and steering-rods and fan;
And lastly smash his oiling-feed,
Until the miserable man
Chokes with his own exhaust-fumes!
And may I
Be there to watch him die!

A Great Length Bowler.

"Human bowled a few overs from the practice ground."
Report of University Match in Evening Paper.

Our Ambiguous Appeals.

"PLEASE HELP OUR NURSES HOME."
Hospital Poster.



Sympathetic Helpmeet. "WELL, DEAR, DID YOU HIT ANY GOOD BOGEYS TO-DAY?"

THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT is said to have suggested that, in the case of unknown or little-known novelists, biographical details should be furnished upon the jackets of their novels.

I am all for the struggling under-dog, but I foresee that the printed *résumés* of the careers of these writers will be apt to lack that richness of material, incident and achievement that is available in the case of the celebrated. Mr. BENNETT, of course, stands upon a lofty peak, and recently he has secured the true deathless touch by figuring on cigarette-cards. I drew his life-story out of my last packet. Here it is:—

"PERSONALITIES OF TO-DAY.
No. 9.

ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT was born in 1867 . . . early training was for the law . . . forsaken in 1893 for journalism . . . became editor in 1900 . . . this position he resigned to devote himself exclusively to writing books . . . his fine novel . . . the ever popular play."

Now this is very spacious and grand and massive. He "forsook" the law, and I hear a gnashing of teeth in the Courts as all the legal lights bade farewell to one who would have climbed to eminence.

He "became" an editor. No marks or signs of a struggle here. He just looked once, selected, and sank into the editorial chair he fancied most.

Even this he "resigned." No firing or sounds of shooting out of the office. No six months' notice or scanning of the Help Wanted columns in the daily papers. There was, I suspect, a directors' extraordinary meeting, at



Young Lady (*drifting downstream*). "NICE THING TO HAPPEN, MY FIRST TIME IN A PUNT!"
Partner. "FOR THAT MATTER YOU'VE BEEN IN A PUNT LONGER THAN I HAVE."

which pressure—ending in an engraved silver clock—was brought to bear upon him to remain.

All fruitless; and, huskily muttering, "There goes one of the best men in Fleet Street," the directors, blowing their noses with manly trumpetings of bluff emotion, filed out.

So he wrote novels and plays. And the hands were the hands of ENOCH. And here too he prospered, and ended on a cigarette-card, which, sneer as you will, is in England the final test of fame, being a distinction commonly reserved for cricketers, footballers and dirt-track racers.

But the others? What of the lowly novelists about whom there is as yet nothing to say? Presumably their publishers will jump at Mr. BENNETT'S kindly idea; so I am awaiting such future book-jackets as the following:—

WE TWO A-MAYING.

By PAMELA BAGLEY.

Pamela Bagley was born in Ealing, June, 1903. "Laura" was first selected as her Christian name, but this was subsequently changed to "Pamela" as being more suited to a literary career. Educated at Miss Cotton's, Lime Avenue, Ealing, Pamela Bagley early displayed an aptitude for composition, carrying away the prize offered for that subject in the summer of 1918 with an essay on "My Dog," a subject treated with remarkable insight, sympathy and humour which later were to be perceived in her first novel. Nor was this all; for in 1919 we find verses from the pen of this very young writer in the pages of *The Common Round*, an ecclesiastical organ issued by the Vicar of St. Barabbas; and the versatility of her range roves felicitously from "To a Snowdrop" and "Whene'er I See a Mother's Face" to "Tennis Is Icumen In!" Her collected poems (under the title *Petals*) were privately published in 1920, and copies are now very rare. In *We Two A-Maying* Miss Bagley draws upon the rich stores of her imagination in depicting the life of the conscience-stricken Duchess of Mingleton in Mayfair, and the little vignettes of life and love in Outer London are charmingly done.

GALLING STONES.

By STEPHEN LADBROKE GROVES.

Stephen James Henry Ladbroke Groves is the son of the Secretary to the Hammersmith Lodge of Affiliated and Brotherly Bullocks, from whom no doubt he inherits his accurate mind and economy of method. Intended by his parents for the Church, he took instead a secretarial training at the Chancery Lane branch of Cook's Commercial College, obtaining in 1910 a certificate for Speed (Intermediate) in Shorthand. The winning of a competition organised by a sporting paper, in which entrants were invited to describe the points of the Hammersmith team in an essay of five hundred words, was the deciding factor in Mr. Groves' career; and, abandoning the profession of a City man, he soon became reporter to *The West London Chronicle*, where he captured a large public by his sporting articles under the pen-names of "Ananias" and "Captain Kidd." In 1912 he was appointed sub-editor of *The South London Mercury*, in which journal his first sporting feuilleton, *Bar One*, was published. Later it was issued in book form with the title, *They're Off!* In *Galling Stones* Mr. Groves makes a novel departure, striking new ground with a grimly realistic picture of life in the army during the still-remembered Great War. This thought-provoking work derives its title from the famous lines—

"The feet of many a hero trodden flat
By galling stones of unrewarded strife."

Certainly it marks a great advance upon his previous work. RACHEL.

"ENTRIES FOR THE ROYAL SHOW.
MANY DEAD COWS."
Daily Paper.

We intend to enter our Red Poll the moment she shows signs of psittacosis.

"OUR BEST TEAM YET.
But Robins May be Missed in the Deep Field."—*Headlines in Evening Paper.*

A very difficult feat for a man who isn't playing.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SWAN" (ST. JAMES'S).

THE best fairy tales are those written for children which only children believe. For when they say the Princess is as cold as ice, as good as gold and lovelier than a dream—why, so she is. This fable of the *Swan Princess* who condescends to the family tutor in order to awaken a sleeping Prince is traditional enough; but, since it is written for grown-ups, adult incredulity has to be mollified by conscious arts and sophisticated devices.

Mr. FERENC MOLNAR, the dramatist who tells the story, keeps it cleverly within the royal circle, whose members have little in common with one another save a royal sense of duty and old dynastic pride. The *Princess Beatrice*, granddaughter of a Queen, dreams day and night of recovering for the family such a throne as that of which NAPOLEON dispossessed them, and has trained her daughter, the *Princess Alexandra*, to fill it when it comes. All her hopes now centre on her nephew, *Prince Albert*, himself an heir-apparent, whose grand tour of the Courts of Europe in search of a wife has brought him on a five-days' visit to her castle.

Already three of those fateful days have passed, and the visit looks like ending as it began—with empty because too general compliments. No wonder Her Highness fumes! No wonder her household dithers, or that when the carefully-laid plan that *Alexandra* shall take him round the garden is evaded by the *Prince* in favour of seeing the cows milked by vacuum she decides, as other mothers before her have decided, to set a sprat to catch a sturgeon.

This desperate scheme, this playing-off of the tutor against the *Prince*, with *Alexandra's* dutiful connivance, looks like working perfectly. None of the conspirators, however, reckoned on that glass of old Tokay which, gulped at the State banquet, so suddenly turned the rapt young tutor into a raging resentful man. We who had watched with interest the laying of the table by as cosmopolitan a troop of mercenaries as ever served under a foreign flag may have had our doubts. For, while the outward deportment of the young *Princess* was perfect, pity for the tutor caused strange tremors in her breast. As for the tutor—*in vino veritas*, and truth is catching.

Sensing these unfamiliar pangs beneath her snowy plumage and rather liking them, the *Swan Princess* drank too and became for one brief but devastating hour a woman. Having by sheer



THE TUTOR TAKES A LESSON IN LOVE.

Dr. Nicholas Agi . . . MR. COLIN CLIVE.
Alexandra . . . . . MISS EDNA BEST.

force of misery and old Tokay established a rhetorical monopoly of the conversation at the banquet, the tutor gave his rival the *Prince* two Rolands for every Oliver. And as the mutual potion worked the *Princess* first supported him with words and then, when the banquet had broken up in most unroyal confusion, she gave him a kiss.



A BROTHERLY FATHER.

Father Hyacinth . . MR. C. V. FRANCE.
Princess Beatrice (his sister) . . . . . MISS HENRIETTA WATSON.

So far as I remember, this was the only kiss that could be called a kiss given in the play. Those formal brushings of graciously extended royal fingers—even those familiar salutes exchanged by the royal mothers when the Third Act had brought the *Prince* to proposal's point—were merely so many commas in a royal proclamation. And with its bestowal were dashed not only the tutor's hopes of Paradise but the *Princess's* of romance.

The astronomical conversation, which was shop to the tutor but caviar to the *Princess* (who so far asserted her rank as to declare she had no idea the Milky Way was so dry), and whose happy similes of stars in the ascendant and planets in conjunction had masked so much tutorial emotion, was ended by that kiss. And next morning every star, actual and figurative, was dim.

But we, who had looked forward to seeing Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, shared in the compensatory fillip her arrival gave the play. The *Princess Dominica* was a royal rattle, and most bewitchingly Miss VANBRUGH's eyes sparkled beneath the feathers of her hat. The extinction of the stars spelt the extinction of the tutor and the ascendancy of the *Prince*. And so, strictly in the order of precedence, to breakfast. The royal alliance was secure.

In returning thanks for the pleasure the play afforded us due regard must be paid to the difficulties as well as the talents of the actors. Miss HENRIETTA WATSON left us in no doubt that the equipment of the *Princess-Mother* included a firm sense of comedy and the technique to express it. Miss EDNA BEST concealed the limitations the *rôle* of the *Swan* imposed upon her native and charming warmth of heart, and wore her mind upon her sleeve instead. Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL delightfully exposed the *Sauerkraut* enthusiasms of *Prince Albert*; Mr. C. V. FRANCE as *Father Hyacinth* (*né Prince Karl*) was admirably discreet with the oleographic romanticism of *Alexandra's* Franciscan uncle, and Mr. COLIN CLIVE's tutor evoked a double sympathy—for his trials as a lover and for his heroic endeavour to play upon a Life Guards' orchestra a part written for a shepherd's pipe.

The moral, pointed by Miss VANBRUGH as *Alexandra's* future mother-in-law, put the case for Princesses ornithologically. Swans are royal birds, it

said, who should never leave the bosom of the lake on which they float serene; for, if they come ashore, the waddle common to both species is likely to mislead the vulgar into voting them geese. In a true fairy-story that moral would have been both pertinent and implicit. Here it summed up those adult arts and devices which, in this translation and presentation at any rate, are the outstanding features of Mr. MOLNAR'S dynastic comedy. H.

In aid of the Ashridge Endowment Fund, MILTON'S masque of *Comus*, written for the First Earl of BRIDGEWATER, owner of Ashridge, will be played, with the original music of HENRY LAWES, in the gardens of Ashridge, on Friday and Saturday, July 18th and 19th, at 3.0 and 9.15 P.M. Tickets, from 8/6 to 2/4, tax included, may be obtained from Captain H. GORDON, Secretary of the Ashridge Players, Ashridge, Berkhamsted; from Messrs. KEITH PROWSE, 159, New Bond Street, W.1, or any of their branches; and from Messrs. ASTON AND MITCHELL, 12, Mayfair, W.

Ashridge is about twenty-nine miles by road from London. Refreshments may be obtained in the grounds.

THAT CLOCK.

I SHOULD hate it to be thought that I am not, in common with every other British citizen, proud of the record of Big Ben as revealed in the recent report. On only twenty-one days out of two hundred and eighty-eight did its error reach more than one second. Admirable, and my congratulations are yours, Ben.

At the same time, or approximately the same time, in the chorus of acclamations notice should not be lost of the equally interesting record of That Clock.

That Clock is the clock which hangs, or until recently hung, in my hall. It was purchased two months ago to replace a family timepiece which my son undertook to mend. Part of the latter's interior—not my son's—got mixed up with various wireless components, others strayed into the bicycle-shed, one of the hands got trodden on and the case of the clock was sent to a jumble-sale.

That Clock, though purchased at our local jeweller's, was made by the Compagnie Générale de Synchronisation, 14 (bis) Rue Migalle (9e), Paris, and, Empire Free Trade or not, one cannot do much better than that. Like Big Ben it is a pendulum-clock and strikes the hours. It is wound up by a key which ought to be kept in the case of the clock, but is usually to be found either in the cloak-room or in the waistcoat-pocket of the suit I wore yesterday.

For its first week (April 7-13th) it frankly did not keep astronomical time, but its error was fairly constant. It lost 18½, 16, 19¼ and 15 minutes on successive days, and here, as I told my household, one could strike an average and regulate accordingly. I regulated accordingly and on succeeding days it lost 33, 47 and 51 minutes. This was annoying until I discovered that I had misunderstood the meaning of the letters R and A on the gadget which alters the length of the pendulum. I had with my knowledge of French conceived them to mean *Rapide* and *Arrêter*, instead of *Retarder* and *Avancer*.

Changing my tactics, I therefore gave some hectic turns to the little wheel, and during the next week That Clock gained 1 hour, 1 hour 19 minutes, 2 hours 2 minutes and so on per diem. I reversed my procedure and was extraordinarily successful. For two days it and the church clock, when the wind was in the right direction, synchronised admirably. I told everyone to set their watches and the maids their alarm-clock by it. They did so, especially the maids, and we had breakfast at the most extraordinary hours, from 7.30 A.M. to 10.15 A.M., and once actually at 4.25 A.M. What had happened I do not know. We did not try to catch any particular train up to Town. We just stood on the platform and waited for the next one.

Life became exciting. Everybody got into the habit, when passing through the hall, of giving a half-turn or a turn to the regulator. The results appeared to bear no relation to the cause.

Last Monday it fell from its nail on the wall and, though its time-keeping is no worse than before, we have decided to send it to the White Elephant sale at the Vicarage next week.

With it I am enclosing a card with a formula on it, which I have found to give approximately accurate results. It is as follows:—

$$S = \sqrt{f^3 - \frac{a+b}{7} - \cos.\theta}$$

where S is the Correct Time;
f is the time as shown by That Clock;
a is the time on the sundial in the rose-garden;
b is the time by the Parish Church clock;
θ is the angle through which the gardener has moved the sundial when mowing the lawn.

Fairly simple, I think.

"DRUNKENNESS IN DRYMEN."
Scots Paper.

Victims doubtless of the smell of a cork.

TO A CUCKOO AT MASHOBRA

(*Which the Bard heard, having to Go Down next day*).

UNDER the deodars the day was still
Save for the rickshaw-coolies' footsteps drumming;
Sudden across the hill,
Boltlike from out the blue,
Intruded you,
Shouting with all your old and wonted will,
"Ho, summer, summer, summer is a-coming:
Cuckoo, cuckoo!"

Prophetic bird, need you have been at pains
To tell *me* that, who on the very morrow
Must seek the infernal plains
Where, judging by the Press,
Summertide's stress
Is special, where, until the relieving rains,
Tedium and temperatures and strife and sorrow
Shall grow no less?

Say, was it decent to remind a bloke
Taking his last cool airing round Mashobra
Of how the days will stoke?
Say, was it kind or fair
To show him there
A sweltering station full of sunstruck folk,
A house given over to scorpion, spider, cobra,
Dust and despair?

It wasn't; let's admit the thing. But, now
You've done it, let's project the mental vision
Ahead and let's allow
Hot weathers have an end.
Should Fate befriend,
We'll meet next springtime where your merry row,
Your jocund shout, no more a damned derision,
Safely may send

Its message down some blossoming English vale,
Blue sky above and April clouds a-tumble,
Rooks revelling on the gale,
Lambs leaping in the fold;
Across the wold,
"Cuckoo!" you'll cry; "hail, summer! summer, hail!". . . .
And then of course this bard will go and grumble
Because he's cold. H. B.

The Royal Box-Kite.

"The famous German airship, Graf Zeppelin, visited England on Saturday. She flew over in the royal box."—*Scots Paper.*



THE MAN WHO SAID "DO YOU DO TEAS?" AT THE RECTORY.



USEFUL REMARKS.

Dog Expert (to complete stranger). "STAND STILL, GUV'NOR! RUNNIN' ONLY EXCITES 'EM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THANKS to the critical self-effacement of her biographers, Messrs. B. SPARKES and S. T. MOORE, you can make almost anything you like of the lamentable comedy which is the life of America's richest woman. You can read the history of *Hetty Green* (HEINEMANN, 10/6) for its picturesqueness or its squalor; as a succession of triumphant campaigns by a financial genius or as a series of moral capitulations by an unfortunate monomaniac. Its curtain rises on the New Bedford immortalised in *Moby Dick*, a whaling port of whose oligarchy of tight-fisted ruthless Quaker owners HETTY ROBINSON was the most notable heiress. As a child she read the financial news to her father and grandfather; as a *débutante* she invested her pin-money and intrigued with passion for predominance in her relatives' wills. Finally, under a cloud connected with the probate authorities and a charge of forgery, she married the millionaire EDWARD HENRY GREEN and sailed for Europe. The couple returned seven years later; but Mr. GREEN was subsequently eliminated for financial incapacity and his wife concentrated on her own deals and those of her son. She was by no means the worst of mothers, for she would spend herself where she would not spend money. Yet I feel the most useful lesson we can learn from her life to-day is the skill by which she evaded the massed tax-collectors of her native country. She ultimately left between thirteen and twenty million pounds, and her career is only paralleled on its acquisitive side by her contemporary VANDERBILTS, GOULDS and ASTORS. Her parsimony was her own, and unique.

Collingridge (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) being the first novel by Miss P. WHITEHOUSE to come my way, I am bound to admit that its *pointilliste* method took me some time to assimilate. I also found the narrator's trick of sheltering her own omniscience behind the limited vision of her characters, and then popping out again when you least expect her, a disquieting feature in romantic fiction. But as soon as the story began to gain upon the style—which it did, to their mutual advantage, about a third of the way through the book—I settled down to enjoyment; and, though I still think Miss WHITEHOUSE'S work too elaborately simplified for lucidity, I admit its originality and, in the long run, its charm. *Collingridge*, moreover, has an original and glamorous setting. Its hero is hired by a mysterious firm of London fruit-importers to represent them in the Azores, and arrives to find his predecessor half-witted and the islands seething with conspiracy. This conspiracy, vaguely affiliated to Royalist activities in Lisbon, has for its pivot a wealthy widow with three beautiful daughters. *Madame Villa France* has reached the age when passion can be transmuted into the lust for power but is apt to revert at a touch into its original element. Her success with her more pliant victims, her daughters *Consuelo* and *Carlota*, is convincingly indicated. Her failure to overcome her third daughter, *Pilar*, and the Royalist conspirator who is *Pilar's* platonic lover, leads, a thought less persuasively but with

much picturesque and thrilling circumstance, to an inevitably tragic end.

Walter, the blacksmith, honest and slow,
Has *Nancy*, the milkmaid, well in tow,
When suddenly up turns *Gipsy Mike*,
The sort of man that the wenches like.

With his burning eyes that pierce you through,
And lips that whisper and kiss you too,
What can she do, struck all of a heap?
Nancy follows him like a sheep.

This in brief is the framework which
PHILIPPA POWYS contrives to enrich
With a wonderful wealth of hows and whys,
Chiefly observed through *Nancy's* eyes.

A sad little tale of a rustic flame
That springs into life too soon, its name,
The Blackthorn Winter, appears to fit.
CONSTABLE asks six bob for it.

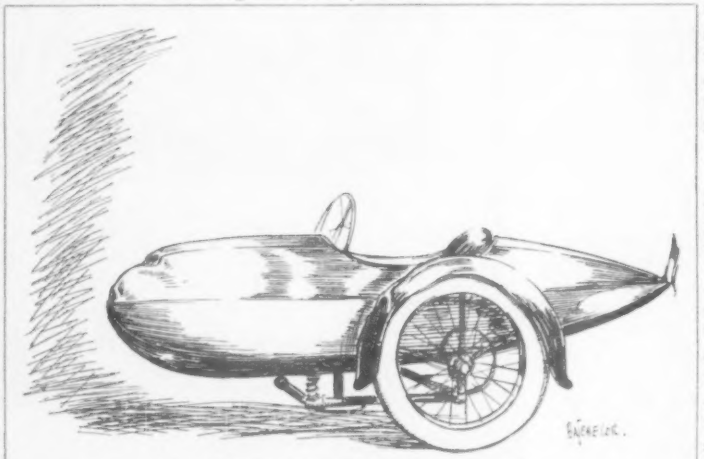
The team of contributors to the sixth volume of the Lonsdale Library, *The Game of Cricket* (SEELEY, SERVICE, 15/-), have been chosen with discretion. Their official name is "Many Authorities," and they include A. P. F. CHAPMAN in a gay and helpful chapter on fielding; P. G. H. FENDER, who writes on captaincy; D. R. JARDINE, as sound a scribe as he is a batsman; D. J. KNIGHT, whose experience as a coach of young cricketers makes his contribution extremely valuable; W. B. FRANKLIN, H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER, H. STRUDWICK, R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW and others. All of these well-known players of the world's greatest game have justified their selection as writers, and the result is an informing and instructive addition to the literature of cricket. One or two slips need correction in the next edition; ALLEN's initials are not "C. O.," but "G. O." and GEORGE HIRST will be surprised to see that more than once his initials are given as "G. W." The illustrations are more than excellent, but the index is very far from satisfactory. W. G. GRACE, as is right and proper, is mentioned several times in the book, but those who look for his name in the index will not find it, though (if this is any consolation to them) they will find "Boots, 24," "Concentration, 42," and "Worms, 238."

A spirit of revolt against the idiom of trans-Atlantic appreciation, applied with all that engaging breadth of expression associated with the subtle psychology of the picture-play, must not be allowed to limit one's admiration for a man decidedly greater than the biography he has evoked—*George Eastman* (CONSTABLE, 24/-). Through the familiarly strenuous years that a self-made millionaire must face, and through the long series of amalgamations, lawsuits and kaleidoscopic reflotations that mark his business career, one may trace the rise of any old Napoleon of finance with only a reasonable degree of envious impatience; but this is the story of a camera king who has not only paid for enlarging but has even, if one may say so, become more progressive after being securely fixed than he was in the developing. One may not consider that Mr. CARL W. ACKERMAN tells that story particularly well, and indeed his book gives a little the impression of an expanded trade-circular, but the man who can subscribe in his own name a mere three hundred thousand dollars or so to the cause of technical education, even while as an unknown "Mr. Smith" he is contributing many, many millions, is certainly worth hearing about. A simple recital of the glorious causes which Mr. EASTMAN has made his own must stir again the imagination of anyone who has ever been given to travelling in splendid millions; and it must never be forgotten how early and how generously he became an ally of this country in the War.



Publisher (to literary aspirant). "NOW I WANT YOU TO COMBINE THE HIGHBROW APPEAL TO THE LOWBROW AND THE LOWBROW APPEAL TO THE HIGHBROW."

In the *Life and Letters of Joseph Pennell* (BENN, 2 vols., 42/-), Mrs. PENNELL attempts no mere discreet emasculated portrait of her gifted, energetic and combative husband. The book is alive with the spirit of a dominating, indeed, aggressive, personality, a passionate enthusiast for the art and artists of his choice (he fought vehemently for WHISTLER, appreciated and helped young BEARDSLEY, and was one of the first to do full justice to the brilliant work of Mr. Punch's CHARLES KEENE), an indefatigable worker, a restless and perceptive traveller always in search of beauty, a shrewd salesman, a disinterested pleader of unpopular causes, a loyal friend, considerate employer and devoted husband, a savage critic and bonnie fighter, to whom all editors and critics and most publishers and painters were "fools." It is amusing to note in how many of his letters some individual or group is lashed with the first bitter phrase that comes handy. And his tongue was as active as his pen. His hard words about England, where he lived and worked for thirty-three years, are gentle compared with those he found to describe the America he returned to during the War. Biographies would be more interesting and serve their subjects better if they were written after this candid model. A real human being emerges, commanding our admiration, our sympathy, our frequent agreement—and disagreement — as he would have wished.



AN OBJECT OF REVERENCE IN 1990.
GRANNY'S OLD ARMCHAIR.

To get a hearing in these days it is well to specialise—to cultivate as background one's own little corner of the world—and Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG, taking a double chance, has now acquired something of a reputation as one who can write equally well of the wide open spaces of South Africa or the more homely and intimate scenes of Devon. In *Penny Rose* (JOHN LANE, 7/6), she loses no time in contrasting the two, opening her story with *Patrick Driscoll* returning home from his farm in the heart of the Karroo with the express purpose of finding a wife—Devonshire by preference—"with a skin like apple-blossom." The experienced reader cannot but feel that this is no way for a novelist's hero to set out on his quest, as though a wife were no more than a horse, a plough or any other farm accessory. When *Patrick's* old school-fellow takes him out for a run in his car the next morning and they happen to see *Penny Rose* looking over a briar hedge at them with her lovely violet eyes and a whirlwind wooing follows, taking the innocent country girl from her old life into so strange and unfamiliar a setting, some tragedy in the future is seen to be inevitable. To tell the truth, *Patrick Driscoll* is poor stuff, and *Penny Rose* herself (the *Penny* is short for *Penelope*) does not seem to make much effort to avoid catastrophe. The best part of the book, to my mind, is the picture of the farm at Luipaard's Vlei and its Dutch neighbours.

I owe so many friends in fiction to Baroness VON HUTTEN that when I opened her new book, *Swan House* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), I hoped to find myself once more in entertaining company, and was sorry to find that I could not admit her new characters beyond the bounds of acquaintanceship. The owner of Swan House is a *roué* and an embezzler. He has the right sort of smile and the right sort of temper for a debonair sinner. His ward is beautiful and charming, and his two sons, one a doctor and one a novelist, are as respectively noble and profligate as any novelist could make them. Then *Sheila*, who was once a governess in Swan House and who afterwards becomes the unmarried mother of *The Little Nipper*, is the best possible sample of wronged womanhood; she is poor, proud and alluring. The author shows all her old dexterity in the shuffling of her characters, who are paired and re-paired until at last they find suitable partners, and the problem of the *Nipper's* parentage is solved and everything comes as right as it had once been wrong. Yet in spite of all this I did not find everything quite right with the book; the profligate seemed a little draggled, the noble doctor rather tiresome. Perhaps the trouble is that Baroness VON HUTTEN has allowed her characters to be the servants of her plot. The machinery of her novel is too obvious, and the people in it fulfil their various functions so slickly and neatly that they have not the air of being people at all; they are just so many first-aids to fiction.

In *The Lady of Despair* (COLLINS, 7/6) Mr. FRANCIS D. GRIERSON has granted *Professor Wells* and *Inspector Sims* a deserved holiday, and in place of them has given us *Inspector Patras*, a detective whose methods are as sound as his nature is benevolent. The scene of the story is laid in Paris, and its victim is the *Vicomte de Caramie*, of whose murder the beautiful and rather mysterious *Madelon Marly* was suspected. At her dramatic trial she was defended by Maître *Paul Daburon*, her guardian and a famous advocate, and he produced such startling evidence that an acquittal was assured. But the stain of suspicion remained until the murderer was discovered. For once I was successful in guessing by whom the crime was committed, but it is not for me to say whether this unusual experience was due to any lack of subtlety on the part of Mr. GRIERSON. I can, however, assert that readers of this carefully-constructed story are given a fair chance to solve its problem, and that is by no means a common occurrence in the sensational fiction of to-day.

Bristol's Bubbling Amenities.

"Les 'Downs' offrent un spectacle épatant maintenant. On a de la chance à Bristol d'avoir la champagne presque au coeur de la cité."—*Article in Bristol Paper.*

Bristol doit être le Mecca de ceux qui courbent le coude.

"BLUE RIBAND OF THE PACIFIC.

There will lie at Southampton during the next few days the new steamship Empress of Japan, a veritable palace of a ship. . . . She has green bootlegging . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

She sounds hardly as temperate a craft as her riband would suggest.

CHARIVARIA.

COMPLAINT is made that domestic servants who go to bathe in the Serpentine at about 6 A.M. return quite limp for the rest of the day. It is anticipated that Mr. LANSBURY will give consideration to the idea of adding starch to the water.

***

A gossip-writer says he is going to the Isle of Wight for the races at Cowes. There is a consensus of opinion that the Isle of Wight is one of the best places for a good view of the regatta.

***

Various reasons are assigned for the presence in London of an unusually large number of visitors from the Dominions, but the view that commends itself to Empire Crusaders is that they are here for the express purpose of doing homage to Lord BEAVERBROOK.

***

A Hollywood movie actress says her marriages have been failures because she has not the knack of choosing the right man. Keen sympathy is felt for her by some of our Test Match critics.

***

Burglars have entered the Scharze Hut, eight thousand feet above Grindelwald, but as yet they have not applied for recognition of their achievement as a height record for burglary.

***

Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY put on a GANDHI hat in the House of Commons, but the general feeling was that it didn't become him any better than the one he usually talks through.

***

A Mill Hill resident complains that aeroplanes often fly so low over his garden that he can see the pilots' faces. He omits, however, to say what it is that he objects to in their faces.

***

Among imaginary adventures which prevent children from going to sleep quickly, a medical writer mentions visions of themselves catching enormous fish. A mother peeping in is apt to misunderstand the little one's outstretched arms.

***

The scheme to reform German spelling includes the abolition of capital letters for substantives, and orthographers of the old school are asking where this Communistic anti-Capital movement is to end.

***

A slight outbreak of fire at the Admiralty the other day was caused by a fused wire, and not, as was at first rumoured, by an over-heated sea-dog's opinion of the Naval Treaty.

***

In view of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S protest that he is not an amateur reviewer, we hasten to say that we have always been ready to believe that he was paid for his work.

***

Kensington charwomen have given a display of folk-dancing. Our own charwoman excels in the *Sacre de Printemps*.

***

The demand that the Free State Government should put a heavy duty on imported cosmetics is understood to be the outcome of a feeling that the cultivation of colleen complexions should be safeguarded.

***

A bank-manager says paper money swells in very hot weather. We can only hope that our overdraft is kept in a refrigerator.

***

When a bishop was married the other day to a lady whose father was a bishop, three bishops assisted at the ceremony; but some surprise was expressed that the happy pair did not leave the church under an archway of crooks.

***

A woman-writer observes that when a selfish child plays cricket he wants to bat all the time. Such youngsters should be made to realise that this is not the spirit which animates our Test Match teams.

With reference to the gift of a thousand pounds to DON BRADMAN a cricket statistician points out that there is no record of any other batsman having achieved four figures in one day.

***

In a sporting paragraph contemptuous reference is made to the bowls "rabbit." On the other hand, we deprecate the tendency to make the bowls "tiger" an object of fulsome hero-worship.

***

Attention is drawn to the growing fashion among brides of arriving punctually for their weddings. They have realised that unpunctuality wouldn't be tolerated in the Divorce Court.

***

Under the new regulations governing bullfights in Spain, boys of sixteen may appear in the ring provided they have their parents' consent to kill bulls. It is a distressing thought that any Spanish lad should want to kill bulls without his parents' permission.

***

The Greenwich Police Court magistrate the other day told a woman that she ought not to have hit her husband on the head with a saucepan. He did not say what the correct weapon is for this purpose.

***

A gossip-writer declares that the Bisley fortnight is not what it was. But surely it has never lasted more than two weeks!

***

A motorist has given a demonstration of stair-climbing in a small two-seater car. We don't think they should be allowed to wander about the bedrooms.

***

"Beer is the best drink for manual labourers," says a doctor. This raises the question, *Should the Public Know?*

***

Both sides in the Chinese civil war are said to be in financial straits, and it is anticipated that the last battles will shortly be announced.



"LOOK, DEAR—'CHEMIST'S SHOP OF LUCHON.'"
"OH, GEORGE, HOW QUICKLY YOU'VE PICKED UP YOUR FRENCH AGAIN!"

"Dynamic Story of a Matchless Love that Triumphed against a Woman's Burning Hats and the Bridgeless Gaps of Caste."
Cinema Advertisement in Indian Paper.

Lucky for the Love that it was Matchless, or it might have been charged with setting fire to the Woman's Hats.

DARE TO BE SMITH.

THE film world is an amazing place. There self-esteem appears to flourish like the young pineapple, if the names adopted by female leads are anything to go by. Undaunted by the possibility of growing older, they do not so much choose striking names for professional use as select a combination of words calculated to convey an irresistible impression of beauty and fascination. Roughly, they appear to fall into two groups.

(1) THE FRANKLY LAUDATORY.

Employed by *ingenues* who play sunbonnet parts and pout at hero: Cherry Ripe, Goldie Curle, Charm Gaye, Bonny Young, Winsome Light, April Allure, Aroma Sweet, Rose Dawn, Dewy Morn and Désirée Adorée.

(2) THE UTTERLY UNTRUE.

Employed by vamps only, *i.e.*, ladies in sequins and cigarette-holders.

It is apparently a minor religion in the film world that vamp actresses must never sound British or even American. The idea seems to be that, if you labour under this disability, you lack S.A. and It. And indeed, where so many Transatlantic names are apt to be unfortunate in themselves, the rule regulating vamps is superficially not without its points. The idea that good acting can overcome any surname has not yet come into its own. These ladies seem to feel that they cannot vamp successfully as Toomis, Wickes or Gommerie, and that, even given six tiger-skins and three Empire divans, nothing would come of it with names like those. So, taking counsel, the vamp contingent became Russians and Poles and even Spaniards, dividing themselves into two groups:—

(*a*) Those who elect to prefix an adopted Christian name to their adopted surname; and

(*b*) Those who rightly or wrongly consider that a Christian name is a confession of low professional standing, and that they can now afford to burst upon a susceptible public in a surname only.

These considerations are apt to give us:

(*a*) Sonia Bellicosa, Dagmar Tchernikoff, Lolita Lopez, Sacha Preobrajenska, Dolores della Prada and Concepcion Tortilla; and

(*b*) Rasputova, Donna, Cabana, Alexandreyvna and Quixota.

* * * * *

The odd thing about the screen world is that, while the female stars become more preposterous in their claims upon our admiration, the male stars and the men and women on the production side remain correspondingly modest. Heartily, simply, trustfully, they come to us in their baptismal names. The result is:—

SUPER-SCINTILLA PRODUCTIONS, LTD.

APRIL ALLURE
and
HIRAM P. BLIMP
in
WAY BACK HOME.
A Creekside Idyll.
Directed by
WOLF SCHNITZLER.
Story by
MACGINTY TOSHER.
Continuity by
CAPPER B. FLUNK.
Photographed by
RUD HINCKLE.

Thus too we find Goldie Curle directed by Herman Dusselfritz, story by Sarah Willins Splurge, photographed by Elder Dunce, while Concepcion Tortilla and Rasputova are in corresponding grips with Bellhop Bowler, Clara Emerson Troop and Earle J. Jellup.

How long the male stars and the production side will continue to be satisfied with names like Blimp and Jellup for public purposes remains to be seen. I cannot help feeling that hidden fires are smouldering in Hollywood and that before I pass over to the great What Next I shall see these groups combining in a crusade for their share of beauty. And this will probably give us Bud Breezy, Lover Darke, El Dorado, Narcisso, Manley Hart, Amor di Chaparro, Apollo Belvedere and Chiaroscuro Scenario; upon which, the female stars, shocked back to sanity, will realise at last that real distinction awaits her who dares to be Besecker, Boke, Tusker or Smith. It will be felt that she that is low need fear no fall, while Concepcion, Aroma and Co. may crash at any minute. RACHEL.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

O ENGLAND, Mother England, answer me, "What is wrong?"
For that is the crucial question—the burden of the song
Raised by the Sons of Carmel, who stand in a burning row
And their loud uplifted trumpets continually blow.

Can we trust the future of Empire, and with it that of mankind,
To the *fiats* of fallible umpires who are possibly colour-blind?
Can we trust the fortunes of England and all that we hold most dear
To a board of untitled selectors and not to Lord ROTHERMERE?

Has the time arrived for a further and drastic revision of rules
By the Board of Education for use in all of our schools?
Will they force us to brighten cricket and make it less tame and flat
By playing only with broomsticks or even the back of the bat?

These are some of the problems that rob strong men of their sleep,
Rousing acute emotions that lie for tears too deep,
That even interfere with their appetite for meals
And prompt them to utter daily most agonising squeals.

But Mr. Punch, who is normal, who loves our national game,
Yet fails to find in pastime our highest title to fame,
Refuses to see good reason for squeals or tears or sobs,
And counts on the world's surviving the booing of SUTCLIFFE and HOBBS.

Eton's Pro-Harrovians.

"Young Etonians buying their cornflower buttonholes on arriving for the match at Lord's to-day."—*Caption in Evening Paper.*

"Playgoers who are not conversant with the works of Congreve, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other dramatists of the period, will be interested to note just how daring were the themes and scripts of those remote days."—*East Anglian Paper.*

The period of the Restoration of ELIZABETH was certainly very loose.

"Sir Ernest Shepperson, Conservative M.P. for Leominster, speaking at Holmer:

I take off my hat to Lord Beaverbrook, the great leader of Empire Free Trade. I will put my back into it. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

As such a hat must presumably require special construction, we suppose that Sir ERNEST takes the opportunity to make certain of its acoustic properties.



A PAST MASTER OF BALANCE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "AND TO THINK THAT I ONCE BOASTED THAT I COULD HOLD THE BALANCE BETWEEN THE TWO OTHER PARTIES!"



Sun-bather (looking at watch). "MY DEAR, I'VE BEEN ASLEEP, AND I'M TWENTY MINUTES OVERDONE ON THE LEFT SIDE."

AN ACT TO THE PREJUDICE.

I WAS standing in my cabin, sadly inspecting the ruins of my newest batch of boiled shirts after the Fleet laundry had done its worst, when there entered Sub-Lieutenant Main-Derrick (known to his intimates as "Derrick, or Bottle by Bottle").

"Hullo, Sub!" I said, "what can I do for you?"

"What about having a spot of food in the gun-room to-night?"

I eyed him warily. "What's on?" I said.

"Oh, nothing special. Thought we might have some bridge or something."

"I'd love to if you'll guarantee to keep your young savages in order."

On the last two occasions when I had dined in the gun-room I had been violently propelled into the chest-flat at about 10 P.M., arriving with a loud thud upon the steel deck, a proceeding which I felt could not have enhanced my dignity in the eyes of the marine sentry.

"Oh, that'll be all right," he reassured me. "End of the month—no wine-bills left."

I looked at him coldly.

"Indeed!" I replied. "Then how do you propose to entertain me?"

"I've got enough for that," he said, "as long as you go easy."

"Right," said I; "I'll be there."

It turned out to be a singularly quiet evening, as promised by my host, and after a rubber or two I was just necking down my "night-cap" when I heard myself appealed to from a noisy bunch of snotties at the far-end of the Mess. Three or four of them came towards us.

"Will you witness this, Sir?" said one.

"What and why?"

"Well, Sir, Patch has been shooting a line again. He's offering to bet anyone two quid that he'll haul the Admiral's leg enough to be put under arrest *and* get away with it. Two of us have taken him up and we want a witness, otherwise he'll try to get out of it."

I looked at the young gentleman referred to—one of the wildest young blighters that I have ever been fated to serve with. His face wore as usual an expression of cherubic innocence. Misguided old ladies, ship-visiting, had been known to pat him on the head and offer him half-crowns, which he invariably accepted and misspent.

"You'd better not try that on, young fellow-me-lad," I said; "and what's more, of course, I won't have anything to do with the bet. I've forgotten it already."

I had served for long enough in the Flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Portleigh Grace to know that to try to haul his leg was about as safe as going into a lion's cage and removing its luncheon-basket. It had been well said of him that a hurt to his dignity was as serious a matter as a sore throat is for a giraffe.

I thought no more of the incident for several days, and in the meanwhile the Squadron in the course of its normal summer cruise anchored off a popular seaside resort in the North of England. Amusements were few save for those who found diversion in taking a "walk along the prom., prom., prom." Life on board was made hideous by hordes of alleged tax-payers having a good look at what they were pleased to consider their property and collecting souvenirs in the process.

There was, however, a quite passable golf-course in the neighbourhood, and thither I repaired one afternoon in company with another rabbit of my own class. When I got down to the pier to catch the dinner-boat off to the ship, amongst the waiting crowd I spotted young Patch, looking even dirtier and more disreputable than he usually did in his shore-going clothes. My opponent having elected to dine on shore, I was encumbered with his bag of clubs as well as my own. I was

therefore grateful, if surprised, when Patch wandered up and offered to take one bag down into the boat. It was unlike the young demon to put himself out to help his seniors and I suppose I ought to have suspected something then. However, I surrendered the bag to him, merely telling him to put it in the right cabin.

When we arrived alongside the ship, I noticed the Admiral taking his usual evening constitutional on the quarter-deck. Very keen on seeing that his young officers took proper exercise, Sir Portleigh strolled towards the top of the gangway and bent his beetling brows on the snotties, who were then just coming aboard.

Patch came over the side, carrying my golf-bag. The Admiral's eye lighted on him and, "Well, my boy," he boomed, "been havin' a round of golf?"

Patch's heels clicked to attention and he removed his extremely shabby hat.

"No, Sir," came the clear reply; "I've been down a coal-mine."

For a moment the world seemed to stand still as the Admiral's face grew purple and congested at this flippant affront to his dignity.

Then—"Officer of the Watch!" he roared, "put this young officer under close arrest and tell the Flag Captain—"

I heard no more, having beat a hurried retreat towards my cabin, which, somehow, I felt to be healthier than the quarter-deck. Young Patch had certainly come home with the first part of his undertaking, but I had grave misgivings as to his fate.

I had just shifted for dinner when the sentry tapped on my door. "Captain would like to see you at once, Sir."

I doubled aft and entered the Captain's cabin. The Commander was with him and they both looked a little unhappy.

"Patch says he brought your golf-bag off in the seven-o'clock boat this evening," said the Captain. "Is that true?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, confound the boy! it's also perfectly true that he's been down a coal-mine this afternoon. He's got an uncle who owns one near here and he's shown me a letter inviting him to go there to-day. And—and—now *I've* got to go and tell the Admiral."

That night in the gun-room a pleasant evening was had by all, including the losers of the bet.

Mr. Cochran's Opportunity.

"More precious even than these successes were the letters written to me by the Principals of the Colleges. . . . One commented on the extraordinary allroundness of our girls. . . ."—*Girls' School Magazine.*



Earnest Politician. "AND WHAT, I ASK YOU, IS THE GREATEST MENACE TO ENGLAND'S FUTURE TO-DAY?"
A Voice. "BRADMAN!"

MISLEADING CASES.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Rex v. *Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson and Others.*

A NUMBER of well-dressed people were present in the dock to-day at Bow Street, charged with offences under the Motor-Car Acts.

The Stipendiary said: "This is a clear case. The prisoners have been summoned at the instance of a Mr. Haddock for obstructing the highway. Mr. Haddock has given his evidence clearly, in a tenor voice of exceptional sweetness and tone. He tells us that on the 15th of this month, at about 6 P.M., he was attempting to cross the Victoria Embankment on foot, being on his way to his place of duty in Fleet Street. His evidence is that for about five minutes he was unable to do so by reason of a constant stream—or rather two constant streams—of automobiles proceeding at high speed along the highway. He made several cautious attempts to cross, but in every case was driven back in some alarm to the pavement or the island-refuge. No driver, he tells us, reduced speed at the sight of him; a few only appeared to observe his anxiety to cross, and their response was to intimidate him with raucous sounds produced by some mechanical instrument. Weary-

ing at last of this, Mr. Haddock beguiled the time by noting in a book the numbers of thirty-seven of the motor-cars which passed him. And the owners or drivers of those thirty-seven motor-cars stand in the dock at this moment.

"Now the law is clear. Any man or woman who obstructs or impedes the lawful use of the highway by other citizens commits an offence and may be punished. Mr. Haddock, he tells us, is a member, indeed a Vice-President, of the Pedestrians' Association, and if he and his fellow-members were to congregate on the highway so as to interrupt the free passage of motor-cars for as much as two minutes they would without doubt be prosecuted and punished. The same law applies to motor-cars left stationary on the high-roads without good cause or excuse; and in principle I can perceive no distinction between motor-cars which are stationary and motor-cars which are in motion. A motor-car proceeding fast may be less obstructive to a motor-car behind it than if it were proceeding slowly; or it may be more, that is, if the motor-car behind is attempting to pass it. But it seems to be mathematically obvious that, in relation to a pedestrian who wishes to cross the road, the faster a motor-car proceeds the more obstructive it is; for every additional unit of speed reduces by so much both the area and the period of safety for the pedestrian. A motor-car going fast occupies more space, not less, than a motor-car going slow. And if anyone is disposed to contradict this assertion let him imagine a motor-car proceeding along the highway at an infinite speed, in which case it would be impossible for a pedestrian to cross the road at all.

"Theory, however, though interesting, is here unimportant. Obstruction in every case must be a question of fact. In this case there is no doubt that Mr. Haddock was obstructed and delayed for a period of about four minutes. It ought to be possible for any free citizen to cross the high-road in less than that time; and those who for any private end prevent him are punishable. There seems to be present in the minds of some of the defendants an idea that they have rights on the high-road prior or superior to those of Mr. Haddock. The idea, of course, is contrary to history, to social justice and to the Constitution; and, when challenged, the defendants energetically denied that they had ever entertained it. But the fact remains that whenever the question arises on the high-road: Shall A, the walker, or B, the motor-driver, pause in his progress or deviate from his course in order to avoid a collision? the assumption is invariably made by B that it shall, or will, be A who pauses, deviates or stops. And the defendants in cross-examination admitted that this assumption was operative in their minds when they saw Mr. Haddock hovering anxiously in the gutter; which is tantamount to saying that they have a better right to occupy the road than Mr. Haddock. For what reason? Because they are in control of vehicles possessing great mobility and power and Mr. Haddock is not. But what is the proper conclusion from that? That they are better able to keep out of the way, and therefore, so far from having greater rights, they have greater responsibilities.

"The rule of the road at sea—if I may illuminate the subject with a rather sparkling digression—the rule of the road at sea provides a striking and instructive parallel. It is the rule at sea that a steam-vessel shall, at her peril, keep out of the way of weaker vessels—that is to say, of sailing-ships or oared boats. The principle of that is the principle adumbrated above: that the steamer, having the greater power and being able to proceed rapidly at will in any desired direction, is the better equipped for the avoidance of collisions. The greater the power the greater the duty; not, as the defendants seem to say, the greater the power the greater the rights. The steam-vessel is not too proud to alter her course or reduce her speed in order to avoid a sailing-vessel. Nor are those sailing-vessels which are run down by steamers described as jay-sailors or recorded contemptuously as having been sunk through 'carelessly crossing the ocean.' The sailing-vessel, like the walker, may be almost obsolete, but she retains her rights; she ventures confidently across the seas and is not compelled to cower in port because of the increasing speed and power of the steamer.

"These just principles and values, consistently maintained, would diminish the risk of collisions on land as they do by water. In this case there was no collision; but no one but Mr. Haddock has to be thanked for that. Had he insisted upon his undoubted right to cross the road within a reasonable time of his first signalling his desire to do so, there might have been a fatal accident; there must have been a distressing controversy. Mr. Haddock, a public-spirited man, forbore to insist upon his rights on the spot, but has wisely and patriotically invited the Court to insist upon them now. And this most readily we do. Mr. Haddock has as good a right to go about the town without undue impediment as the defendants; his appointments and his convenience are as important as theirs—in the present instance more so; for Mr. Haddock was on his way to work and the defendants, most of them, were on their way to pleasure. So that, if there were any question of priority, Mr. Haddock would have the advantage. But there is no such question. The prosecutor relies solely upon the common rights of reasonable mobility upon the King's highway. A man does not, when he acquires a pistol or gun, acquire the right to menace or retard the move-



Dear Old Lady (to Zoo keeper). "I THINK IT'S WONDERFUL HOW WELL YOU'VE TRAINED THEM, ESPECIALLY THE WAY YOU'VE TAUGHT THEM HOW TO DIVE."



Motorist. "WILL THIS ROAD TAKE ME TO HONITON?"
Motorist. "DOES IT GO THROUGH CHARD?"
Motorist. "YOU DON'T SEEM TO KNOW MUCH, DO YOU?"
Boy. "I DOAN'T KNOW."
Boy. "I DOAN'T KNOW."
Boy. "NOA—BUT I BAIN'T *lost!*"

ments of his fellow-citizens; neither does he acquire that right when he acquires a powerful motor-car. Yet, so far as I can understand the defendants' case, they maintain that he does. If so, they are in error. They have obstructed and hindered Mr. Haddock's use of the highway. They must be fined, imprisoned and executed."

A. P. H.

Mr. Punch At Home.

The New *Punch* Offices will be open for inspection, and an Exhibition of original drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER will be on view, until July 25. Admission will be by Invitation Card, which has been sent as a matter of course to those who subscribe direct to the *Punch* Offices and all other subscribers whose names and addresses are there recorded. Invitations will be gladly sent to other readers, if they will apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

"COMPANY MEETINGS.
BRITISH GLUES AND CHEMICALS, LTD.
Strong Liquid Position."
Daily Paper.

But a sticky market for incautious bears.

ELIZABETH'S GARDEN.

Elizabeth's a gardener with a garden of her own;
It's only quite a small one and it's rather overgrown,
But she says it's very sheltered and there's lots of room to spare
For a family of fairies who are wanting change of air.

She'd try to make them happy and I'm sure that she'd succeed;
She's thought of simply everything that fairy folk might need,
Like acorn cups for drinking tea and mossy stones for seats
And little balls of thistledown for making into sheets.

She's planted pink-tipped daisies and some lovely lilac stocks
(Their petals are in great demand for fairy children's frocks),
And columbines of every sort, especially the white
(They're always used as cradles for the baby fays at night).

She knows some little glow-worms who can easily be hired
To give a good supply of light whenever it's required,
And if the fairies want to bathe at any time of day
They're welcome to the bird-bath, which is just across the way.

You'd think with such advantages she'd have a lengthy queue
Of applicants most eager for an order (signed) to view,
And it's rather disappointing and she feels a bit upset
That not a single family has come to see her yet.

So if you meet some fairies who are wanting change of air
Remember that Elizabeth has lots of room to spare,
And if by any chance you know *do* write and tell her, please—
Are fairies fond of mignonette or does it make them sneeze?

The Juan of Cricket.

"Don Badman, the world-famous cricketer, beat all records to-day."—*Scots Paper.*

"There is an epidemic of whooping cough in Bugthorpe at present, and over half the children attending school are absent."
Yorkshire Paper.

We refuse to believe the implication that Young Bugthorpe is not all there.

PERSONAL DIARY.

II.—WRITER APPLE'S AFTERNOON.

2.0 P.M.—Writer Apple sits down after lunch.

2.30.—Wife says pointedly Wasn't he going to do gardening this afternoon? Writer Apple blames memory unconvincingly and proceeds with resignation into garden.

2.32–2.34.—In tool-shed selecting trowel and hand-fork; also an old piece of Oriental carpet to kneel on. A little gentle weeding, Apple thinks, just the thing to give appetite for tea.

2.35.—Wife takes trowel, fork and carpet from him, saying thanks for getting them for her. In exchange she puts enormous spade about size of a steam-shovel suddenly into his hand.

2.35½.—The spade being much mightier than the pen, Writer Apple's unaccustomed lily-white fingers let it drop on his foot.

2.36.—Calls a spade a —— spade.

2.37–2.40.—Improving, expanding and diversifying above remark.

2.41.—Wife accuses him of repetition; must be losing grip. Writer Apple hotly denies imputation of loss of grip. Wife says well anyway he lost his grip on the spade. Writer Apple stalks coldly off.

2.43.—Wife calls him back for steam-shovel. Apple asks pettishly how hell can he weed with steam-shovel. Wife says sweetly *she*'ll weed, *his* job to dig over cabbage-patch.

2.45.—Departs to democratic (or vegetable-marrow) end of garden, trailing steam-shovel behind him.

2.49–2.55.—Resting after trailing steam-shovel behind him.

2.55–3.5.—Taking off coat, rolling up sleeves, looking at weather and watch, estimating factor of safety of braces, moistening hands, picking up steam-shovel, putting down steam-shovel, lighting pipe, picking up steam-shovel again, testing ground with heel of boot, thinking damn hard.

3.5–3.10.—Plying steam-shovel.

3.10–3.12.—Mopping brow.

3.12–3.15.—Re-plying steam-shovel.

3.15–3.25.—Resting. Wondering why spades are made so heavy that one can only just lift them when empty and not at all when full.

3.26.—Only seven-eighths of patch now left to do.

3.30.—Discovery that a good impression of dug-over earth can be given by scratching up the top with a fork.

3.31–3.35.—Scratching up the top with a fork.

3.35.—Patch finished. Saunters back to wife. Incautiously exclaims Why, hasn't she done yet? Wife says No, come and help then.

3.37.—Writer Apple, failing to think of a good answer, gets on knees and starts to weed, first abstracting *his* little bit of Oriental carpet.

3.38–3.40.—Weeding.

3.40.—Wife calls Look at these funny beetles on the ground.

3.40–3.42.—Apple searches ground.

3.42–3.43.—Study of indigenous coleoptera, during which enterprising specimen departs on exploration up Writer Apple's sleeve.

3.43–3.45.—Apple searches Apple.

3.46.—Coleopteron achieves furthest north and pays the penalty.

3.46–3.48.—Weeding. Writer Apple determined to show wife he can weed as fast as any woman.

3.49.—Is two weeds ahead, one a long one.

3.55.—Now eight weeds ahead. Points this out to wife.

3.55–3.59.—Wife reduces Writer Apple's weed lead by explaining huffily to him that four of his "weeds" are young antirrhinums. Apple says Are *what?* Wife repeats. Apple says she means snapdragons. Wife remarks coldly that what she said was correct. Apple retorts with triumphant precision No, she should have said four of his "weeds" *were* young antirrhina.

4.0–4.5.—Wife maintains very chilly silence. Two more antirr—snapdragons die.

4.6.—Writer Apple weeds up a delphinium and hurriedly replaces. Delphinium looking pretty startled.

4.7.—Apple weeding all across bed. Wife asks sarcastically what he is kneeling on. Apple replies it's *his* bit of Oriental carpet. Wife replies No, he knelt off that long ago; it's *her* bit of Oriental poppy. Oriental poppy looking very low.

4.9–4.15.—Weeding without tears.

4.16.—Writer Apple accidentally hauls up valuable-looking plant and replaces with care. Wife catches him at it, asks what he thinks he's doing.

4.17.—Tries to pass it off airily by apologising for slight error in proof-weeding. No one laughs. Wife says severely that plant is charlock. Apple says Don't tell him things he knows. Writes "*Charlockia Applii*" very carefully on a plant-label and sticks it in ground. Wife spoils it all by telling him charlock is a weed. He grinds it savagely into earth. Wife in grim silence rescues young clarkia, Apple's foot being an outsize for charlock-grinding.

4.18–4.20.—Artificial respiration for clarkia, Writer Apple standing aloofly by. Wife points out he is standing aloofly by on something else now. Apple unpopular. At end of tether he asks what now? Wife replies eschscholtzia, and Writer Apple with a wounded look gives up weeding for good and goes in to tea.

4.20–4.25.—Apple broods over eschscholtzia with Horticultural tomes.

4.26.—Tea-bell. Apple still pretty dim.

4.29.—Apple bright. Has just informed wife that when she talks of antirr—er—snapdragons she may not know it but she is referring to a genus of plants belonging to the order *Scrophulariaceæ*. Wife doesn't know it.

4.30.—Apple, feeling that eschscholtzia has taken the count, grins all over face and proceeds to hit tea a nasty crack. Nothing like weeding for giving a man an appetite.

A. A.

SLUSH FOR ALL.

THE forthcoming publication by Messrs. Ranker and Ranker of Mr. Slush's "Guide to Decadent Writing" will be eagerly awaited by hundreds of aspiring novelists all over the country, for there can be no one better fitted to compile a work of this kind than Mr. Slush, whose squalid novels have placed him in the foremost rank of contemporary best-sellers.

To put it briefly, the object of the Guide is to provide a means whereby anyone may become proficient in the art of writing the "decadent" type of novel which is to-day so outstandingly popular with the public. By way of example we give extracts taken from a much-rejected manuscript which, having been "done into Slush," is now being keenly competed for by ten different publishers:—

BEFORE TREATMENT.	AFTER TREATMENT.
Under the smiling eyes of their hostess they passed out into the garden.	Ignoring their hostess they exit-crashed and drove on to the night-club.
The air was heavy with the perfume of lilies and roses, and the soft light of the moon shining on the shimmering lake was partially obscured by fitful, hurrying clouds.	The air was thick with the stale fumes of gin and kippers, and the fierce light of the arc-lamps shining on the cocktail tankards was partially obscured by the haze of opium smoke.
But for the poignant notes of a nightingale, the ceaseless twittering of grasshoppers and the occasional hooting of a midnight owl the garden was wrapped in deep slumberous silence.	Above the noisy recriminations of colliding jazzers and the occasional outbursts of half-drunken men and women could be heard the savage rhythm of a negro band.
* * * *	* * * *
John Cavendish took her tenderly in his strong young arms.	Lord Hairwash seized her in a vice-like grip.
"Dearest child," he murmured, "I love you." For answer she looked into his eyes and tremblingly returned his first kiss.	"What about a spot of companionate, curse you!" he yelled. For answer she tugged viciously at his whiskers.



"WHAT A CHARMING PLACE YOU HAVE HERE! I SIMPLY LOVE THESE OLD GEORGETTE HOUSES."

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WE twain, old man, have had the luck to figure
In many a partnership in seasons when
You, firmly set and brimming full of vigour,
Were joined by me, who scratched a useful ten:
Your kindly smile encouraged my endeavour,
From you no cow-shot won a lofty sneer,
And now to-day I've greater cause than ever
To hold you truly dear.

You made your fifty in the same old fashion—
I seldom saw a more efficient job;
While I, to whom the game is still a passion,
Put on the board my fifth successive blob
And felt my fellow-members deemed my flagging
Energies (due, I greatly feared, to age)
Marked me as just a rabbit who was lagging
Superfluous on the stage.

You gave their thoughts a kindlier direction;
About your own performance lying low,
You publicly recalled to recollection
The thirty-nine I made long years ago;
Not only did you thus succeed in quelling
The grief of one too nearly on the shelf,
You spared him the embarrassment of telling
The selfsame tale himself.



First New Householder. "YOU'VE MOVED INTO THE WRONG HOUSE. THIS IS THE ONE I'M MOVING INTO. THAT'S YOURS FOUR DOORS FURTHER ALONG."
Second New Householder. "WELL, BE A SPORT, OLD MAN. YOU TAKE THAT ONE."

HEREDITY.

[Friendly relations between crook and detective are a common feature of tales of crime.]

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT Sir Montagu Moist, Bt., sat in the finely-decorated Early Tudor drawing-room of his Park Lane house talking to his wife.

The front-door bell rang and Lady Moist went to open the hall-door.

The Moists kept no servants. Servants, they had found, cannot be trusted with secrets. There had been a servant once, a dark-eyed Spaniard, who disappeared. The New York police had found him two weeks later on Forty-Second Avenue—dead.

A man stood at the door. He was in evening-dress. One half of his face was lit by a street lamp, the other half by another street lamp, but not so plainly.

"My name is Boog and I want to see your husband," he said.

"Come upstairs," she answered, a note of fear in her voice.

"Is that you, Boog?" said Sergeant Moist, when Boog entered the drawing-room followed by Lady Moist.

"It sure is!" replied Boog.

He noticed that the detective held in his hand a small revolver, heavily studded with jewels.

"You can't pull that on me, Moist," he said smoothly. "Those aren't real jewels."

"I know," said Moist gently. "I thought it safer to have them changed. I suppose you know," he added, "that you're wanted at the Yard for the murder of Robert Tassell, the financial magnate?"

"Not my job," said Boog.

"On your honour?"

"On my honour."

"Good!" said Moist, putting down the gun. Turning to his wife he added, "Boog is the straightest crook I know. I'm prepared to take his word for anything."

"You bet!" agreed Boog. His voice was that of a well-educated man. He had, in fact, been educated at Eton and Cambridge as well as Harrow, Oxford and Borstal. Every line of his face was cultured. Only his narrow shifting eyes, so close together that they nearly touched, bespoke his profession.

Detective-Sergeant Sir Montagu Moist, who was as famous in all the European capitals for his social *élan* as for his *verve* in criminal investigation, was quick to put his guest still more at his ease.

"Can you lend me half-a-crown?" he asked lightly.

Boog tossed a coin of that designation across the room. Moist bit it and put it in his pocket.

"We've had some duels, you and I," he went on.

"We sure have!" replied Boog, in that soft well-bred accent that only Sandhurst and the Inner Temple (omitted in the previous list of places where he had received his education) could have given him.

"Remember that little show in Warsaw?" Moist continued, his eyes lighting with the memory. "It was you who pulled the sneak-flap on General Numph, eh?"

"Do you think," asked Boog, with a slight gesture of cultured contempt, "there's another guy east of Chicago who could have got ten-cents'-worth of lead into Zumpstein *and* given the come-again-boys to all the cops in Europe?"

"I thought so; I always said so!"

Moist replied eagerly. "You know, I nearly pinched you that time, Boog. You made one mistake—one little mistake which nearly meant a twist of fibre round the cerv. vert. You left your visiting-card tied to the corpse's signet-ring."

"I know," said Boog a little sadly. "I did that to make sure I shouldn't forget the finger-armour when I was collecting the sundries. Still, I was too cute for you. You couldn't get the carry-on sign from the jury when you found me in Limehouse and put on the handcuffs, could you?"

"No, no," said Moist. "The case failed. I forget why."

"Because," explained Boog, "you couldn't prove that the visiting-card was mine. After I wrote 'I done this' on it, I wiped off the finger-marks with my snickersh. That's the kinder thing that shows *class*," he added. There was no boastfulness in his tones; only a note of modest pride.

"What are your plans now?" asked Moist. "Anything you say in this house will be treated as confidential, of course."

"Well," said Boog, "I'm on vacation at present. I shall have a snitch at one of the mail-trains in the Fall, most like, but till then I'm living the straight-and-clean."

"Bad for my business," murmured Moist, regretfully.

"But how splendid," his wife put in with consummate tact, "that a criminal who is known and admired all over the world should show an example of moderation to the smaller fry! I can hardly believe it."

"Come to that, I can prove it," said Boog nonchalantly. His ferret-like eyes shone with honesty.

"How?" asked Lady Moist, with genuine interest.

"Just give me the neck-binder a minute," said Boog. He alluded to a rope of pearls which Lady Moist wore round her shapely throat; they had been valued at twenty thousand pounds.

Lady Moist hesitated. She could not bear to show distrust of her husband's old friend, who was smiling at her with a schoolboy's frankness, but——

"Yes, Hild, do!" said Sir Montagu good-humouredly.

Boog took the pearls and placed them in his hip-pocket.

"Now put out the light!" he commanded.

Lady Moist could not help feeling a little thrill of excitement as she pressed the switch and plunged the room into darkness.

They waited in silence for ten minutes, then——



The Bore. "I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A GOLF-BALL FOR WEEKS."
The Victim. "CHEER UP. YOUR LUCK'S BOUND TO CHANGE."

"Put on the light," said Moist sharply.

Boog had gone. The necklace was nowhere to be seen.

"Montagu, my pearls!" gasped Lady Moist.

"They seem to have vanished," said her husband with composure, after a rapid glance round the room. "Boog has tricked me again. That man has a super-mind; his cunning, his nerve are amazing. Nevertheless I have laid too good a snare for him this time."

"How?"

Lady Moist could never fathom the daring genius of her husband.

"The art of criminal investigation," he replied slowly, "consists largely in memorising details which at the time of observation appear unimportant." He paused to scrutinize the palm of his hand. "I was once introduced to Boog's maternal grandmother, and I noticed that she spoke with a pronounced Glasgow accent. Now you saw that Boog lent me half-a-crown——"

"And——?" said his wife, her voice trembling with excitement.

"And I did not return it. Well, he will come back."

"SILK STOCKINGS FROM BANANA SKINS."
Evening Paper Heading.
They should be easy to slip on.

OUR LOCUST CAMPAIGN.

WHEN the locusts first arrived in our particular desert it seemed too easy or, as Herbert cryptically put it, "money for jam." The motto for Government officials dealing with locusts is precisely the same as for Bolsheviks dealing with capitalists, *i.e.*, exterminate them; and with their arrival Headquarters issued a little handbook, a sort of Locusts' Guide or Combined Training. It gave the insect's name in seven known and three unknown languages—one of which could be played on the ukelele but not pronounced—and described his childhood, training, matrimonial affairs and early demise.

Apparently the Regimental Sergeant-Major in the locust world preponderated to an extraordinary extent, for the standard of discipline maintained by swarms was extremely high. According to the book they always moved in well-ordered masses, dressed by the right, and halted in assembly formation sharp at Retreat. One conceived a profound regard for the insect, and it was with a shock that we discovered that the last chapter dealt in a most ruthless manner with his complete extermination. This, as I have said before, seemed too easy, as the locust, like the fanatical Mullah, apparently welcomed death and even encouraged self-immolation.

In his blushing adolescence or red stage he, according to instructions issued, conveniently formed up in close masses and could be treated with flame-guns. The text-book seemed extremely optimistic on this point, but if there should be a shortage of flame-guns or any other unforeseen difficulty arose it was apparently the correct thing to arrange for them to be gathered by hand at so much a sack. For the benefit of those officials who had been slack enough to allow a few pairs of breeding locusts to escape and lay eggs there were instructions showing the correct procedure, which also was delightfully simple, as the inhabitants could earn good money at collecting the eggs at five piastres an oke or ploughing them up. As for any eggs that survived and developed into nymphs and hoppers, it was as easy as rolling off a log to obliterate these "day-old chicks" by driving them into trenches and poisoning them with prepared bran, which was infallible.

Somehow or other, things did not go quite according to the book of words. The first swarm Herbert struck was ten miles wide, which shook his moral, and while he was measuring its length, which the book laid down as an essential part of the plan of campaign, it took fright and, though Herbert chased it for forty miles in a car firing on three cylinders, he never really got on terms with it again. Reading a day later about a swarm that had materialised in South Russia, Herbert decided it must be his, as, judging by the rate they were going, they might easily have reached Siberia; and so we wrote them off as "destroyed"; for, as Herbert said, if not actually destroyed they had certainly been morally defeated. After this swarms arrived from all points of the compass and, as it was extremely difficult to measure them owing to the fact that their flanks appeared to fuse into each other, we started on them with flame-guns without going into this formality. The flame-gun is a lethal weapon used by Germans for spraying trenches filled with British troops, and is very effective. It should, however, be operated by people of marked intelligence, and it is bad form for anyone holding the gun to turn half-right or half-left when addressed, say "Na'am?" ["Eh?"] and put the nozzle into the next man's stomach. The first casualties started to trickle into hospital twelve hours after the flame-guns began operating, but the local doctor nobly rose to the occasion by opening a special "burn" ward in a marquee in which after a week there was standing-room only.



Guide. "THAT, LADIES AND GENTS, IS WHIZBUSHY CASTLE, AND IF THAT'S OUR CRANK-CASE BUSTED AGAIN YOU'RE GOING TO 'AVE A NICE LONG LOOK AT IT."

In a few weeks' time our Arabs began to arrive with sacks of eggs, most of which, like the fruit-growers' baskets, had the pick of the bunch on top, the remainder of the sack being desert sand; for the Arab is ever an opportunist. But the egg season had barely started when Herbert reported that the first hoppers from his area had destroyed his early beans and crawled into his bed.

In response to an urgent telephone-message asking if he was dealing with them, Herbert replied that they were dealing with him, and that he had been forced back ten miles, but that if he had fifty more flame-guns he thought he might regain his old trenches by means of a counter-attack.

Now was the moment to use the poisoned bran, and a hundred sacks of the potent stuff were despatched to Herbert, with instructions to spread it in the path of the locusts. The effect, the book said, would be instantaneous. Herbert savagely reported that the book was right and that he was sending his wife a sack to feed their baby on instead of Bloxo, as the locusts were thriving and getting fat on it. He suggested that swarms could easily be annihilated by its means as they would follow a man with a sack of it anywhere, and he was sending out people to wade into the sea with it.

The following day, however, he telephoned that the bran had proved its efficacy, as it had poisoned two camels and thirteen goats, and that nine men and who had drunk out of a tin used to mix it in were vomiting hard, but that he hoped to save them with salt-and-water.

As Herbert said, if only he could keep the locusts from emetics (and they were quite capable of using them) he had great hopes of the bran.

To lighten, or increase, our difficulties the Army was mobilised and despatched to our assistance, and Herbert was kept busily engaged in settling disputes concerning officers' seniority and precedence with one hand while he slew locusts with the other.

The last news I have had of him is that he has gone home in a P. & O. as a cot case, and the medical certificate states that he is expected to recover his reason if humoured and treated with sympathy.

THE BARD ON THE LINKS.

How few things there are that were not (apparently) dreamt of in old WILL's philosophy! For instance, it would never occur to you, I imagine, that he foresaw the descendants of his lusty warriors beating the swords and battle-axes of their forebears into mashies and niblicks and profaning the greensward of England in ludicrous pursuit of a little white ball no bigger than *Queen Mab's* chariot. And yet how often and how aptly does he hint at the Royal and Ancient game:—

"What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs?"

He might be thinking of Waterloo station at one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon.

And here is a slogan ready-made for the Americans at Sandwich, St. Andrews and Hoylake:—

"We tread
In warlike march the greens before your town."

Of BOBBY JONES obviously he speaks here:—

"The most complete champion that ever I heard."

And lady-golfers, following his unfailing lead, may properly and gracefully swear

"By bright Diana, whom we honour."

Then there is the unhappy and overworked stockbroker who finds that he can't take Friday off after all, and wires (or should do) as follows:—

"I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched."

But let us get on to the links:—

"Give me the iron, I say!"

and, if it is a foursome, I know the sort of partner I should like—one who

"Saves my labour by his own approach,"

and not that other kind of partner whom I more frequently get and to whom I have so often to say:—

"By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy!"

(or perhaps words less gracious to the same effect).

But it is to the golf rabbit that the Bard is most partial—that hot and bothered wretch the burden of whose song is always thus:—

"Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!"

or, with ill-simulated jauntiness—

"What subtle hole is this?"

An endless grumbler this rabbit is:—

"Upon my soul, a wicked lie!"

Or again:—

"Uneven is the course, I like it not."

Brutus, we gather, though a rabbit, was a nice creature, and the unsolicited testimonial that he got is one that few golfers of to-day would secure:—

"In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words."

Rather we need, most of us, the services of the kindly Witch who promised *Macbeth* (another rabbit, evidently):—

"I'll charm the air to give a sound
While you perform your antick round."

Mr. Punch's Bedside Bookshelf.

"DR. DUTTON'S OBESITY—Its Treatment."
Bookseller's Catalogue.

We should have thought this a matter only for Dr. DUTTON and his tailor.

"The vessel arrived early on Tuesday morning, and sailed on Wednesday after discharging and taking 500 tons of bankers."
Shipping Paper.

It sounds to us a peculiarly pernicious form of overdraft.



Lady (to applicant for post of companion). "AND HAVE YOU ARTISTIC AND LITERARY TASTES?"
Eager Applicant. "OH, CERTAINLY, IF THAT WOULD BE NECESSARY."



Lady (to Official Life-saver). "I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM FOR YOU."
Official Life-saver. "SORRY, MADAM! WHY?"
Lady. "OH, WELL, I MEAN, HERE YOU ARE DAY AFTER DAY, DAY AFTER DAY, AND NOT A SOUL GETTING DROWNED. *Too* DISCOURAGING!"

DIALOG.

[There is no such thing as dialogue in the hundred per-cent American talking-picture. So that there shall be no mistake about this, they call it dialog.]

"SAY, Baby. . . ."

"Shoot, Big Boy, an' make it snappy."

"Listen, Kid; I don't like yuh runnin' around with that bum."

"Oh, yuh don't, huh? Well, well! Kin you imagine that?"

"Yeah! And I'm gonna start somethin' pretty quick."

"Aw, go pick daisies."

"An' cut that out. Where d' ye get that stuff?"

"Say, listen, Buddy. You kehn't pull that stuff on me."

"Oh, no?"

"Oh, no!"

"Huh! Now I'll tell one."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute! Yuh may be ALFRED THE GREAT to your Mom, but you're a pain in the neck to me."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Oh, yeah."

"Well, you ain't got no wings."

"Yuh gotta lotta room to talk. Didn't I see yuh makin' whoopee with a Follies' dame?"

"Oh, you did, huh?"

"Yeah, I did."

"Well, I wanna tell you somethin', Sister."

"Yuh kehn't tell me nothin'."

"Oh, I kehn't, huh?"

"No, yuh kehn't."

"Well, that don't cut no ice with me. You gotta listen to me."

"Aw, ferget it."

"Say, yuh listen! If you're the cream in that guy's coffee. . . ."

"Be yourself."

"But, Baby, yuh don't understend."

"Aw, cut the sob-stuff, Sonny-Boy. You ain't got nothun' comin'. . . ."

"I'm through, get me? I'm through. I've had about enough of this."

"Oh-kay, Buddy. Suits me."

"An' when I get through with that bolony he'll be cat's-meat. What do yuh know about that?"

"Be your age, Samson. Why, when that sugar-daddy gets through with you there won't be enough left to feed a starvin' kitten. Try that over on your concertina, you big bum."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah!"

"Well, let me tell you, Kiddie, that guy'll be so sore he won't be able to play his harp, if he gets one."

"Is that so?"

"That is so."

"Go ahead, Dempsey; do your stuff. But say, when yuh get down below give Ant Emma my love, will yuh?"

"Yuh don't have to give that message to me, Cutie. It's your boy-friend who'll be takin' it."

"Sez you?"

"Sez me."

"Oh-kay, Baby."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah!"

That's why they call it Dialog.

Effeminacy at *both* Universities.

"The girls from Pembroke College, Cambridge, defeated rivals from Pembroke College, Oxford, in the semi-final for the ladies' challenge plate for eight-oared crews. The Light Blue girls won by a length and three-quarters in seven minutes and 21 seconds while collegians on the banks shouted themselves hoarse."—*Canadian Paper.*

"GENTS ATHLETIC VESTS."
Notice in Shop-window.

The coloured ones run most.

"Anybody with good looks can get on the stage . . . but it is when you are over thirty that the rouble comes."
Miss Thorndike, reported in Evening Paper.

Youth, in fact, can't eat the pie and have the shekel.



"THE WEIRD (BUT WELL-MEANING) SISTERS."

SCENE—*A Blasted Mess.*

SISTER MAXTON
SISTER MOSLEY
SISTER MACDONALD } "*MINE'S* THE ONLY STUFF TO GIVE 'EM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 14th.—Mr. BENN did his best to satisfy Mr. WELLOCK and Mr. MARDY JONES that the proposed Round Table Conference will be really round and not oblong, with a bite out of it where Mr. GANDHI and colleagues ought to be sitting. On a further question of a possible amnesty of political prisoners the SECRETARY FOR INDIA remained discreetly silent.

Mr. HENDERSON read out the names of the Members of the Joint Committee on Russian Claims. The fact that only one of the five gentlemen (Mr. CRAMP) represents Labour gave so much concern to Mr. BROWN of Wolverhampton that he sarcastically suggested that he should be withdrawn and the Committee left "entirely composed of capitalists." As the monies which it is hoped to recover were advanced entirely by the capitalists the suggestion did not seem as outrageous to the House as it did to Mr. BROWN.



BEAR-BAITING, 1930

(After "Bear-Baiting, c. 1340," in the Luttrell Psalter).
Guardian of the Bear (to dogs). "DESIST!"
MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON.

Subsequently Mr. HENDERSON said that he would not be able to make an announcement as to the Government's inquiries into Soviet propaganda because "Members are never tired of reminding me that propaganda is going on, and therefore we must continue the inquiry"—which meant, Lord EUSTACE PERCY duly remarked, that the Government will always be ineffectually trying to catch up with the propaganda.

The PRIME MINISTER indicated to Sir K. WOOD that the Liberal-Labour conversations on Unemployment would continue, but austerely declined to tell Lieut.-Colonel HENEAGE "if anything had come out of the meetings."

Scottish Estimates are never a very thrilling theme to a preponderatingly Sassenach House of Commons, and Mr. ADAMSON's opening statement that the Scottish birth-rate was the lowest since 1855 did little to alleviate the gloom. The position as to tuberculosis, the MINISTER said, was encouraging, the figures for 1929 being the lowest on record.

Mr. ADAMSON explained to the House that the unanimous desire of the inhabitants of St. Kilda to be the inhabitants of somewhere else had been acceded to, and Sir J. GILMOUR agreed that it might be unfortunate but you really couldn't blame them. Mr. MACPHERSON's plea that they should be enabled to follow some pursuit "consistent with their habits in the past" was well meant, but the sturdy islanders will probably prefer, following the family tradition, to move to London or Nova Scotia and become bankers.

Tuesday, July 15th.—Once more the Lords, with Lord SALISBURY in the *rôle* of Hector, have defied the Commons to do their worst. In vain Lord SANKEY besought them to bow their coroneted heads and tame their hearts of fire. In vain Lord BEAUCHAMP urged that the point at issue was not worth quarrelling over, and Lord DARLING suggested that a conference with the Commons should be sought. Lord HAILSHAM, declaring that it was not the miners but the miners' representatives that opposed the "spread-over" and that it was for the benefit of the miners that the Clause was now being insisted on, rallied the noble Conservatives to the charge. The Amendment was retained by 168 votes to 36.



THE LAW OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "IT ALTERETH NOT. NOTHING DOING."

It was a coincidence, but a grim one nevertheless, that immediately diverted their Lordships' attention to the British Museum Bill. The purpose of the Bill, however, was not, it proved, to incorporate the House of Lords into the Buried Civilizations sections of the Bloomsbury institution, but to relieve the Director and Librarian of responsibility for the goings-on of the Natural History Museum in South Kensington. Lord CRAWFORD did not so state, but it is suspected that Sir FREDERIC KENYON recently broke into open revolt upon being asked to oversee the expenditure of fifteen pounds on flea-traps for the Entomological Department.

Apart from the entrance of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN smothered in sweet peas and the justifiable assumption of the House that the question he rose to answer about nursery schools was really about nursery gardens, the event of the day in the Commons was the entry into her political inheritance of Lady NOEL-BUXTON. Her willowy elegance, well set off by the chaperonage of the ample Miss PICTON-TURBERVILL, should rival that of Lady CYNTHIA MOSLEY in catching the SPEAKER's impartially gallant eye, and her debating powers will not be subject to the unfortunate limitations that hampered the late MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

The Scottish Housing Bill got its Third Reading, though not until the gimlet-eyed Mr. MACROBERT had earned the LORD ADVOCATE's thanks by pointing out that Clause 34, which Mr. TOM JOHNSTON argued earnestly gave the Government powers it must have, didn't give them anything of the kind.

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Wednesday, July 16th.—It is not on record that any Peeress in her own right has suffered grievous disability as the result of not being able to bob up in the House of Lords and call Lord PARMOOR's attention to some blemish in the body politic, but it is not to be expected that a professional rescuer of noble ladies in distress like Lord ASTOR will look at the thing from that narrowly practical point of view.

So his periodic efforts to secure the admission of Peeresses to the House of Lords are based on loftier considerations of sex equality. They are invariably met by the specious argument that, as the House of Lords is in chronic danger of being subjected to reforms, in the course of which all sorts of odd folk may step in, it is much better to let the Peeresses wait and take their chance with the rest.

Most Peers who advance this argument wisely refrain from passing on to the question whether females are fit to legislate. Not so Lord BIRKENHEAD. Rescuing Peeresses in distress may be normally a sinecure, but not when he, like the sea-monster set to guard the marooned Andromeda, has first to be disposed of. Lords DANESFORT and CECIL came to the assistance of Perseus, but the poisonous tongue of the monster had done its fell work. The motion was rejected by 53 votes to 49.

In the Commons the PRIME MINISTER's statement with regard to recent riots in Alexandria and the measures taken by the Government to ensure the protection of foreign lives and property seemed to satisfy everybody but Mr. THURTLE. On the other hand the subsequent debate on Mr. BALDWIN's Motion of Censure on the Government (for refusing to extend Safeguarding and keep an open mind on the question of Food Taxes) did not seem to give particular satisfaction to anybody.

Mr. BALDWIN was able to twit the Government about its promises to relieve unemployment and to explain that his own mind on the subject of Empire Free Trade was still largely open. Mr. SNOWDEN was able to twit Mr. BALDWIN with "jumping Jim Crow" and to declare, amid the ominously stony silence of the Labour benches, that the Government's mind on the subject of Food Taxes and Protective Duties was finally and irrevocably closed. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was able to twit everybody and to say that he had an open mind on bulk purchases and dumping. Sir OSWALD MOSLEY was able to say that he had heard no word of constructive policy from any one of the leaders, and that while open minds were all very well a mind could be so open as to incur the suspicion of being vacant. An unkind but not on the whole an unjustifiable summary.



PERSEUS (LORD ASTOR) IN HIS ATTEMPT TO RESCUE ANDROMEDA FINDS HIMSELF FOILED BY THE DRAGON (LORD BIRKENHEAD).

Thursday, July 17th.—Disorder began to be in the air of the Commons early in the afternoon. Mr. BROWN of Wolverhampton got very worked up over a case, as to which Mr. LOVAT-FRASER had asked a question, of a boy of eight whom the Chelmsford magistrates had ordered to receive four



THE MACE-SNATCHER.

DESIGN FOR MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE HISTORIC FEAT OF MR. J. BECKETT IN REMOVING THE MACE FROM THE SPEAKER'S TABLE.

strokes of the birch. Mr. CLYNES tried to explain that he had no power to act as a self-appointed Court of Appeal from magistrates' decisions, but that he was trying to ascertain the facts and would take action if he had power to do so; but the breathings of Mr. BROWN and the SPEAKER's not very diplomatic efforts to shut him up merely promoted a rumpus in which nobody could hear anything.

The real excitement of the day started later, when Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY asked the PRIME MINISTER if the House would be given an opportunity of debating the situation in India before the Recess. He evidently expected an answer in the negative and had decided beforehand to get himself named for a sort of heroic gesture of protest and by the comparatively peaceful method of refusing to sit down while the SPEAKER was on his feet. All this went off according to plan, and when he had been named, and the motion for his suspension duly carried, Mr. BROCKWAY clearly intended to remove himself from the precincts with as much dignity as the circumstances permitted.

He had reckoned without Mr. BECKETT. Mr. BECKETT had been appointed a teller for the "Noes," and, finding himself standing at the table in close proximity to the mace, was seized with a species of brain-storm. Seizing the bauble, he dashed down the House with it, while Members sat aghast at the outrage or sprang to their feet in act to pursue. That however was not necessary, for at the Bar a servant of the House seized the mace in a resolute grasp, shook off the unseemly object that he found clinging to it and with a respectful bow handed it to the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS, who reverently returned it to its place.

While Mr. BECKETT hovered uneasily behind the Bar wearing a hang-dog expression, the SPEAKER named him, the PRIME MINISTER moved his suspension and the House voted to be temporarily rid of him by 324 votes to 4. There was no need to order Mr. BECKETT to leave, however. He had left.

Mr. BECKETT will doubtless explain himself in the Press, which is rapidly supplanting the Houses of Parliament as the maternity home where all sorts of political parties, policies and commotions are brought to birth. Meanwhile there seems to be no means by which the outrage to the mace, unequalled since CROMWELL ordered the removal of its predecessor, can be appropriately purged, though it appears likely that, if the House itself were purged of a certain wordy futility, these incidents, more appropriate to a Zoological Gardens than to the Mother of Parliaments, might not occur.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

A COMPETITOR PUTTING BELLADONNA IN THE EYES OF HIS POTATOES.

BREVITY IN BARDS.

["Poems are becoming shorter and shorter."—*Press.*]

THE bard not long ago
When pushing out his song
Allowed himself a decent flow
And ran things fairly long.

His scheme in point of fact
Was generously planned
To go about as far (with tact)
As editors would stand.

I do not say he erred;
If he did not display
A tight economy when spurred,
Why should he, anyway?

But in these later days
A change has come about
Up-ending to the works and ways
Of poets on the spout.

Where once they filled with ease
A hundred lines, or two,
A few short sentences (like these)
Now, so to put it, do.

No graces lend their aid
To swell a scanty crop;
They briefly call a spade a spade,
And, having done so, stop.

The obvious question, why,
Is mooted in the Press,
For which, with all due deference, I
Hazard a modest guess.

It 's not from mere caprice
That things are cut so fine;
Now they are paid for by the piece;
Once it was by the line.

DUM-DUM.

A CHANGE OF FRONT.

"THERE 's fellers as is orkard," said Bill, pausing to survey with critical contemplation the presentment of the barque *Isles of Greece* under all plain sail with which he was adorning the under-side of his chest-lid, "an' there 's fellers as asks for trouble, an' there 's fellers as is just plain contrairy.

"Two chaps as I was shipmates with in the ol' *Bendemeer* was like that. One on 'em was a feller name o' Pug Brady, an' 'ow 'e come to be called that I couldn't exactly say. Might 'a' been on account o' bein' the spittin' image—which 'e was—o' one o' them little dorgs ol' ladies used to 'ave afore these 'ere Pekes was invented. Or else it was becos 'e was that quarrelsome 'e 'd raise a row with 'is own toe-nails. Either way 'd fit. T' other on 'em was Bandy Miller, an' you 'd only got to look at 'im to know why they called 'im that.

"Well, one day in the South Pacific—we was goin' up to Vancouver Island to load lumber—all the watch below was on deck turnin' out their chests, or makin' sennet slippers, or carvin' models, or shovin' full-riggers in bottles. Bandy, 'e was makin' a model—fact, 'e 'd nearly finished 'er, an' a very nice model she wus too—w'en up comes Pug Brady, sp'ilin' for a fight as usual, an', says 'e—

"'Wot yer call that?'

"'This 'ere *his* the ol' *Hooroora*,' says Bandy, beginnin' to bristle, 'an' no bloomin' "call" about it.'

"'Well, wot yer puttin' skys'l poles on 'er for, then?' says Pug.

"''Cos skys'l poles was wot she 'ad,' says Bandy, 'an' seein' as I won the mast'ead race crossin' the Line two years runnin' I reckon I oughter know, if anyone does.'

"'An' seein' 'ow many times I've laid aloft to over'aul the gear or clear the 'ouse-flag I reckon *I* oughter know,' says Pug. 'Proper fidded masts was wot that there ship 'ad, my son,' 'e says, 'an' none o' your bloomin' poles, same as you 're puttin' on 'er there.'

"Well, that started it. They was still at it 'ammer-an'-tongs w'en eight bells went, an', it bein' Pug's trick at the wheel, they 'ad to chuck it for the time bein'.

"If you 'adn't knowed Pug an' Bandy you might 'a' thought that 'd 'a' bin the end on it. Not it! It was masts, poles, masts, poles, till everyone in the watch was sick o' the sound o'



THE GENTLE ART OF GOING ONE BETTER: THE WHITE ZULU.

them two words. You could 'ear them chaps yellin' at each other on the yard, shortenin' sail in a gale o' wind, an' w'en they went below they'd lean out o' their bunks bawlin' an' shakin' their fists till the other fellows 'ove 'em out on deck becos they couldn't get no sleep.

"Things kep' on like that till we got to Victoria an' went on the berth to load deals at the Puget Sound Lumber Mill.

"The skipper 'ad made me night-watchman, an' I was leanin' on the rail one evenin' smokin' my pipe when I see Pug an' Bandy comin' along the wharf together. They looked just about as full o' theirselves as they could be. Pug was 'ammerin' 'is fist into 'is palm an' shoutin', an' Bandy was shakin' 'is 'ead an' shoutin' back, an' you could tell well enough without 'earin' wot it was they wos goin' on at one another about.

"An' then—well, I don't know just wot *did* 'appen. Anyway, there was ol' Bandy flounderin' about in the water, an' the wonder was 'e 'adn't gone in under the boom! 'E couldn't swim—allus used to say 'e'd rather go quick if 'e 'ad to—an' 'e was thrashin' about an' kickin' up a dust like a stern-wheeler. Pug, 'e nips into the dinghey wot was tied up agin the wharf, an' the next time Bandy come to the top 'e reaches for 'im with a boat-'ook an' gets 'im by the seat of 'is dungarees.

"'Now then,' yells Pug, 'afore I 'auls you aboard, which is it, masts or poles?'

"'Poles,' splutters Bandy as soon as 'e could for all the 'arbour-water 'e'd swallered.

"'Ave another think, then,' shouts Pug, an' shoves 'im under again.

"Next time Bandy come up you couldn't tell whether there was more langwidge or salt-water comin' out of 'im.

"'Now then, wot is it,' yells Pug agin, 'masts or poles?'

"'Poles,' bubbles Bandy, an' under 'e goes again.

"The third time 'e was just startin' to say 'poles' again, an' then, seein' Pug makin' ready to give 'im another souse, 'e changes 'is mind.

"'Masts it is,' 'e says in a 'urry, an' Pug 'auls 'im aboard without no more ado.

* * * * *

"It was just about then the Klondike gold-rush begun, an' I 'opped it for the Yukon, same as most o' the sailors in port.

"I didn't set eyes on neither o' them chaps again for a matter o' two years. An' then one day I'd just come ashore from a tramp-steamer in the West India Docks an' I was turnin' into Charley Brown's w'en 'oo should I meet comin' out but Bandy.

"'Ello, Bandy,' says I, 'wot yer bin doin' to yerself?' For 'is eye was bunged up an' a couple of 'is teeth 'ad gone galley-west, an' altogether 'e looked like a green 'and after 'is fust lesson in seamanship from the mate of a Down-easter.

"'Oh, nothin' much,' says Bandy, 'only a little argument with an ol' shipmate name o' Pug Brady. I run acrost 'im in a pub,' 'e says, 'an' we got talkin' about ol' times. An' wot d'yer think 'e started tryin' to put acrost me?'

"'Well, I shouldn't wonder if I couldn't guess,' says I.

"'W'y,' says Bandy, ''e wanted to make out as the ol' *Hooroora* 'ad skys'l *poles*. As if I didn't know as well as I know my own christened name as that there ship 'ad proper fidded *masts*!'" C. F. S.

Mr. Punch, having reviewed the latest display of bathing-suits, now known as "beach costumes," suggests that the name "sunshine sash" would be more appropriate.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR must be getting used to being snubbed for his pains in titivating the old masters he revives at Hammersmith. In a programme note to this production of WILDE'S masterpiece he says, "I have endeavoured, with the help of Mr. Michael Weight and some reference to Aubrey Beardsley, to give an impression, not an archæological reproduction, of the wicked eighteen-nineties as I remember them." That is a disarming preface. Yet I confess that, while appreciating the artistic economy with which he has staged this brilliant play, I should like to have heard *Lady Bracknell's* views on the "reference to Beardsley," not so much on account of their possible unfriendliness as of the scope they might have given her wit.

Actually the BEARDSLEY embellishments amount to little more than simple if mannered black-and-white settings which are not distracting once they have made their effect. For, although this "trivial comedy for serious people" was written in the 'nineties, it is as independent of the niceties of time and space as any pure fantasy. What chiefly matters in staging it is that the fountain of WILDE'S wit shall sparkle freely, that the cadences of his prose shall be sharply rendered and that the actors shall be so alert that our intrusive laughter does not ruffle the rhythm of the dialogue.

These conditions seemed to me to be very well observed, particularly in the First Act and the last. The preliminary banter over the cucumber sandwiches between those idle bachelors, *Worthing* and *Algy*, which leads first to *Lady Bracknell's* Wagnerian arrival with her nubile daughter, and then to her lovely cross-examination of *Worthing* as a possible son-in-law, was so good in tone and temper and set us laughing so easily that we soon stopped bothering about the BEARDSLEY touch in the scenery and ladies' dresses. Moreover, such Victorian accents as spiced the fun *Lady Bracknell* (Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS) generously supplied.

If this comedy were a period piece pure and simple, which it is not, we might be justified in fussing over the absence of realistic accessories. But who will assert that its characters belong to the world of everyday, or that their ancestry is less gloriously theatrical than that of, say, CONGREVE'S stylish puppets? So that, although the sight of them amid the crowded bric-à-brac on which the Victorians doted might possibly have sharpened our sense of their artificiality, it could scarcely have increased our enjoyment of them.



"ALAS, MY POOR BROTHER!"

Rev. Canon Chasuble . . . . MR. CHARLES STAITE.
John Worthing . . . . . MR. JOHN GIELGUD.
Miss Prism . . . . . MISS JEAN CADELL.



"WICKED COUSIN 'ERNEST.'"

Algernon Moncrieff . . MR. ANTHONY IRELAND.
Cecily Cardew . . . . MISS HEATHER ANGEL.

On the night I saw the play much of the laughter seemed to me to be indiscriminate. I fancy it was Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS'S *Lady Bracknell* that first gave the laughter its deeper quality, and Miss JEAN CADELL'S sterling *Miss Prism* that subsequently confirmed that quality. Not that these two characters have much in common; *Lady Bracknell* hovers ever on the borderline between realism and fantasy, whereas *Miss Prism*, the primeval spinster, is of fantasy all compact, from the boater anchored to her formidable coiffure to the shepherd's-plaid skirt that needs but a hitch and a flirt to transport us and its wearer into the realms of low comedy.

The most finished performances, I thought, were given by Miss TERRY-LEWIS and Miss CADELL, who achieved their effects by sheer mastery of technique. Their resilient gravity was no palpable veneer but went to the foundations of the characters. The younger ladies, Miss IRIS BAKER and Miss HEATHER ANGEL, seemed more aware of the absurdity of their *rôles* and filled them with less aplomb. The sudden friendship, inevitable quarrel and reconciliation between the two girls, which cover so much of the Second Act, had poses and mannerisms that indicated conscious study rather than the easy mastery of ways and means.

Mr. JOHN GIELGUD'S *Worthing*, though a clear, well-spoken and intelligent performance, suggested that this interesting young actor was a thought too anxious to communicate the fun he felt in the part and exposed rather than hinted at the reserves of laughter bubbling behind the stolid mask *Worthing* presents. Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND'S *Algy* was very amusing, even if something of style was sacrificed to ease of manner and conscious sprightliness.

The things that stand out now in memory are *Lady Bracknell's* devastating inquiries into

Worthing's pedigree and her infallible ripostes; the spinsterial qualms of *Miss Prism* culminating in her recognition of the famous handbag in which the hero was mislaid as a baby at Victoria Station, and the perfect balance maintained between the plot and its literary coruscations. In short, this production does a first-rate comedy sufficient justice to make a visit to Hammersmith more than worth while. H.

AT THE MUSIC-HALL.

COLISEUM.

I OFTEN wish that I could share the ecstasy which the typical Music-hall artiste apparently derives from his own performance. In one of the turns at the Coliseum there was a person described as a Musical Comedy Acrobatic Dancer (he had twinkling feet, but, like the gentleman with the dazzling patent boots in DU MAURIER'S picture, he did not shine so much at the other end) who wore a rapt smile of appreciation throughout a performance that left me in a state of almost unqualified depression.

Another man who put me off with his jubilant self-satisfaction, though I admit a certain disarming naïveté in it, was Mr. BOB HALL, an "Extemporary Singer," from America. When he first came on he gratuitously discoursed in a sort of rhyming recitative on the virtues of the previous turn. I could not go so far as he did in praise of Miss HELENA MILLAIS, though she has brains and humour and did perhaps the best performance of the evening. His effort was no doubt impromptu, though he had had a few days for thinking it out. He then invited us to name any topic for him to treat *ex tempore*, and proceeded "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art" to touch upon the Test Match, HOBBS, bad light, OLIVER CROMWELL, Lord BEAVERBROOK, ham-sandwiches, beer, BOBBY JONES and "The Southern Cross," inserting here and there a simple rhyme and taking a large liberty with the metre, if any. As a feat of fluency it was a *tour de force*, but if this is how the ancient skalds and improvisatori did it I think the audiences of their day must have been rather easy to please.

The only funny man who appealed to me knew his *métier* well enough to preserve an air of sombre gloom that might have come out of a Russian play. This was Mr. IVAN BANKOFF, who had to support the figure of a dancing girl in various incredible postures and gyrations. While carrying out this heavy and unremunerative task, usually accompanied with an affectation of great content, he registered extreme distaste and boredom. I liked him for that.



AN OLD STAR IN A NEW SKY.
MISS JOSÉ COLLINS.



A GLOOMY PARTNER.
MR. IVAN BANKOFF AND MISS BETH CANNON.

Miss JOSÉ COLLINS, revisiting the glimpses of the lime-moon, received a warm welcome. The programme, taking no risks, reminded us that she was "The Musical Comedy Star." Miss DÉSIRÉE ELLINGER'S voice, though there was no printed statement of her reputation, retains its early charm; and if her selection of songs was rather commonplace she probably knew what her audience wanted. They even liked "The Man I Love," which she sang "by request" (not mine). The Management presumably also knows its business; but I wonder a little that in these days of gramophone records and loud-speakers they did not give us less music and more dancing and other distractions (such as the fun to be got from face and gesture and personality) that are not at present capable of being reproduced for the home circle.

The Tableaux Vivants of Royal Academy Pictures constituted, I imagine, the *clou* of the entertainment. Here, again, the choice was not very distinguished and here again, except that the figures were alive, we were given something we could have got elsewhere. There must, it seems, be some inscrutable attraction in this reverse process by which we are taken back to the artist's studio and shown what might have been his models at pose; though I doubt if all the ladies in one-piece flesh-tights corresponded very closely to the original nudes. I give first honours to the white hound whose immobility in the "Special Finale" (some of us took him for a dummy till he stepped forward out of the picture to receive our applause) was thrown into strong relief by the waving scenery of the tableau's back-cloth.

Apart from *Mickey Mouse*—and I can't think what our Halls of Mirth would do without this incorrigible humorist—the only performer that fascinated me was the man who played the drum, the triangle and a jazz-gadget that looked like a row of split gourds. Among other calls on his versatile agility it was his business, with the aid of the more sonorous wind-instruments, to consolidate the applause at the end of each turn. He clearly enjoyed his job, and we exchanged friendly glances about it.

By his side there stood on a little shelf a copy of a song whose title, "Moanin' for You," riveted my gaze. I kept on hoping against hope to hear it rendered, for there were moments in the evening when I needed sympathy, and would have given a good deal to have somebody moan for me. O. S.

MY PRESENTATION.

FOR a month before the Court, Cynthia had it all her own way. The conversation at our table, when it was not on dress and coiffures, was on curtsies and whom to invite to the "Presentation Tea" which everybody, it appears, gives to the women whom they wish to make envious.

Now it is my turn, and I mean to get even with Cynthia. I also am going to a Court.

As I write, the flimsy paper commanding my presence lies at my elbow—or at least it did until it blew on to the floor—and my tailor is busy already on the elegant grey suiting which I have chosen for The Day. It will be a great moment for me when, surrounded by the friends I mean to invite, I step into the waiting car and whirl away through the London streets to the envy of all beholders. Shall I take my knitting? No.

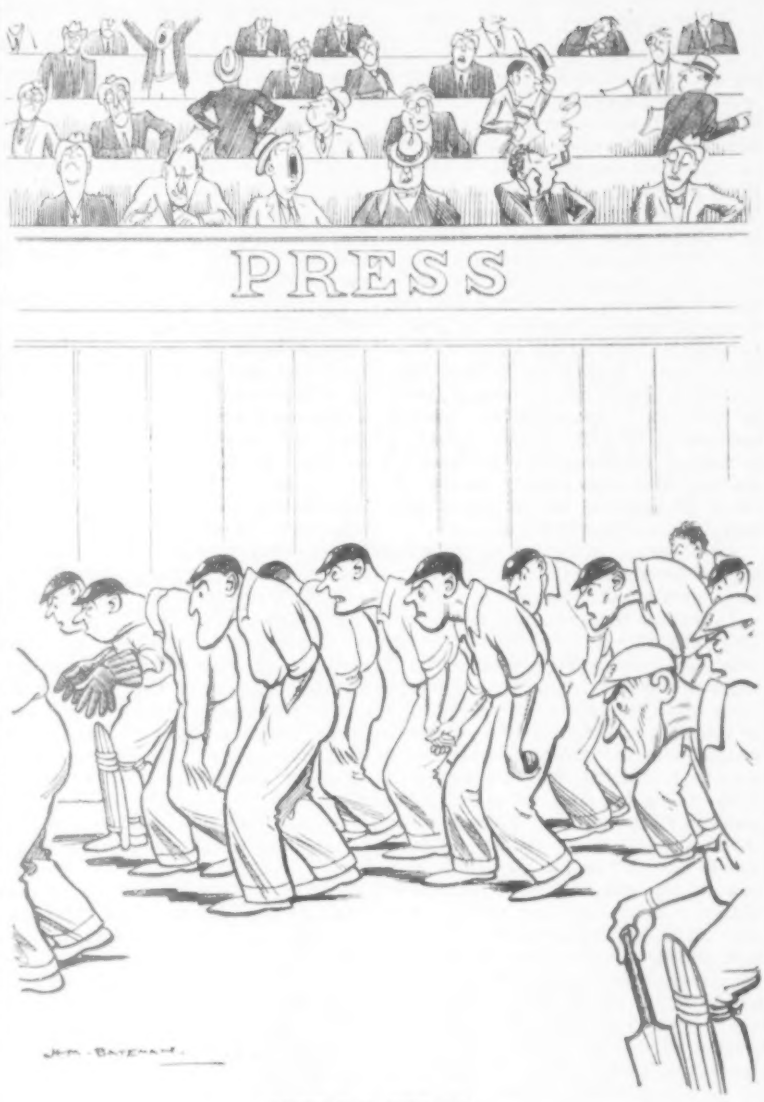
Of course, as in Cynthia's case, the great event, apart from the actual appearance, is the Tea, or in my case Luncheon, which will precede my going. Now that I have decided on the grey suit (if it is turned in time) with the bowler-hat, grey spats, spotted shirt and grey tie with paste pin, the Luncheon is the only thing that remains to occupy me, for my hair was cut only yesterday. Whom to invite? That is one vital question, and another is how to word the invitations.

My wife's letters, as far as I remember, ran something like this:—

> "DEAR BLANKY,—I should so like to see you at a little Tea I am giving before I am Presented. Joking apart, darling, my dress is rather adorable, and as for the train! And I know you worship taffeta; do come and lend a hand in bracing me for the start.
>
> P.S.—You can't think what a sight I look in plumes. The LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN will collapse!"

Though good in its way this letter has a style that is distinctly feminine, almost flippant, and I feel that for a man something more dignified is needed, so, if I decide to invite you, you will receive a printed card to this effect:—

> "SIR,—Your presence is requested at Luncheon on . . . to inspect and admire the suit I am wearing for my Presentation at Court (Marylebone Police), where I am commanded to appear for speeding. Should it interest you, you can also inspect the vests, shirts, etc., which I shall take with me to jail."



ANOTHER RECORD.

THE TEST MATCH THAT DID NOT PRODUCE A RECORD.

Half-Hours with the Cricket Experts.

"Then at 96, with half an hour to go and Pelham Warner gnawing his umbrella, Hill-Wood furnished another victim to Hazlerigg in the slips."—*Daily Paper.*

And what, we wonder, was ARCHIE MACLAREN getting his teeth into?

The Earliest Infant Welfare Centre.

"Two women came to Solomon to ask his advice about their babies."

Examination Paper.

"For bathing there are new 'backless' suits designed to aid tanning."—*Daily Paper.*

Smith Minor says they sound all right for the holidays.

Fashions for Thoroughbreds.

"Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen received many congratulations over the success of Concerto. The latter wore a yellow frock trimmed with tiny picot-edged frills and a close-fitting yellow hat."—*Evening Paper.*

"The bride wore a hand-embroidered moiro silk beige hat and carried a bouquet of Carnations and Honolulus."—*Penang Paper.*

Popocatapetls make a refreshing change from confetti.

"The ball is at the feet of the Conservative Party and of LORD BEAVERBROOK if they can only pull together."—*Surrey Paper.*

Yet this statement would seem to suggest an impending row.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE

DEAR ROONA,—I wonder if any feeling is quite so blank as that which results from opening a letter and finding that it was meant for somebody else. Oddly enough I have had two of this kind in the past fortnight. Both were addressed to me and meant for me, but in each case they ought to have been sent elsewhere. The first was a demand from an Insurance Company to explain the circumstances under which my car had run into and damaged someone else's car in Nelson, Lancashire, on a given night in June. Never have I been in Nelson, Lancashire. The other was from a doctor in Parkstone, enclosing an account amounting to £15 1*s.* 6*d.* (including cremation certificate) for professional services to a late patient whose executor he believed me to be—a poor lady I have never heard of.

All the same, there are worse letters to receive than those that ought to have gone to other people.

There has been so much talk about Mr. LANSBURY and his innovations as First Commissioner of Works that I went on a recent hot afternoon to the Park of Hyde to see for myself what he has done. I saw first the tower in which the bells of the carillon are hung: a far from unsightly building, springing from the grass, and its music gives pleasure to thousands. From there to the Serpentine, which on this July day was as crowded as the Grand Canal in one of the old Carnival pictures of Venice. Boats you are used to, but the increased number of swimmers and paddlers would surprise you. A permanent building has been set up, in addition to tents and screens, and really it was more like Margate than a section of an ornamental lake a few yards from Rotten Row. The standard of diving of both women and men was however far higher than on the Kentish coast.

In the water everyone is alike, and therefore one has no evidence as to class, but, judging by the hundreds of patient would-be bathers standing in the queue, the Serpentine's chief patrons are those who cannot afford to get to the sea, while I should say that not a few foreigners in London are finding it a pleasant refuge. Many of the young men looked like waiters. Everyone in the water or on its margin seemed to be very happy, and there were in abundance those screams which that element always seems to extract from the fair.

All this turmoil and jollity were on the eastern side of the bridge. On the other, between the bridge and Lancaster Gate, the old green peace still prevails.

During one of the entr'actes in the theatre the other evening I was conscious of the people behind me discussing someone whose name I did not catch. Just as the curtain at last rose again the finishing-touch to the argument was given by a woman. "At any rate," she said, "he writes niceish books." Who could it be? An eccentric for certain; "niceish" gives us that. And what a word!

Scraps of overheard conversation can often be very amusing. Last week a comfortably-built unharassed-looking man who was giving himself a very good lunch at the next table to me in a restaurant confided to his waiter in a loud and cheerful voice that life was too much for him. "I can't cope with it," he said. "Ever since my second boy started to keep silkworms I've been worn out trying to get mulberry-leaves. Why are there so few mulberry-trees? It's a scandal."

London seems to have a beautiful new building every week. The latest is India House, in Aldwych, which the KING opened in state a few days ago. On the façade are the arms of the twelve provinces, splendid in gold and colour, and the heads of black tigers dominate the door. On Asoka columns set upon the heads of elephants are tigers large as life. In the centre of the upper hall is a circular "aali," or railing, of white marble delicately fretted in the manner of the Fort at Agra. All the materials, wood and stone, have come from India. The symbolism is also Indian, and I was pleased to find at each corner of the parapet of the court the carved figure of a benign bird-beaked attendant of Vishnu which, especially as it has wings of imagination, might easily be taken for Mr. Punch.

As I write we are slowly recovering from the shock of the third Test Match and BRADMAN'S stupendous thousand-pound innings. It is beginning to look as if our only chance of getting on terms with these formidable Antipodeans is for the marvellous boy to play left-handed. But perhaps, like his fellow-phenomenon, LINDRUM, he has really been left-handed all the time and was only trifling with us! Yours, E. V. L.

A Glimpse of the Appropriate.

"MAXIMUM PINTS IN THE 'D.T.' CUP."
Bisley Report in Birmingham Paper.

Birds of a Feather.

"The Chancellor of the Ducky of Lancaster has appointed Mrs. Mary Hamilton parliamentary private secretary."
South African Paper.

LONDON GATES.

III.—BISHOPSGATE. 1469.

Two bishops upon Bishopsgate once stood,
A Saxon and a Norman hewn in stone;
Above them, in a chamber roofed with wood,
A grave man dwelt alone.

Into the clamorous street he would descend
With frowning forehead and a solemn port,
As men will do who call a great man friend
Or who have kin at Court.

To any wimpled nun his cap he'd doff,
Nor while she was in view would put it on,
And, passing Crosby Hall, it might come off
In honour of Sir JOHN.

But few the merchants and the burghers were
To whom he paused to speak upon his way;
Even to the tapster and the taverner
He had not much to say.

If some bold stranger should aspire to know
What might his calling be and what his name,
He would make answer in deep tones and slow,
"I wield a blade of fame."

A blade of fame? Was he some champion, then,
Hired to do battle in a lawful cause?
Nay. To the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen
Carver-in-chief he was.

When cups of silver-gilt brimmed on the board
And all the walls were hung with gay brocade
He stood in scarlet weed before his lord,
Wielding his famous blade.

To prove his boasted prowess he was fain;
For who like him could dextrously divide
The silver swan, the ashy-feathered crane,
The peacock purple-pied?

And when the boards were bare, the cressets dim,
He would return unto his sculptured gate
As one who hath with honour quitted him
Of a grave charge and great.

D. M. S.

TABLE MANNERS.



WE ARE ACCUSTOMED TO THESE LITTLE ATTENTIONS TO THE TOILET AT TABLE—



SO—



WHY—



NOT—



MAKE—



A—



COMPLETE—



JOB OF IT?



Veterinary Surgeon. "WHO'S THAT ON THE PHONE?"
Maid. "AN ALSATIAN PUPPY WITH DISTEMPER, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. JOHN BUCHAN is at the top of his form in *Castle Gay* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). He has, if not improved upon, at least rendered highly personal to himself that blend of douce Scots narrative and hair-brained Ruritanian theme which is usually associated with the one and only TUSITALA. His opening scene discloses the vast gravel sweeps and pepper-box turrets of a Glasgow merchant turned country gentleman; and my one quarrel with a many-sided drama is that *Mr. McCunn*, a figure in the true *Pickwick-Tartarin* tradition of lovable absurdity, makes so few and such brief appearances. In fact *Mr. McCunn's* main office—and he is worthy of a higher—is to set wistfully in motion the adventures of others and act as a chivalrous and comic solvent of their imbroglios. The others comprise *Jaikie Galt*, an International Rugby player; *Dougal Crombie*, a journalist; *Campbell Craw*, the pompous proprietor of the Craw Press, and representatives of Royalist and Bolshevist Evallonia, a small nation left in a typically post-War state of indetermination. How the Evallonians, including a prince of the blood, came to be quartered on a Carrick moor, what hopes they entertain of the intervention of the almighty *Craw*, how two young men, assisted by a middle-aged FLORA MACDONALD and her niece, rescue *Craw* from his protégés, let Mr. BUCHAN tell in his own way. It is an animated and serviceable way, and to the delight of at least one reader it gets over much rough ground and round many tight corners without any recourse to the supernatural.

The words "India Understood!" on the wrapper of Major YEATS-BROWN's autobiography, *Bengal Lancer* (GOLLANCZ, 9/-), and the label "Ordinary everyday young cavalry officer" on its inner flap, may prejudice those who believe in the eternal remoteness of East from West and have no belief in the mental elasticity of any young officer. Yet it is just that ordinariness of the author, by which I mean his zest for the everyday things of Indian life—polo and pig-sticking and conversation—that makes his excursions into places of the spirit at once credible and amazing. Major YEATS-BROWN has proved himself a great experimentalist, and he gives us the results of his samplings in clear beautiful prose. He tells how he came to India at the age of nineteen, loving his own country, yet convinced that Western civilisation was sick; how, through conversation with a Brahmin, he was made aware of "the invisible cages of caste" and became interested in *Yoga* ("that orderly and objective process of self-realisation, the handmaid of religion"), and of how, so far as he was allowed, he studied it and became more and more enthralled by Hindu India, "seething, inscrutable, ecstatic, withdrawn into her sorceries, like Leonardo's women." It is unfortunately impossible in the space of a short review to do justice to a book that tells of nearly twenty years' mental and spiritual and bodily adventuring, that describes the author's life in India before the War, on the Western Front, with the Flying Corps in Mesopotamia, as a captive in a Turkish prison, from which he finally escaped, and again as a soldier and student of *Yoga* in India. I can only say that Major YEATS-BROWN's strange autobiography should bring satisfaction to every reader, since he writes wisely and well of such varying subjects as sport, dogs, horses, dancing-girls and philosophy, describes ceremonies that are lovely as a fairy-tale, and reveals a most infectious love of life.

Horse Lovers—here, you'll say, we've got
A story in the SURTEES' way—
Lots of incident, little plot,
And hunting almost every day,
Though now and then the needle wags
To guns, or sport "between the flags."

Miss Diana Gibson has
A cousin, *Dick*, and eke a horse—
"Crusader"; all that comes to pass
Springs gaily from this triple source
Until, to sound of wedding-bells,
We bid the cousins our farewells.

These pages teem with "characters"
Mostly exaggerated much,
Yet, if an equine one occurs,
It has the true, the master touch
That you'd expect from Colonel BROOKE
(GEOFFREY), who writes the jovial book

That CONSTABLE'S produce anew—
This time at seven-and-six it's done;
Pictures by "SNAFFLES" grace it too.
Many will like its sport and fun,
Although the latter is, maybe,
A bit too boisterous for me.

I should like to welcome with both hands, for its own sake and as an earnest of similar volumes to come, Mr. E. JERVOISE'S admirably illustrated handbook on *The Ancient Bridges of the South of England* (THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS, 5/6). At a time when all rural beauty is being "larned to be a toad" under the heel of commercialism, an old bridge is the most threatened of all architectural triumphs. Yet, as Mr. C. R. PEERS maintains in his Introduction here, it is inevitably one of the loveliest and best worth preserving. With the latter end in view Mr. JERVOISE has made a survey of all the streams of the South, excluding those of Devon and Cornwall and the northern tributaries of the Thames, whose main course constitutes his boundary. He has described practically all the bridges of note, photographed over seventy of them, and entered with zest into the vicissitudes of their past and their chances of surviving the present. The mediæval bridges are the sturdiest and most beautiful—from East Farleigh, the great fourteenth-century bridge over the Medway, to the jolly little packhorse bridge at Coombe Bisset, near Salisbury. Yet there are charming examples in brick and stone of the reigns of the four GEORGES, and every intermediate age shows some happy innovation on the traditional theme. It is hopeless, perhaps, to stem the activities of our own generation; but something might be done with our children. And a really racy lecture, with lantern slides reproduced from Mr. JERVOISE'S photographs, might do something to speed the good work that his book has so excellently inaugurated.

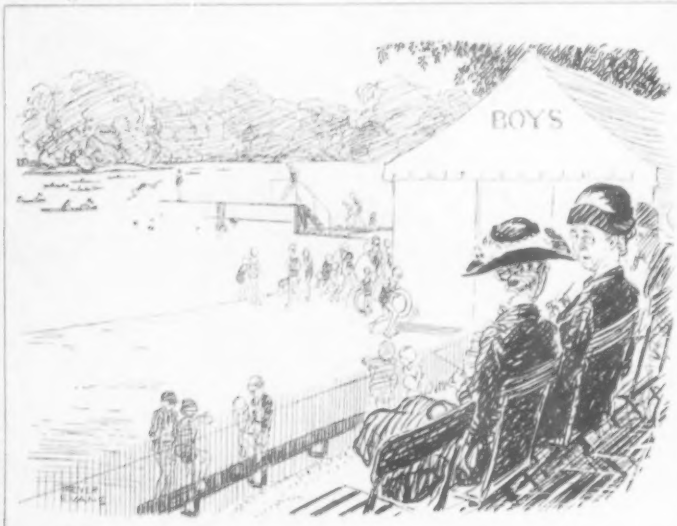
In *Some Personal Recollections* (MURRAY, 12/-), Sir BAMPFYLDE FULLER is able to fill half his chapters with most fascinating stories of an India which he also served, and, if his later pages are devoted to less thrilling tales of travel and war-work, the sudden break was no less a blow to the writer and, as no one will now dispute, no less a grievous loss to India than it is a disaster for his book. His unstressed account of his share in the partition of Bengal, which eventually led to his resignation, does him honour in every line, while the reception that awaited him on revisiting India was proof—comical sometimes, but genuine enough—of the affection he had won. In the Central Provinces, where he found the farmers eager to grow the disease-proof wheat hybridised at the experimental farm he had founded thirty years before, he had to listen to the chanting of his praises in academic Persian, while at Aligarh he was greeted by the children and grandchildren—a whole illustrated pageful—of RAM DAYAL FULLER, who as a baby had been named after him for luck. But he found his India changed. Where he himself, touring on horseback and camping among the villages, would make public bonfire of an armful of unread



Sailor (to passenger). "IF I MIGHT MAKE SO FREE AS TO SAY SO, SIR, YOUR TROUBLE IS THAT YOU TAKE THINGS A BIT TOO SERIOUS."

petitions and get down in hours of closest talk to the real troubles that were worrying his people, now there are executive officers hurrying through in motor-cars, anger and misunderstanding are in the air, and a sense of impending rupture. It cannot be that he should not feel regrets.

I gather from the dictionaries that a rondo, musically speaking, should have a central theme that is well rounded-off, tune-like and self-repeating, giving a sense of pleasure and importance in the mere fact of its return. Mr. BASIL MAINE, being a music critic, as he prefers to describe himself, no doubt knows exactly why he gave this name to his first novel, *Rondo* (DUCKWORTH, 7/6), but it may not be so clear to the layman. True, the main theme repeats itself often enough. His young man, also a music critic, during the three eventful years described in this book, finds himself entangled in love-passages with three separate women, while his real spiritual affinity is separated from him. First there is a girl called *Roma*, whom he meets at a dance and shakes off with extreme difficulty; then a Burmese dancer, *Manari Tan*, who was not really Burmese at all but born in Bakersfield, California; and finally a German opera-singer, *Fidelia Ledermann*. These adventures, we are told, "contribute to the development" of our critic, and the three women certainly make up a sufficiently well-contrasted trio. Mr. BASIL MAINE has observation, a vein of sentiment, and the power of suggesting atmosphere—especially that of a concert-hall or of a cathedral when a Three Choirs Festival is in progress; and lovers of music will probably recognise and enjoy his sketches of events and people in that world. I note he declares on the title-page that no reference is made in his book to any living person. Mr. BERNARD SHAW apparently does not count.



First Spinster. "EVERYTHING SEEMS QUITE RESPECTABLE."
Second Spinster. "YES, I WILL SAY THAT FOR THE GOVERNMENT—THEY CHOSE AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN FOR MINISTER OF BATHING."

The project of a State-endowed National Theatre is again being seriously canvassed and Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER has reproduced with revised estimates and reinforced argument the scheme evolved by him and the late WILLIAM ARCHER twenty-five years ago in *A National Theatre* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, 5/-). His argument is too close and too technical for intelligible compression. He demands an actual theatre—not a mere National Theatre Company, housed here or there as occasion offers—with a larger and a smaller auditorium; endowment to provide workshops, material and equipment and to ensure continuity, with a permanent autocratic director, assistants, working staffs and a semi-permanent pensionable company of players. A good proportion of the running-costs and the upkeep would be met by the receipts from the sale of tickets, conservatively estimated at something over two hundred thousand pounds a year. He assumes the true repertory system of two or three different plays in the week, not the short-run system. The credit needed to launch this enterprise successfully would be something near one million pounds, and he suggests that the money could be taken out of the well-filled tills of the B.B.C. Mr. BARKER'S unshaken conviction of the worthiness of his cause, his authority and specific experience, and the eloquence which he brings to his pleading will go far to persuade the doubter who questions either the spiritual value or the actual practicability of the scheme.

In *The Prince from Overseas* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) the scene for the most part is laid in Martinique, and the majority of the characters belong to history. Sir BASIL THOMSON makes an entertaining story, admirably adapted for holiday reading, from a visit of the young and charming Frenchman, who styled himself a prince, to the West Indian island. Whether this youth ought to be considered an impostor was the question that had to be answered, and the reply of nearly everyone was an emphatic negative. But the Governor-General, a man of pomp and infinite caution, was definitely suspicious, and the devices by which he avoided meeting the visitor and the taunts which he had to endure from his gay and irresponsible wife are refreshingly humorous. After the "Prince" leaves Martinique, Sir BASIL loses something of the subtle touch that gave a note of distinction to the earlier pages, but at any rate he is never at a loss for exciting incident, and he rounds off his diverting story with a pretty touch of romance.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE'S powers of invention show scarcely any trace of decline in *White Face* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), although the stupid policeman (in this case an inspector) who acts as butt to his colleagues is such a familiar figure in this *genre* of fiction that he might with advantage have been given a hardly-earned rest. But if Mr. WALLACE'S characters are mainly of a stock type there is nothing trite or conventional in their capacities for crime. You may on retrospection incline to believe that some of *White Face's* misdeeds were impossible, but while you are reading about them I fancy that your critical faculties will be entirely in abeyance. In fact, while dosing myself with this hectic tale, I was so completely under Mr. WALLACE'S spell that I could have swallowed more violent improbabilities without a touch of indigestion.

"Britain's backwardness in the film industry is attributed solely to lack of enterprise by Mr. Ronald Colman, the well-known actor."—*Sydney Paper.*

No such charge has been brought against Mr. COLMAN in this paper.

"Errand Girl Wanted.—Juliet, 77 —— Rd."—*Manchester Paper.*

Late errand girl (*sotto voce*): "Henceforward do your messages yourself "—(*Romeo and Juliet*).

CHARIVARIA.

ZARO AGHA, of Turkey, who is one-hundred-and-fifty-four years of age, has been visiting America. It is said that his reason for making this excursion was that he didn't want to get into a rut.

***

ZARO AGHA has been talking to New York about his twelve marriages, but has failed to impress Hollywood, which considers that he has wasted his opportunities.

***

We read that, just before his fight with YOUNG STRIBLING, PHIL SCOTT backed himself for a thousand pounds. It is not stated who put him on to this tip.

***

"Children are a lottery," says Lord CASTLEROSSE. There is, of course, always the danger that they will grow up and become gossip-writers.

***

Tinted toe-nails are the latest fashion for the beach; but, at the risk of being considered *démodé*, we have decided to leave ours plain.

***

An ankle competition at Bexhill was judged by the borough veterinary inspector. We are not told whether he detected any signs of spavin.

***

Mr. JACK HAYES, M.P., celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of his wedding-day by racing some carrier-pigeons to his home in Liverpool. After so many years it should hardly be necessary for a man to prove himself a good homing husband.

***

The Flying Scotsman has won a 700-mile race against pigeons. That decides us not to travel by pigeon in future.

***

A lady writes to a daily paper pointing out that an Old Etonian tie is a protection all over the world. This recalls to us the explorer who owed his life to the fact that the cannibal chief was also an Old Etonian.

***

At Omaha PRIMO CARNERA hit "BEARCAT" WRIGHT out of the ring with such force that one of the ropes broke. Among critics of the present system of scoring in boxing-contests it is felt that more should be allowed for a boundary-hit.

***

Complaint is made that modern croquet seems to consist in preventing an opponent from showing what skill he (or she) possesses. This would seem to be the explanation of why so many croquet-players have that thwarted look.

***

More than one Dictator is said to be combating obesity. A whiff of grapefruit is indicated.

***

It is authoritatively stated that the finest quality mutton and lamb coming into London goes not to the West End, as has been supposed, but to the East End, where people know good meat and insist on being supplied with the best. Our fear is that this is calculated to foster a spirit of discontent in Kensington.

***

"What is the best method of silencing distortions in a loud-speaker?" asks a correspondent in a contemporary. Has he tried a coal-hammer?

***

A combined corkscrew, tin-opener and bottle-opener is mentioned as a useful gadget for picnics. Hitherto these implements have been left behind separately.

***

We are asked to deny the rumour that Miss MARJORIE FOSTER, who won the King's Prize at Bisley, has received several proposals from Chicago gunmen.

After describing his sensations in falling seventy feet over a cliff, a boy says he wouldn't go through it again for anything. Any idea of offering him inducements to repeat this risky performance should therefore be abandoned.

***

"Now is the time to buy next winter's raincoat," says an advertisement. Fortunately we anticipated this advice a couple of weeks ago.

***

Mrs. MCELROY of Butte County, California, has thrown a rolling-pin weighing one-pound-and-a-half a distance of one hundred feet. We can only assume that she hated the sight of the thing.

***

A gossip-writer mentions that when he called on an actress recently she kissed him twice. Still, there are risks in almost every profession.

***

A report states that KING CAROL visited his wife incognito. We fail to see how this would help her to recognise him.

***

A famous artist describes himself as "plain." This is a nasty blow for the theory that if you only paint enough in oils you become an "oil-painting."

***

"I think knitting performs the same office for women as the cigarette or pipe does for a man," says the Duchess of ATHOLL. Not quite the same; dropped knitting doesn't burn holes in the carpet.

***

Covent Garden Opera House has been advertised as being for sale. But wasn't it always in the Market?

***

Two haystacks were carried by a whirlwind from one Buckinghamshire village to another. We understand that the farmer concerned produced an entirely new and original grumble which is copyright.

"There was a feeling that the Economic Committee had brought disgrace upon the family and that mum was the word."
Evening Paper.

She usually gets the last word on family matters.



Smith (returning gardening implements). "WELL, I THINK THAT'S EVERYTHING I'VE HAD THIS SUMMER, OLD MAN."
Brown. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN—'EVERYTHING'? WHERE'S THE TORTOISE?"

TO THE BRITISH HEN, OUR HOPE.

FROM the Poultry Congress now assembled
Comes a tiding grateful to the ear,
Bringing comfort to the hearts that trembled
For our honour, once without a peer;
Though in manly sports, like golf and tennis,
Britain's fame has visibly declined,
Public tests have shown the native hen is
More than equal to the alien kind.

Experts, who have noted her vitality,
Generous bulk and reproductive powers,
State the view that there is no locality
Turning out a type so sound as ours;
Well may British bosoms be enraptured,
Even crow and cackle in their mirth,
At the proud hegemony we've captured
Over all the hen-runs of the earth.

Science is at work and soon will tell a
Tale of deadly germs that lose their grip,
Coping with the seeds of *salmonella*
And the junior ravages of pip;
Soon it hopes to duplicate the produce
Of our Wyandottes' prolific toil
By enhanced nutrition through the odd use
Of selected brands of castor-oil.

So will Science, like a gentle genie,
Use, to lubricate the flow of eggs,
Means by which the braves of MUSSOLINI
Melt the anti-Fascist's froward legs;
It will handle these cathartic juices
Not for ends that thinking men deplore,
But to dope the bird till she produces
More than ever she produced before.

By the spread of reinforced instruction
In the higher oölogic arts,
Greatly stimulating mass-production,
We'll promote a slump in foreign marts;
With our Dorkings laying in their legions
Lightly shall we pay the small excess
Due for cereals from exotic regions,
When our local omelettes cost us less. O. S.

THE ART OF GRATITUDE.

SPEAKING as one who rather loves writing letters, I must make an eternal exception in respect of the letter conveying thanks for hospitality; and how such an epistle must affect the person to whom all forms of letter-writing are minor martyrdoms I daren't imagine. For the bread-and-butter letter (or, as we call it in our family, the hospitable roofer) is, look at it any way you will, a considerable problem.

It cannot be formal, because to have stayed with any family argues a certain degree of intimacy. Neither can it be spontaneous, since you have usually talked yourself out during the visit. It cannot conceivably convey news after the thanking part has been overcome, because, when you have just been housed by a family, your news, so to speak, is theirs, and, as the letter must follow hard upon your visit it is seldom indeed that anything will have turned up as a topic since your arrival home. You cannot very often, for instance, have the opportunity of writing like this:—

DEAREST M.,—I had such a happy time with you. Best thanks. The day after my return the house caught fire and my bedroom is gutted. . . .

Or,

MY DEAR B.,—It was so kind of you to have me for that jolly fortnight. I have no particular news, except that I came home to find that we have lost half our income, thanks to shaky investments.

Isn't the weather terrible? . . .

Or,

DEAR C.,—Before I thank you properly for my lovely week-end, I have to tell you that my sister met me at the door quite insane, poor dear. The doctor thinks it is the result of a heat-stroke, and hopes it will be merely temporary. How is your garden looking? As lovely as when I left it yesterday?

So one commonly falls back upon this kind of thing:—

MY DEAR,—I had a delightful time with you, and thank you ever so much. When will you be in Town? Soon, I trust; and you must come to see us. We shall all look forward to it.

With renewed thanks,

Yours affectionately.

But this is not sufficient. It is so patently a letter of thanks for free board and lodging—a conventional gesture. And yet, what to say? Who cares twopence that you had a "good journey up"? or that the train was five minutes late at Victoria? or so full that you had to stand, or so empty that you had a carriage to yourself? After reading that sort of stuff your hostess, if she has a sense of humour, will wonder what has happened to yours.

The only hope, I believe, lies in facetiousness. That is the sorry ditch in which I, after long brooding, have taken permanent refuge. The art lies in conveying to your late hostess that your remembrance of her home-life is so vivid that, if anything could, it tends even to overwhelm the gratitude which is the ostensible cause of your letter. The exclamation-mark plays an important part in these communications. At once it draws attention to the fact that you are in lightsome mood as a result of your visit, and also shields you from possible consequences in the remote event of your remarks being taken seriously. Herewith samples:—

MY DEAR,—My porter at Waterloo has a face so like your butler's that it gave me an absolute pang of home-sickness!! . . .

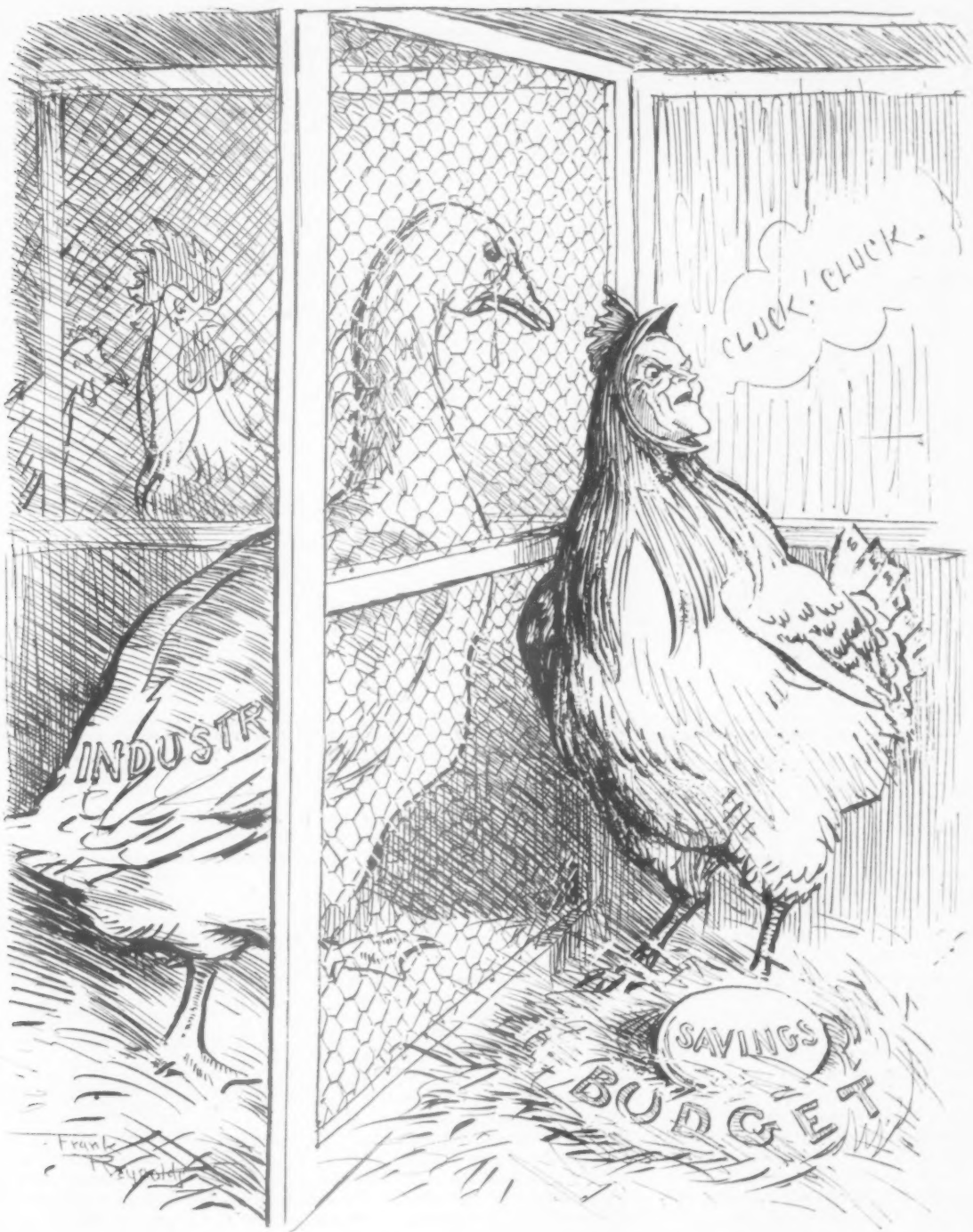
DEAREST MAUD,—You may not believe me, but I *was* just able to get in at my own front-door after the shameless way I gorged your heavenly raspberries and strawberries!!! . But I am *too* fat for all that, and I believe your invitation was a plot to ruin my figure!!! . . .

JOAN DARLING,—I simply loathe you for having asked me to stay. It makes the coming back simply unthinkable. Please *never* ask me again!!!

MY LAMB,—This *isn't* a "hospitable roofer"; it's just to say that I was too (really) happy for words the whole of the time, and that I adore your house *and* your husband, whom I shall infallibly vamp from you if I get the slightest encouragement!!! RACHEL.

"Ice cream can be made for a car picnic during the run. . . . Pour the mixture to be frozen into the container, fix the lid on and stand upside down in the car."—*Daily Paper.*

Specially cold ice can be got by playing a low note on the horn and doing a short-arm balance on the radiator-cap.



PAINFUL SCENE AT THE POULTRY CONGRESS.

THE GOOSE THAT MISLAID THE GOLDEN EGG.

[Mr. SNOWDEN's Finance Bill has passed its Third Reading.]



Fond Wife (first ball, first wicket). "THAT *is* NICE, DARLING; NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO ENJOY THE CRICKET WITH US."

PAINTING THE LILY.

ONE of our evening newspapers has started a competition amongst its readers inviting them to say how the beauties and amenities of certain well-known seaside resorts may be still further enhanced. The essay that follows was not entered for the competition. It has been forwarded to Mr. Punch instead.

"I find it hard to think of anything which might improve Pebblesham-on-Sea. It stands alone amongst watering-places and has frequently been alluded to by the railway company as the Palm Beach of Bungalow Land—a finely imaginative phrase for this particular corner of the Glebeshire coast. On some bills it is known as the Lido of Northern Europe—another singularly apt piece of nomenclature. The idea that both these descriptions attempt to convey is that Pebblesham is by the sea.

"There are those who consider that the absence of all shelter from the wind at Pebblesham and the fact that the wind is always blowing violently one way or the other, and the circumstance that the wind is so full of bits of sand, are drawbacks to the serenity of this maritime Paradise. But there are plenty of places behind the broken groyne where, if you lie at full length, it is quite possible to be adequately protected on dry days from the dust-storm, and on wet days, if an umbrella and mackintosh be taken, from the rain. During the past few years the local authorities have done much to remove both boots and tin-cans from the foreshore, and except at low tide the smell of decaying sea-weed and shell-fish can be annoying only to the most sensitive nose. The incursions of the sea, which are causing the chalk cliffs to fall away in large wet lumps, may make it dangerous to sit under their overhanging brows, but it will be at least a year before the second ice-cream kiosk in front of the Imperial Hotel is likely to fall upon the beach.

"No motor-cars are allowed to park in the various approaches to the strand, and I have counted at least fourteen notices at various points which state in so many words, 'NO PARKING ALLOWED HERE!' The fact that in no fewer than seven cases the word 'PARKING' has been altered by some impudent hand to 'BARKING' does not minimise their value, but may be considered an additional advantage, since the number of noisy dogs dashing about might otherwise be far greater than it is.

"It is said that Pebblesham-on-Sea should have more facilities for sun-bathing, but I cannot agree. The one groyne is, in my opinion, sufficient. The close proximity of the bathers to one another helps to ensure uniformity of baking. It also localises the pastime. If a visitor is not—

(*a*) in the sea,
(*b*) at the stationer's,
(*c*) at the Free Library,
(*d*) on the golf-course,
(*e*) waiting for the bar to open at the Imperial Hotel,

he or she will be found grilling briskly in a nude condition on one or other side of the groyne, in accordance with the prevailing wind. And this permits of many a happy rendezvous, some habitués having their own favourite stall or partition where they can be found suffering mild agony during any sunny moments that may occur in the course of the day.

"The proposal to extend the area of sun-bathing to the ruins of the old

esplanade and bandstand, swept away in 1924, was, I think, very rightly vetoed, for this part of the beach is largely used by the little ones with spade and bucket in default of rock pools.

"The only disadvantage of the groyne, considered as a solarium, is the practice which certain rough local lads have instituted of throwing large stones or bottles over it from the other side, and this no doubt will be discontinued as soon as the importance of sun-worship grows clearer to the rude rustic mind.

"About the golf-course at Pebblesham-on-Sea a good deal has been written from time to time in the local Press. It has been pointed out that the stagnant leat or drain which forms the main hazard at the first, third, fourth, seventh, ninth, twelfth, thirteenth, fifteenth and seventeenth holes should be spanned by more frequent foot-bridges and provided with a larger number of nets or dredgers for retrieving lost balls, one correspondent going so far as to compare it with VIRGIL'S description of the infernal regions in the *Æneid* and to quote the words: '*Novies Styx interfusa coercet.*' But it ought to be remembered that, if the course is difficult in summer-time, in winter, when it is almost totally submerged by flood-water, it is more difficult still; that the greens, if rough, are slow and therefore capable of holding the approach-shot, and that much opportunity is offered to the nature-lover of watching the flight of maritime and other wild birds.

"The prices of fruit, groceries and meat at Pebblesham-on-Sea are no more than twice those current in Kensington or any other respectable suburb of the Metropolis. The architecture of the bungalows, if rendered in some degree monotonous by the considerable proportion which are formed from disused railway-carriages, finds compensation in the grandiloquence of their names. 'Isola Bella' is flanked, for instance, by 'Eagle's Nest' on the right hand and by 'Château Gaillard' on the left. In all these cases first-class compartments have been employed.

"Amongst general amusements the local cinema, which might be inadequate to cope with the rush of visitors on rainy days, is only open on Saturdays, many of which may be fine. The lifeboat house, now that the station has been transferred, has been turned into a small geological museum, which may be inspected at a modest charge any day of the week from 3 to 6 P.M.; and there is a gymkhana for goat-carriages and riding-donkeys during the first week in August which provides unlimited fun. Nor is the reef on which the lighthouse formerly stood without its interest to those of a nautical turn of mind. The two rubble tennis-courts, allotted by balloting every day, are beginning to be more popular now that the growing tamarisks go far to shelter them from the tempestuous gales, and the sea-bathing is perfectly safe for fairly hardy adults in certain conditions of the tide.

"There are frequent motor-buses to Belkthorpe, which possesses what is said to be a portion of a Roman pavement, discovered while altering the town drains in 1913. And the Flower Show at Buttleigh Manor, to which all visitors are welcome at a shilling a head, is within easy reach by motor-car along a road which, if stony, is delightfully flanked by old-world hedges and trees.

"Anything in the nature of public gardens, a casino, an orchestra or a new marine parade would assuredly ruin the romantic charm and seclusion which bring fresh visitors to Arcadian Pebblesham year after year.

"I repeat that I cannot think of anything which could possibly improve Pebblesham-on-Sea." EVOE.



NEW VERSION.

"DARLING, I WORSHIP THE VERY GROUND YOU FLY OVER!"

Should Press-Men Take Tiffin?

"They attended the tiffin given by Mrs. Swaythling at Kenshington Court."
Manchurian Paper.

More Pearls of Unintention.

"The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon has been indefinitely postponed on account of the visit of the Archbishop."
Church Notice in Australia.

MISLEADING CASES.

WEAR AND TEAR.

Haddock and Others v. *Commissioners for Income-Tax.*

THIS was an appeal from a decision of the Income-Tax Commissioners upon a case stated for the opinion of the High Court.

Mr. Justice Radish said: "The appellant in this case is a Mr. Albert Haddock, a pertinacious litigant whom we are always glad to see, and let me add that it gives me pleasure to see the Commissioners, so often and for such poor cause the initiators of legislation, for once upon their defence.

"Mr. Haddock asks for a declaration that he is, and has been for some years, entitled to certain allowances or deductions for income-tax purposes under the heading of (*a*) Expenses and (*b*) Wear and Tear of Machinery and Plant; and on the assumption that he is right he claims that a considerable sum is owing to him in respect of past years in which the Commissioners have refused to grant him such allowances.

"Mr. Haddock appears on behalf of the whole body of authors, artists and composers, and the position of a large number of creative brain-workers will be affected by our decision.

"Now the theory of Income-Tax (under Schedule D) is that it is a tax upon the *profits* of occupations, professions or businesses. The manufacturer of soap, who makes and sells soap to the value of £10,000, at a cost to himself of £8,000, is taxed upon £2,000. And if there is no profit there is (in theory) no tax. He is not taxed on what comes into the till, but upon what goes into the savings-bank. Further, it is recognised by the State that his soap-manufacturing machinery and plant must in the nature of things suffer wear and tear with the passage of time, and on account of that depreciation he is allowed to deduct certain sums from his income, apart from the day-to-day expenses of his business.

"Now the position of the author, artist or composer is very different. But it is Mr. Haddock's first complaint that the Commissioners treat him as if he were in the same position as the soap-manufacturer, except where it would benefit him to be treated so. In the vulgar phrase, he says, they have it both ways. The author is taxed, practically speaking, not on profits but on receipts, on almost everything that comes into the till. For the small deductions allowed to him on account of professional expenses are meagre and in no way comparable to the expenses side of the soap-manufacturer's profit-and-loss accounts.

"An author, says Mr. Haddock, cannot write about nothing (though one or two come very near to it). The whole of life is his raw material, and, like other raw material, it has to be paid for. His friendships, love-affairs, marriages, journeys, sports, reading, recreation and social relations cannot be had for nothing. And Mr. Haddock argues very plausibly that his expenditure on these items, without which he would be unable to carry on his profession at all, should be entered on the 'loss' side of his profit-and-loss account. The Commissioners, however, have obstinately refused to allow him anything by way of expenses, except for such obvious and trivial items as stationery, type-writing, use of secretary, pens, pencils, india-rubber and so forth; they have allowed him nothing for hospitality, entertainment or travel, and they have invariably deleted from his list of professional expenses such items as champagne, Monte Carlo, night-club subscriptions, 'first-nights,' Deauville, and hire of yacht at Cowes. 'But how,' says Mr. Haddock, 'can a man write about Monte Carlo or Cowes unless he goes to Monte Carlo or Cowes? How is he to study and depict the gilded life of Society without constant visits to certain Grill Rooms, to Covent Garden, to the Riviera, and other places where Society is to be found?' These questions seem to me to be unanswerable; and they received no satisfactory answer from the representative of the defendants in the box. Further, it is not denied that if a soap-manufacturer were compelled for business reasons to visit Cowes or Monte Carlo he would be permitted to deduct the necessary expenses of the expedition when calculating his taxable income. I see no reason why Mr. Haddock should not do the same.

"Next, as to wear and tear. One of the constant disadvantages of the author's trade is that he is a one-man business, at once his own employer, designer, technician, machine-minder and machine. Once the soap-manufacturer has equipped and organised his factory he may relax; a week's holiday, a month's illness will not suspend the output of his soap or the growth of his income. But, when the author stops, the machine stops and the output stops. He is unable, on holiday, in sickness or in age, to depute his functions to any other person. Here is one more reason why £100 earned by the author should not be treated and taxed on the same terms as £100 accruing as profit to the soap-manufacturer. 'Yet,' says Mr. Haddock, 'this is done; so let it be done thoroughly and logically. The author's machinery and plant are his brain and his physique, his fund of inventiveness, his creative powers. These are not inexhaustible; they are seldom rested (for the reasons given above); the strain upon them increases as the years go by, and in some cases, I understand, is aggravated by late hours and dissipation. And if it is proper for the soap-manufacturer to be relieved in respect of the wear-and-tear of his machinery and the renewal thereof (which money can easily buy), how much more consideration is owing to the delicate and irreplaceable mechanism of the writer!'

"Under this head Mr. Haddock has repeatedly appealed for relief in respect of sums expended on doctor's accounts, on sunlight treatment, on nourishing foods and champagne, and upon necessary holidays at Monte Carlo and



"I WANT TO PAY THE LAST INSTALMENT ON THE BABY'S PRAM."
"THANK YOU, MADAM. THE BABY, I TRUST, IS QUITE WELL?"
"YES, THANKS. SHE'S GETTING MARRIED NEXT WEEK."



Sobbing Motorist. "C-CONSTABLE—A P-PEDESTRIAN S-SMACKED MY F-FACE!"

Cowes. The Commissioners have refused, and I find that they were wrong.

"Under both heads, therefore, Mr. Haddock's appeal succeeds. He estimates that if his expenses be properly calculated on the basis already explained he has never yet made a taxable profit; for at the end of every year of his literary operations he has been a little more in debt than the year before. In every year, therefore, he has been wrongly assessed and unlawfully taxed; and I order the Commissioners to reopen the accounts for the past seven years and repay to Mr. Haddock the very large sums owing to him.

"I may add a few words for the general guidance of Inland Revenue Officials in this class of case. There seems to be an idea abroad (especially in Parliament, where every erroneous idea is carefully incubated) that the author deserves less generous treatment than the soap-manufacturer, on the ground that the latter is an employer of labour. Mr. Haddock in his evidence, some of which I read with reluctance, has ably exposed the fallacy herein contained, though his observations on the Derating Act were perhaps tinged with irrelevancy. 'It is difficult,' he said, 'to discuss this notion with patience. What a poop Parliament is, milord! The authors, writers and composers are in a sense the biggest employers in the country, for they are the only original creators of employment. Their books, their articles, their music must be typed and printed and bound and distributed, performed upon the stage, the wireless, the gramophone and the screen. The publishers, printers, compositors, book-binders and book-sellers, the actors, musicians, singers and stage-hands, nay, the very newspaper-proprietors and their enormous staffs, owe their employment, their earnings and their profits to the creative mind and technical skill of the writer, since without him their occupation would be nothing and their machines be silent. He is the producer and they an army of middlemen; he is the true creator of wealth, and they, if I may employ the genial language of a certain political party, are but parasites upon his brains and labour. Yet Parliament, in its recent Derating Act, designed to encourage and increase employment, extends the privileges of that Act to the printer and not to the author who finds employment for that printer, "derates" the "factory" section of a newspaper-office, but not the editorial side, without which that factory would be valueless and idle. My Lord, how characteristically crass of Parliament! How utterly soggy! How——' But perhaps Mr. Haddock's point is now clear enough. The question whether the premises of authors ought to be classed as 'factories' under the Derating Act must be decided by some other tribunal than this. But the principles and values laid down by Mr. Haddock for the proper estimation of authors and writers are sound, and should govern the Commissioners and their officials in all their dealings with this deserving and valuable class of men. The appeal is allowed." A. P. H.

A Peace-Time Big Bertha.

"The most sensational conclusion to the King's Prize was witnessed on Stickledown Ranges this afternoon, when a woman shot from Frimley Green, Surrey."
Sunday Paper.

"DAZZLING DULEEP."
Headline in Daily Paper.

The field should have appealed against too much light.

"SKIRTS.
WHY BE WITHOUT ONE?"
Advt. in Herts Paper.

A very proper question.

LIVESTOCK-TAKING.

ONCE a year every properly-constituted concern does its accounts, has an orgy of stocktaking and hopes that the auditors will give it a clean balance-sheet.

Stocktaking at the London Zoo is pretty complicated, as you will agree when I tell you that all the animals have to be valued. One has so little to go upon in determining the value of Zoo specimens for audit. Few people can tell you off-hand what a coypu is worth (not many can even tell you what a coypu is); and there is no Livestock Exchange report with a list of market prices in which you might find that coypus "were dull all day and sagged towards the close under the influence of bear attacks," followed later by the illuminating line, "Ass. Coyp: $5\frac{1}{4}$, $5\frac{1}{8}$, $5\frac{3}{16}$, $5\frac{1}{4}$, $5\frac{1}{8}$, $5\frac{3}{16}$, 5, $4\frac{15}{16}$, $4\frac{1}{8}$*" (the asterisk meaning Ex-tail—caught short by bears) which tells the expert zoological financier exactly where he stands with his holding of coypus.

Neither, on the other hand, is there any fixed tariff for the different species. The secretary cannot airily write down on the assets page, "1 dozen Assorted Elephants @ £500 per elephant (13 as 12)—£6,000," or anything simple like that. There are many subtle variations in the price of elephants, depending both on extrinsic factors, such as supply and demand in the pachyderm-fanciers' world, and on intrinsic factors, such as whether it was born in a vintage year or whether the creature comes from India and has a high dome-like brow with comparatively small ears,§ or comes from Africa and has big ears, a sloping forehead and a half-loopy expression. Chartered accountants, in short, can't be too careful. As a matter of fact African elephants are roughly worth about £100 more than Indian ones; probably the latter have dropped in sympathy with Indian stocks owing to the unsettled state of the country. Or maybe it's the extra earage.

Though global tonnage is not a ruling factor in assessing value the heavy animals are in general more expensive. Hippopotami, for instance, are about £800 the piece, and the elephant (African-born) but little less. This no doubt is because an elephant or hippopotamus would have greater value as "scrap" in the event of a visitor killing one in a huff, than would, say, an onager (the wild ass of Central Asia and crossword-puzzles), a binturong, a serval, a kinkajou, an echidna or the lesser blue-rumped bed-tick.

§ Compared with other elephants, of course, not with you or me.

The giraffe, taking him as being mostly five yards of neck, is assessed at £100 per yard, with a giraffe body thrown in for every purchaser of five yards. The rhinoceros (which, as every good kiddie knows, belongs to the genus of perissodactylous ungulates, and not to the artiodactylous ungulates, as those sillies at the bottom of the class always *will* say) is even dearer. Small cruising rhinoceroses are about £600, though naturally a heavily-armoured battle-rhinoceros, equipped with 8-inch horns, is considerably more—anything up to £1,000, in fact, without going into the question of parity with anybody. The American bison fetches £500, about $2,500, as opposed to the Australian (or common tin) bison, which can be bought for a few cents.

Snakes have all sorts of prices, from £2 to £100. Some of the poisonous ones are extremely costly. They are generally, however, somewhat undervalued, as it is considered there would not be much of a rush to bid should they have to be put on the market.

The rarest animal in the London Gardens is not, as you might think, the most expensive. In fact it is only valued at £200 or so. But then it doesn't look very rare or out of the ordinary at all, being nothing more nor less than a large mountain sheep with a peculiarly fatuous expression; and visitors explaining to their disappointed offspring that it's a takin generally elicit unqualified assent. The rarer a thing like that is, the better.

At £200 a takin is grossly overvalued. Why, you could get five birds of paradise or a brace of puma, or even a couple of yards of prime neck of giraffe, for the money. Or, if you really felt like it, you could have a score of penguins, which would be jolly for you.

Another rare animal which you can have for the price of but four penguins (or nearly half-a-yard of giraffe) is the aye-aye. This is a very timid creature, something like—well, it is not unlike a lemur with some capybara affinities—to put it simply so that the girls can understand. It has been nicknamed by zoologists Chiromys Madagascariensis, and now, not unnaturally, only comes out at dead of night and keeps in the trees all the time. No doubt it is afraid of getting something else equally rough wished on it.

When the London Zoo has got through with its annual livestock-taking, elephants, perissodactylous ungulates, aye-aye and all, it finds that the total value of its collection is between thirty and forty thousand pounds. Or about one-and-a-half furlongs of giraffe, if you care to put it like that; it's all one to me.

A. A.

ELDERLY SEA-THOUGHTS.

THEY that go down to the sea with ships
From the toy-shop on the quay,
With salty hair and sandy lips,
Care devil a jot for me;
They only think to themselves, "That fat
Flannelly man with the queer-shaped hat
Has got most awful cheek to lie
By our private bit of sea!"
They think the thoughts that I used to think
When strangers lounged by the water's brink,
But, whatever they think, it's hard to think
That the big fat man is I.

For the sand-shoes let the tide come through
And they smell of tar and rope,
Just the same as they used to do,
And the foam's like suds of soap;
And blue and bright are the cutting blades
Of the shiny yellow-handled spades.
I wish they'd let me dig a bit
But it's not much use to hope;
For they think the thoughts that I thought about
Elderly men who were much too stout,
But it's hard to know how I'm thought about
And to know how the thoughts all fit!

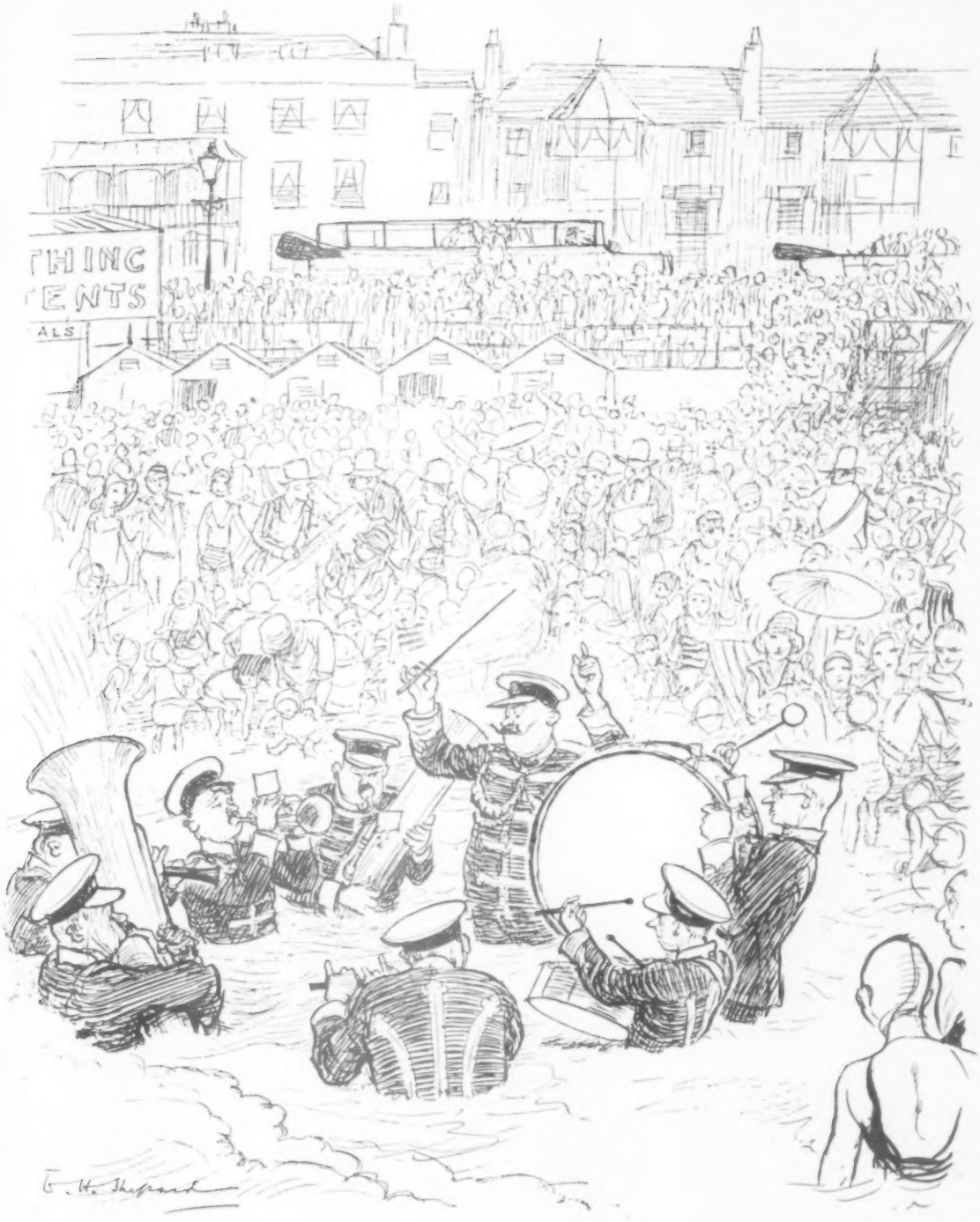
The nurses nag as they've always nagged,
And the same old tales are told—
"Didn't go deep: my trousers sagged!"
And "The sea can't give you cold!"
And, "It bled much more than your one bled!"
(When knees are scarred and the cuts run red).
Nobody wants to see *my* scar
That is two-score summers old.
For the kind of thoughts that I thought myself
Of men whose chins made a double shelf
Are the thoughts that are thought about myself,
Though it's hard to think they are!

Hark the Herald Walmesleys Sing.

"The family name 'Angel' (also spelled 'Walmesley' and 'Walmisley') is of English origin, and means 'famous foreigner.'"
Toronto Paper.

". . . . A typical Italian restaurant, of the sort common in Soho, with a uniformed porter and two shrubs in ornamental plant-pots at the door."—*From a Novel.*

It should not be forgotten that this is the season for pruning commissionaires.



OUR OVERCROWDED BEACHES.

THE LITTLE SHRIMPTON BAND CARRIES ON.

SIMPLE STORIES.

PONTO.

Mr. and Mrs. Pettibond had a black spaniel called Ponto, which used to sit in front of them looking up into their faces and they used to quarrel about which of them it loved best. And Mr. Pettibond would say I think it is wonderful the way Ponto sits looking at me as if I were a sort of god. And Mrs. Pettibond would sniff in her nose and say so do I. And that would make him angry and he would say well at any rate if Ponto could talk I am sure he would say he admired me more than anybody else in the world, and he never looks at you like that except when he wants a lump of sugar.

And Mrs. Pettibond would say well that is better than always wanting whisky, like some, and she was so unreasonable in the things she said that Mr. Pettibond often felt inclined to shake her, but he knew she would divorce him if he did, and he didn't want that because she had more money than he had and it was worth while putting up with her for the sake of not having to do any work, which he had never been fond of.

But they both agreed that Ponto must have a beautiful soul because his eyes looked so melancholy, and they would say if he could only talk it would be as good as listening to a clergyman or even better.

Well one day just after breakfast an Indian came round selling carpets, and Ponto barked at him, which he generally didn't do to strangers, but he wasn't used to Indians. And Mr. Pettibond was in his front-garden putting flower-pots on the dahlia sticks because of earwigs, and he called to Ponto so that he shouldn't bite the Indian, and Ponto came up to him and wagged his tail, and he patted him.

And the Indian made a low bow and and he said that is a very clever dog, do you know why he barked at me? And Mr. Pettibond said well I suppose because you are black, or at least a sort of beige, and he isn't used to that. And the Indian said no it is because he smelt magic.

Well Mr. Pettibond was very superstitious and was always trying to tell what horse would win a race by tea-leaves or something like that, and he had lost quite a lot of his pocket-money that Mrs. Pettibond allowed to him through betting, but he went on believing in magic especially with Indians, though he hadn't seen many of them. So he said could you make this dog talk? And the Indian said he could, and if Mr. Pettibond would buy a carpet from him he would make Ponto talk.

So Mr. Pettibond went indoors to ask Mrs. Pettibond for the money, and she wouldn't give it him at first because she didn't believe about the Indian being able to make Ponto talk, but she happened to want a new carpet for the dining-room as the old one was worn out, and she could quite well afford it through an old aunt dying and leaving her another hundred pounds, and Mr. Pettibond had been annoyed about that because he had had to give up smoking when the old aunt came to stay with them and he thought she might have left the hundred pounds to him instead, and he would have turned it into a thousand pounds with tea-leaves and horse-races.



"HE BENT DOWN AND SAID SOMETHING TO PONTO."

Well Mrs. Pettibond bought a carpet from the Indian, and directly she had paid him for it he bent down and said something to Ponto in Pushtu or Urdu or something like that, and Ponto blinked and said something to him. And Mr. Pettibond was very surprised at that but he said I can't understand what he is saying, can't you make him talk English? And Ponto looked up at him and said don't make a fool of yourself Pettibond, I can talk English quite as well as you can.

Well when the Indian had gone Mr. and Mrs. Pettibond took Ponto into the summer-house to have a nice long talk with him, and they were quite excited about it, but they didn't quite know how to begin because Ponto had spoken to Mr. Pettibond in a nice gentlemanly voice almost as if he had been at Oxford or Cambridge, and they felt rather shy with him in case he should be thinking that they weren't quite good enough for him. And Ponto didn't help them at all, but sat down in front of Mr. Pettibond and looked up in his face just as he always did, and that gave Mr. Pettibond something to begin on, and he said why do you always sit looking up at me like that Ponto?

And Ponto said in his nice gentlemanly voice because you look such a blinking fool, only he didn't say blinking but a word so awful that it wouldn't do to write it down. And he went on what beats me is your silly face with no hair to it, just like a pig's except that a self-respecting pig would be ashamed to have a piece of egg sticking to his cheek, why can't you wipe it off?

Well Mr. Pettibond was so surprised at that that he couldn't say anything, but Mrs. Pettibond burst into a hoarse cackle and she said that's the best thing I ever heard, fancy your dog being ashamed of you, go on Ponto say some more.

But Ponto turned and looked at her and he said you needn't laugh in that vulgar way Eliza, you are just as bad as Pettibond, I am sure when I see you cramming all that stuff into your fat face and turning up your nose at a perfectly good bone I feel quite ashamed of you. The fact is that you are a perfectly disgusting pair and I've a blinking good mind to go and get myself lost.

Well Mr. Pettibond had come to himself a little by this time and he said you are a perfect gentleman yourself aren't you, using language like that before a lady.

And Ponto said shut your ugly mouth Pettibond, I want to go to sleep, and he lay down on the floor with his nose between his paws and went to sleep.

Well Mr. and Mrs. Pettibond were quite upset by what he had said to them, and they talked of getting rid of him, because if he was going on saying things like that it wouldn't be very comfortable to have him living in the same house with them.

But when Ponto woke up again he seemed to have forgotten all about what had happened, and he never spoke again but behaved just as he had done before. But they could never be quite sure what he was thinking of them when he sat looking up into their faces, so presently they gave him away to the Vicar who was rather annoyed with them for not going to church more often, and Mrs. Pettibond bought a Peke instead which never took any notice of either of them but preferred being with the cook. So they couldn't quarrel about which it liked best and they got on better together, and Mrs. Pettibond allowed Mr. Pettibond rather more pocket-money. A. M.

"Wharfedale farmers were grazing mournfully yesterday at their soaked hay."
Yorkshire Paper.

SHAKESPEARE would have put it the other way round:—

The inundations, like a worm i' th' bud,
Fed on their damask cheeks.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

[Germany already has her women-plumbers, and they are very likely to be found here before long.]

AH, sweet domestic engineer,
I am not eloquent as some,
And yet my depth of feeling, dear,
Not even you could plumb.

Absurd ambitions I have known,
But now I humbly ask of Fate
Of all her gifts one boon alone,
To be a plumber's mate.

In tales the flippant still renew
The plumber has an 'absent mind,
But, taking all your tools, may you
Just leave your heart behind.

W. K. H.

"There are Battered pats which have travelled literally thousands of miles on mules over the mountain tracks in Upper Burma."—*Burmese Paper.*

And others which have done the same thing in dining-cars over the railway-tracks of England.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts, and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is now to be made accessible to readers of *Punch* in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, from August 2 to August 30; at Sunderland from September 6 to October 4; at Birkenhead from October 11 to November 8; at Norwich from November 22 to December 27; at Reading from January 3 to January 31, 1931; at Lincoln from February 14 to March 14; at Wolverhampton from March 28 to May 9; and at Blackpool from May 23 to July 4.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



Mistress (who has been listening to much gossip from new maid). "THIS IS ALL VERY WELL, PARKER, BUT I HOPE YOU ARE NOT A TALKER YOURSELF."

Parker. "YOU MAY RELY UPON ME, MY LADY. WHERE THE FOIBLES OF MY OWN LADIES ARE CONCERNED IT HAS EVER BEEN MY HABIT TO KEEP A SECLUDED TONGUE."



Mistress (to prospective maid). "I CANNOT QUITE MAKE OUT FROM HER LETTER WHETHER YOUR LAST MISTRESS CONSIDERED YOU A 'PERFECT FIND' OR A 'PERFECT FIEND.'"

SEA-SICKNESS AND ITS CURES.

IT is a bad world, in which sickness and suffering provide material for jesters and mirth for the otherwise merciful. But there it is. I refer more exactly to sea-sickness and nautical suffering. As usual, there seems to be a lot of it about. The man opposite to me at lunch had just had a perfectly nauseating crossing and would keep talking about it. And the woman next to me in the train is never (so far as I overheard) going on the sea again unless she is carried there, but does not apparently mind describing the whole thing over and over again so long as anyone will listen.

Indeed, I am getting quite used to hearing these accounts of sea-sickness, or motion "recollected in tranquillity." Tales of this nature naturally fall into two classes: (*a*) the objective and comic, (*b*) the subjective and harrowing. The latter are most popular with women, and the narrative is usually hurried on in that most dramatic of all tenses, the historic present—". . . and at that moment, my dear, the terrible man with the boots leans right over me and . . . ."

Not that this is all. For the battle is less than half over when the humours and horrors of our national element are exhausted. Conversationally, the cures are worse than the disease. Apparently, being sick is purely a matter of personal choice. Either (says Aunt Harriet) you take two drops of terebinth in a little warm milk just before you go on board—or you suffer.

This remark, of course, leads to controversy. Cousin Hilda is sure that the prescription really is three drops of terebinth on a lump of sugar the night before, and warm milk at any time makes her feel sick. On the other hand, sugar in every form nauseates Aunt Harriet, and a quarrel ensues. Then someone says that he can't imagine why sensible people should trouble to go fussing about with warm milk and lumps of sugar when ordinary wholesome lemon-juice exists.

But the doctor's wife knows someone whose little girl nearly died through eating too many lemons and was sick on and off, night and day, for nearly a fortnight.

About this time someone else usually interrupts to say that she (it is nearly always a woman) has a recipe that an old witch-doctor in Mombassa gave to her missionary-uncle when he (the uncle) saved him (the witch doctor) from a crocodile and shot him (the crocodile) and had him (still the crocodile) skinned. If it isn't a witch-doctor in Mombassa it is the lamp-cleaner in the North Foreland Lighthouse or the second bar-tender on the Greenwich to Westminster Bridge pleasure-launch. In any case the cure is infallible, must not be disclosed and has been given as a token of eternal gratitude.

Some of the cures verge on the miraculous. For instance, a few days ago I was standing in a draughty French port, jingling in my pocket the metal-washers and medallions that the foreigner thinks are money, and wondering what kind of imbecile invalid the Railway Company had hunted up to share my cabin.

Then, just as the boat had emptied her boilers for the third time through her siren, I found out. I saw him come tottering along the quay trying to persuade an eloquent Egyptian that what he wanted at the moment was S.S. *Waterlily* and not a bedroom rug. Finally, at the cost of provoking an Anglo-Egyptian incident, the old fellow escaped up the gangway. Before the anchor was up he was leaning over the edge of the boat groaning, and by the time we were outside the harbour he was flat on his back on a pile of ropes.

About seven o'clock he turned in, and when I followed towards midnight he was huddled up in a corner of the cabin in agony. Between each spasm he would take a tablespoonful of something pink in half-a-glass of water. At last he recovered sufficiently to make use of me as a spring-board and clambered into the upper bunk. For half-

an-hour there was peace. And then the demon returned. My cabin mate writhed and rolled and groaned and roared. I got up and put the light on. By then he was sitting up and drinking a tablespoonful of something pink in half-a-glass of water.

At two o'clock he was *in extremis*, and he died, slowly and painfully, five times in all before the morning. At dawn I got up on to my trunk to examine the corpse. It was taking a tablespoonful of something pink in half-a-glass of water.

We met again in the train coming up to London. "You had a bad time last night," I said. "Pretty sick, weren't you?"

"Sick?" the old fellow exclaimed in surprise. "Good heavens, no! I wasn't sick. I felt a bilious attack coming on; that was all it was."

"What about two o'clock this morning?" I asked callously.

"Oh, that? That was a headache I got from the heat of the cabin. A headache always bowls me over."

"And on deck by the companion-way?" I continued remorselessly, in revenge for the previous night.

"That," said the old fellow with simple dignity, "must have been an apple I'd eaten. It's a dangerous fruit. No, Sir, let me tell you that since I took to carrying this (he took out an empty bottle stained pink inside) I've never been sick. A pearl-diver in Oceania gave me the prescription in exchange for a string of artificial pearls of my wife's. It's never failed. Believe me, I used to be a terrible sailor, but now. . . ." He stroked the little bottle lovingly.



BRINGING IN THE WINNER.

LESS THAN THE DUST.

THERE is a man of whom we 're told
That, though some eight-score years have rolled
Above him, far from having bowled
Him over, as a fact
He 's now in the United States
Being shown round, and keeping "dates,"
And says he 's fairly got the fates,
As there they put it, whacked.

He 's had a dozen wives, I've heard,
And, of the vista, he preferred
(Though why I 'm not aware) the third;
And offspring by the shoal;
And, as in any one man's life
A pack of children and a wife
Can teach a lot, he should be rife
With wisdom, on the whole.

Moreover, hailing from the dark
Ages—I needn't say the Ark—
Experience should have left its mark
On a retentive mind;
The old man ought to reel off strings
Of facts on cabbages and kings
And old forgotten far-off things,
And matters of that kind.

But when he 's asked he seems to know
Nothing of battles long ago,
Or if he does he 's lying low;
And all that 's been evoked
By New York's cutest, if you think
It worth the use of pen and ink,
Is that the veteran doesn't drink
And that he 's never smoked.

They boom him well, this aged man;
A sounding Prohibition clan
Is running him for all they can,
And maybe with success;
"This is indeed," they say, "the lad;
How well he illustrates our fad;
Look at his tale of years, begad;
And kicking still, no less."

But others with a bitter shrug
Hold him no better than a mug;
The flowing wisdom of the jug—
The weed's immensities—
O alcohol, O nicotine,
What tragic waste can here be seen!
Think of the man he might have been
Compared with what he is.

DUM-DUM.

Territorial Wedding-Gifts.

"Mr. Vivian Hill, silver cream jug; Dr. and Mrs. Rowley, Nigeria, etc."
Hertfordshire Paper.

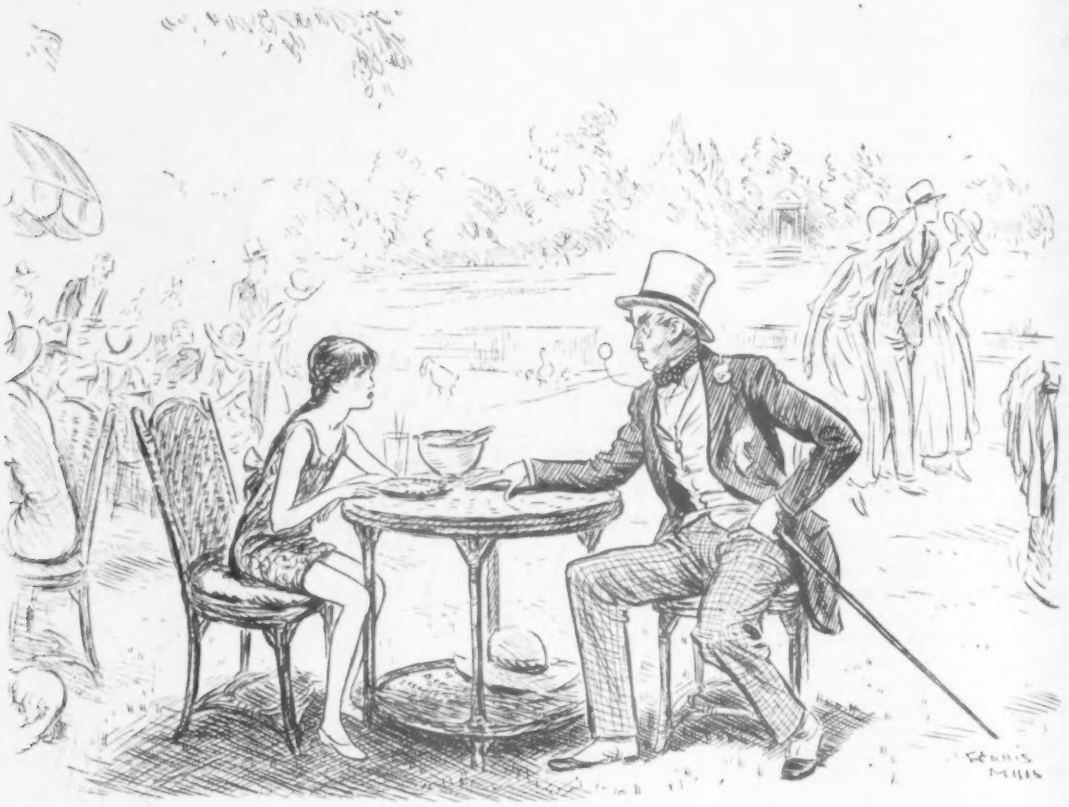
The "etc." may have been just a small week-end oasis in the Sahara.

Conversations in the Khyber.

"The Commission suggests that the eloquence of the North-west and North-east Frontiers should be regarded as an Imperial responsibility."—*Manchester Paper.*

"The preacher at Christ Church, Beckenham, on Sunday next will be the Bishop of Mombasa . . . He will no doubt have some interesting things to say about the present state of affairs in India."—*Beckenham Paper.*

The situation of his diocese should also make him an authority on the Polish Corridor.



THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

Kind old Gentleman (counting cherry-stones in little girl's plate). "I SEE, MY DEAR, THAT YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY A RICH MAN."

Little Girl. "YES, BUT I HAD TO JOLLY WELL SWALLOW TWO STONES TO GET HIM!"

THE BUSYBODY.

[A certain Senator BLAINE has moved a resolution in the United States Senate deploring Great Britain's acts of violence, infamy and inhumanity in India, and instructing the Department of State "to use its best offices to ensure a peaceful settlement of the Indian struggle, with no abridgment of the just rights of the people of India, who are seeking to emulate our own national independence."]

THERE seems a certain splendour in the notion
Not altogether easy to explain
Of Brother GANDHI calling forth emotion
Halfway across the map from Brother BLAINE.

The knots, the ties that centuries have knitted,
Speaking at Washington, this Senator,
Being, I take it, far from super-witted,
Has chosen for his purpose to ignore.

Much of the East that is distinctly torrid
And full of ways that few men understand,
Some beautiful, I think, some rather horrid,
This Senator dismisses out of hand.

Lightly he oversteps the deep division
Of caste, of creed, of history, of race;
Merely concerned with one stupendous vision—
England is stamping upon GANDHI's face!

He does not reckon up the years of labour,
The service and the sacrifice and toil,
But, counting GANDHI as his friend and neighbour,
Says he is squashed. This causes BLAINE to boil.

So, filled with indignation, well-nigh tearful,
More than he might be were he better read,
He rises on his legs and speaks an earful
That proves him soft in heart as soft in head.

I, then, return the compliment by asking
Our Government to set aside a day
For clearing up, for finally unmasking
The Indian Problem of the U.S.A.

Why should the sunlight be serenely gilding
The sacred soil of Washington the Blest
Chicago also, and the Woolworth building,
While the Red Native still remains suppressed?

I stretch my tomahawk across the waters
In token of my love for those poor braves,
Their grandsires and their grandsires' wives and daughters,
Whom Blaines have hurled into untimely graves!

Give them again the country that your peddling
Lost them so long ago through fraud and fear;
Or, if you find that nonsense, *do* stop meddling
Where no one asked you, BLAINE, to interfere!

EVOE.



THE TREE-SITTER.

PRIME MINISTER (*to himself*). "I DON'T SAY THIS HAS BEEN A COMFORTABLE SESSION; BUT SO LONG AS I CAN COUNT ON A FAIRLY REGULAR SUPPLY OF LIGHT REFRESHMENT I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T STAY HERE FOR EVER."

[The latest craze in America is to see how long you can sit on the branch of a tree. Competitors are supplied with sustenance by their supporters.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 21st.—As a session draws to a weary close enthusiasm flags, excitement, always rather artificial, wanes, eloquence becomes less voluminous and a certain anxiety manifests itself that nothing shall hinder the House from rising at the appointed hour.

All these symptoms are presently manifest, though the session has the best part of two weeks to run, but the prevailing atmosphere is less one of weariness than of depression. The House is tired, but it is also conscious of doing very little and doing it badly. It has passed all kinds of laws of no particular moment. For the rest, spirits and trade returns continue to go down; taxes and unemployment continue to go up.

But the spirit of the House has been further chastened. Harsh circumstance has shaken its faith in its own usefulness. Mr. BECKETT, by his gross assault on the Mace—the symbol, not alone of the SPEAKER'S dignity in the House, but of the Crown's also—and his subsequent exploitation of the incident in the newspapers, has undermined its once firm belief in its own respectability.

Sir W. DAVISON voiced the view of many Members on both sides of the House when he asked the PRIME MINISTER whether he did not think five days' suspension under the Standing Order thereunto appertaining an inadequate penalty for the gross affront offered by Mr. BECKETT to the House.

Very wisely Mr. MACDONALD took the view that the Hon. Member would best be punished by incurring the odium of his fellow-Members and that the wisest course was to wait for Mr. BECKETT to offer on his own initiative the apology he owed to the House. One or two Conservative Members seemed inclined to press for a discussion, but the sense of the House was clearly reflected in Mr. BENSON'S reminder that the more the thing was discussed the more advertisement the Hon. Member for Peckham would get.

Naval estimates found the FIRST LORD in the happy position of playing the two camps of his critics against one another and declaring that, as in the case of the mutually absorbent snakes in the puzzle-picture, there was nothing left for him to worry about.

Mr. CHURCHILL took the line that no British Government should ever have signed any Treaty or agreement that prevented this country, so dependent on sea-power for its very existence, from building the type of warships it needs. To this the FIRST LORD replied in effect that the London Naval Treaty gives us all we need and that this country is pledged to support any disarmament proposals which will result in our needing fewer still.



THE NAVAL EQUILIBRIST.

MR. ALEXANDER HOLDS THE BALANCE BETWEEN COMMANDER KENWORTHY AND MR. CHURCHILL.

Tuesday, July 22nd.—The Pluralities Measure could hardly be expected to arouse the latent fires of the House of Lords, but with Lord BRENTFORD and Lord ATKIN plunging eloquently, if rather belatedly, to the defence of parishioners' rights the debate was continued at least long enough to permit Lord BURNHAM gracefully to postpone the question about the Simon Commission Report and the Round-Table Conference standing in his name on the Order Paper.

This candle of prospective discord having been snuffed and Lord LINLITHGOW having presented a Bill dealing with the adoption of children in Scotland, their Lordships left in nice time for dinner.

In the Commons, Mr. ISAACS professed interest in the number of foreign printing-presses imported into this country in the last twelve months, but only, it is to be feared, for the purpose of suggesting that certain organs loud in support of Empire Free Trade were printed thereon. Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON did his best to allay the apprehensions of Mr. G. LOCKER-LAMPSON as to the safety of foreign lives and interests in Egypt, and Mr. MONTAGUE, replying to Sir G. PENNY, read, à propos of the air disaster in Kent, a detailed account of the precautions taken by the Air Ministry to secure the safety of passengers in aircraft plying for public service.

To complete the Report stage of the Finance Bill called for stern measures of self-repression by its more ardent critics. They might as well have saved even the breath they did waste, for the waves of their eloquence spent themselves vainly against Mr. SNOWDEN'S adamantine opposition, and Amendment after Amendment (most of them, it may be said, having already suffered a like fate in earlier stages of the Bill's progress) was negatived, in some cases without a division. The heat had gone out of the debate, and even the CHANCELLOR'S unamiable suggestion that the Conservatives, in supporting one particular Amendment, were pursuing the traditional policy of "looking after their friends," merely wrung a mild rebuke from Sir BOYD MERRIMAN.

Later the Road Traffic Bill—the one good Bill, according to some critics, that the Government has produced—received its third reading, but not until Mr. MORRISON had carried an Amendment enabling monies from the Road Fund to be spent on "disseminating knowledge or otherwise informing the minds of the people with the view of promoting safety on the roads."

It is not quite clear how the minds of the people are to be informed otherwise than by disseminating knowledge, but it is generally admitted that what is known as the *solvitur ambulando* method of finding what is going on in the road should be discountenanced.

Wednesday, July 23rd.—Lord HOWARD (of Washington) took his seat

with customary pomp and dignity. Americans, like the sturdy democrats they are, do not give each other titles, but they can justly claim to have awarded Lord HOWARD his.

Having won a substantial victory in his Coal Bill dispute with the Commons Lord SALISBURY should have been content to rest on his laurels. He certainly cannot have expected to vote down the face-saving qualification with which the Government finally swallowed the "spread-over" clause, but he may well have been surprised to see how quickly his adherents forsook his die-hard standard. He would have been deserted in any case, but Lord MELCHETT'S tactful defence of the Miners' Federation as a body little likely to seek any end but the welfare of those they represented made it certain that the Conservative leader (ignoring the advice of Lord MIDLETON) would gracefully withdraw his Amendment.

Mr. DAY (in the other House) has a great admiration for SOLOMON, whose wisdom, if he can only remember the answers to all the questions he asks, the hon. Member for Southwark will some day emulate. This explains his interest in the Solomon Islands, where lack of funds, Dr. SHIELS explained, had prevented the erection of a chain of inter-island wireless stations.

"What is the depth of the deposit in the Serpentine?" asked Mr. D. G. SOMERVILLE on hearing from the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS that it has not be cleaned out since 1871. "I am not a diver and therefore I do not know," replied Mr. LANSBURY. He may not be a diver, but the fact remains that the Serpentine's bathing-girls habitually refer to "Uncle" GEORGE as a duck.

Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE, rising to answer a Question about housing, introduced a new note into Question-time. It was a high and sustained note—a sort of Gregorian chant—and so catching that when Lady ASTOR rose to ask the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY if she was really satisfied with the work of her department she also led off in the same "high piping Pehlevi." Miss LAWRENCE answered appropriately, and the spectacle of the two ladies chirping defiantly at one another from their respective perches caused Members to wonder if yet another aid to a Brighter Parliament has not been hitherto overlooked.

It was a sad tale that Miss BONDFIELD had to unfold when she moved the Second Reading of the Unemployment Insurance (No. 4) Bill, opening up as it did a melancholy vista of Unemployment Insurance Bills Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 *et seq.*, each empowering the Unemployment Insurance Fund to borrow another ten millions from the Treasury which it has not the remotest prospect of ever being able to repay.



LITTLE STRANGERS.—I.
(After "Mother and Child," by HAROLD HARVEY at the Royal Academy.)
MR. MORRISON.



LITTLE STRANGERS.—II.
(After "Little Pierre," by R. ANNING BELL, R.A., at the Royal Academy.)
LORD SALISBURY AND MR. GRAHAM.

The task of reminding the Right Hon. Lady the MINISTER OF LABOUR of what the police-courts would call the gravity of the position in which she found herself fell to Major ELLIOT, who unkindly reminded her of her early declaration that she was "on a rake's progress, but not so progressive a rakishness as that of the Right Hon. Member for Tamworth." The MINISTER, he pointed out, had now beaten her predecessor and at a super-Schneider Trophy speed of rakishness was "rolling down the road with roses in her hair and the wine of borrowed money in her goblet"—an imaginary portrait of the grey-haired and demure Miss BONDFIELD that provoked the House to ungallant mirth.

The Naval Treaty Bill got its second reading after a brief debate made briefer by the inexorable control which the SPEAKER wisely elected to exercise over every Member who addressed himself to the subject (including the FIRST LORD himself) except Mr. BALDWIN.

A more memorable spectacle supervened when, during the debate on the Public Works Loans Bill, Government back benchers delivered a mass attack on Lord HUNSDON. The Miners' Members are the Bourbons of Labour, learning nothing and forgetting nothing. They cannot forget that during the coal stoppage in 1926 Lord HUNSDON spoke with injudicious heat about the miners, and apparently they will not learn that the Labour Party in office cannot sacrifice its responsibility to the nation to the paying back of old scores.

Unfortunately some of the Miners' Members have not also inherited the gracious manners of France's former rulers, and the ill-natured abuse was not all confined to the absent Lord HUNSDON. Mr. SNOWDEN defended the retention of Lord HUNSDON on the Board in cold and formidable phrases, and the *dénouement* was the strange spectacle of sixty-three Socialists going into the Lobby against their own Front Bench and the Opposition lending their aid to carry its motion.

Thursday, July 24th.—Motoring Members looked at each other with a wild surmise when Mr. CLYNES intimated that he was considering the equipment of the new mobile traffic police with cameras and cine-cameras in order to secure pictorial evidence of the road misusers' guilt. The HOME SECRETARY may as well know now that he can set his camera-men on us, but they can't guarantee to make us look pleasant.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

A MEETING OF THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY: "THROWING THE BOUQUET."

MY POEM IN PRAISE OF RAIN.

IT was the sound of the rain gently pattering on the leaves of the Spanish chestnut tree outside my window that inspired me to write my poem.

Every evening for weeks I had laboriously carried can after can of water from the scullery tap to my parched-up little garden, hoping to save the lives of my struggling candytuft, mignonette and snapdragon (which I refuse to call antirrhinum) until my back ached and the scullery floor was flooded. It is not surprising therefore that the break in the weather a week or two ago filled me with such feelings of relief that I became lyrical. It was easily the best and longest poem I had ever written.

It began with a description of the garden panting in the summer heat, the flowers wilting, the bees seeking in vain for honey in the fading blossoms, and the distracted gardener with his watering-can trying to play the neglected part of Providence. Then a cloud appears, the sky is overcast and the lovely patter, patter, patter on the leaves tells me that

> "The weariness of watering is past;
> The blessed rain 's refreshed the earth at last!"

This couplet is enough to show what a good poem it was, and I felt a little more hopeful than usual when I sent it off to *The Loamshire Weekly Telegraph*. When Friday came and I had heard nothing I opened the new *Telegraph*, which had just arrived, with trembling and expectant fingers. Yes, they had actually printed it! There it was, signed with my full name—not on one of the important pages, certainly, but looking quite imposing sandwiched between "Holiday Hints" and the crossword puzzle. 'Melia, who was summoned from the kitchen to share my excitement, was suitably impressed.

"Fancy you in the papers, Mum!" she said admiringly. "Well, I never did!"

"Nor did I before this," I admitted modestly; "but now that I've made a beginning I hope I'll go on. Why, before long perhaps I'll be having editors rushing round to see me and interviewers falling over each other on the doorstep."

"*I'll* intyview them if they comes fallin' over each other on my nice clean doorstep!" said 'Melia grimly.

I was still busy with visions of my future greatness when she came bursting in to tell me that a young man had called to see me. She is very severe with morning callers as a rule, and no persuasive hawker of electric sewing-machines or linen buttons is ever allowed to get past her defences.

"So I ask 'im what 'e wanted, and 'e says it's to do with your bit of poytry," she said breathlessly. "'E's got a copy of *The Telegraph* under 'is arm, and I shouldn't wonder if 'e was an editor or an intyviewer, like what you said."

But when I went into the drawing-room and saw the young man I felt sure he couldn't be an editor or even an interviewer. He was such an unpleasant-looking young man, and he had such a nasty glint in his eye. He was sitting down quite at his ease, and he made no motion to rise at my entrance but merely waved *The Telegraph* at me.

"I understand you are the author of this poem in the local paper?" he said accusingly.

I admitted it.

"Then may I ask," he continued sternly, "are these lines about watering the garden written from your own personal experience?"

"Indeed they are!" I sighed. "Bitter personal experience! Every night for weeks and weeks have I carried endless cans of water to my wretched garden."

"Ho!" he cried, and there was a note of triumph in his voice. "And I think



"DO YOU SMOKE?"
"THANKS, NO; I CHEW."

I am right, am I not, in saying that you do not pay an outside water-rate?"

"What ever has that got to do with it—or you?" I asked.

"It's got a lot to do with me," he said aggressively. "I'm the representative of the Loamshire Water Company, that's who I am."

"Oh," I murmured, trying to look as if that explained everything. "Well, as a matter of fact I don't pay an outside water-rate because I haven't an outside tap. I only wish to goodness I had. *And* a hose to attach to it."

The nasty glint in his eye became even nastier.

"I suppose you don't happen to have noticed that by the terms of your agreement the Water Company undertakes to supply you with water for domestic purposes *only*, and that it is illegal to use the water for any other purposes whatever?" he demanded.

I gasped.

"I never thought about it," I confessed. "But isn't watering a garden a domestic purpose? I grow lettuces and radishes and nice domestic things like that in it."

"Certainly not," he almost hissed. Then he got up suddenly as though his feelings were too much for him.

"The maximum penalty for the misuse of water is ten pounds," he announced from the doorway. "You will hear from the Company in due course. *Good* morning."

"Good morning," I echoed faintly.

Ten pounds for a few horrid little plants which had hardly a flower between them in spite of all my efforts! I laughed bitterly. So this is what came of being a poet. Oh, if only I hadn't been inspired!

Then I cheered up. After all it was worth it, for it wasn't likely that the full penalty would be exacted. I should get off with a fine of one pound or two pounds, perhaps, and the cheque for the poem would cover that and leave something in hand.

A letter from the Editor awaited me next morning on the breakfast-table.

"Dear Madam," it ran, "under separate cover I have much pleasure in sending you a copy of this week's *Loamshire Telegraph*, in which I have managed to find room for the poem you so kindly sent me. We do not, of course, make any payment for verse."

That "of course" is what rankles most.

KING WILLOW SONG.

THE WICKET-KEEPER.

THOUGH wickets may be rolled and marled,
The wicket-keeper's hands are gnarled,
Calloused and scarred and knobby;
His eyes are blacked, his knees are bent,
He is afflicted but content
To ride his hobby.

With face impassive as an egg
He takes a swinger on the leg
(*His* leg)—so please acquit him
Of cowardice; at duty's call
He'd apprehend a cannon-ball
Or let it hit him.

Bowlers, be thankful for him, then;
Stumpers are not as other men.
Yet, should you chance to slay one,
Stifle a too tempestuous grief;
Doubtless your victim's life was brief—
'Twas not a gay one. WOON.

Slogans for Tipsters.

"To look his best under all conditions a man must be sure of his shirt."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Our Noble Incognitos.

"Mr. Travers, vieux lord anglais, décide d'aller faire une promenade à terre."
French Cinema Programme.

"Night football will lead to a commercialisation of a great game."—*Sir FREDERICK WALL (Secretary of the Football Association).*

We too deprecate anything tending to destroy the fine amateur atmosphere of the five-figure transfer fee.

AT THE PICTURES.

A GERMAN MUTIE.

WHEN I saw that the New Gallery had secured a silent film directed by Herr FRITZ LANG and produced by Ufa, with the good Jules Verne-y title, *The Girl in the Moon*, I was filled with agreeable anticipation. It is true that



Rocket-ship Stowaway (*on discovery*). "I HAD TO COME INTO THIS STORY; IT'S JUST LIKE MY PENNY THRILLERS."

the same programme included yet another American back-stage talkie, *Dancing Feet*; but that perhaps could be side-tracked. As it happened, I arrived towards the latter end of it well in time to realise that the plot was the same as that of a thousand others and in no doubt that the ultimate destinies of *Adele Dorey*, the dancing-girl, and *Bobby* (pronounced *Barby*) *Lewis*, the dancing-man, who had been temporarily parted by a misunderstanding, were to resume their successful "act," and behold, as the fade-out arrived, they were kissingly about to do so and, even more, visit the altar *en route*.

That problem being safely disposed of, I was more than ready for *The Girl in the Moon*. But after a good beginning this film becomes a terrible bore in its mixture of romance (complicated by the circumstance that the audience never knows which of the two men the girl really loves), arch-crookery and pseudo-science, of all of which there is too much. So long as *Walt Turner* of Chicago is engaged in purloining the secret of *Professor Manfeldt*, the astronomer (who never eats and goes to bed in his clothes), and terrorising *Helius* and *Windegger*, the two engineers, all is well, although we are still far from the moon and in some unnamed city where the flats have been designed by a very odd architect; but all the old familiar accessories of screen turpitude are about us: safe-breakers, motor-bandits, revolvers, with such a novel addition as a pretty street flower-seller whose bouquets stupefy those who smell them—all, I hardly need say, combining to further the dastardly interests of *Walt Turner* of Chicago, played by the most German actor of the lot—Herr FRITZ RASP. These scenes, though ordinary, are excellent, and so is a meeting of Fellows of a Royal Society.

It is when we come to the Space Ship, the vessel in which the voyage to the moon is to be made and the gold which is so plentiful there brought back, that our interest flags and dies, for everything about it is so stupid. Solidly built and shaped like a huge shell, it advances by a series of explosions, although so jerky a means of transit never seems to disturb the inmates, who might all be in a sitting-room. No one steers. It is also impossible that a projectile heavier than air propelled in this way, even if it were to reach the moon, alight there and reap the auriferous harvest, could make the return journey. We also know that such an expedition should not and would not include either *Friede*, the girl who is engaged to *Windegger* (though she seems to prefer *Helius* or the schoolboy stowaway), but, instead, a few mechanics. Nor should nor would *Walt Turner* of Chicago be among the passengers, knowing so much and having proved himself so hostile.

All, however, go, and after far too long a time and far too much suspense and repetition, the moon is reached and,



MOONSTRUCK.

PROFESSOR MANFELDT (HERR KLAUS POHL) ARRIVES ON THE MOON.

although looking like any old-fashioned Christmas-card, is found to possess all the nuggets that *Professor Manfeldt* had predicted and *Walt Turner* of Chicago desired. But even on the moon human nature remains as it is. *Manfeldt*, in a passion of avarice, is dragged to his death by a divining-rod; *Windegger*, uncomforted by his fiancée, goes mad with fear, and *Walt Turner* of Chicago, after a struggle with *Friede*, who keeps him outside by the same device as *Kate Barlass* employed (but with only one loop to put her arm through), is killed by *Windegger*; but not before he has time to put a bullet into the oxygen tank. This means that on the return journey there will not be enough oxygen for all,



RUSH HOUR ON THE MOON.

WALT TURNER (HERR FRITZ RASP) GOES GOLD-HUNTING.

and therefore one must stay behind. *Helius* and *Windegger* draw lots for that honour and *Windegger* loses; the stowaway prepares a dump for him, and the Space Ship (in spite of having alighted on the moon's hard crust with a most appalling bang and having had no repairs) is all ready to start, when *Helius*, in a noble self-sacrificing wish to make *Friede* happy, decides to remain in the place of *Windegger*, who is still quaking and gibbering on board, and creeps silently away.

We see him standing in the snow as the Space Ship, now in charge of the stowaway, leaps for the earth with another explosion. The next minute *Helius* is transfixed by surprise, which gives way to rapture, for he sees *Friede*, who also had been indulging in supreme abnegation, waiting for him. The girl in the moon! It had never occurred to me, when I first read the title, that the girl was to be taken there. I imagined that she would be found there—an established inhabitant, like "The Man."

And so this tedious absurdity ends with the usual fervid embrace. Their bliss cannot last long, for after their provisions give out there is nothing to eat but gold and snow; still we are, I suppose, to consider it a happy ending. Very poor stuff for Ufa. E. V. L.



"TRUTH IN ADVERTISEMENT—"

"ONLY SOLD AS NOT BIG ENOUGH TO CARRY OWNER AND HIS WIFE."—*Weekly Sporting Paper.*

RURAL DELIGHTS.

OH, London is a marvel, no matter where one goes,
From Brixton to Belgravia, for still the wonder grows,
Immensely stimulating to the eyes and ears and nose,
But not, to speak precisely, conducive to repose.

'Tis fine to see our Nereids cavorting in the waves
Where the transfigured Serpentine its trampled margin laves,
Or watch the merry motorist as dauntlessly he braves
The furious pedestrian who madly misbehaves.

Yet, though I love my London, with the golden cross and ball
Triumphantly emerging above the smoky pall,
In summer there are moments when Nature's magic call
Persuades me there is something in the country after all.

So I've spent a peaceful week-end, untroubled by the pangs
Inflicted on my tympanum by road-uprooting gangs,
In a corner of East Anglia (some forty parasangs
Or thereabouts from London) where there ain't no charabangs.

No dogs disturbed my slumber with intermittent howls,
No cats have serenaded me amid the chimney-cowls,
I wasn't once awakened by noisy farmyard fowls,
And I heard no other hooting but the hooting of the owls.

Discarding all perusal of the latest stunts and crimes
I've rested in a hammock doing crosswords from *The Times*;
I haven't heard a carillon, but only village chimes
And the bees' persistent humming in the branches of the limes.

* * * * * * *

Oh, yes, the country's charming, but when it pours and pours
And keeps you closely prisoned for thirty hours indoors,
And when the storm-wind blusters and shrieks and wails and roars
And elevates the carpets like blisters from the floors—

When damp invades the greenery of every mossy dell,
Congests the bronchial passages and makes your ankles swell,
To rural joys the Londoner discreetly bids farewell
And returns without reluctance to his chambers in Pall Mall.

C. L. G.

More Commercial Suicide.

"GAUNTLET WORK GLOVES—Horsehide and Muleskin, 2 pair, 95 cents. These won't last long at this price."
Advt. of Canadian Store.

"Hans Schonrath has won 25 professional fights, his last victim being Jose Santa, the giant with side whiskers from Portugal."
Daily Paper.

We always get ours from Cl-rks-n's.

"In the second round was Morris was again aggressive. Hoggins was sent down by left upper cut. Then Huggins attacked, but Horris side-stepped, and Mr. landed a hook to the solar plexis which sent Huggins dowa Huggine was saved by the going. In the third round Guggin was on the refensive. He landed several hard punches, but Morris was unperturbed and fought back calm by."
Indian Paper.

Yes, but what we want to know is, where was Juggins?

AT THE PLAY.

"TRAFFIC" (LYCEUM).

A TERRY first-night has its own ardours and excitement, and the Lyceum audience is of course incomparable. At curtain-fall Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY told us something of his difficulty (charmingly overcome) in phrasing just the speech of thanks that should do justice to the audience and the occasion. And where his difficulty ended mine begins. For I would like to do justice not only to him and his gallant company but to the happy farrago of nonsense with which he and they for nearly three hours kept us laughing, guessing and excited.



AT "THE THREE PIGEONS."
THE WRONG BIRD.
Paul Jelf . . . . MR. FRANK ROYDE.
Elizabeth Linley . MISS MARY GLYNNE.

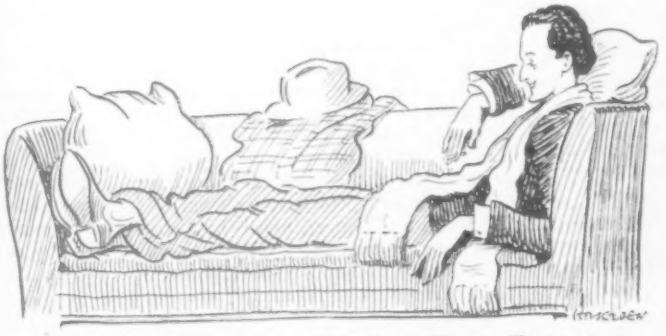
To old hands the first problem was less the plain one of who killed *Anthony Yorke* (richly though that skull-capped old hypocrite deserved to die) than the subtler one of how so popular a young actor-manager as Mr. NEILSON-TERRY and Miss MARY GLYNNE could possibly be brought together in romantic bonds, considering the unpromising circumstances in which they as hero and heroine first met. To wed or not to wed?—that was the question.

Apparently insuperable difficulties attended and delayed its answer. Not only had the chiefs of Scotland Yard and the underworld to be matched in a fight to the death, but we had to be given sufficient insight into the White Slave and other nefarious traffics to keep our excitement bubbling to the last, and problems past the wit of man to resolve (one thought) had to be resolved ere we were dismissed.

True, the stage takes such problems more easily in its stride than real life does. In stage warfare human life—save that of the hero and heroine—is cheap. And, although neither sleuth nor crook is allowed more brains per square inch of plot than will serve to prompt without disconcerting a stuttering narrative, pistol-shots are an ever-ready help in time of trouble for removing characters who threaten to become redundant.

Mr. NOEL SCOTT, the author of the piece, introduces us to the cream of the underworld with an easy grace. We hobnob on intimate terms with villains who even in the throes of their dastardly preoccupations still retain a disarming interest in the Turf and are as childishly excited by the prospect of winning half-a-crown on the 4.30 as by that of the "cool thou," contingent on the successful execution of jobs ranging from the kidnapping and consigning to Buenos Aires of the more innocent and lovely offspring of country vicarages, to shooting to kill.

We meet too those innocent but foolhardy young ladies who, fresh from the country, take up secretarial appointments with skull-capped old gentlemen in lonely Hampstead mansions. We are shocked by their innocence of the fact that the next step to entering such service is a trip to Limehouse and the "bounding billowy ocean," and that in taking it they will be shown a few of the sights of the West End in most dubious company before getting that "jab with a hypodermic" which—— But decency forbids that I should rub the tragedy in.



FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY AS *ANTHONY YORKE*.

In this *galère* all crooks are vainglorious, all sleuths are fools—save those who top their professions and the bill. And, since the identity of these top-liners is kept one of the play's most agitating secrets to the last, Mr. NEILSON-TERRY is able to play fast and loose with our sympathies and apprehension and to alternate—as the suspected "*Boss*" of the underworld and Scotland Yard's chief and most intrepid luminary—between the commission of crime and its detection.



Mace (to Speaker). "LOUDER, PLEASE. I CAN CATCH YOUR EYE BUT NOT YOUR VOICE."
Vivian Mace . . MR. HENRY CARLISLE.

As the self-proclaimed nephew of the skull-capped devil, whose early demise nothing but Mr. PEARSE'S bland villainy made us regret, he consorts with the gang on equal terms. And thus secured against exposure he feints with the whisky-bottle to his heart's content and goes on "swallowing in father's footsteps," as he puts it, the better to perfect and share with us his plans for the gang's discomfiture and the exposure to our wondering eyes of the "*Boss*" himself.

I forbear to give more details of those plans, and merely hint at the garden which was less a Hamptead pleasaunce than a charnel-house; at the sliding panel in the library concealing notes and gold worth several kings' ransoms which the crooks passed from hand to hand with the nonchalance of men proffering cigarettes; at the frequent and awful obsequies that occurred, and at the fate of one erstwhile victim of the gang who, fallen into desuetude and drink,

turned squealer and paid a terrible penalty.

I came away impressed anew by the equality of opportunity enjoyed by good and evil, yet comforted by the justice that finally prevailed. When the last volley of pistol-shots in the darkness of a Limehouse pub had resolved more problems than merited such summary resolution; had brought Mr. NEILSON-TERRY and Miss GLYNNE to the uniting of their ways and the curtain down to the promise of wedding bells, Mr. NEILSON-TERRY made that admirable speech of thanks for our response to his and the company's efforts to amuse. He and they should go on justifying that Lyceum fervour for many weeks to come. H.

GROWN-UP PCHSYCOLLOGY.

MY niece, Jinny, came to me with a disreputable piece of paper and asked me how I spelt psychology.

"How do *you* spell it?" I inquired with interest.

"All sorts of way," said Jinny truthfully and handed me the paper. It was headed "Grown-up Pchsycollogy. By Pchsyc." She had been asked, she explained, to write something for the school-magazine and would I please help her with her spelling?

"Sykeollogy," I read, "is what another person thinks inside there own mind. The cheif thing about grown-up spykollogy is there insashyable curosity about we children and what we think."

After this gallant opening the manuscript abruptly stopped; Jinny, like many another reformer, was daunted by the technicalities of her medium.

"Where did you get the idea?" I inquired.

"Well," said Jinny, "they're always talking about the psychology of the Child, so why not the Grown-up?"

"And why not indeed?" said I to myself; so I helped Jinny with her spelling, and between us we evolved the following:—

". . . . about what we children think. There is a difference of opinion among children as to how far this adult curiosity should be gratified, some holding that it is of morbid origin and should be firmly discouraged and others going to the opposite extreme and taxing their inventive faculties rather than run the risk of disappointing the parental or scholastic mind. The probability is that a middle course should be pursued. Do not harshly check the inquiring grown-up by saying that he or she is 'too old to understand'; try rather to find out what you are expected to think and say enough of it to set the grown-up mind at rest; but beware of giving so exalted an idea of your intelligence that it would be troublesome, if not impossible, for you to live up to it afterwards.

"A characteristic which no child brought much into contact with grown-ups can have failed to observe is their inability to concentrate for any length of time. How soon does the grown-up tire of even the most interesting game, such, for instance, as throwing stones into a pond! An otherwise highly-intelligent grown-up, having read a story aloud once, will almost invariably try to pass on to another or even to lay down the book. By kindness and firmness he may be persuaded to read it a second time, but a further repetition would constitute an intolerable tax on Uncle's brain and the child would be most unwise who pressed for it.

"It cannot be too early recognised that all grown-ups suffer more or less from what, for want of a worse word, I may call the Tidiness Complex. Undesirable as this tendency is, it is useless to try to cure it by repression. It may be heartbreaking for us to see a whole afternoon's work swept from the table and tidied up into futile and meaningless boxes, or to find that our most cherished possessions have been ignorantly consigned to the dust-bin. But if we are to live in peace we must arrange ourselves round this tiresome trick rather than openly thwart it. An unguarded attempt to break a grown-up of this habit has been known to result in a positive frenzy of destruction on the grown-up's part.

"Another thing which calls for great tolerance from children is the adult over-reaction to noise. It may seem well-nigh incredible to us that the sound of a poker heartily applied to a tea-tray or the constant dropping of an object off the table may make a grown-up feel actually ill. But experience will soon show that persistence in certain noises, once a distaste has been expressed, is apt to cause reactions distressing alike for grown-up and for child.

"There is, however, one habit common among grown-ups which should never for one moment be countenanced: that is the trick of discussing us—our looks, manners, progress at school, etc.—while we are in the room, often in front of most undesirable visitors. Here again we must not be too harsh, but I say it once and for all, and I cannot say it too strongly, that this habit is intolerable and anti-social, and the child who listens with complacence while his parents discuss him is shirking a very grave responsibility.

"It will usually be found that the child who is most successful in dealing with the grown-up is the one who has realised betimes that they are not all turned out to a pattern; that the methods which work with, say, a mother, are often useless when applied to a schoolmaster or schoolmistress; that the lady caller is responsive to tactics which leave a resident uncle completely cold, and that even within these classes there is considerable variation, and that, although grown-ups in the process of arriving at that condition have necessarily lost much of their individuality, the *Grown-Up*, as a type, is almost as mythical a creature as the *Child*."

We were rather proud of the finished product, and Jinny typed it on my typewriter, which has never been quite the same since.

The article, I regret to say, was declined by the school-magazine.

MILK-PUDDINGS.

WHEN as yet my years were tender,
Certain practices to which
I was driven to surrender
Made my marrow fairly itch;
One I thought a perfect vice—
Forcing on defenceless folk a
Daily pudding made of rice
Or of tapioca.
Hardly ever would a day go
By with neither these or sago.

How unfailingly coercion
Blears the judgment! I grew up;
Tolerance replaced aversion
In the matter (*vide sup.*);
Then I thought, "These foods suffice;
Puddings are, as far as they go,
Not too bad when made of rice,
Passable with sago."
In my bosom too awoke a
Mild respect for tapioca.

Years flew on. Now, old and crusted,
I have entered on the stage
When one's tastes should be adjusted
To the ravages of age;
Richer tit-bits that entice
Tend to irritate and choke a
Time-worn tum; I cleave to rice
And to tapioca.
Sufferers from gout (a plague!) owe
Heavy debts to these and sago.

Thus received with varying favour
Have the cereals, faithful three,
Strong to build, though soft of savour,
Through my days attended me;
From the cot, to be precise,
To the era of lumbago—
Yes, as well as gout!—has rice
Stuck to me and sago.
Nor can memory evoke a
Truer friend than tapioca. C. B.

Poor Old Charon.

"He tells of a motor-boat pursuit of an underworld boatman. . . ."—*Evening Paper.*



ONE ADVANTAGE—



OF THE SCANTY ATTIRE—



WHICH IS SO POPULAR—



FOR ALL FORMS—



OF BEACH ACTIVITY—



IS THAT A WOMAN NEEDN'T TAKE MUCH LUGGAGE ABOUT WITH HER.



Conductor. "IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT YOU BIN KNOCKED DOWN BY ONE OF THE FINEST CRICKET TEAMS IN THE COUNTY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN his latest novel Mr. H. G. WELLS once again brings off an entertaining coup of destructive criticism with, as usual, no idea worth mentioning of turning his victory to account. These intellectual onslaughts of his are oddly reminiscent of the violence he finds so wasteful on the material plane—a sort of indiscriminate Armageddon of traditional values. And their prime mover, surveying mankind Olympically from a great height off, is curiously like the brand of deity he most particularly deprecates. Yet the first half of *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is a spirited and stimulating performance, whose new Machiavelli, the academic *Mr. Parham*, and his Prince, for want of a better, the big business man, *Sir Bussy Woodcock*, are as capital a couple of foils as a satirist could wish to set crossing. The don is ambitious to make history. Hitherto he has only taught it, and history of late has become, he feels, almost unteachable. He dreams of a dictatorship of letters and cultivates *Sir Bussy*—that powerful little piece of irresponsibility—solely to that end. Then, presto! through the unforeseen alchemy of the spiritualism in which both have been dabbling, *Mr. Parham* assumes a real autocracy and becomes the MUSSOLINI of England. From this point, where the fun should have been irresistible, the satire loses in delicacy and, attempting to become stupendous, grows unwieldy. The *Lord Paramount's* world-war and its frustration strike me as lacking in grip. Yet the book has unforgettable passages and its educational strictures alone would entitle it to be taken seriously.

There was a curse on the family of Gervase, who for centuries had been the principal folk in the remote and lovely Cornish village of Trenair. Generation after generation the heir had been born a monster, and *Steven, The Inheritor* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) of that dread tradition and hero of Mr. E. F. BENSON's latest novel, remembered an uncle who had horns on his head and was kept secluded in the house which should have been his own. On *Steven* himself, however, the curse apparently had not operated. He was singularly handsome and attractive, and at Cambridge he stroked the King's College boat to the head of the river. But he was detached and reserved and, driven by an urgency which he did not understand, would wander in the woodlands by night—alone or in the company of a half-witted boy who was his left-handed cousin—seeking a mystic union with Nature. Also there was a strange ruthlessness in him, a lack of human feeling; for the curse was on him after all, and, though it had spared his body, it had deprived him of a soul. Without a soul, however, it is difficult to see where he got the conscience which drove him to what, in normal eyes at any rate, was a tragic end; and partly because of this incon-

sistency and partly from a lack of subtlety in suggestion of the uncanny, *Steve's* story, though told by an accomplished craftsman and with many happy passages of satire and of description, is not altogether convincing.

Memoirs of shooting and also of hunting,
By ARTHUR O. FISHER, are here
In twenty-nine essays, the student confronting
With the fox or the runnable deer
Of Exmoor, and, likewise, on many a manor,
With game of the gun and its ways;
A CONSTABLE book this, at ten-and-a tanner,
Called *Exmoor and Other Days*.

Here's a book that one reader has liked for its keenness
On the country pursuits of the keen,
Where the coverts turn gold or the vale and its greenness
For a dapple of hounds is more green;
It doesn't aim highly (so far as I can see)
And it has not an atom of "style,"
Yet, if you will try it, young sportsman, I fancy
That you'll find it is worth the while.

My gratitude to Mr. HAROLD D. EBERLEIN for having written a wholly delightful volume on three separate stretches of *Little Known England* (BATSFORD, 12/6) is tempered by apprehension that so plain a clue to hitherto unspoilt beauty may fall into the wrong hands. True, Mr. EBERLEIN exalts "foot-slogging" and deprecates the "whirlwind" invasion of the big car. But an unending series of little cars, with their demands in the way of road-widening, petrol-pumps and tea-shops, will destroy the identity of a village as surely as a charabanc or two. As a matter of fact one of Mr. EBERLEIN's sections is doomed already. The country round Oxford—the Berkshire downs, the Chilterns, the Cotswolds—is rapidly sharing the tragic industrialisation of the city. For, just as the grey squirrel ousts the indigenous red, so the better-paid mechanic displaces the labourer. You will still see the Hendreds and Hagbournes, Bibury and Brill, almost as they were twenty years ago—but not, I think, for long. There is less imminent danger to Mr. EBERLEIN's alternative paradises, the villages of the Welsh Border and East Anglia; and I can imagine no better introduction to all three districts than his letterpress, photographs, drawings and maps. He sees individuality in hedges and houses alike, and he knows where to find everything worth finding, from saffron crocuses in Shropshire meadows to shaggy Welsh ponies at Stow Fair. He has plucked the Golden Bough and discovered what are still *telluris operta*. I only hope his followers will share his piety and good taste

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The great and merciful chief, *Lono*, of Hawaiian legend, sailing in his canoe from the Bay of Rainbows out into the sunset, promised that in a golden future he would return in a mighty ship laden with benefits for his people. Generations later, when the memory of *Lono* had grown to a divine stature, one of the noblest of English mariners came in H.M.S. *Discovery* at the time of the Feast of Lono straight to Kealakekua Bay, the Bay of Rainbows, carrying gifts for the natives, but knowing nothing of the legend. When the rejoicing people hailed him as a god he accepted their civilities as a friendly welcome in an unknown tongue, and from this most fascinating coincidence there has sprung an unpleasant tradition that the sailor consented to be worshipped as divine. In *Captain James Cook, R.N.* (MURRAY, 7/6), Sir JOSEPH CARRUTHERS, a former Prime Minister of New South Wales, traces the



Tripper. "'ERE, WAITER, BRING A BIT OF SAUCE. THIS FISH TASTES OF FISH."

rise of this story and, strongly armed with a very complete study of all manner of records, goes on to refute fully and for ever all the accumulated tittle-tattle of a hundred-and-fifty years, to the effect that COOK's last days in Hawaii were unworthy of his life. The present writer has done more than well in sweeping away a cloud of foolish gossip.

Mr. F. B. KIRKMAN's *British Bird Book*, published some twenty years ago, is familiar to most students of bird-life, and these will be the first to welcome the two hundred exquisite coloured plates that now appear in a handier form in *British Birds* (NELSON, 21/-). The text, which is new, is compact and convenient for reference and includes much information respecting habitats and general characteristics that is the result of recent research. It is divided under five heads—(1) a brief description of the bird portrayed; (2) its range and habitat throughout the year; (3) nests and eggs described in detail; (4) articles of diet, and (5) an attempt, not easy in words, to convey the notes of the bird's song at different seasons. On all these subjects the letterpress is a mine of accurate information fully worthy of the coloured plates.

Unlike many of the contributors to the "To-day and To-morrow" series, Mr. J. F. ROXBURGH, in *Eleuthcros; or, The Future of the Public Schools* (KEGAN PAUL, 2/6), aims at clarifying rather than inflaming public opinion, and as the maker, if not the founder, of Stowe he is entitled to a respectful hearing. He knows what he is writing about; he writes with refreshing vigour, and in his "desultory dialogue" is careful to let the critics and assailants of the public-school system have a good show. But while refusing to make it a fetish he has no patience with those who make it an Aunt Sally. Briefly summarized, his conclusions are that our public schools are not "a mischievous and picturesque survival"; their product is "very nearly the salt of the earth and could be quite if the schools did all their duty instead of most of it." As for the future, he believes that the spirit of the public schools will endure. But whether they will live on "in themselves or as mighty ghosts" will depend, not on educational theories, but on the forces which more rapidly now than ever before are reshaping the social and economical structure of England.

The fame of Bristol as a port has been founded, on the whole, rather upon commerce than upon war. Nevertheless her merchant-men have always been ready and able to strike a shrewd blow upon occasion, whether in the capacity of privateers, ships under letters of marque, or mere peaceful traders proceeding on their lawful occasions. Commander DAMER POWELL has collected a great deal of information regarding their exploits in a handsomely-produced volume entitled *Bristol Privateers and Ships of War* (ARROWSMITH, 31/6), and a gallant company they make, both ships and men. They range from the days of such valiant adventurers as MARTIN PRING, who sailed with the *James Royal* and the *New Year's Gift* to the East Indies in the early days of the seventeenth century, and Captain NETHEWAY, of the *Angel Gabriel*, who "fought with three Spanish ships . . . and made them flye into Cales," as set forth in the old ballad of "The Honour of Bristol," to those of the steamship *Hero* of the Bristol Steam Navigation Company, which on the 7th July, 1917, according to the terse official record, was "chased by a submarine off the Irish coast and saved by her gun." The book abounds in narratives (mostly from contemporary sources) of sea encounters and escapes, and, with its numerous illustrations from paintings, prints and ship models, forms a valuable contribution to maritime history.



OUR PROGRESSIVE COUNTRYSIDE.

Visitor. "OH, JUST FOUR PINTS OF BITTER, PLEASE, AND PERHAPS THE OLD GENTLEMAN HERE WOULD LIKE TO JOIN US."

Oldest Inhabitant. "THANK YOU, KINDLY, SIR, I THINK I'LL HAVE A SHORT ONE. JUST A DRY MARTINI AND A SPOT OF ABSINTHE."

Mr. EDWARD GARNETT in an Introduction says that *The Great Meadow* (CAPE, 7/6) "has the beauty and force of an epic poem," a statement that I am by no means prepared to contradict. I have not read Miss ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS's previous novels, but this story, in which, some hundred-and-fifty years ago, Virginian pioneers followed the trail through the wilderness into Kentucky, is of a quality fine and rare. So quiet is it in tone that those who like to hear big drums beating as they read are advised to leave it severely alone. But, if your taste is for a story which is told with such artistry that its effect is constantly accumulating, I suggest with confidence that you follow the journey of *Berk* and *Diony* and their brave and simple-minded companions in adventure.

My sympathies in *The House in Tuesday Market* (JENKINS, 7/6) are divided between *Mr. Gaisford*, who bought an old house and almost immediately found an embalmed body of a man in it, and *Dr. Hadrill*, who was in considerable danger of being convicted for a crime which he did not commit. It is, I protest, no light matter to discover such an unwelcome addition to one's property, and *Gaisford's* conduct in the circumstances was wholly admirable. Instead of wasting time and temper in complaining about this unpleasant intrusion, he set to work at once to find out by whom the crime had been committed and to save *Hadrill* from the clutches of the law. All of which is related with graphic effect, for if there is one man whose form as a writer of murder and mystery stories remains invariably sound and entertaining his name is J. S. FLETCHER.

CHARIVARIA.

AMONG the latest treasures to leave this country for America is a party of judges, barristers and solicitors on a visit to the American Bar.

***

Dalmatians have been concerned in anti-Italian demonstrations, but it is not believed that there is any real desire to let slip the spotted dogs of war.

***

It is announced that 14,986 books were published in this country last year. Mr. EDGAR WALLACE would like to know who wrote the odd 986.

***

From an article on the subject of perfumery we learn that chypre was introduced to England by the Crusaders. This accords with the tradition that many of them were coldly received at home.

***

Women are not permitted to play bowls in championship contests at Brighton. The fear is that they would get too excited and start showing the whites of their eyes.

***

The demand of the Press for readers' holiday snapshots is now so heavy that many of the leading holiday-makers have announced that they can execute orders only in strict rotation.

***

Mishaps to cricketers are incidental to the game, and Mr. P. G. H. FENDER recently had the misfortune to split an infinitive.

***

The river-girl is advised that sore hands can be prevented by rubbing them with vaseline. Another way is to let the man do the work.

***

By means of experiments at the Bronx Zoo it has been ascertained that a roaring lion would be audible for only twenty or thirty feet in New York streets. The thought that a lion may be roaring close at hand adds greatly to the brightness of the city.

***

The discovery in Mongolia of the remains of a number of baby mastodons which had presumably been deserted by their parents when unable to extricate themselves from the mud is regarded by some scientists as having a bearing on the question: Did mastodons make good mothers?

***

In view of the confusion between two infants in a Chicago hospital it is advocated that babies' finger-prints should be taken. These are easily obtainable by means of some jam and a clean bib.

***

Moscow hotels display notices requesting that no gratuities be given to employees. A grave view is taken of the capitalistic subterfuge by which a kopeck is slipped under the plate.

***

Lord ASHFIELD points out that the Underground offers opportunities for young men with initiative. This is especially noticeable in the rush-hours.



"OH, JOHN, I CAN'T DO IT."
"DO WHAT, AUNT?"
"CROSS THE OCEAN IN A SHIP LIKE THAT."

On reading that the presence of "tiddlers" in milk led to the discovery that a churn had been filled up from a pond, we feel bound to express our confidence that there are few dairymen who would not consider it disgraceful to use any but pure water in the composition of milk.

***

Consideration is being given to the idea of providing the traffic-police with cine-cameras. We fear, however, that there are motorists who would protest that they had been shown in accelerated motion.

***

A new play deals with London suburban life. There should be keen competition among ironmongers to be mentioned in the theatre-programme: "Lawn-mowers by ——."

***

Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW refused to be interviewed by the Press on his seventy-fourth birthday. He might at least have given his impressions of what it feels like not to be interviewed.

***

It appears from recently-published statistics that many Irishmen who years ago went to America in search of independence are now returning to Ireland for it.

***

A Frenchman is reported to have gone without food for forty-three days. We think it is a good plan, if the waitress does not see you the first few days, to move on to another restaurant.

***

A return to femininity is predicted by the fashion-experts. This is a bit of a blow to those women who have given up cigarette-smoking with the idea of looking more manly.

***

"Nothing is ever really lost," says a writer. Will he please let us have the address of his laundry?

***

President VON HINDENBURG has forbidden the carrying of daggers in Germany. He recognises that such a weapon, if buried too deep in the anatomy of a man, is apt to set up septic poisoning.

***

A seventeen-year-old caddie has been fined two pounds for using bad language. Considering the evil effects of such a practice on innocent golfers he seems to have got off lightly.

***

Fearing that holiday-makers who have relied on railway-advertisements will adopt a threatening attitude, many poster-artists have applied for police protection during August.

***

Including artists' fees and all other performing expenses, the wireless programmes of the B.B.C. cost £548,676 last year. A correspondent suggests that surely a little more money might be spared to set the fat stock prices to music.

"Mr. —— in returning thanks said he was convinced that the sooner the present Government was dismissed from office the better it would be for the basses of the people."
West-Country Paper.

And not a bad thing for the sopranos either.

THE BOOSTERS.

[A reflection on the preliminaries of the SCOTT-STRIBLING affair.]

NOT for his bulk or facial features,
Not for his biceps or his fist,
Of all my other fellow-creatures
I envy most the pugilist;
More than his brain, his powers of brute endurance,
His gift, when beat, for pouching wads of pelf,
I grudge this pachyderm the cool assurance
With which he backs himself.

Take SCOTT. He told the world that STRIBLING
Would from the start be downed and done;
He'd eat him at a gulp (no nibbling),
He'd make a meal of him in one;
Instead, our PHILIP took an early knock-out;
But will he therefore from his chastened mind
Cut self-complacence, after such a shock, out?
Not if I know his kind.

There is a kindred cockalorum
Compels my envy hardly less;
He boosts—or someone does it for him—
His coming triumphs in the Press:
"ANOTHER POWERFUL ARTICLE TO-MORROW!"
But does the fact that people call it tripe
Humble his heart with muted shame and sorrow?
Not if I know his type.

Were I his spiritual brother,
I'd get my Editor to speak
In glowing print about "ANOTHER
EXQUISITE POEM THIS DAY WEEK";
He should renew in each succeeding issue
Loud threats of still more prodigies of verse,
Though every time my lines were just a tissue
Of tosh (like this—or worse). O. S.

EVERY DOG HAS HIS SAY.

IN his last "Simple Story" Mr. Punch told us of a fabulous dog that was made temporarily articulate by Oriental magic. But there is a Crewe doctor who seriously proposes to teach real dogs to talk like their owners. This is good news for those animal-lovers who spend so much time in talking to their pets. Their dumb friends will no longer be dumb. As a matter of fact a great deal of unnecessary sympathy has been spilt on them because of their alleged affliction. In my opinion their dumbness has been exaggerated. The dog next-door is not afflicted. Neither are any of the dogs which use my garden as their own.

What is more, dogs can make themselves understood very well. They have a nicely modulated bark, a heart-rending howl and a whine or two which they eke out with expressive gestures. It is not a bad equipment. True, they haven't our vocabulary, but then we cannot sit up and beg; we dare not express our boredom by scratching in company; we cannot raise or depress our ears at will, and we have no tail to wag.

With the means at his disposal a dog can manage very comfortably. He has a bark for the postman, a crisp one-crotchet bark, meaning, "Just put those letters in the box and don't hang about. I'm here, remember." Another for the butcher, meaning, "Come on, my lad; step on it! Those chump-chops should have been delivered two hours ago." There is a special wild-wolf howl for organ-grinders, loud-speakers and the young lady's rendering on the pianoforte of "The Battle March to Delhi." No human being could register distaste more effectively.

Tramps, who meet a great number of dogs in the course of their professional duties, can tell at once the drift of their remarks. When Nero gives his "Not-at-home" or his "No-hawkers-or-circulars" bark the tramp realises it is useless to call and ask for one of the master's old shirts. Take it all in all, dogs can manage very well as it is.

Of course they haven't our range of conversation. They can't discuss Relativity, Coil Ignition or the Gold Standard. Nor can they give their opinions intelligibly on Neo-Impressionism, Autofagastas and Non-Provided Schools. And, now I come to think of it, there are remarkably few dog-owners who use their powers of speech on these subjects. And I am sure they would hate their pets to bark a few searching questions on Empire Free Trade as soon as they came in tired from the office. I have seen dogs dismissed to their kennels for less.

Fortunately the Crewe doctor does not intend to teach them to lecture, but only to converse like their owners. They will chat intelligently about cars, sport and business just like human beings. We shall hear them growling:—

"Just look at that terrier! Running on three legs with his steering all squiffy. Not a sound job, if you ask me. And if there isn't one of those German dachshunds! Did you ever see such bodywork? What a silhouette! All that length of chassis. How ever does he take a hairpin bend? And there goes a baby Pom. Smart little thing but only a toy. All right for cruising round a drawing-room, but not what I call a dog.

"Here we are! You don't mind if I slip in first? I left a bone under the sofa and I wonder—— Yes, it's still there. Excuse me . . .

"Tired? Of course I'm tired after being on duty every night guarding the old homestead. A dog doesn't get much time off in the day either. Somebody has to look after the family while you're at the office. Chaperoning Miss Phyllis is one dog's whole-time work. Yes, that fellow in plus-fours was here again to-day. If we're not careful we shall have that young man in the family.

"Where am I going? Out. I'm sick of dining in the kitchen. You can't expect a dog to stay at home every evening. He wants to see a bit of life. I've just heard there's a good dust-bin two streets from here where a dog can pick up a snack. Oh, very well. Yes, I heard you. But it's a dog's life."

I don't know whether it's worth while. Moist brown eyes and a stumpy tail which beats a tattoo on the floor can say all that is worth saying. Why teach dogs to talk like human beings? There are enough dull dogs already. W. E. R.

"AMATEUR ATHLETICS.
Championships at Stamford Bridge.
Throwing the Discuss—Noel (France) (Holder—H. Stenerud)."
East African Paper.

We feel that an annual match of this kind between the Lords and the Commons would do much to preserve the standard of English oratory.

"Recent investigations have revealed that it may cost him about £440 before he can drive off from the first green of the club he has joined."—*Evening Paper.*

But a man who does that would be dear at any price.

"Mr. Yeats-Brown writes easily and naturally, but many people will prefer his recording of his experiences in hunting that animal of superb courage, the Indian wildbore."—*Newcastle Paper.*

The tame Anglo-Indian variety is also indomitable.



THE MORIBUNDITY OF BRIGHT IDEAS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "THE SPECIALISTS GIVE ME NO HOPE FOR MY DARLING P.R."

MR. BALDWIN. "BEAR UP! SEE HOW BRAVELY I FACE THE PROSPECT OF LOSING MY PRECIOUS REFERENDUM."

[Lord ULLSWATER has reported on the failure of the Electoral Reform Conference, of which he was Chairman.]



Wife (to husband who has clumsily fallen into the water). "REALLY, JAMES, AT TIMES YOU BAFFLE ME."

AT THE TEST MATCH.

(*A word-picture by our own enthusiast.*)

OLD Trafford: a grey sky with dark clouds hanging over the great Metropolis of the North; a menace of rain; here we are again. The vast crowds, tense, excited, cheering, groaning. Honest Lancashire lads and lasses from the factory, the mill and the mine, all sensing the greatness of the occasion, just as, when the match was at Leeds, honest Yorkshire lads and lasses from much the same sources did the same thing. At the Oval they will be different crowds; but wherever they come from they will still sense the greatness of the occasion. I will take care of that. There they sit—simple folk, though, as I said before, honest, all absorbed by the magic of the great game, intent upon one idea, without a thought to spare for Empire Crusades or Cobdenite fallacies. They are like those Hampshire yokels of whom old NYREN wrote a century back, just as I am writing now. The game is great and the occasion great; the same epithet does for both.

The sun comes out, piercing with tentative rays the gloom. There will be no appeal against the light to-day. And that sets me wondering whether we are or are not a nation of sportsmen. However, as that interesting question was fully dealt with in our Correspondence Columns and as many among our millions of readers wish, no doubt, to know what is happening at the Test Match, I had better get on with my account.

Somebody is bowling; who is it? A man behind me in the crowd says that this wicket ought to suit MAURICE. I look round at him. He is a clever hard-faced type—a man of the dales or the fells, if there are such things in Lancashire. If the match were in London I should set him down as a Cockney—a shopkeeper. It was NAPOLEON—wasn't it?—who called the English a nation of shopkeepers, so the odds would be in favour of my surmise being correct. Anyhow he seems to know who is bowling. He calls him MAURICE, so it must be TATE, whose Christian name I know to be MAURICE. I gaze upon him fascinated. Lithe (they are all lithe), dark-haired, active, he is the personification of energy and determination. He springs in the air, panther-like. They all remind me of panthers, except, perhaps, DUCKWORTH, who is less like a panther than the others. DUCKWORTH is keeping wicket, a piece of information which those who follow cricket closely—and who does not in these days?—will find of interest.

I can distinguish CHAPMAN in the field, but then I am peculiarly observant. Bareheaded, curly-haired, alert, the personification of something or other, he crouches, an outsize panther, as they would say in Bradford or Bolton or wherever they make garments to fit men and women. CHAPMAN nods quietly to the bowler; most captains would nod noisily; he waves his hand and a fieldsman moves closer in or further out as the case may be. How marvellous is this control of men and of affairs, this power of administration which has made the British Empire what it is! Nothing said; merely a wave of the hand and the change is made. Some captains, I have been told, deliver their instructions to the fieldsmen in writing. But CHAPMAN is no ordinary man; formalities do not appeal to him.

By the way, from other remarks which I hear it seems to be LEYLAND who is bowling. His Christian name happens also to be MAURICE, an odd though inconvenient coincidence which misled me. Never mind; all the Englishmen are straining every nerve, so whichever MAURICE is straining all his nerves by bowling matters little. He would be straining them just as much if he were fielding. There is an awareness about our men, just as I

daresay there is an awareness about panthers, if one only knew. This is the will to win and team-work at its highest. However the play 's the thing, as *Hamlet* said, so I had better get on.

A sudden burst of cheering, hysterical, patriotic. How they can cheer, these simple Lancashire lads, many of whom have been here since six o'clock this morning. Somebody is out—it is GRIMMETT, I fancy. I hope it is, for I should like to say something about him which I have not said for some weeks, that there is black magic about his bowling. The magic about his bowling is much blacker than the magic about most of ours. Those fingers of his can make the ball do anything but speak. I look at him through my field-glasses as he walks away. There is on his face a saturnine look which seems to say, "No matter, a time will come," meaning the time when he will be bowling himself at other people.

Who is coming in next? I wish it might be BRADMAN, for, though I have said much, I could say more about this wondrous youth, and would like to. But boy BRADMAN has already been got out by boy PEEBLES. Oh, these boys, these glorious boys! When will our Selection Committee recognise properly the claims of youth, as the Australians have already done? Have they searched our preparatory schools for rising talent or have they forgotten the deeds of ALEXANDER and the younger PITT?

A. C.

[Another gripping instalment, telling you exactly what has happened up to lunch-time, in our 6.30 edition.]

"TO WHAT BASE USES!"

[Burglars recently employed old motor-tyres to deaden the sound when opening a safe.]

My own, you've often chided
As wicked in your view
The wasteful things that I did
Before I married you;
The objects I discarded
As cumbering the earth
Were, properly regarded,
Of great intrinsic worth.

There's something can be made of
(I've often heard you say)
The knife I've dulled the blade of
And want to throw away;
The tin that once held candy,
The pipe too foul to puff,
Is bound to come in handy
If hoarded long enough.

To much have I submitted,
But one thing I must bar:
When brand-new tyres are fitted
To our senescent car,
I won't, instead of parting
With those long past their prime,
Find scope for them by starting
Upon a course of crime.



STUDENTS' DAY AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Small Girl. "MUMMY, I S'POSE WHEN SHE'S FINISHED THEY'LL TAKE DOWN THE OLD ONE AND USE THIS?"

The Physiological School of Advertising.

"Weary Billie, Funny Fredy the famous jolly English Clowns will make your heart and stomach pain by unavoidable hundreds of laughs."—*Handbill of Circus at Delhi.*

"CANNED FRUIT EYE-OPENER."
Headline in Morning Paper.

Surely a canned fruit tin-opener would be much more useful.

"IS IT WINE?
—— & ——
Ports from 2 -"
Wine Merchant's Advertisement.

We should doubt it at the price.

"1929 ——, July 2¾ h.p., O.H.V., Super Snorts."
Advt. for Motor Cycle in Local Paper.

We know the kind.

"Denise was forty-two, Nicolas was twenty-eight—only twelve years' difference after all."—*Story in Magazine.*

It was presumably *Denise* who did the counting.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A WRONG NUMBER.

II.—NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

VERY conscious of virtue, I hung up the receiver, selected an ash-plant from the hall-stand and tried to imagine myself already at the wickets.

"Has a little screw come loose?" inquired my wife, descending the stairs.

"Think shame!" I said sternly. "Duty calls; you find me preparing to obey the summons. One Padwell, who captains a local team, desires me to play the national game this afternoon."

"Why?" she asked, turning the knife in the wound.

"That," I admitted, "is a point that is puzzling me. But he has written a note which will no doubt solve the enigma when the Post-Office chooses to deliver it. Meanwhile," I added reprovingly, "your loyalty will suggest that someone — some discerning critic—has appreciated a style which you have thought fit to ridicule and has passed the word."

Her manner denoted a lack of conviction. There is a vein of scepticism apparent in the character of many excellent women when the wings of fame hover over their men-folk. NAPOLEON'S mother provides an historical instance.

Our second post is delivered shortly after lunch. It produced nothing but a bill for the telephone. This annoyed me; I had waited purposely to find out what Padwell had to say, and my dalliance made me unpunctual in arriving on the ground. The Bramhurst XI. in whose interests my services were pledged, were already mustering in the field. I hastened to afford them support.

Padwell swooped down on me at once, like a shepherd who espies a strange ewe. "Allow me to introduce myself," he said, shaking hands warmly. "Your own reputation requires no introduction."

I am not insensitive. Kind words mean much to me. If it struck me that this was a somewhat exaggerated compliment I was given no time to weigh the matter.

"Not brought any gear—eh?" he went on. "Never mind. There are plenty of pads in the pavilion and wicket-keeping gloves you'll find in my bag—a brown leather one marked 'S. O. P.'"

Was there some compelling charm in the man's personality? Did the shock of surprise inhibit the functioning of my will? Or was I chiefly influenced by the knowledge that I was keeping everyone waiting? These are questions I am not able to decide. I merely record that I offered no dispute, but thanked him and turned to comply with the preposterous suggestion which his words contained.



Small Boy (very penitent after scolding). "I KNOW, MUMS, I'VE LED A ROTTEN LIFE."

I tasted bitterness as I walked to the wickets with legs encased in pads of unequal size and disreputable appearance. Should I explain thus tardily that the post of Aunt Sally was one that had never fired my boyish ambition—that I had never, in fact, kept wicket in my life? No—a thousand times no!

The bowler was digging a grave for himself about a furlong from the stumps so I took up my position well to the rear. Padwell was disposed to interfere. "He's fastish by our standards," he admitted, "but you won't have any difficulty——"

"*J'y suis. J'y reste,*" I insisted coldly; and twelve byes in the first over showed how sound my judgment had been. Padwell tacitly acknowledged this by backing me up with a long-stop when we changed ends the second time.

For the bowler at the other end I conceived both a liking and respect: the former because he relied for success not on the brutish attribute of speed but on accuracy; the latter because he was clever—diabolically deceptive, in fact. He writhed himself into such strange and varying contortions before each delivery that it was impossible to believe the ball could fail to exhibit some lethal tendency of flight or spin. But it did nothing of the kind. It pitched with monotonous precision on the middle stump and in course of time, if the batsman failed to impede it, it removed his bails.

The men of Bottlethorpe met this diverse attack with stubborn courage, but I abstain from detailed commentary. A diary should concern itself with matters personal to the writer.

About half-way through the innings, in attempting to tighten the ankle-strap of a pad that was loose, I broke the buckle and was obliged to leave the field in order to make good the defect. A stranger wearing the sombre livery of commerce, embellished by an M.C.C. tie, button-holed me on entering the pavilion.

"Is your name Padwell by any chance, Sir?" he inquired.

"It is not," I said bitterly. "Padwell keeps out of the firing-line, like the Duke of Plaza Toro. You will find him sheltering behind the square-leg umpire."

"I am Stumpham," he said impressively. "I came to apologise."

"Very handsome of you," I murmured vaguely, intent on fastening my pad.

"Padwell asked me to keep wicket," he went on, "but I was in Town last night. I only got his note an hour ago. I'm afraid he's conscripted you in my place."

I winced. "'Selected,' I think, Sir, would be more appropriate," I suggested mildly. He laughed a supercilious laugh. Conversation flagged.



THE PIONEER.

Golfer (far from fairway). "I'VE FOUND A BALL, BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S OURS."
Caddie. "MUST BE OURS. 'OW ELSE COULD IT GET 'ERE?"

"Well, well," he concluded at last; "I'll come back after tea. So long!"

"Au revoir!" I said. "Meanwhile I will try to uphold the honour of our craft."

Again that laugh. The memory of it goaded me to high endeavour as I resumed my place behind the stumps.

The purveyor of thunderbolts was presently taken off, and my duties became less exacting. The slow bowler, on the other hand, sustained his effort throughout. Wicket after wicket fell to his artistry, and so completely were we *en rapport* that I was enabled to participate in the triumph which closed the innings. The batsman cocked the ball up into the air some eight or ten feet. My hands were ready, but in the act of gathering it I tripped over the stumps. It ran down my arm like a tame mongoose and trickled into the top of my left pad. It would not have been fair to consult the umpire. The team made the decision for him by a concerted movement towards the pavilion.

Tea! A delightful meal! Never more so than when it has been earned on the cricket-field. I cornered some rock-cakes and, having for neighbour a taciturn man, refreshed my mind with a study of the club's financial statement.

Some philanthropist, elected patron for 1929, had valued this eminence at five guineas. Padwell had discharged his obligations as President by contributing the loan of the field. There was a list of playing members whose names interested me more than their subscriptions, which were uniformly half-a-crown. I observed with pain that a deficit of no less than ten guineas overshadowed the club's activities. I had just decided that five bob would be my humble offering when a distraction occurred.

Padwell was on his feet and evidently ill-at-ease.

"In greeting our old friends from Bottlethorpe," he was saying, "it is my privilege to welcome also a distinguished visitor to the district who has done us the honour to—er—play for us this afternoon. It is the wish of the club that we mark the occasion by inviting him to become our patron for the year. (Cheers.) I need hardly say I refer to Mr. Stumpham—Mr. W. K. Stumpham—whose name will be remembered in the annals of the game, and particularly in the annals of wicket-keeping, for as long as such annals—er—exist. If Mr. Stumpham will deign to accept the—er—humble distinction laid at his feet, perhaps he will be so kind as to signify the fact."

Padwell was beaming fatuously at me. I gripped hard on the table and struggled to my feet.

"Gentlemen," I burbled, "it would be difficult to convey to you in a few words any suspicion of my present feelings; but if a cheque for ten guineas—no, dammit! twenty guineas—above the signature of W. K. Stumpham will serve to express his appreciation of the honour you do him, why, I've no doubt that his—er—overdraft will—er—stand the strain."

Like one man they rose at me. "Chair him!" someone shouted. "Carry him round the blinkin' ground!"

I am a shy man. Mere gratitude I might have borne, but an ovation in the circumstances made me fidget. I skipped to the door and slunk off to my car in search of privacy. I was wondering just what I ought to do when another car berthed close by me and disgorged a familiar figure wearing an M.C.C. tie. That helped me to decide. I trod on the starter and thanked Heaven for mechanical transport.

"DIVISIONS IN THE SOCIALIST PARTY."
Morning Paper Headline.

In the Liberal Party there are no divisions; only platoons.

"With the addition of another 25 Kent should have had another wicket, but arling had theB luck to be missed at second slip off Ashdown."—*Evening Paper.*

If only our cricket critics would *really* forget themselves.

DOG-FIGHT.

I HAD been lunching with Satrap; Satrap is one of those knowledgeable fellows. My own impression is that he has a secret vice. I firmly believe—don't let it go any further—that he writes those columns in the daily Press headed "Useful Everyday Knowledge" or "Do You Know?" which tell you that egg-stains can easily be removed from the moustache by the application of dilute sulphuric acid, but warm the moustache first with a hot iron; or that a good way to stop a leaky tap is to plug it with Portland cement; and other invaluable home hints. At any rate he is always firing them off in conversation, and towards the end of the meal we came round to dog-fights.

"Do you know," asked Satrap, "how to stop a dog-fight?"

"I don't."

"I thought you didn't."

"I mean, I don't stop dog-fights," I corrected; "but I've always heard that you pour a bucket of water over them."

"Ah! I knew you didn't know any practicable method," said Satrap, looking at me as though I were the kind of half-wit who reads his columns—if they *are* his columns.

I resented this. "A bucket of water seems about as practicable an object as any I know."

"My *dear* fellow! Listen! Suppose you go out of here into this quiet Hampstead street. At once a charming young girl rushes up to you and——"

"Did you say Hampstead?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Nothing. Go on."

"——rushes up and says, 'Please stop these dogs fighting!' Well, I ask you, have you got a bucket of water in your pocket?"

I took a little time to consider this in all its aspects. "Frankly, no," I replied judicially.

"Well, do you go and knock at a strange door and ask for a bucket, please, and where is their cold tap and so on? Of course not. Now what is it every man carries in his pocket?"

I enumerated a brief dozen and paused for breath.

"You haven't mentioned 'matches' yet. That reminds me; have a cigar." I took one. "Rather special ones of my own. By the way, do you know how to keep cigars at just the right temperature? Any chemist will sell you——"

Cigar alight, I interrupted him to ask what matches had to do with stopping dog-fights.

"Oh, yes. Well, all you've got to do is to light a match and hold it under their noses."

"*What?*"

"Yes, a lighted match under their noses. Your pipe or cigarette will do, if you're smoking. They stop fighting each other at once."

"And both fight me?"

"No, they just stop."

"I see," I said doubtfully.

"Quite simple." Satrap waved the hand of a man who explains simplicity, upset his brandy and told me a simple method of restoring polish to a table.

Funnily enough I had not gone two hundred yards from Satrap's house when it happened. An elderly lady (I knew Satrap was wrong about that part), accompanied by a long and extremely hairy dog, was passing a gate when a small mongrel terrier looked out.

"Yah, old whiskery-back!" said the terrier rudely.

"How are your fathers?" returned the hairy one with, I thought, commendable quickness. I don't believe I could have thought of that one myself.

"Try a safety-razor, mossy-mug!"

The next moment they were at it.

The old lady was a total loss right away. She merely uttered little cries and hit out at the battling pair with a small umbrella, missing them two times out of three and making not the slightest impression with the third.

"Fido will be killed. *Do* stop them!" she appealed to me. I was the only person in sight, so I had to do something.

"Leave it to me," I responded, remembering Satrap's advice, and dived into my waistcoat-pocket. My matches weren't there. Frantically I searched my clothes while the dogs, now inextricably locked, snarled blood-curdling threats through each other's fur. In this, of course, Fido had the advantage: his remarks were less muffled.

"Quick! What are you doing?"

I admit I didn't look as if I were taking much action.

"Looking for my matches," I answered, and realised that she at once put me down as clean nuts. Never mind, I'd show her. I found my box and struck one. The wind blew it out.

I struck another. It was blown out.

I struck something like seventeen and only one of them stayed alight long enough for me to get it anywhere near the battlefield—and then a misdirected blow from the old lady's umbrella took me on the wrist and put it out (the match, I mean).

"I'm sorry," she gasped; "but please separate them. Don't play."

Crushing back an answer, I remembered my pocket "Light-in-a-gale" automatic lighter. I had seven shots at that and it wouldn't light. Presumably there wasn't enough gale. I felt—for the first and last time in my life—that I would have given a good deal for a bucket of water. The eighth time, however, the lighter lit. The wind promptly blew it out. The twelfth time it lit again and hurriedly I bent down and held it to Fido's nose.

Even this was difficult, for by then the animals were so locked in combat as to be almost indistinguishable. Moreover Fido was very hairy. I realised after a second or two that he was really pointing the other way; but before I could transfer my battle-stopper to his other end the wind blew it out again.

I cursed Satrap for a fool. The old lady cursed me for another. The dogs cursed each other for a third and a fourth. I contemplated walking into them with my bare hands and taking them by the scruff, but whereas I could locate the mongrel's scruff all right Fido presented the same difficulty as before.

Then I remembered something else Satrap had said—"Your pipe or cigarette will do, if you're smoking." Well, I *was* smoking. Not a pipe or cigarette but the latter half of one of Satrap's "rather special" cigars.

As I grabbed it I caught sight of Fido's eye, which gave me the necessary clue. Next minute I was holding the cigar under the combatants' noses. Satrap was right. They stopped fighting at once. The mongrel sneezed voluminously, broke away and fled for home in a panic. As for Fido, he fainted.

I raised my hat and passed on. I don't know whether to tell Satrap or not. It ought to do for his columns—"New uses for 'rather special' cigars"—but I don't think he'd take it quite the right way. A. A.

A PURE LANGUAGE.

[There are no swear-words in the Manx language, says the Archdeacon of MAN.]

THE Manx folk speak with fair words,
Their children get no spanks
For using naughty swear-words,
There are no oaths in Manx.

The Manx folk have no army,
They could not fill the ranks,
The sergeants would go barmy
If they had to shout in Manx.

Since there would be so many
Most irritating blanks,
The publishers, if any,
Print no war-books in Manx.

No oaths? But do they need them?
They put their gains in banks;
The Senate does not bleed them
In the island of the Manx.

The only swearers (Saxon)
Are visitors from Lancs.,
Who find there's no huge tax on
The incomes of the Manx. J. B. N.



"Oh, Mummy, I've just stung myself on a bee!"

MISLEADING CASES.

The Freedom of the Shores.

Urban District Council of Burbleton v. *Haddock.*

The House of Lords delivered considered judgments in this appeal to-day.

The Lord Chancellor said: "Not long ago I gave notice, as the head of the judiciary, that I was not satisfied with the state of the Common Law. I announced that I was not prepared in every case to follow obsequiously the decisions of the past, however impressive their authority, and that I proposed increasingly to prefer the common-sense of the twentieth century to the Common Law of the nineteenth. The present appeal is a welcome opportunity to put that promise into effect.

"The appellant, Mr. Albert Haddock, was prosecuted by the Town Council of Burbleton for various offences against the bye-laws of that smug and unlovely township. There were four charges against him: (1) That he did swim in the sea on Sunday within the hours prohibited by the Council; (2) That he did 'mackintosh-bathe,' as the strange phrase is—a practice forbidden by the Council;* (3) That he failed or refused to pay to the Council's servants the sum of sevenpence for the privilege of swimming in the sea, and (4) That he failed to wear a swimming costume of the type, colour and size approved and prescribed by the Council.

"Mr. Haddock was convicted on all

[*It is not clear what this means. Was the appellant *swimming* in a mackintosh? And, if so, what was the objection of the Council on the score of decency? A later observation of the Lord Chancellor suggests that the practice may have been to wear a mackintosh over a swimming-suit and abandon the former on entering the sea. But, again, it is difficult at this date to say in what category of crimes or offences the practice was included. But see *Rogers* v. *Corporation of Eastbourne*, (1929) 2 K.B., in which a large cod, the property of the plaintiff, was arrested for indecency.—Ed.]

these charges at the Petty Sessions. He appealed. He appealed again. And, at length, after legal vicissitudes too numerous to recount, he has arrived, a suppliant, at your Lordships' honourable House.

"It is not contended that Mr. Haddock has annoyed or injured any individual, nor has he offended against decency. His offence may be best described, perhaps, as *lèse-municipalité:* he has entered the ocean at a time and in a manner convenient to himself, and in so doing he has wounded the dignity of a local authority persuaded erroneously that it has absolute power over the lives and conduct of all persons who venture within its jurisdiction.

"Now the Council relies upon the powers given to local authorities by the Public Health Acts Amendment Act to make rules and regulations for the conduct of sea-bathing. It is very desirable and proper that the Council should be able to supply or regulate the supply of bathing-huts, tents, life-belts and diving-boards, indicate the presence of dangerous currents or aquatic monsters, and do all such things for the convenience and safety of the bather as private enterprise has failed to do or is doing upon extortionate terms. And that, no doubt, was the intention of Parliament. The local authority is the servant of the citizen, and such powers are given to it in order to increase its capacity for service; but too many authorities appear to regard themselves too little as servants and too much as masters. It is one thing for the Council to say to Mr. Haddock, 'You wish to swim in the sea—we will provide you with facilities, as we are empowered to do.' It is quite another thing to say to him, 'You wish to swim in the sea—we forbid you to swim in the sea except at such times and places as we prescribe, upon certain moral or religious principles with which you may or may not agree.' But this is what in fact the Council have said. Let us see by what authority they say it.

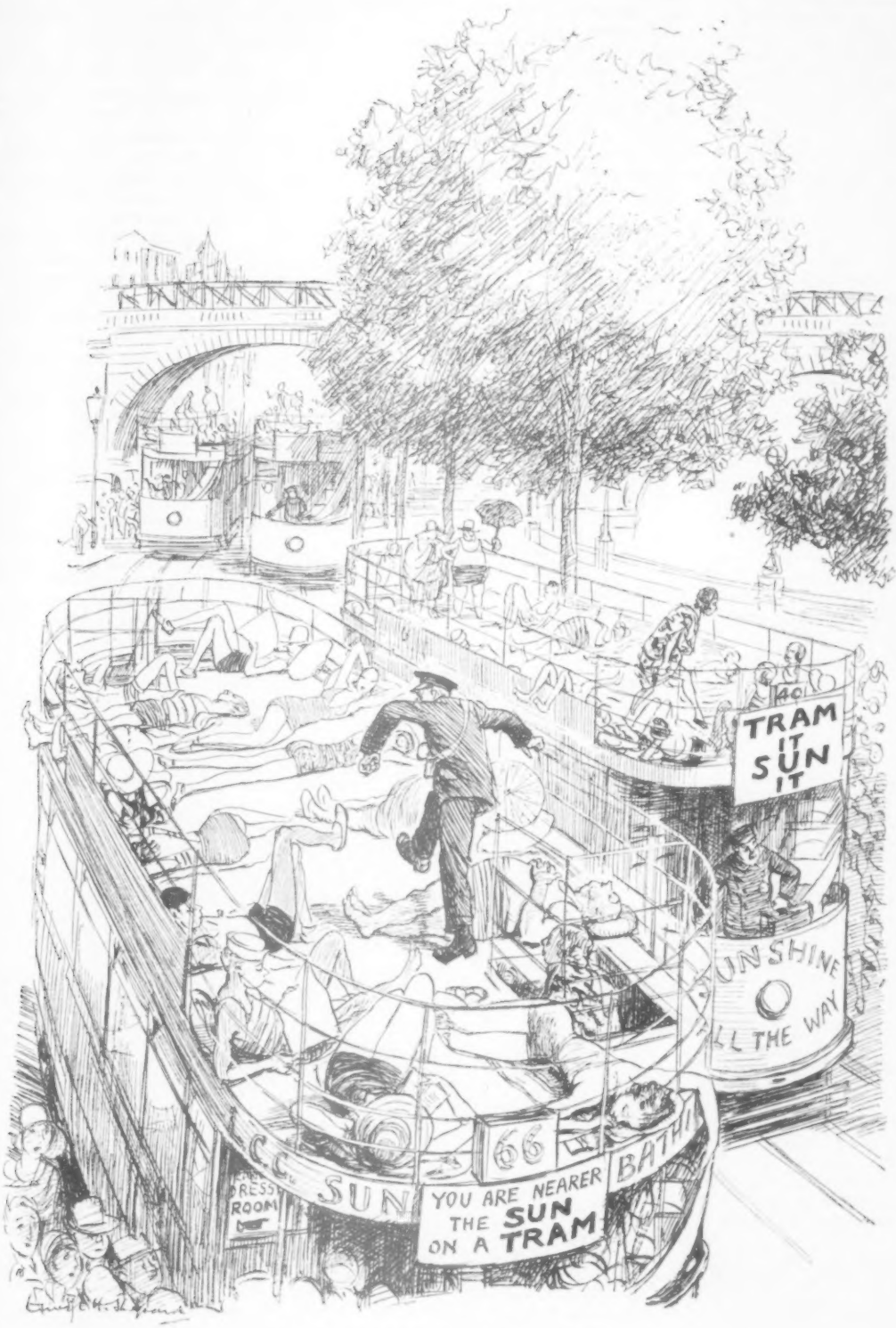
"Now no one will deny that their jurisdiction extends at least as far as high-water mark, where the land proper comes to an end. But the alleged offences were committed at low-water on the foreshore, that is, in the area between high-water mark and low-water mark. And what authority has the Council there? The foreshore is vested in the Crown, and, except by special grant from the Crown, cannot be vested in anyone else. There is no special grant here.

"And now let us examine the reverse aspect—the positive rights, if any, of the citizen. Over a hundred years ago, in the case of *Blundell* v. *Catterall*, the question arose, 'Is there or is there not a Common Law right to cross the foreshore for the purpose of bathing in the sea?' The King's Bench, by a majority, held that there was not, though it was conceded generously that 'bathing in the waters of the sea was, generally speaking, a lawful purpose.' The majority of the Court drew a somewhat fanciful distinction between crossing the foreshore for the purpose of fishing or putting to sea in a boat to fish and crossing the foreshore for the purpose of bathing, on the ground that fishing was an ancient practice necessary for the nation's food supply. That may have had some substance at that date. The total immersion of the body in seas or rivers was then a rare and audacious proceeding, only attempted after elaborate arrangements for the preservation of life and modesty. Our grandfathers entered the sea secretly under large umbrellas, secured with strong ropes, and almost fully clothed. It was but natural, perhaps, that the Court should be reluctant to find any Common Law right to do something which was so exceptional. But to-day all is changed. The numbers of our fishermen have not increased—rather the reverse; but we have become a nation of swimmers. Nearly all our citizens can swim; and even those who cannot swim enter the water without fear, eagerly and often. Nor is this exercise to be dismissed as a mere enjoyment or contribution to health. He who can swim may in an emergency preserve not his own life only but those of others. And since fish, like other food, is only one means of preserving human life it may be said truly that swimming is as important, from the national point of view, as fishing.



Wicket-keeper (ages late). "HOW 'S THAT?"
Umpire (an ex-wicket-keeper). "ROTTEN!"

"But it is not necessary to measure mathematically the merits of these two practices. The point is not that the subject is entitled to such-and-such a use of the sea; he is entitled to *every* use of it. 'What is the ocean?' said Lord Mildew in *Pratt* v. *The Ancient Society of Fishmongers*, (1872) 2 Q.B. 'It is not too much to say that the ocean is a part of the British constitution. For generations, for centuries, the island race have lived beside, upon, by, with and from the sea. The sea is in their veins; and, as we proudly say of some of them, their very blood is blue. An England without free access to the sea is as inconceivable as a Switzerland without mountains. The bird to the air, the Arab to the desert, the Frenchman to the *café*, the Briton to the ocean——' But I have quoted enough. To every word of that celebrated judgment I lend my support. These are without doubt the natural and juridical relations of every inhabitant of these islands to the element which surrounds them. And once that is apprehended our task in this case becomes much easier. It becomes fantastic, for example, to think of a small body of shopkeepers forbidding a British subject to enter the sea; and the apex of absurdity is revealed when we hear that the same shopkeepers *have exacted a fee* from the subject for *their* permission to enter the sea. They have as much right or reason to charge a fee



MORE PLACES IN THE SUN.

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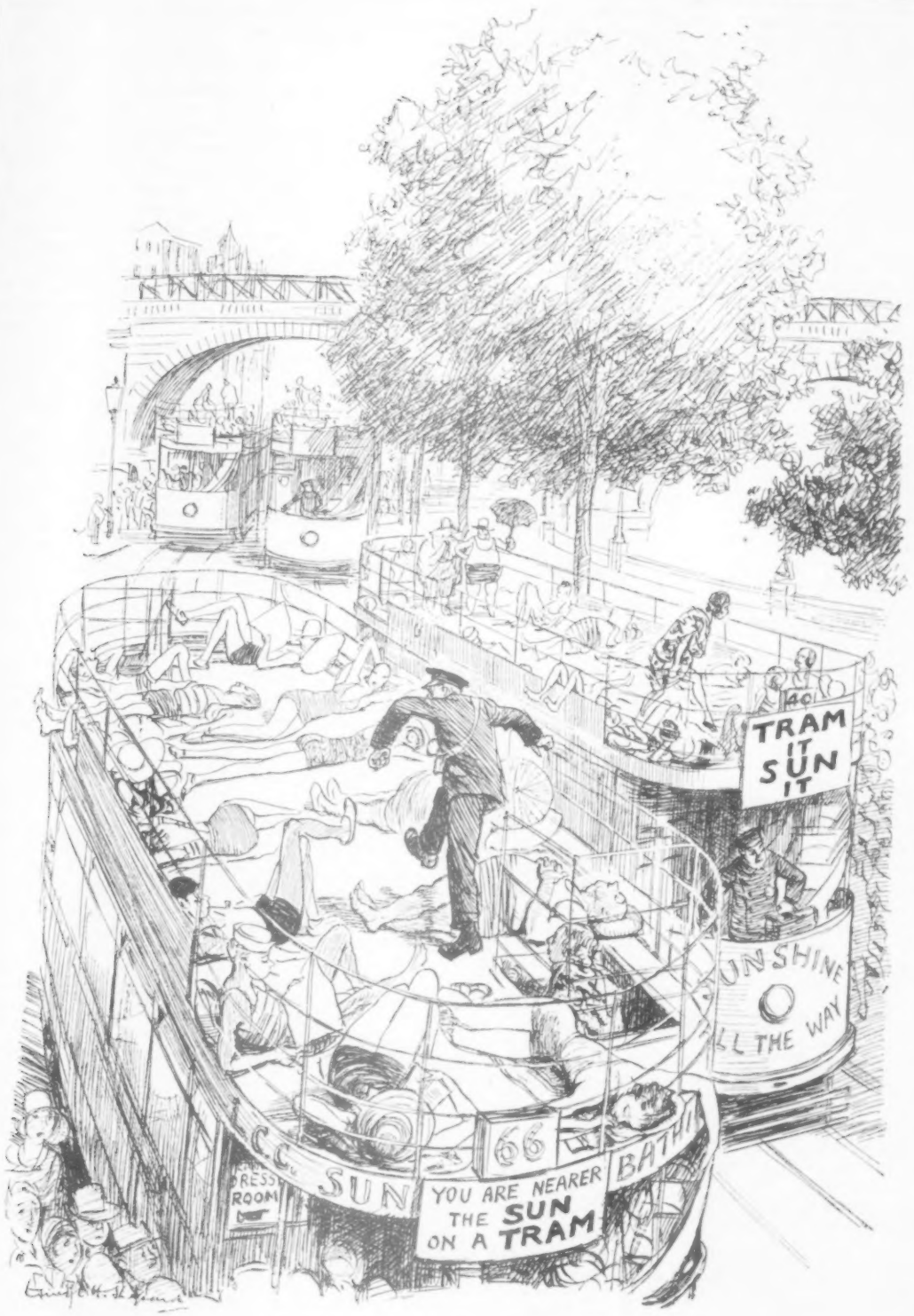
"Now no one will deny that their jurisdiction extends at least as far as high-water mark, where the land proper comes to an end. But the alleged offences were committed at low-water on the foreshore, that is, in the area between high-water mark and low-water mark. And what authority has the Council there? The foreshore is vested in the Crown, and, except by special grant from the Crown, cannot be vested in anyone else. There is no special grant here.

"And now let us examine the reverse aspect—the positive rights, if any, of the citizen. Over a hundred years ago, in the case of *Blundell* v. *Catterall*, the question arose, 'Is there or is there not a Common Law right to cross the foreshore for the purpose of bathing in the sea?' The King's Bench, by a majority, held that there was not, though it was conceded generously that 'bathing in the waters of the sea was, generally speaking, a lawful purpose.' The majority of the Court drew a somewhat fanciful distinction between crossing the foreshore for the purpose of fishing or putting to sea in a boat to fish and crossing the foreshore for the purpose of bathing, on the ground that fishing was an ancient practice necessary for the nation's food supply. That may have had some substance at that date. The total immersion of the body in seas or rivers was then a rare and audacious proceeding, only attempted after elaborate arrangements for the preservation of life and modesty. Our grandfathers entered the sea secretly under large umbrellas, secured with strong ropes, and almost fully clothed. It was but natural, perhaps, that the Court should be reluctant to find any Common Law right to do something which was so exceptional. But to-day all is changed. The numbers of our fishermen have not increased—rather the reverse; but we have become a nation of swimmers. Nearly all our citizens can swim; and even those who cannot swim enter the water without fear, eagerly and often. Nor is this exercise to be dismissed as a mere enjoyment or contribution to health. He who can swim may in an emergency preserve not his own life only but those of others. And since fish, like other food, is only one means of preserving human life it may be said truly that swimming is as important, from the national point of view, as fishing.



Wicket-keeper (ages late). "HOW 'S THAT?"
Umpire (an ex-wicket-keeper). "ROTTEN!"

"But it is not necessary to measure mathematically the merits of these two practices. The point is not that the subject is entitled to such-and-such a use of the sea; he is entitled to *every* use of it. 'What is the ocean?' said Lord Mildew in *Pratt* v. *The Ancient Society of Fishmongers*, (1872) 2 Q.B. 'It is not too much to say that the ocean is a part of the British constitution. For generations, for centuries, the island race have lived beside, upon, by, with and from the sea. The sea is in their veins; and, as we proudly say of some of them, their very blood is blue. An England without free access to the sea is as inconceivable as a Switzerland without mountains. The bird to the air, the Arab to the desert, the Frenchman to the *café*, the Briton to the ocean——' But I have quoted enough. To every word of that celebrated judgment I lend my support. These are without doubt the natural and juridical relations of every inhabitant of these islands to the element which surrounds them. And once that is apprehended our task in this case becomes much easier. It becomes fantastic, for example, to think of a small body of shopkeepers forbidding a British subject to enter the sea; and the apex of absurdity is revealed when we hear that the same shopkeepers *have exacted a fee* from the subject for *their* permission to enter the sea. They have as much right or reason to charge a fee



MORE PLACES IN THE SUN.

for walking along the king's highway. Indeed, many of us were brought up to regard the ocean as the king's highway; and, though that concept may have had its day in relation to other countries, as between Mr. Haddock and an over-zealous body of councillors it has a very real existence.

"I find therefore that the Court of King's Bench was wrong; that there is and always has been a right at Common Law to use the foreshore for any lawful purpose, as there is to use the highway or a piece of common land. Over the area above high-water mark the Council have the powers unwisely entrusted to them by Parliament, but in the area below high-water mark they are not entitled to make regulations or to order prosecutions unless the law of the land is broken or a legal nuisance is complained of, as, for instance, the excessive noise and water-displacement of fast motor-boats, or some recognised legal injury is done to a citizen or citizens. It is lawful to swim in the sea; it is lawful to swim on Sunday (whatever the Council may say); it is lawful to dress or undress on the foreshore with due regard to decency; it is lawful to wear a costume generally considered decent and sufficient by the reasonable majority. The Councillors were not elected as arbiters of morals or decency; they were elected to manage the finances and the drains, which they do not do very well. Nor by their election were they given possession of the sea; and the exaction of any payment from a bather, in the absence of some consideration or service, such as the use of a bathing-hut, is *ultra vires* and illegal. Mr. Haddock, who in the present case, refusing to employ the insanitary bathing-huts provided by the Council, merely deposited his mackintosh on the foreshore, was right not to pay. The conclusion is that below high-water mark the citizen who behaves himself before the Common Law may snap his fingers at the Council. The appeal must be allowed."

Lord Arrowroot said: "I agree. I am aware that it is the purpose of the Council by these regulations to encourage foreign travel among their countrymen. This decision will hamper them in that purpose, but it cannot be helped."

Lord Lick said: "I agree. If it were not so we should have the absurd conclusion that a local authority might order all bathers to enter the sea in woollen stockings, at the end of long chains."

Lord Sheep and Lord Laburnum concurred.

A. P. H.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

The Collection of Original Drawings by John Leech, Charles Keene, Sir John Tenniel and George du Maurier, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is now to be made accessible to readers of *Punch* in the Provinces. The Original Drawings are being shown at the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, till August 30, and the complete collection will appear at Sunderland from September 6 to October 4; at Birkenhead from October 11 to November 8; at Norwich from November 22 to December 27; at Reading from January 3 to January 31, 1931; at Lincoln from February 14 to March 14; at Wolverhampton from March 28 to May 9; and at Blackpool from May 23 to July 4.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



Maid. "There 's a bit of bad luck—gone and broke the glass of my wrist-watch!"

THE LANGUAGE OF FRUIT.

THE worst of our suburb is its fickleness. Every two or three years it changes its main preoccupation and with it its manner of life and habit of talk. I find it very difficult to keep up with the fashion.

Three or four years ago came the Psychology period. People took a delight in describing to each other their complexes and libidos, as though exhibiting pieces in a museum. General conversation ran in this fashion:—

"Can you read Adler?"

"No; my reactions to Adler are displaced."

"Some secondary transference, I suppose?"

"No, probably an infantile persistence inhibiting the efferents."

"Nothing Œdipean, I hope?"

"Possibly Electran."

"Ha! I once found myself under a tertiary Electran but I managed to sublimate it."

"How fortunate!"

"Yes, it was symptomating in pseudo-aphasia."

And so on.

I made a feeble attempt to master the jargon, but long before I had learnt to keep my end up the suburb went over in a body to Diet and is there still.

I am not well up in the matter, but I gather there are two giants threatening human existence, and their unpleasant names are Blood Pressure and Acidulated Blood. These must be fought strenuously at every meal and thought and talked of persistently between meals, when one is not occupied in drinking hot water. Up to last year I was content to live and let live with my blood, to allow it to run its own course, since it seemed to know better than I did what was wanted of it. But now, it appears, I must take control of it; I must constantly prevent it from pressing and insist on its being alkaline.

Last time I was asked to lunch at a neighbour's I sat down with the usual expectations. There appeared before me in turn a walnut salad, fruit and some cheese, the whole to be washed down with unfermented grape-juice. I realised that this was intended to represent a meal and did what I could with the cheese. This unfortunately was accompanied not by honest bread or biscuits but by some greyish fire-lighters.

And all the time a buzz of serious clamour sounded round the table:—

"No, thanks, no cheese for me; just another piece of raw carrot. I'm up to 190. I must go slow."

"My toxins are well under, I'm glad to say. Next month I'm going to have a pork chop."



Second (after tame round). "JUST LOOK WOT 'E'S SAID ABOUT YER IN THIS MORNIN'S PAPER."

"Eggs are undoubtedly acidulating. I never allow an egg in my house—except for the maids, of course."

"Certainly, provided you have the right coefficient of bran. To attain perfect deglutition I sprinkle bran on all damp foods."

"Rather an unpleasant type; they say he eats steaks and rice-pudding."

"Did you say mashed potatoes? Never!"

"Yes, mashed with the peelings for roughage; that makes them quite wholesome, you know."

"I get plenty of D and E, but I have difficulty with B."

"Fact is I'm a bit short on calcium. Nothing serious, really."

And so on.

Well, fruit is all very well in its place, but my people left the Garden of Eden a long while ago and I suppose I have lost the fruitarian habit. I felt very lost during this so-called meal, but I was more lost when, the snacking over, everybody rose briskly to his feet and remained in an upright position as though there were no chairs in the house.

After some minutes on my feet I gently approached a young man and asked him why these people didn't sit; whether they had made a vow or anything. He replied rather shortly that they stood erect to "promote peristalsis." I personally felt I had had all the peristalsis I needed. My chief desire was a smoke.

Though nobody appeared to be smoking, I offered the young man a cigarette. I saw at once I had done the wrong thing. "Excuse me," he said—"surely you must be aware that smoking, like alcohol, tends to rallentate digestion."

I left as quickly as I could. I am too old to learn another language. All I am clear about is that the main purpose of life is to drink hot water and to keep the œsophagus full of "roughage" (which means in plain English rubbish). In this way it is expected that the Blood will be neither Pressing nor Acidulated.

Also—a small point—I am uncertain as to the modern use of the epithet "eupeptic." Sometimes it represents an ideal state, but more often it seems to be a term of abuse.

It is all very difficult. E. P. W.



Small Girl (referring to new daily governess). "LOOK HERE, MOTHER—I WARN YOU. IF I SEE MUCH MORE OF THAT WOMAN I SHALL HAVE A NERVOUS DOWNFALL."

RESIGNATION IN AUGUST.

THE fig-tree and the vine are running riot
About my garden and the jasmine falls,
And in the shuttered houses there is quiet
And lots of stray cats jump upon the walls;
A man whose name I cannot now remember
Asked me to ring him up upon the phone—
And I am here, am here until September
To carry on my country's work alone.

For London loafs about in watering-places
And all the murmurous margin of the sea
Is lightly studded with familiar faces
Of well-known figures in Society,
Or not well-known; and Parliament, arising,
To swell the list of bobbing heads has gone,
And so have bankers, and it seems surprising
The business of the world should still go on.

Obedient to the sacred call of pleasure
Typist and wife have left the daily round,
Even the cook (a veritable treasure)
Is off to Scarborough to be lightly browned;
And intermittently, no doubt, the billow
Closes above the features and the hair
Of the loved office-boy, or forms a pillow
For the proud crest of the commissionaire.

Is there a consolation for us workers
Who tread the echoing pavement of the Strand,
Lest we should envy those ignoble shirkers
Sailing the bight or toasting on the sand—
Now, when a languor falls upon the lily
And men are breaking up the roads with care,
And strident voices sound in Piccadilly,
For all the belles of Oregon are there?

Nothing, I think, except the sense of duty,
By which the heaven and earth alike are strong,
Knowledge that labour is more blest than beauty,
And knowledge that this toil is not for long;
Ours the wan cheek just now, and theirs the blister,
Ours the rude sweat and theirs the salt sea-spray—
But by October we shall have a bistre
Quite as becoming on our nose as they. EVOE.

Our Temperamental Meals.

"He cooked himself an absent-minded supper."
Short Story in Magazine.

After a pensive breakfast and probably an aloof luncheon.

"ILKESTON SECONDARY SCHOOL SPORTS.
The Victor Dolorum gold medals were won by May Davis 14 points, and Peter Wright 14 points."—*Nottingham Paper.*

Now we know where our Sob-Stars come from.

"UNITED METHODIST CHURCH, EGREMONT.
Tenders are invited for electrifying the above Church."
Advt. in Whitehaven Paper.

It seems a unique opportunity for some dynamic revivalist.

"The Hon. Imogen Grenfell rubbed shoulders with Mr. Norman Forbes, the actor."—*Daily Paper, describing the King's Garden-Party.*

A pleasing variation of the more savage custom of rubbing noses.



HOLIDAY TASKS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 29th.—The Lords were scarcely in their seats before they fell into what JAMES STEPHENS would call an exasperation of law-making. Lord BANBURY and Lord SALISBURY paused, it is true, to voice the time-honoured protest against the "rush and mismanagement of business at the end of the Session," but that has become a mere convention, and Lord JESSEL countered by praising the Government for sending their important Bills up so early.

On the Second Reading of the Public Works Loans Bill Lord HUNSDON, whose head, beneath the bludgeoning of infuriated miner-Members, appeared to be neither bloody nor bowed, complained that the Government had placed four new members on the Board without consulting it. The Board, he said, had nothing to do with politics; it boasted a long record of voluntary service, and it was most undesirable that any appointment to it should be liable to the interpretation that it was made for Party purposes.

Lord PONSONBY agreed that that would be an unfortunate thing.

In the Commons a Question by Sir KINGSLEY WOOD elicited from Mr. DALTON the information that H.M.S. *Waterhen* has proceeded to Suez. Any bad eggs that turn up there will, it is assumed, be adequately sat upon. Answering Mr. HACKING, the UNDER-SECRETARY said that the number of Americans seeking British visas this year had risen from 14,650 to 16,410. "Well done, the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland!" observed Mr. HACKING modestly. "How otherwise," courteously replied Mr. DALTON, "when the Rt. Hon. Gentleman is connected with it." With such gestures do we temper the asperities of our public life.

Chinese eggs in the shell, in the half-shell and in the nude, so to speak, were the subject of anxious inquiry by Mr. DAY, but, as the answer was one of those necessarily long ones that only get circulated in the Official Report, the House had to restrain its curiosity. It seems that Mr. DAY's fear that the introduction of modern weapons into Chinese warfare has resulted in greatly increased numbers of Chinese eggs being discharged on to the English market is well-grounded.

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS declined to assure Major Ross that the leather for upholstering the Houses of Parliament would be made from Empire goats, though declaring it his policy, *ceteris paribus*, to give preference to them. The question of getting the Empire's goat is naturally one for the Cabinet as a whole.



LORD WINTERTON SHEDS AN HONOURABLE TEAR OVER THE ASPERSIONS THAT HAVE BEEN CAST ON THE INTEGRITY OF THE LABOUR PARTY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It was impossible to listen to the rapid fire of Questions ("Is the Minister aware?") from Mr. BROWN (of Leith) on the subject of the Government buildings to be erected on the Carlton House site, Edinburgh, without feeling that there was dirty work afoot. Mr. MATHERS and Sir PATRICK FORD supported their indignant colleague, waving photographs under the MINISTER'S astonished nose and threatening to move the adjournment of the House.

Only by repeatedly asserting that he had nothing to conceal, that in fact no work was afoot at all and that none would be decided upon till the House had been given a chance of criticising it, was Mr. LANSBURY able to allay the storm in Mr. BROWN'S palpitating breast.

The House passed from Questions to a graver topic—the utterance by one ELIJAH SANDHAM, M.P. for Kirkdale, of a speech, *coram publico* and at a meeting of the I.L.P., in which he charged Members of his Party with accepting bribes from moneylenders and other interests and with getting drunk in the House, and declared that such things were "in keeping with the traditions of the House."

Mr. SANDHAM was not present, although Lord WINTERTON had given him notice that he would raise the question of privilege, and the PRIME MINISTER moved the adjournment of the debate till the following day to give him an opportunity of being present, "as he ought to be."

Tuesday, July 29th.—The question of the personnel of the Round Table Conference on India was raised in both Houses. After Lord RUSSELL had read the PRIME MINISTER'S statement (announcing that the British representation at the Conference would be drawn from all three Parties) Lord SALISBURY made a long speech which he described, perhaps a trifle comprehensively, as setting forth the Conservative position, and which was devoted largely to the Government's decision not to invite a member of the Simon Commission to the Conference.

Lord BURNHAM in more robust tones wished to know what the Round Table Conference intended to confer about. Would its principal business be to discuss the Simon Commission's Report? Lord RUSSELL did not say, but offered to communicate to the PRIME MINISTER Lord BURNHAM'S valuable advice that the British team at the Round Table Conference should number twelve. After some



ROSA TRIPARTITA.

(After "Rosa Triplex," by ROSSETTI.)

[The Three-Party Conference on the position of the Unemployment Insurance Fund includes Mr. BROWN (Lib.), Mr. HARTSHORN (Lab.) and Major ELLIOT (Cons.]

slight argument as to whether Sir TEJ SAPRU and Mr. JAYAKAR had been sent to GANDHI or had merely been allowed to go to him Lord BURNHAM withdrew his motion and their Lordships, with no gallant admirals present to sweep through the deep while the stormy winds of debate do blow, gave the London Naval Treaty Bill a smooth passage.

The Finance Bill was not so fortunate; but that too, after a few unkind words from Lords BEAUCHAMP and JESSEL, was put through all its paces.

Thereupon Lord STRICKLAND invited the Government's approval of plans for a breakwater at Malta designed to assist that historic island to become the Clapham Junction of the air, as well as the Hyde Park of religious controversy. Lord THOMSON noted with approval the Maltese Government's passion for improving their island at the British taxpayers' expense, but suggested rather unkindly that the passion would be more convincing still if the Maltese proposed to probe their own pockets for some of the wherewithal.

In the House of Commons the PRIME MINISTER, replying to the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, said that the number of British delegates to the Round Table Conference was under consideration, the numbers he had in mind being three or four from each of the Opposition parties. Mr. MAXTON thereupon allowed his mind to play around the idea of having his own little lot represented too, but there was no immediate response. Mr. MACDONALD assured Mr. LLOYD GEORGE that the Opposition delegates would be on exactly the same footing as the rest. As to the representation of the Simon Commission, which the Liberal leader and Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN both urged, Mr. MACDONALD said that he had not come to a definite conclusion but inclined to the view that for many reasons it would be undesirable.

The House—a very full House—passed on to the public and unsatisfactory business of dealing with Mr. ELIJAH SANDHAM, M.P. The House is never at its best on these occasions; it was designed as an institute for public-spirited gentlemen and its rules are ill-adapted for dealing with muckrakers, and the contumacious ELIJAH had no difficulty in making it look as ridiculous as his namesake did the Baalites. First he insisted on reading the whole of the speech in which the offending passages occurred—a long-winded attack on the Labour Government and all its lack of works—and when the SPEAKER insisted on cutting him short he simply refused to go on with his explanation and sat down. All this under the approving eye of Mr. MAXTON, who seemed to have taken on the business of staging the Member for Kirkdale for the day's performance.

By a vote of 419 votes to 8—the eight being, of course, Mr. MAXTON and his stalwarts—the House submitted the matter to be investigated by the Committee on Privileges, with the understanding that it would report (as it must) before the House rose.

A diminished House stayed to hear, *à propos* of the Foreign Office Vote, a lively debate on Egypt, in which Mr. CHURCHILL roundly charged the Government with "encouraging the subversive forces antagonistic to the Anglo-Egyptian connection," and Mr. MACDONALD spiritedly retorted that the notion that British troops must be in Cairo to maintain law and order in Egypt was "a mere fiction of the right hon. gentleman's rather swollen Imperialistic imagination." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE welcomed the PRIME MINISTER'S declaration that the Government's duty to protect foreign lives and property in Egypt would be fully undertaken. If they did not do it there were other nations ready and anxious to step in and govern Egypt. He expressed strong opposition to the idea that we should seek to impose any Western ideas of democracy and government upon the East. In a flurry of lesser speeches the one bright thought was contributed by Sir RENNELL RODD, who acutely likened the Wafd *régime* to Tammany Hall.



A WIELDER OF SWORD AND OLIVE-BRANCH.

(Design for a pillar of the New Empire.)

MR. DALTON SAID "THERE WAS NO INTENTION TO DEPLETE THE BRITISH GARRISON IN EGYPT."

THE THIRTEENTH MAN.

HERE are your twelve selected
For all to bless or ban;
On chosen, on rejected,
Let him pronounce who can;
On swerver or on spinner,
Tried expert or beginner—
How now? The great match-winner
Remains the Thirteenth Man.

The great match-winner, sitting
Upon the rainbow's end,
Surveys the crowds, the hitting,
The pitch where teams contend,
And stands forth, soon or later,
A pitiless dictator,
A sawdust-hearted traitor,
Who's neither foe nor friend.

The verdicts of his choosing
Leave equity agape;
On legions who are losing,
Who lie in doubtful shape,
He smiles—and splits asunder
The sky with timely thunder,
And masses clouds, whereunder
Lie safety and escape.

When runs are in the making,
When boundaries come amain,
He sets the striker quaking
With half-an-hour of rain;
He sets the ring extolling
(Despite the roller's rolling)
Your devilish crafty bowling
That once looked devilish plain.

No incense will he savour;
He will not hear your call;
None may say where his favour
Or where his wrath shall fall;
What skill he will make way for,
What pleading he will stay for;
None knows which side he 'll play for,
Or if he 'll play at all.

From towns, from distant stations
Wherever cricket's played,
The chosen of the nations
Stand for the Test arrayed,
Champions renowned and various,
Yet all remains precarious,
While none may choose Aquarius
Or count upon his aid. A. C.

SOLACE FOR THE TR-R-OUBLED.

ON my way out to dinner the other night my infant motor-car developed sudden and excruciating pains in the maze of pipes which thread its mysterious little inside, and died noisily in a narrow and crowded thoroughfare. One of the new call-boxes stood invitingly open, and I ran to it in the hope of warning my hostess that I should be late. Instead I spoke with increasing warmth to a laundry in Maida Vale, to a taxi-rank in the next street, and to Barking police-station; after which,

flinging wide the door and bawling imprecations upon the myrmidons of the P.M.G., I rushed out into the night. Eventually, having received first-aid from a neighbouring crèche, I succeeded in dissipating the wedge of vehicles which had collected like so many vultures round the corpse of my child.

Very late indeed I arrived at my destination and made my peace with my hostess. While I sank my soup in ungainly mouthfuls I recounted the tragedy to an American girl beside me, and when I had finished she knew rather more about certain aspects of our telephone-service than probably Mr. LEES-SMITH himself.

"Well," she said, "you've certainly had a hard time; but don't imagine that you've got a monopoly of that over here. You eat up your salmon and I'll tell you a bit about the wires at home."

When she in her turn had finished I sat back amazed and not a little comforted. My illusions about the magic of American efficiency were gone, but somehow it gave me a warm brotherly feeling beneath the second of my Woolworth studs to know that at that moment across the Atlantic there were thousands of pale men and women hanging over the mouthpieces of their telephones, their features twisted with the burning imaginings of murder.

"Tell me," I said, "for you seem to understand these things so well—shall I call up the Supervisor of that exchange and hint to her the truth about this girl of hers, or shall I leave the wretch's undoing to the next victim?"

Miss America considered for a moment, shrugging her shoulders after the peculiar manner of her countrymen when they desire to register Sapience and Freedom from Prejudice in equal parts.

"Well," she said slowly, "I'm not qualified to speak of your system over here, but in the States we've learned that it's no good at all giving the girls heck. When we've had an extra bad run of wrong numbers we know there's only one thing for it."

"Poison?" I asked with polite sympathy.

"No," she answered; "a thumping big box of candy with our name and number writ big all over it, and our sweetest wishes."

"How long does that last?"

"Naturally," she said, "that depends on the size of the box."

Candy! *CANDY!!* . . . Surely that word contains a poignant message of hope to the harassed masses of our great cities. Surely it conveys a faint promise of rescue for the sanity of those of us who subscribe quarterly to that inscrutable instance of our national humour, the G.P.O.

I for one am convinced that there is something in it. If our telephone girls merely lack encouragement, they shall have it. I am only waiting for what in our household we have come to call a straight flush, that is to say a sequence of five wrong numbers, as a justification. Some time within the next twenty-four hours I am certain, by the law of averages, to be more than justified. And then I shall despatch to the young women of our local exchange, with a special thought for the one who carols "Nane-nane-double-fafe" so prettily, a small trunk loaded with bulls'-eyes on a substratum of ginger.

And if the exquisite symbolism of my gift escapes them I shall clamber coldly out on to my roof with a pair of nail-scissors and sever my connection with them for good and all. ERIC.



"HE'S CALLED 'PERCHANCE' AFTER BYRON'S DOG—'PERCHANCE MY DOG WILL HOWL.'"

Father Outlook, Dull.

"Strindberg chose awfully gloomy subjects for his plays. He wrote one about a father."
Schoolgirl's Essay on 19th Century Dramatists.

Roosts of our Rarer Birds.

"Sir,—I have read with great interest the letter about a buff-backed heron which appeared in *The Times* over the signature of the Rev. F. C. Butters. . . ."
From Letter to "The Times."

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

A WAITING GAME.

As a quarry the crocodile is frankly disappointing. Its habit of wearing a sort of bullet-proof pull-over, off which anything short of a six-pounder shell ricochets harmlessly, is apt to reduce the most persistent sportsman to a condition of futile rage, in which he is dangerous only to his friends; while on the rare occasions when sheer tenacity, unlimited ammunition and a large slice of luck combine to pierce the vulnerable spot which the brute carries under his foreleg, the perverse creature promptly dives into deep water and dies there. He may be washed up days after, but in a condition which effectively deters the hunter from claiming the trophy, even supposing he has had the patience to hang round the place in the meantime.

George is a sticker. Ever since he came to Nukuku he has been on shooting terms with most of the local saurians and, though his activities have not so far been remarkable for any noticeable diminution of their numbers, both he and they have obtained a certain amount of amusement from the proceedings. In fact I suspect that when the news goes round that George is in the vicinity of Lake Shilwa the crocodiles get up a little sweepstake on who can draw the most fire. As some of them have induced George to let off as many as fifteen rounds in a minute it will be realised that the standard of skill is pretty high—on their part. George, who has a generous nature, laughed as heartily as they must have done on the day he expended twenty-five rounds on a log of wood which he afterwards declared the intelligent brutes had put there on purpose.

The solitary specimen he met up at M'bilo's lived in a deep pool in the river and was by way of being a general nuisance and a snapper-up of such trifles as piccanins and goats. The villagers regarded him with wholesome respect, and when George breezed into the neighbourhood they sent a deputation to suggest the desirability of his performing a spot of public work by ridding them of an undesirable neighbour.

George said, "Leave him to me," and dawn next morning found him and Private Ali shivering on the bank of the pool whilst the entire population of the village hung about in the background and offered whispered advice. Either the croc was too wily or the morning too cold, for nothing happened. Not a ripple disturbed the placid waters, and after an hour or two George grew hungry and adjourned for breakfast.

He came back later on, but still nothing "transpired" (as he put it). At noon he resorted to artifice. He disguised himself as a bulrush by the simple expedient of sticking reeds all round his helmet and lying down to it. At two o'clock he made Private Ali cover him completely with reeds, and at 2.15 he emitted a piercing yell when an inquisitive goat nibbled at his ankles and he thought the croc had outflanked him.

Then, while he was taking a pull at his thermos flask, the crocodile broke



"WINKED A BLEARY EYE AT HIM AND SUBMERGED."

water right under his nose, winked a bleary eye at him and submerged exactly three seconds before George, who had spilled hot coffee all over his arm, could pick up his rifle and take aim.

At about 3.0 suppressed coughing made George conscious that he was not alone, and cautious observation revealed the fact that the village had concentrated in force and disposed itself on a wide front all round him. By the time he had told them what he thought of them and Private Ali had driven them back, the vicinity fairly hummed and George gave it up for the day. As he stretched himself the crocodile came up for a moment and yawned in his face. Just as George was retiring it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to provide a little bait in the form of a goat to be marooned on a low rock which jutted from the middle of the pool and had been pointed out as a favourite haunt of the crocodile. But the community showed a marked disinclination to undertake the task of swimming out with the goat, and George, whose brain had had a good long rest, rather saw their point.

As I have intimated, George is a sticker. The next day found him ensconced in a little nest on the bank, with only his rifle-barrel and the tip of his nose protruding from a positive stack of reeds. After a dull morning the crocodile, tired of inaction or driven desperate by George's masterly exposition of the strategy of FABIUS MAXIMUS, heaved its vast bulk out of the water and clambered slowly on to the rock. George, quivering with excitement, took the best aim he could at the soft spot behind the brute's foreleg. There was an echoing roar, and the croc, after one convulsive shudder, swung round like lightning and dropped back into the pool.

George gave a shout of triumph and, scrambling out of his reedy bed, stood up to peer into the swirling water. His foot slipped on the reeds he had scattered round him and, grabbing wildly at the air, he slithered down the bank and into the pool with a resonant plonk. He came up immediately and tried to scramble out, but failed to find a hold. Then his foot sank into soft mud and, believing the croc had got him, he let out as piercing a yell as a mouthful of discoloured water would permit and struck out for the nearest landing-place. He says it was thirty yards away and claims to have broken all records for the distance; and I believe him.

He emerged safely, and as nothing has since been seen of the crocodile there are grounds for believing that for once in his life George hit what he aimed at. I understand he has been offered the Freedom of the village, but he says that this hardly compensates him for the loss of one topee, five rupees, a gold watch given to him when he left home by his Aunt Beulah and any concrete evidence to convince a sceptical world that he ever shot a crocodile at all.

Ethereal Gestures.

"An American woman broke the attitude record by reaching a height of over five miles."—*Indian Paper.*

"PEEBLES MAKES GOOD."
Daily Paper Placard.

And what about Kirkcudbright?



THE WITCH SEEKS A NEW MOUNT.

Salesman. "I CAN THOROUGHLY RECOMMEND THIS 1630 'WALPURGIS,' MADAM. IT IS FITTED WITH THE NEW DOUBLE-ACTING SHOCK-ABSORBERS AND SEMI-ELLIPTIC INVISIBLE SPRINGS."

ACTORS *versus* MUSICIANS.

[A cricket-match was played recently on the Hampstead Cricket Ground between Actors and Musicians. The accuracy of the facts contained in the following lines is not guaranteed.]

CAME cricket-lovers, young and old and those of middle-age
Of late to Hampstead's spacious sward to see a battle rage
With willow and with leather
(And the wicket and the weather)
'Twixt the pick, who met together, of Musicians and the Stage.

For who would miss the chance to see a wiry warbler pitch
At some long-haired tragedian a speedy 'un, at which
He'd doubtless duck and dither?
Or a zealot of the zither
Turning hither, twisting thither, in the style of FREEMAN (TYTCH)?

Eve too was there; the Actors' team might hold some treats in store;
Her favourite might play for it and make his usual score;
The leading actor-lover
Might be there to field at cover,
Or to bowl a maiden over (as he'd often done before).

Who longed to study BRADMAN or to gape at GRIMMETT'S tricks,
When he could see a fiddler's score, compiled of skiers, snicks
And sloshes *spiritoso*
(Though his style was only so-so),
At the drama's premier beau so as to wallop him for six?

And many sufferers in the past no doubt that day drew nigh,
Hoping with sight of debts repaid to cheer a chastened eye—
To see a saxophonist
Tonked for boundaries, good and honest,
Or a jazz-orchestral singer struck a stinger on the thigh.

And where in other matches was the sight that could eclipse
A bowling pantomimist and a batting bass at grips?
Or a melancholy mummer
Cutting late a stunning hummer
From a cunning kettle-drummer past a strummer in the slips?

And so to Hampstead's ground they flocked to see a battle rage
That many reckoned second to no other of the age,
Between the coves that follow
The profession of Apollo
(Or the chirpy Muse, Euterpe) and the stalwarts of the Stage.

C. B.

More Pearls of Unintention.

"CIVIL SERVICE WOMEN'S CRICKET.

The team was very fortunate in having the help of Mr. Trickett, who acted as umpire."—*Civil Service Magazine.*

"It was at Durnstein that Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned on his return from the Holy Land, and found by the minstrel Blondin."—*Daily Paper.*

It was a pity that LION-HEART didn't live to see BLONDEL walk the tight-rope.

AT THE PICTURES.

THE nice point of fun in a Victorian burlesque lies, I suppose, in the fact that these quaint things happened such a short while ago and that our parents or grandparents were really nearly as impossibly ridiculous as that. For I



WHEN BATHING-WEAR *WAS* WEAR.

will not for a moment believe that the Early Victorians are any funnier to us than the eighteenth-century would have been to the Victorians, or than we shall seem to 1975.

In the case of the film which is being shown at the Empire—the teetotal Empire of to-day—the impact of humour is subtler still, for we are looking at *The Gay Nineties* not of London but of New York. And who am I to say whether and in what points a Late Victorian New York was funnier than New York is now? And on the top of that a good deal of the merriment is obviously intended to be laughed not at but with. And on the top of that again the romance and sentiment of the piece are in no way naïver than those of the ordinary modern films for ordinary modern fans. So that I always found myself saying in the midst of amusement, "That's wrong" or "That's right," "That's genuine," "That's caricature," "That's justified," "That's not fair." Yet all the time, these being American and not English 'nineties, I did not really know.

Here we had an 1890 musical-comedy chorus, an 1890 picnic (ever since the Russian ballet produced a Victorian picnic all makers of burlesques and revues have shamelessly imitated this). There was an 1890 American Derby and an 1890 American football match, an 1890 bathing party and an 1890 ball. Ladies of course had the longest of skirts and shoulder-of-mutton sleeves. Men wore whiskers and striped cricketing-caps. Bathers were heavily robed and bicycles were made for two. Crowning absurdity, there was one of the earliest motor-cars, in which the hero (later to win our hearts by his passionate, perfectly serious, perfectly filmy declaration of love) whizzed the heroine about at twelve miles an hour, winding it up at the side like a barrel-organ and making it pop and jump. It was exactly the sort of property that HAROLD LLOYD delights to use.

Still, whatever bits of the film were realistic, whatever were farcical, whatever were downright ordinary romance, there is no doubt that it was very funny in patches, and that MARION DAVIES acted in it as probably nobody else in the world could have done. The *Floradora* motive was not really very important, and the *Floradora* music was not used. But the choral scene at the end was sufficient to wake pangs of memory—Edwardian, not Victorian, memory—in my heart.

I must say, however, that, though I do not know what they may have been doing in New York, I did not myself wear whiskers and a cricketing-cap at picnics when *Floradora* first appeared.

The voice-reproduction in this all-talkie is the best, I think, that I have heard. The English peer who entertained the *Floradora* girls was in fact almost indistinguishable in voice, as he was in conversation, from any popular English peer on the legitimate stage.



A LITTLE BIT OF GIRL AND A GREAT DEAL OF FLUFF.

Daisy . . . MISS MARION DAVIES.

For the first time, I think, I forgot the instrument of sound-production before the end of the play was reached and LAWRENCE GRAY, snatching her up from the chorus, had carried his sweetheart to the waiting sledge outside the theatre, and driven her off with a tinkling of bells. There was a cold snap in New York, I suppose, in the year that *Floradora* was taken overseas.

Before *The Gay Nineties* I witnessed very astounding things. I was shown BRADMAN and SUTCLIFFE playing the



THE NOSE-GAY NINETIES.

Rumblesham . MR. CLAUDE ALLISTER.

bowling in a Test match far more clearly than they could be distinguished from any seat on the ground. And I saw scenes of ruin after the Italian earthquake and heard the voices of Italian peasant-women wailing for their loss. But I would rather not have heard those.

And I saw *The Duke Steps Out*. This, like *The Gay Nineties*, was a farcical film, but it dealt partly with boxing and partly with American college life. It was a silent film, except for continual jazz music and a certain number of occasional noises. Perhaps that is not silence in the deepest sense of the word, and I ought rather to have said that sub-titles were used all the way through. They were good sub-titles, and many of them could hardly have been bettered by being spoken with any human voice through any machine. One, if I remember correctly, was—

"*If you are looking for a place to park your lips, use mine!*"

At the end, when the hero won his fight and the heroine rushed glad-eyed to find him, he had just eaten a large dish of steak-and-onions, and did not dare to embrace her, so she took a handful of onions from the dish and ate them herself, and then they blew at each other once or twice before they faded out in the final kiss. In the gay nineties, in England, that would have seemed ungenteel.

EVOE.

GOULD THAT GLITTERS.

[With acknowledgments to Mr. GERALD GOULD'S reviews of current fiction in *The Observer* and elsewhere.]

Scroop, by ALTAMIRA CHICKWEED.
Wild Fumitory, by JOAN GARBOIL.
The Third Miss Farthingale, by PERSEPHONE PRINGLE.
Atta Baby! by GWLADYS CHALK.

After the repeated cabbage—though *assafetida* would be a more appropriate vegetable—or, as our Gallic neighbours might put it, the "*toujours cartouche*" of incessant war-books, comes the monstrous regiment of women, more monstrous to-day than ever, which in its time has given and received so many hard Knox. In that regiment Miss Chickweed occupies a most distinguished position; indeed I should be inclined to give her the rank of General—even if only Cook-General—were it not that her work evinces a taste for caviar, from which Generals are notoriously averse. *Scroop* is an epic of high living and confused thinking. Its authoress handles her shaker with considerable skill, though the outcome is perhaps too often a "Maiden's Blush." After all, though life may not be all beer and skittles, it is, thank Heaven, even less all cocktails and chemmy.

If existence to Miss Chickweed is a dry Martini, to Miss Garboil it is a gin-and-bitters—without the gin, though with a plentiful supply of pitfalls. She deals with the theme, so popular among contemporary novelists, of "Our Village," less in the spirit of Miss MITFORD than of *Sancho Panza's* dictum that there is more evil in the village than is dreamed of. (*Sancho* of course knew nothing of psycho-analysis.) Once again we are shown how mistaken GRAY was in imagining that the peasant's lot, though certainly not a happy one, in any way confined, still less cribbed or cabined, his genius for criminality. At a cursory glance I should say that the only major crimes not committed by the (excessively) rude forefathers of Miss Garboil's rustic hamlet are simony, stillicide and possibly champerty. She exhibits a good deal of cleverness in the nice conduct of a clouded brain and in the descriptions of the pastoral beauty of the countryside, amidst which her characters, like WORDSWORTH'S silent heavens, with the unfortunate difference that they are anything but silent, have their goings-on.

Miss Pringle, to revert to my military metaphor, suggests a major of the *vieille école* attempting to cope with the latest horrors of mechanisation or to describe one of England's "little wars" in the idiom of the modern war-story. Between two schools, the Georgian and the neo-Georgian, her work falls a little flat. She is obviously a diligent student of "Swann's Way" and "The Guermantes' Way" (and very odd ways both of them were), and her faults may be described as coming home to PROUST. Miss Pringle's treatment of her heroine is of the time when to be JUNG was very heaven, and she seems throughout to be defiantly asking herself and us, "Who's a-FREUD?"

Miss Chalk has confessedly written a pot-boiler pure (comparatively) and simple, and there is a vigorous crackling of thorns under the pot. The best that can be said for *Atta Baby!* is that it is at least as broad as it is long, and possesses that brevity which is not only the soul of wit but also some slight consolation for its absence.



"TELL ME—WHAT DOES YOUR WORK MEAN?"
"THAT, SIR, IS A SECRET BETWEEN ART AND MYSELF."

"SPORTS GOSSIP.
Sydney Gardens Bowling Club's Success.
DULEEPSINHJI ABSENT."
Wiltshire Paper.

He was probably enjoying himself with his batting club.

ATTALADDIE!

[Some of the itinerant pipers who enliven the Highland roads during the summer season are stated to be foreigners.]

Earl Mackintosh Macdonald Grey,
Though resident in U.S.A.,
Was very often heard to say,
"America's not *my* land;
For, though in years I guess I've not
Revisited the home a lot,
I'll tell the world I am a Scot,
One hundred-*per*-cent Highland."

Which proud pronouncement having spilt,
Our friend was wont to don the kilt
And imitate the bagpipes' lilt
(Supposing that they've got one),
Thereby estranging certain folk
Whose attitude was, "Give a bloke
A chance—I mean, a joke's a joke,
But Highland music's not one."

Our hero, having made his pile,
Resolved to visit for a while
The northern parts of Britain's isle
And as a Highland laddie pose;
He felt that it would be sublime
On heather-covered heights to climb,
Discoursing music all the time
(Although his frame was adipose).

Observe him shortly, then, afloat
Upon a large luxurious boat
Which, owing to its arid note
His style might well be cramped on,
Intoning to the crew's surprise
Obscure and very Highland cries
And leavening with loud "Och ays"
The journey to Southampton.

Time passes. Now behold him quake
On reading in *The Sunday Rake*
A scandal vast enough to make
Exponents of the Law purr;
And learning that a sacred Trust
Had proved itself misplaced and just
Gone unconditionally bust,
Leaving himself a pauper.

Quoth he, "I'll face it like a man,
Nor falter from my former plan,
But pipe the glory of my clan,"
And added, "I expect I'll
Collect some trifles on the hill
To gild the philosophic pill;
In other words, contrive to kill
Two birds with one projectile."

Thus Earl made little of his woes
And scorned the misanthropic throes
Experienced by most of those
Whom Fate, the heartless boss, sacks;
And now, arrayed with taste and charm,
His bagpipes tucked beneath his arm,
He spreads incredible alarm
And grief around the Trossachs.

Yet sometimes, as they pass his way,
The tourists from the U.S.A.,
Are quite distinctly heard to say,
"Though Scotland isn't *my* land,
I'll say there's something rather cute
About the bagpipes' mournful hoot,
The quaint historic tartan suit,
When genuinely Highland."

THE TWO RINGS.

"ONE is always hearing," said my friend the jeweller, "that no one could write such good novels—provided they could write at all—as doctors and nurses and lawyers. But I don't see why they should write a better novel than I could, again provided that I could write at all, which I can't. It's true that people are more off their guard with doctors, nurses and lawyers, but there's not such a terribly big difference, to a shrewd observer, between being off your guard and very much on it; and I can assure you that many of my richest customers are very much on it indeed. You see, no man buys jewels for himself."

"I suppose not," I said.

"Nor for another man," he continued.

"I suppose not," I said.

"And rings and bracelets and brooches and necklaces can be diplomatic peace-offerings as well as pledges of affection," he said.

"Ah, yes," I replied; "and you stand there behind your counter, looking so suave and friendly, but really conjecturing all the time."

"Why not?" he asked. "One's entitled to a little amusement."

"But you never know," I said.

"Don't say never," he urged. "Say not always. You see, I'm second-hand as well as new, and rings and bracelets and brooches and necklaces are always being brought for me to buy, often some that I myself have sold."

"And it's there, if you were a novelist, that you would find your plots."

"People are full of human nature when they're trying to get money for their jewellery," he said. "They're also full of reasons for what is not in the least a disgraceful action: every reason but the right one, which is that they are jolly hard up. At any rate they used to be full of reasons, but just now there's a kind of vogue for being hard up—it's become the thing—and I therefore get more frankness than I used.

"But let me tell you about one of the peace-offerings. A gentleman—he shall be nameless—who had been a very good customer to me, came in one day, not alone and not with any of his ordinary lady-friends, but with his wife, who in course of time made up her mind and chose a very fine emerald ring. That was a year ago. This very morning the same gentleman came in again, unaccompanied, bringing the ring, which he said his wife had asked him to sell for her as she had had some heavy gambling losses.

"I named a price: six hundred pounds.

"'Is that the very highest you can give?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Very well then,' he said, 'make out a cheque for five hundred and fifty pounds to my wife and give me the balance in notes. I could do with a little ready cash.' What do you think of that?"

"He seems to be a prudent man in some respects," I said.

"And now let me tell you another occurrence," the jeweller resumed, "which also happened this morning and will serve as a contrast. Another man came in, a stranger to me this time, and he too had a ring for sale, an emerald ring. He too wanted the highest possible price, but it was because, he said, it belonged to an old friend who was on the rocks and he wished to do the best possible for her. He had known her for many years and she went to him whenever she was in trouble, but was too proud to accept money from him.

"I said I would give three hundred and fifty pounds for the ring.

"'Not more?' he asked.

"I said that was the top price.

"'Very well, then,' he said, handing me fifteen ten-pound notes, 'make out a cheque to the lady for five hundred pounds. If I can't give her any help by direct methods, I can by indirect.'"

"And the notes were bad?" I hastened to suggest.

"Not a bit of it," said the jeweller. "His heart was good. But if you want stories of false notes and swindlers you can have plenty."

"Not to-day," I replied; "but I've heard enough to agree that a jeweller ought to do well with his pen."

E. V. L.

Lamb's Tales from Manchester.

"6.30—Ewe-witness Account of the Fourth Test Match. S.B. from Manchester."
Wireless Programme in Scots Paper.

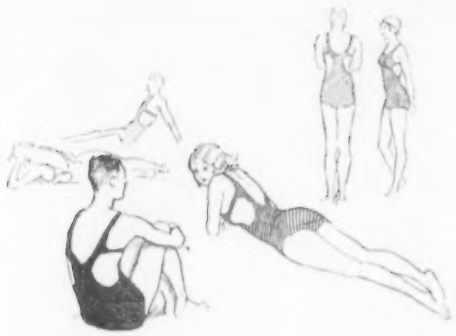
An Impending Apology.

"CAPTAIN ——
Lap Record Broken with Woman Passenger."
Daily Paper.

"OUR SWEAT-MAKING CORNER.
COCONUT CREAMS."
Headlines in Indian Paper.

Too sick-making, my dear.

THE SUN-TAN CRAZE.



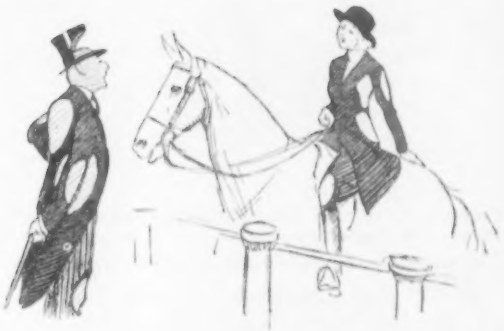
SUN-TAN BATHING-SUITS ARE INCREASING IN POPULARITY—



SO WHY NOT—



GIVE THE SUN A CHANCE—



IN OTHER CONNECTIONS—



AND EVEN ARRANGE FOR ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT TREATMENT IN THE EVENINGS?



Secretary of Provincial Club (to team of beginners who have been playing an "American Handicap"). "WHO'S WON?"
Player. "WELL, WE'VE ALL PLAYED THE OTHERS; THE PONIES ARE DONE TO A TURN, AND NOBODY'S SCORED ANYTHING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN noticing the last volume of Mrs. HARDY'S life of her husband I remarked, *à propos* of those charges of indecency and blasphemy which so much surprised and annoyed the novelist, that these elements were very much in the air of the late nineteenth century, and that in my opinion, at any rate, HARDY rather caught the contagion than inspired it. M. PIERRE D'EXIDEUIL is also impressed by the fact that HARDY was a contemporary of ZOLA, though he maintains that Frenchmen read HARDY rather for his "glamour" than for his Zolaisms. You cannot, however, write a long analytical treatise on glamour; and M. D'EXIDEUIL, being determined, like all scientifically-minded French critics, to write a long analytical treatise, has to cast about for a theme more suited to autopsy. This he finds in *The Human Pair in the Work of Thomas Hardy* (TOULMIN, 10/6); though, seeing that the sex-problem is admittedly less HARDY'S than his age's, its selection strikes me as unfortunate. On both the philosophic and the literary sides of his subject M. D'EXIDEUIL manages to be at the same time ponderous and capricious. He passes over the obvious Platonic origin of HARDY'S "sighing half-hearts" to drag in Mr. JAMES JOYCE, and overlooks the fact that Mr. WELLS' attitude towards the female of the species has changed since the days of *Anne Veronica*. How far he is from appreciating the Shakespearean simplicity of HARDY'S grosser passages is evident from his euphemistic rendering of *Arabella's* opening gambit in *Jude the Obscure*. Mr. HAVELOCK ELLIS'S preface holds the scales between HARDY and his Gallic expositor with a discretion that is most commendable.

The work of Mr. HENRY WILLIAMSON is, allowing for disparities of time and place, a very close replica of the work of RICHARD JEFFERIES. Both are cases, I feel, for an instinctive preference or none; for, though both rural chroniclers are meditative as well as observant, their philosophy as such would hardly extort respect from an opponent. Like a certain great critic who found JEFFERIES' outlook on life "wholly vague and partly gloomy," I have regretfully little use for the pity which Mr. WILLIAMSON notes as his own characteristic. The attitude of *The Friend of Humanity* towards *The Needy Knife-Grinder* is annoying enough when coupled with respect for the *Knife-Grinder's* convictions. But when it is associated with a very hearty scorn for them it becomes the most trying form of superiority. It is the religious convictions of his Devon villagers that Mr. WILLIAMSON finds so infuriating. When a farmer displays brutality at a badger-dig and cowardice at the dentist's, he sets it down to his chapel. This strikes me as short-sighted. It is not however, happily, the be-all and end-all of *The Village Book* (CAPE, 7/6), whose records of natural life—the close patient labours of nine years—exhibit again and again the true Selborne solicitude and beauty. It is no small delight to see buzzards, ravens, guillemots, tits and owls through such clear and devoted eyes; and, if Mr. WILLIAMSON'S philosophy has the effect of diminishing his bipeds without feathers to the status of bipeds with, he is at least a highly competent authority on their habits and habitats.

Though *War in Heaven* (GOLLANCZ) is set
In a twentieth-century frame, you'll find
Romance, at seven-and-sixpence net,
Of an almost mediæval kind;
The quest of the Holy Grail—no less—
Is the author, WILLIAMS (CHARLES), his theme,
And he treats it with all the lavishness
Of a rather too vivid and ugly dream.

Found in an English church, we're told,
With the altar plate in the vestry chest,
The Cup still lures as it lured of old,
Though differing motives urge the quest;
Men of good and of vile intent
Hold it by turns; in the varied list
Are a pious duke, a reverend gent
And a very repulsive satanist.

Magic black as the foulest pitch,
Hinted at rather than dwelt upon,
Vies with a kindlier magic which
Is worked in person by *Prester John*;
There's a thrilling and almost convincing plot,
And it's all as clever as clever can be,
But I'm bound to say I would rather not
Have things of that sort happen to me.

If you find yourself short of shelf-room for Mrs. PAGET TOYNBEE'S sixteen volumes of HORACE WALPOLE'S *Letters*, or even old PETER CUNNINGHAM'S nine, your only resource, I take it, is to procure some such selection as *Horace Walpole's England* (CONSTABLE, 21/-). The chief defect of this particular selection—lavish and, in its way, well-culled as it is—lies in the fact that it has been designed to exhibit eighteenth-century England rather than HORACE WALPOLE. Now HORACE, especially in his Strawberry phase, prided himself on being something of an anchorite—an anchorite duly apprised of the world's waggings, from the tittle-tattle of Ranelagh to the movements of the YOUNG PRETENDER. These he retails with characteristic verve to such self-exiled patriots as Sir HORACE MANN; but it is second-hand stuff at the best, and not to be compared for vivacity and charm with the intimate records of Strawberry. WALPOLE'S present editor (I think, American?) introduces his book with extraordinary self-effacement, printing the more scandalous of CUNNINGHAM'S two prefaces with excisions but no comment. His notes are good as far as they go, but they hardly go far enough for the casual reader. It is scarcely clear, for instance, to the uninitiated that the CHATTERTON and ROWLEY of p. 265 are one and the same person. Finally the celebrated letter about the origin of *The Castle of Otranto* and every other epistolary allusion to that hair-raising best-seller are missing altogether. Yet eighteenth-century England without the Romantic Movement, and the Romantic Movement without *Otranto*, are equally unthinkable.



Retired Admiral (being shown the fragments of a statuette). "MY GOOD WOMAN, I BELIEVE THAT IF YOU HAD TO DUST A BATTLESHIP YOU'D BREAK IT."

The Irish branch of the GRAVES family have been scholars with a taste for poetry and a distinct sense of fun. One might add that a good many of them had also a leaning towards the Church as a profession—in days when scholarship meant preferment. The autobiography of Mr. ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, which he calls *To Return to All That* (CAPE, 7/6), displays the family qualities, while reminding us that his father ended his career as Bishop of LIMERICK and that his great-grandfather and great grand-uncle were Deans respectively of Connor and of Ardagh. His book may be divided into two parts. The earlier tells of his youth in Ireland, at Dublin Castle, when his father was Dean of the Chapel Royal, and at Parknasilla, which lies beyond the Gates of Kerry; and gives also his memories of old Trinity. The second half deals with his life in London, where he made the acquaintance of the pre-Raphaelite and other literary and artistic circles and tried

to find a suitable post in the Civil Service, declining at length into the position of Government Inspector of Schools. I confess that the first part pleased me most, although it is in the second that the author appears as the efficient administrator, as the introducer of organised games into the Educational Code, and as a member of numberless societies connected with music and letters. We are rightly reminded that the author of *Father O'Flynn* has led a useful as well as an amusing life.

The adventures of *Martin Kenterton*, or *Martin Make-Believe* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), are related in that staccato, repetitive, highly-coloured style which Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU has invented for the purposes of fiction. It is a style which you may like or, on the other hand, you may not; and if you are not bedazzled by it you will soon perceive that *Martin's* love-affairs, his relations with his wives *in esse* and *in posse*, *Jill* the realist and *Sylvia* the romantic, do not rise much above the commonplace. Nevertheless Mr. FRANKAU, in a sense other than that of ROSSETTI'S *Jenny*, "knows the City," and the splendours and adversities of *Martin's* financial career may be followed with cumulative interest. The description, long-drawn as it is, of the trial for fraud which is the tragic consequence of a view of life taken too exclusively through the tinted glasses of the imagination is a fine and tensely exciting piece of work, an admirable climax to what may, at any rate, be justly described as a "full" book, written with plenty of that gusto which HAZLITT considered to be one of the major virtues of literature.

Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE'S latest collection of short stories, entitled *Very Good Jeeves* (JENKINS, 7/6), is, if I may employ the expression, definitely where we get off. To those who are wont to yammer in their ignorance that the game must by now be played out and the formula exhausted, I yip hand on heart that the fruit is, if that were possible, juicier than ever. To Mr. WODEHOUSE, as a master of light touch and exquisite fatuity, I humbly remove my lid. He has reduced the construction of preposterous conversation to a very fine art, and invariably succeeds in infusing into the speech and actions of his most grotesque creations a glorious plausibility; so that even with the immortal *Jeeves* himself we forget, in hugging ourselves over this paragon of a man, that such a Napoleonic valet would be an infernal nuisance and could hardly hope to remain in any situation for more than one day. One cannot fairly criticise Mr. WODEHOUSE, for his branch of fiction is his own; but I suggest with deference that, although compared with his dialogue they are clearly of secondary importance, some of his plots might show a little more originality. And to Messrs. JENKINS I should like to point out that nowhere in the book or on its cover could I find any indication that some of these stories have already appeared in magazines.

Slane's Long Shots (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 3/6) for the most part hit the target in or near the bull's-eye, but if you are to derive the maximum of enjoyment from these ten tales, in which *Sir Jasper Slane* gives an exhibition of his skill as a detective, I do not advise you to read them at a sitting. Even when Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM is inventing yet another gang of ruthless criminals and doing his best to make my hair stand on end by chronicles of amazing crimes, I always find him as refreshing as he is harrowing. And the reason is that his characters, however dangerously hard-set they may be, never lose their sense of hospitality. I don't know how many whiskies-and-sodas are consumed in the course of these yarns, but they seemed to have a beneficial effect on the brains of those who imbibed them. In "Mariote's Hour of Agony" and "The Thirteenth Card" Mr. OPPENHEIM makes *Sir Jasper's* task a shade too simple; but "Neap-Tide Madness" contains a penetratingly creepy atmosphere, and in "Not Slane's Star Turn" we find that even a modern sleuth is not always at the top of his form. A courageous admission which I greet with unstinted applause.



"I SAY—HAVE YOU SEEN A YOUNG GENTLEMAN GO INSIDE HERE WITHOUT WAITING FOR ME?"

That Mr. ROBERT PAYE had ample justification for calling his novel *The Devil's Jig* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) will not be denied, for seldom can a tale have been written in which the agency of an "external malignant Power" was more obtrusively resilient. Peers of the realm (or so my readings in modern fiction lead me to believe) were much more wicked in the eighteenth century than they are to-day, and on his death-bed the *Earl of Shalford* bequeathed to his son a legacy that was as shameful as it was cruel. It would, however, have been less difficult to follow this tale of misfortunes with sympathetic interest if the Devil had been made to play his pranks with a man more resolutely determined to oppose and curb them. The eighth *Earl* may have been exceedingly wicked, but his successor's feebleness was so futile that he was always putting himself at the easy disposal of those who combined to make his life a hell upon earth.

CHARIVARIA.

IN view of the probability that the Oval Test Match, which is to be played to a finish, will last a long time, it is understood that the M.C.C. has under consideration a special rule providing for the protection of the pitch with straw in the event of severe frost.

***

Sir FRANCIS NEWBOLT, K.C., points out that a man may be long past his prime as a lawn-tennis player and yet be at his best as a dentist. We ourselves have had no experience of a dentist who has even begun to show signs of losing his grip.

***

Preparations for the football season are in full swing, but little credence is given to those who claim to have heard the first referee's whistle.

***

"Carnera's Next Fight. Chance to Wipe Out Stigma," were recent headlines. Our thoughts are with Stigma.

***

The Esperanto Congress at Oxford was attended by two Italian delegates in defiance of Signor MUSSOLINI. CÆSAR was never defied by Esperantists.

***

Mr. EDISON having refused to receive him, ZARO AGHA, who claims to be the world's oldest man, wishes it to be understood that a meeting with the famous inventor was not his real object in living so long.

***

During the past Session it is estimated that M.P.'s spent a hundred-and-twenty-one hours, or fifteen normal Parliamentary days, in walking through the Division Lobbies. They wasted a much greater amount of time in talking.

***

An economist has advocated in the Riga Press that Latvia should become an Empire in order to stimulate her trade. The question, "Does Latvia need a BEAVERBROOK?" has not, however, yet arisen.

***

Two French mothers who between them have reared thirty-four children have been awarded the Legion of Honour. So they don't care what Dr. MARIE STOPES thinks of them.

***

An eminent artist is reported as explaining that, when at the seaside, he plays golf to prevent himself from painting imaginary pictures. Painting, on the other hand, should counteract the habit of playing imaginary golf.

***

Miniature golf-courses are all the rage in America. The miniature TOLLEY is bound to come.

***

A gossip-writer remarks that, even though a man has no connection with country life, it sounds pleasant to be hailed as "Squire." On the other hand, men who have no connection with Fleet Street object to being hailed as "Gossip-writer."

***

We read of a man who uses a loud-speaker as a bird-scarer in his garden. Broadcasters who have noted this will no doubt assist by saying "Shoo!" at frequent intervals.

***

Street-collections will not be allowed in Glasgow after December 31. It has been realised that they have the effect of unnerving the natives.

***

The new lifts at Hampstead Tube-station, it is claimed, will be the fastest in the world. There seems no limit to the attractions of Hampstead.

***

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS looks in vain for successors to the giants of science, art, literature and architecture. We suspect that he has also failed to visualise any successors to the giants of Sunday journalism.

***

We read of a man who played for eighty-five hours on a piano without a stop. The feat would have been considerably more unusual if the instrument had been an organ.

***

Now that a good word has been spoken for the "penny dreadful" we too feel impelled to say that our chief objection to it is that it usually costs seven-and-six.

***

"I am now eighty-three," says a newspaper-reader, "so in 1856 I must have been about five years of age." Not necessarily, we find.

***

The news that a Bill is being drafted in Poland to make a monthly bath compulsory suggests that a *coup d'état* is being planned by the Soapsudski party.

***

A pedestrian correspondent, after reading a recent article headed "The Toll of the Road," suggests bitterly that some of it might have been called "The Rôle of the Toad."

***

In his speech at the opening of the Eisteddfod the Mayor of Llanelly said, "This is our Derby." There is an Epsom feeling in the air among supporters of an also-sang.

***

According to a contemporary no picnic is complete without a ukulele. It is certain that if wasps can stand that they can stand anything.

***

A party of twenty campers have been fined for pitching their tents on the shore of Loch Lomond. It is not said if they took the high road or the low when they folded up their tents.

***

With reference to the report that a certain Scots fisherman plays the bagpipes to attract the fish, the general opinion is that the fish merely give themselves up to get it over.

***

A gossip-writer declares that Cowes Week always leaves him cold. Thicker underwear seems to be indicated.



"YES, IT TOOK HIM TWELVE LESSONS TO TEACH ME TO SWIM."
"DID IT, THE CAD? AND HE TAUGHT ME TO SWIM IN TWO LESSONS."

The Two-headed Stance.

"In an instant the moving throng on the front was stilled and a thousand men wearing yachting caps stood bareheaded."
Manchester Paper.

"Sir —— attended the Highland Show for the 63rd time this week."—*Local Paper.*

These Highlanders will have their fling.

THE GLAD HAND.

DEAR JACK AND PHYLLIS,—Just fancy, we've found the perfect country cottage. Really in the country. Right on the edge of the starkest moor, and yet not too stark. It's stone-built and gabled, and is complete with warming-pans, old pewter and grandfather clock, and framed in the hall is this dinky little poem which Archie says is SHAKESPEARE but I say is CHAUCER, but, whichever it is, one can see at a glance it is real poetry:—

"St. Francis and St. Benedight
Bless this house from wicked wight,
From the nightmare and the Goblin
That is hight Good fellow Robin,
Keep it from all evil spirites,
Fairies, Wezles, Bats and Ferrytes
From Curfew Time to the next Prime."

Too poetic, isn't it?

We simply can't keep a good thing like this to ourselves and not extend the glad hand to you two. Every time we gather round in the old ingle-nook we say, "Wouldn't Jack like this?" or "Wouldn't Phyllis adore that?" So you mustn't disappoint us.

We are telling you about the cottage in strictest confidence. We don't want it to get about the family that we've struck the perfect thing, because—well, you know what families are. Yours ever, MABEL.

DEAR AUNT HESTER,—It was so good of you to write. Of course we should love you to come to our country shack. It is really a barn. Too primitive, you know. We have to wash ourselves in the brook half-a-mile away. The early-morning scamper across the wet grass is so jolly. Of course one has to be careful of the snakes. Too busy to write more. The roof blew off last night and Archie is shouting for me to help. I wish you were here. Another pair of hands would be so useful.

Your affectionate niece, MABEL.

DEAR AUNT SUSAN,—How darling of you to write! It is splendid news to hear you are coming to our shack. Just the place for you to recuperate. So quiet and peaceful. You will never see a soul here. Well, hardly ever. The baker comes twice a week, and sometimes we see a keeper across the moor and wave to him. The keeper's new wife was taken to the asylum last week, poor thing. It was too lonely for her. Come as soon as you can. I believe I am getting a bit jumpy.

Your affectionate niece, MABEL.

DEAR MOTHER,—It was so jolly to hear from you again so soon. Archie joins with me in sending an urgent invitation to stay with us through August. You would get just the perfect rest here you need. You know how famous the Dartmoor air is. Oh, yes, we're right on Dartmoor, not far from the famous prison. We can hear the tolling of the bell and the rattle of the guns when a prisoner escapes, and we just turn out the lamps and cower until the danger is past. It is too thrilling. Now please do come. Love, MABS.

DEAR SIS,—So good of you, darling, to find time to write. Of course we should love to have you. You will adore our shack. It's right at the Back of Beyond where men are men and all that sort of thing, only there aren't any men except a stray tramp or so; and Archie, who is vamp-proof. It will be such a rest for you, darling.

We'll take it in turns to wash up. Such fun, darling.

Yours ever, MABEL.

DEAR JACK AND PHYLLIS,—The coast is clear. We've been positively dithering with fright for the last three weeks, but we can now state definitely that none of the family will come here in August. What about it? Please give date and time of arrival. We'll do the rest.

Yours expectantly, MABEL.

DEAR OLD THINGS,—I say, you've had awful luck with that barn of yours. I should sue the landlord if I were you. All the old Aunts had a family conference last night and compared notes. Honestly, I didn't think Archie had the pioneer stuff in him.

Under the circs. you won't want two more people on your hands. I know you'll say that isn't true, but, reading between the lines of your brave letters to the Aunties, it is plain that you don't want visitors. We like to rough it, but we don't want anything quite so rough as your shack. After all, it's the only holiday we get in the year, and we ask you—— Yes, we're going to Gleneagles. Why not burn your mouldy old cottage and join us?

Yours ever, PHYLLIS AND JACK.

W. E. R.

SONG OF THE URBANISED.

NATURE is nothing to us. We, born of the city,
Feel not the pulsing of winds or of murmuring springs,
Care not a rap for the simple and pastoral ditty—
Tuned are our minds to a composite rhythm of things.

Highly elated are we by the sound of the traffic
Sweeping and swooping in ponderous melodies by,
And with a countenance rapt and supremely seraphic
Hear we the newsboy his wares intermittently cry.

Sweet is the noise of the motor-car's resonant hooter,
Soothing the screech of the changing of multiple gears,
Charming the scrape of the tram and the scrape of the scooter,
Sounds of a cosmos anointing with honey our ears.

Now it is "holiday"-time, and away we must wander
Stretching our limbs by the dull indeterminate sea,
Leaving the beautiful smoke for the country out yonder,
Ugly and stark in the light of ten thousand c.p.

Else, if we seek to escape from the boredom of ocean,
Inland we roam to achieve unattainable rest;
There where inaction prevails and suspended is motion,
There where the worst is as still and as dead as the best.

So for a space we endure the supreme limitations
Forced on a natural world where mechanics are not,
Victims to insects and birds with their weak irritations,
Creatures whose function is just to be squashed, to be shot.

Respite it is, when our boredom is somewhat excessive,
Merely to sit, after tedious footslogging, and
Gaze at the tractor of Farmer Adair, a Progressive,
Lending the grace of the town to the primitive land.

Soon will our fortnight be over and ended our duty;
Joyfully board we the beautiful home-going bus;
Onward we rush to the centre of life and of beauty,
Perfectly satisfied. Nature is nothing to us. E. P. W.

Things We Have Never Dared to Say.

"Gas is used to-day by The Times, Daily Mirror, Daily Mail, Daily Sketch, Daily Telegraph, Daily Express, News of the World, Newcastle Evening World—to mention just a few. *Put your trust in gas.*"—*Advt. in Newcastle Paper.*

Concatenations for the Misogynist.

"DAVIS, Croydon. 'Men—Without Women,' 3.40, 6.35, 9.30. Also 'Harmony at Home.'"—*Cinema Notice in Evening Paper.*



THE LATEST COLOSSUS OF ROADS.

POLICEMAN (*in the manner of* SHAKESPEARE). "THERE IS NOTHING EITHER DANGEROUS OR SAFE BUT MY THINKING MAKES IT SO."

[By the new Traffic Act the speed-limit is abolished and it devolves upon the police to decide what constitutes dangerous driving.]



Fair Motorist (who has knocked over Ice-Cream Vendor). "TELL YOU WHAT—SINCE I'VE STOPPED YOU I'LL HAVE ONE."

A FRIVOLOUS MIND.

"LISTEN, Charles," I said to him. "Put down that brassie for a moment and attend. You are at the head of an expedition which has come to grief in the desert. There is enough food and water to enable three persons to reach the nearest outpost of civilisation. The rest must perish. Your companions are a brilliant scientist——"

"What I thought was," replied Charles, "that if I used a rather flatter swing and bent the left knee a little more as I went back—— What do *you* think about it yourself?"

"You give me a pain," I said. "Your companions are a brilliant scientist aged sixty-two, half-breed guides aged fifty-eight and thirty-two——"

"Five under bogey," said Charles.

"The scientist's wife," I continued, "interested mainly in Society matters, aged thirty-nine; her little son aged six; the girl you are engaged to marry; your best friend, a young man of your own age, who has shown great promise in the field of science, and yourself."

"That's where you're wrong first go off," said Charles. "I couldn't be my own companion, however much I wanted to be, if I was going to return a card."

"You are not returning a card," I said. "You have to decide which of these people you would choose to live and which to die, and give your reasons for the choice. It is one of the questions set in the Edison Scholarship. It is meant to be a test of moral character and profundity of mind."

"Well, say it all over again," said Charles.

I did.

"How many half-breed guides did you say there were?"

"Two," I repeated, "aged fifty-eight and thirty-two."

"You didn't say that the first time," he objected; "you simply said 'half-breed guides aged fifty-eight and thirty-two.' There might be dozens of them."

"They mean two," I explained patiently. "Now go on and tell me what you would do about it."

"Would I like the girl I was engaged to marry?"

"Of course."

"I doubt it," said Charles. "She might have chased me out into the desert when I was trying to shake her off. Girls do. Whereas I expect I should have got pretty matey with the scientist's wife after a long expedition like that, with nothing but ostriches about."

"She is thirty-nine. And she has a little son aged six."

"What was his name?"

"I don't know."

"Fairly stupid," said Charles, "taking a kid like that on a long scientific expedition into the Sahara. I suppose he would have a spade and bucket, though."

"It doesn't say."

He thought for a few moments.

"This is a democratic age," he decided. "I should put it to the vote, giving universal adult suffrage except to the two half-breed guides, who would poll as one."

"They might vote differently."

"Then they would count a half each. We must keep our end up with the subject-races."

"You are simply evading your responsibilities as leader of the expedition," I replied. "The theory is that you act as its sole dictator, and I want to know what you would do."

"Very well," said Charles. "I should first make the brilliant scientist aged

sixty-two tell me all the science he knew and I didn't, and then I should make the younger scientist do the same. Then I should ask them to stay behind."

"Remember," I told him, "that one of them is your best friend."

"That would be his great opportunity to show it," he replied cheerfully. "He would have to make a sacrifice on my behalf. Then I should choose one of the girls."

"Girls?"

"Women, if you like. Probably the Society gadabout, and after that the elderly half-breed guide."

"Why not the younger one?"

"Not on your life," said Charles. "He would be certain to try to get the woman away from me. You've only got to read E. M. DELL to know that you can't have a young half-breed guide knocking around unless you want to ask for trouble. Then I should make a farewell speech explaining the necessity for my choice, and regretting the inconvenience caused to the others. I should point out that, though we were taking all the food and water with us, things were not as bad as they seemed because for a few days at least the fittest of them could remain alive."

"How do you mean?"

"Easy. By using the nicest of the others for lunch. I should point out that the little son of the brilliant scientist would probably be the most tender, but that he would not go very far round. The brilliant scientist would need mincing and the younger half-breed guide, on the other hand, might turn out to be rather too rich. On the whole I should recommend them to choose my best friend or the remaining girl. But I should make it clear that I had no preference in the matter. The selection would be quite unfettered; any farewell epistles or trinkets they had to send to their friends I would willingly convey; after that I should leg it as fast as possible for the nearest outpost of civilisation, putting the elderly guide in front and pointing my revolver at him all the time. Do I have a revolver, by the way? If not, I should use a theodolite."

"You would be done in the eye, then," I said. "As soon as you got to the nearest outpost of civilisation the elderly half-breed guide would give you away."

"Not at all," said Charles. "As soon as the nearest outpost of civilisation hove in sight I should shoot him in the back and bury him in the sand."

"And do you really suppose," I observed contemptuously, "that an answer like that would win you an Edison Scholarship?"

"I don't know," answered Charles, "but I flatter myself that it would be the way of an eagle, and it would be mine. But I can give you another and nobler answer if you really want one."

"Go ahead."

"It comes out of an old book of riddles," said Charles. "You can't starve in the desert because of the sandwiches there. That ought to lift the Edison medal with a stroke or two to spare."

I was disgusted with the man.

"I will ask you one other question out of the same paper," I said. "Assuming that it were physically and financially possible, and you were given the opportunity of spending thirty years of your life to be in sole charge of digging a hole thirty miles into the earth's interior, would you accept it or turn it down? Give your reasons."

"I would turn it down."

"Why?"

"There is no bunker made," said Charles proudly, "that I could not get out of in less time than that."

EVOE.



"MAY I ASK YOU AGAIN, JOAN, WHEN I'VE GOT MY BACK-HAND RETURN RIGHT?"

Smith Minor Goes Down Two Places.

"The Babington Plot was the first appearance in History of Thomas Macaulay, Lord Babington."—*Answer in History Exam.*

We learn that one of Moscow's squares has been re-named "Revolution Square." So the Soviet has at last succeeded in squaring the circle.

"Defective Fish told the Bench that —— had not been convicted previously, but had left home because of a family quarrel."
Surrey Paper.

We met a railway plaice the other day which was even chattier.

FIRST-CLASS CRICKET

(And First-Class Spectators).

I SPENT a day recently watching a county cricket-match. I shall probably never spend another day watching a county cricket-match.

Three wickets fell during the day, but unfortunately I missed them. The first was taken while the official at the entrance to the stand was explaining to me that the seats were all engaged and that I should have to sit down temporarily on the concrete steps, and while I was temporarily demurring, I was sorry to miss it. So, I gathered from certain observations I overheard, were the spectators seated immediately behind the official and myself. The event, from the applause it evoked, must have been worth seeing. It was in the firm conviction that the sitters already referred to were of that opinion that I decided to discontinue the conversation with the official and sat down on the concrete steps.

I have always divided cricketing feats from the spectators' point of view into three classes: (1) Those that transport them with delight; (2) those worth watching, and (3) those not worth watching. In the first category I should have placed the hitting of a six (preferably out of the ground or through the pavilion windows), a catch in the deep-field (if possible one-handed and with the catcher poised perilously on the boundary), and a "run-out" (especially if the batsmen have collided in the middle of the pitch). In the "worth watching" class I should have placed ordinary boundaries, removals of middle stumps, snicks through the slips and possibly a few other things; but the bulk of the remainder I should have placed in the third category—not worth watching.

I find that my views are not shared in first-class cricket circles. It seems that experienced spectators are able thoroughly to enjoy performances that are of a far more commonplace character than those set out above. For instance, fans (as matured onlookers are called), at any rate when they are engaged in fanning the fielding side, as I soon discovered were those in my stand, invariably applaud the fielding of a ball that is travelling at anything greater than a moderate speed, a quality of spectatoring, if I may use the word, exclusive to first-class cricket. They might well be called first-class spectators, and first-class cricketers are fortunate to possess them, for other classes of cricket can produce nothing comparable to them. When Jones Minor, or myself for that matter, used to stop balls going at something greater than a moderate speed when turning out for the Et-ceteras of Hobson's House at Charterbury we heard nothing about it. (We did if we missed them, but that's another matter.) The reason is that the spectators (if any) were of a wholly inferior quality. First-class spectators spot and applaud maiden overs every time. Maiden overs at Charterbury, at any rate with the Et-ceteras of Hobson's, were never appraised at their true value.



"WHY ARE ALL THESE CLUBS LYING ABOUT THE COURSE?"
"IT'S THE PLUMBERS' TOURNAMENT TO-DAY."

There is no excuse for the novice at these matches missing the chance of cultivating this higher appreciation, for first-class spectators are determined that no incident in the game worthy to evoke it shall escape the notice of anybody within earshot of themselves.

"'E's stopped it," remarked a gentleman on my left, his voice rising above the applause, as long-leg fielded a fastish ball.

"'E's stopped it," said several others on my right.

He had stopped it. I'd seen him. There happened at the moment to be nothing much else to watch. But you see what I mean? If by any chance I had not seen him stop it I should have been notified for certain that he had done so.

And the readiness of the first-class spectator to assist the uninitiated does not stop at mere information as to what is going on, but, in the event of a temporary dearth of fastish balls fielded and maiden overs bowled, he will utilise the time by ensuring that all who are not absolutely *au fait* with the past records of any of the players may quickly become so.

"You don't get that sort past Timsy," said the original gentleman, referring to the same long-leg and his recent success.

"Never known him miss one within reach yet," replied another.

You will observe that Timsy's record was a good one.

Nor do they stop at the records of the players, but are as ready with information as to their personal habits.

"Charlie's going to put on his sweater."

(This was probably the most brilliant effort of the day—actual anticipation of the player's action! Sure enough, a player who had been walking towards the umpire relieved that functionary of a sweater and put it on.)

"Ah, Charlie's putting on a sweater. Don't like getting cold, Charlie don't."

"Cold? Why, he's never fielded through an over yet without his sweater when the sun isn't out."

Consistency would seem to be the watchword of the first-class cricketer; at any rate on this day none of them ever appeared to play otherwise than he always played, or to do anything he did not always do, in similar circumstances.

Two hours passed.

"Score-card!" yelled a voice behind me.

It was a good idea. I rose and handed the boy a shilling, and while I was waiting for the change and studying the card the second wicket fell. I was sorry to miss it. So were the watchers seated behind the boy and myself. They said so quite openly. They were the party to which I have already had occasion to refer. I left the stand hurriedly in search of lunch.

I obtained a seat for the afternoon session. So did many others—too



Pier Artist. "NOW, MISS, WHY NOT HAVE THE LITTLE BOY'S SILHOUETTE CUT?"
Nursemaid. "I DON'T THINK HIS MOTHER WOULD ALLOW IT; HE'S ONLY JUST HAD HIS TONSILS CUT."

many others. Two boundaries were hit, the first about three o'clock and the second some time between five and six. These (category 2 above) are rare in first-class cricket; but, like the African elephant and the Purple Emperor, may be seen on certain days by those possessed of patience. The Hobson's (Charterbury) Et-ceteras variety are, or at any rate were, more common.

"Slack bit of fielding that," I said as a fielder took his hands out of his pockets and returned the ball in a leisurely manner to the bowler.

Indignant glances were aimed at me from all directions.

"Hush," a small man on my right whispered in my ear. "Don't you know who that is?"

I told him I did not. He informed me and I thanked him. Had I pursued the point I should probably have been lynched.

Shortly before the drawing of stumps I decided that I could support the back of my seat no longer and made for the exit. I was stopped by the official who had addressed me in the morning.

"Got a seat all right this afternoon, Sir?" he inquired pleasantly.

It was while I was pausing momentarily to consider my answer that another wicket, the third, was taken. I was sorry to miss it. So, I believe, were the three or four sitting immediately behind me at the time; their faces seemed curiously familiar to me as without delay I descended the steps and left the ground.

I feel sure that I shall never become a first-class spectator. Indeed, as I remarked in opening, it is improbable that I shall spend another day watching a county cricket-match. C. B.

It is suggested that in compliment to MUSSOLINI's desire to revive the glories of ancient Rome, the latest addition to the fleet of the L.G.O.M. should be called the Tarquinius Super-bus.

"He began to loose ground as the contest progressed, and lost on a technical lock-out in the last minute of the last round."
Daily Paper.

Personally we think it's high time our boxers tried striking.

Pearls of Unintention.

"The bed is the concrete symbol of all that a hospital stands for . . ."
Appeal in Daily Paper.

"RAIN SPOILS MATCHES."
Headline in Egyptian Paper.

That's why we bought our petrol-lighter.

"The Spanish Government has approved of the policy of stabilising the peseta."
Evening Paper.

If only they would do the same to the tango!

"GRINDLEFORD.—Exceptionally well-built BUNGALOW (on Sir William Hill), splendid open position; price only £725."
Advt. in North-Country Paper.

Mr. Punch commends Sir William's munificence.

"The table looked very attractive with the clean cloth, home-made cake, and Jess sitting at the head becomingly flushed and a little buttered by the novelty of a visitor."
Serial in Religious Paper.

We think it distinctly embarrassing when one's hostess shows signs of being oiled.

NURSERY RHYMES REVISED UP TO DATE.

Marjory came back from the lecture on "Nursery Psychology" looking rather worried. She is taking Barbara's education very seriously, and I guessed that the lecturer had said something that had upset her. A cautious inquiry elicited what it was.

"I don't know what to do. Madame Valessori says that children shouldn't be taught the old Nursery Rhymes."

"Why ever not?" I asked

"Oh, for heaps of reasons. They're out of touch with modern life and give the child false ideas of the world. Their moral teaching is generally bad. So is their logic. Anyway, all the modern people say that it's wrong to teach them to children, and the nuisance is that I've just had Barbara's nursery repapered with a Nursery Rhyme pattern and she's sure to want to know all about the pictures. We can't have the room repapered again, I suppose?"

I agreed emphatically that we couldn't. "But, look here—why need you tell her the old rhymes if you don't want her to know them? Why not give her some nice new modern ones that won't be open to all these objections? Let's try to write some."

"You begin," said Marjory. "What about 'Cock Robin'? That's not in touch with modern life; nobody gets killed with a bow-and-arrow nowadays."

I agreed and proceeded to give "Cock Robin" a modern setting:—

"'Who killed Cock Robin?'
'I,' said the Shrike,
'With my motor-bike,
I killed Cock Robin.'

'Who saw him die?'
'I,' said the Fly;
'As I motored by
I saw him die.'

'Who'll tell the Press?'
'I,' said the Wren,
'With my fountain-pen,
I'll tell the Press.'

"Now let's try 'Humpty Dumpty,'" I suggested. "Of course that's not logical. It isn't the business of the cavalry or infantry to put a man together again; it's a job for the R.A.M.C. How would this do?—

"Humpty Dumpty went up in a plane;
Humpty Dumpty came down again;
The whole of His Majesty's Medical Corps
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together
once more."

Marjory thought it would do. "Now," she said, "we'll take 'Little Miss Muffet.' That's all wrong. Who ever saw anybody nowadays eating curds and whey? And surely no up-to-date modern girl is going to be afraid of a mere spider."

This is Marjory's version:—

"Little Miss Muffet
Sat in a buffet
Lapping up cocktails galore;
The silly old spider
That sat down beside her
Will never do that any more."

While I was writing it down Marjory had got out an old book of Nursery Rhymes and was looking through it. "Here's another one that gives false ideas of life 'Oh, hush thee, my baby, thy sire is a knight.' That's not true to life. The ordinary baby's father isn't a knight."

"I don't know about that," I objected; "I should think it would be about even betting. Every other man in my club seems to be a K.B.E."

"Well, anyway," she retorted, "reminding the child of that wouldn't make it go to sleep; far more likely to give it a nightmare. We want something practical and soothing."

"How would this do?" she resumed after a moment's thought—

"'Oh, hush thee, my baby; your cot comes from Gage;
It 'll nearly be paid for before you 're of age.'

No, I don't see how to go on. Let's try something else. Here's 'I saw a ship a-sailing.' Can you bring that up to date?" I tried.

"I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea,
And, oh, but it was laden with alcohol for me;
There was cognac in the cabin and whisky in the hold,
And gin and rum in puncheons to exchange for Yankee gold.
The sailors were all he-men, the captain was a Wow;
And when the coastguard met him the captain said, 'Here's how.'"

Meanwhile Marjory had been bringing another old rhyme into touch with modern life:—

"'Where are you going to, my pretty maid?'
'I'm going a-voting, Sir,' she said.
'Whom will you vote for, my pretty maid?'
'The ballot is secret, Sir,' she said."

She found it hard to continue at the same high level of modernity and morality, and broke off to join me in an attempt to suit "Hey, Diddle, Diddle" to modern conditions.

Our joint efforts produced this:—

"S.O.S., S.O.S.,
Here's the deuce of a mess.
Our staid old Pussy
Is playing DEBUSSY;
The Cow's gone insane
And is driving a plane;
Loud laughter goes up
From the Sealyham pup,
And the Dish has been seen
Getting near Gretna Green
In a car with the Spoon
On a brief honeymoon."

"Now," said Marjory, "time for one more before Barbara comes in. See what you can do with 'Ding, Dong, Bell.' Barbara oughtn't to hear about the cruel little boy who tried to drown the cat."

"Oh, death and damnation,
Puss met an Alsatian,"

I began.

Marjory demurred. "I don't think that's *quite* suitable for the nursery. But here's Barbara. Don't let her see what we've been doing."

I gathered up the papers hurriedly. I had reasons for thinking that it would be better if I withdrew.

I was right. As I left by one door I heard an excited little voice at the other saying, "Oh, Mummy, we had such a *lovely* time while you were out! Daddy came to tea in the nursery and told me all about the pictures on the new paper, 'Cock Robin,' and the 'Cow that jumped over the Moon,' and 'Humpty Dumpty' and *all* of them. Shall I sing you 'Ding, Dong, Bell. Pussy's in the well'?"

Yes, I'm afraid it's too late to do anything about Barbara, but perhaps some other Valessorian would like to make use of our revised Nursery Rhymes.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

SEVERAL years ago I used to know an artist—he was in fact a neighbour in the country—whose simple unworldly ways were at once a legend and a joke. He carried his natural absent-mindedness to a point beyond that which his more sophisticated brothers of the brush can, for their self-protection, affect. He forgot everything; he forgot his collar, his tobacco-pouch; he forgot to answer letters, he forgot his meals. But nobody minded; he was forgiven all because he was so sweet, so transparent; in fact he was a visitant from another sphere. He differed also from many other artists in being a water-drinker and a very fine sure draughtsman.

It is years since I saw him or any of his work, which is the more strange since I go to many art exhibitions. His pictures were in the pastoral manner, a little in the line of MILLET and LEPAGE: lucid, severe and drenched with sincerity.

The other day at a railway-station, I had one of those sudden encounters with an old acquaintance known also to my lost artist. As he was hastening to the train I was coming from it, but I had just time to ask after our mutual friend and receive a reply.

"Poor old Mark?" he said. "All to pieces!" and was gone.

This was bad news and I pondered on it at odd moments for some time. That Mark, of all men, should go "all to pieces"! That clean-living tem-



Sporting Hairdresser. "HAVE ANYTHING ON THE 2.30, SIR?"
Absent-minded Customer. "JUST A LITTLE BAY-RUM."

perate soul, with his few wants, his disdain of civilization and its lures, his nearness to earth, the life he led being almost co-existent with the course of the sun! Still, odd things happen. Temptations are varied and swift. Artists are the first to suffer when money is short. SNOWDEN. . . .

Yesterday, however, I got to the bottom of the mystery I met another ghost from the past whom I had known at the same time as Mark and who knew him still; was, in fact, his closest friend.

"What is this I hear about Mark?" I asked. "Terrible. Who could have thought it possible?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "It's not so bad as that. After all, he was always a bit of a mystic, wasn't he? and the step to religion is a short one. . . ."

"Religion!" I exclaimed. "I don't follow you."

"Oh, I thought you'd heard," he said. "Mark's given up landscape and his old work entirely."

"Then what does he paint now?" I asked.

"Altar-pieces," he said. E. V. L.

Smith Minor Again.

"The three kinds of thermometer are Farenheit, Centigrade and Reuter."
Answer in a Physics Paper.

Our Gargantuan Bookworms.

"In collapsible canvas and rubber canoes 16ft. long students left Westminster Bridge yesterday to paddle to Paris."—*Daily Paper.*

Things Which Might Have Been Reported Less Heartlessly.

"The programme included a very beautiful little song by Inez ——, who made a deep depression with her sweet and clear-toned voice."—*Kent Paper.*

THE DIGESTION OF A HORSE.

WE had finished our picnic, Pamela and I. At least we had eaten various strange foods until Pamela could hold no more and I was painfully aware that I already held too much. Pamela is my niece, aged seven, and is possessed of remarkable energy and considerable charm of manner. But not all her blandishments could drag me at that moment from my comfortable situation in the shade of a tree and from the solace of a well-earned pipe. Just as she had given me up as hopeless and was looking round for a fresh diversion, an elderly horse poked its nose over a neighbouring hedge and looked inquiringly in our direction.

"Oh, I do wish I had a lump of sugar!" said Pamela, for me to hear. There is, I know, an old groom of her acquaintance who carries an apparently exhaustless supply of sugar in his pockets. Pamela is apt to judge all men by this impossibly high standard.

I shook my head firmly.

"It's no good wishing," I said. "And anyway horses don't really like sugar. They'd much rather have a nice dinner of grass or a juicy carrot——" I broke off rather abruptly, arrested by a peculiar look in the eye of the venerable quadruped, a knowing disillusioned sort of look, accompanied by an unmistakable curl of the lip.

"Don't you think," wheedled Pamela, "that we might give him the rest of the Cockles cake?"

Cockles cake is a justly-famed delicacy, the making of which forms the principal industry of the town of Cockles. It consists of a very rich compound of currants, raisins and other matter, contained in a thin shell of pastry. A hungry person at the commencement of a meal might find it excellent fare, but to the sated appetite it cannot be recommended. Pamela and I had made the mistake of leaving it to the last. One look was enough for me, one bite for her. And yet she was calmly proposing to try it on the unsuspecting animal.

"Certainly not," I said sternly, and Pamela wandered off disconsolate. The old horse continued to gaze at me over the hedge. His eyes now registered a wistful reproach.

The wood where we had picnicked is much frequented, and couples soon began to pass as I sat smoking in my shady nook. I watched them, at first idly and then with a growing interest. The procedure varied but little. A couple would come into sight; the old horse would prick up his ears and perhaps give an asthmatic whinny. The lady would then remark that he was too sweet and that they simply must find something to give him. A search would ensue in baskets and pockets, and invariably something was found—the one item in the meal which had proved too much for themselves.



AFTER ALL, GOLDENSTEIN CAN WELL AFFORD TO DO HIMSELF PROUD IN THE MATTER OF SHOOTING-STICKS.

Fragments of pie, cold sausage, milk-chocolate, bull's-eyes, bad plums, unripe greengages—they were all thankfully received and duly swallowed. After each fresh achievement the omnivorous beast would look significantly at me as much as to say, "Don't talk to me about carrots."

The climax of this strange repast was reached when a large slab of tinned salmon was tendered at the end of a stick. Even from where I sat I had a shrewd suspicion that all was not well with that salmon. But amid much laughter it was graciously accepted. With a certain grudging admiration I was watching him lick his lips after that tasty morsel when Pamela returned.

"*Please* let me give him the Cockles cake," she implored.

"So be it," I said grimly. "Give him the Cockles cake."

It was, I felt, the supreme test. Would he, so soon after the dubious salmon, face that formidable confection? I need not have doubted. With obvious gusto he attacked the Cockles cake, absorbing it in large slabs, snuffling the last crumb from Pamela's small palm. And then with a snort of mingled pleasure and triumph he ambled gently away. No doubt he felt that any further offering would be an anticlimax.

As we walked back to the road I fell into a mood of philosophic reflection which may have been partly due to an unquiet sensation in the region of the lowest waistcoat button. Not for its strength, I pondered, nor its fleetness of foot, nor yet for its charm of disposition have we singled out the horse in our proverbial utterances, but for a homelier quality. Homelier, but oh, how enviable!

Pamela, trotting along at my side, was unusually solemn and silent. She too, it proved, was following this line of thought.

"Do horses ever have pains in their tummies?" she inquired at length.

"No, my child."

"Ooh!" The long sigh was a fitting tribute to the noble animal's invulnerable voracity. "I wish I were a horse!"

The P.G. in Society.

"Perhaps the biggest party in the neighbourhood will be Lord and Lady ——'s at —— Park. They have a polo week there this week as usual, and every corner of their huge house is taken up by paying guests."—*Portsmouth Paper.*

"TIMARU GOLF CLUB.

Notice is Hereby Given that Poison for Rabbits is being laid on the above club's links at Highfield."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Such measures would soon depopulate our club.

"The Wedding of the Painted Door scene entirely in Technicolour."

Cinema Advt. in Penang Paper.

We wish that the union between our hall-door and its jamb were a more breeze-proof affair.

"Smith had a busy time to-day. He dedicated a tablet to noted fliers, on which the names of Wilbur Wright and Orville Wilkins, Lindbergh and his own are included."

Canadian Paper.

But why were the names of Sir Hubert Wright, Amy Hinkler and Bert Johnson excluded?



NAVY WEEK.

Chatty Visitor (to Officer of the Watch). "And which do *you* like best, young man—steamers or sail-boats?"

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE FILIBUSTER.

ONCE there was a filibuster called Humphrey Skelter, and he hadn't always been a filibuster because his father had been a Cavalier, and he was going to bring Humphrey up to be one too, but when the Roundheads won they took away his house and all his money, and when KING CHARLES II. came in he wouldn't give them back to him because he wanted to give the house to somebody who had done him a good turn, and he couldn't afford to pay back the money because it cost him such a lot in household expenses to be King of England. And the Cavalier would have starved if his sister hadn't married a Dutchman who said he might come and live with him as long as he liked if he would promise to wipe his feet every time he came into the house and not dirty the floors.

So Humphrey was brought up there until he was old enough to do something for his living, and when the Cavalier asked him what he would like to be he said well I think I shall be a filibuster because of KING CHARLES II. and see how he likes that, because he was angry with KING CHARLES II. for the way he had behaved, though he couldn't remember anything about it himself.

So he became a filibuster and grew quite rich on it, because he was such a good sailor that he didn't mind how rough the sea was, so he often captured ships which couldn't do much because nearly all the crew were seasick, and he made them walk the plank, or if they said they would promise faithfully to do what he told them he would let them off and give them a share in the swag. And he took several islands that really belonged to KING CHARLES II., and he settled some of the older sailors on them and they grew pineapples and tobacco and things like that and sold them.

Well Humphrey Skelter got rather tired of being a filibuster because it was a bit dangerous, and he had made plenty of money by this time, and he thought he would like to settle down on one of the islands he had taken and get married. But most of the people on the islands were black and there wasn't anybody white that was good enough for him, so he thought he would go to England and choose a nice wife and take her back with him. And his father was dead by this time, but he thought he would like to see the old house where he was born, though he knew he couldn't stay in England long because if KING JAMES II., who had come to the throne by this time, knew he was there he would have him put in the Tower, and the best he could expect was to have his head chopped off, which he didn't want.

So he went to England as a passenger in a caravel and called himself John Smith and pretended to be very seasick when it was at all rough so that nobody should think he could ever have been a filibuster, and he went to the old place where he had been born and stayed at the inn. And the next day was Sunday so he went to church, and he saw a young lady there who was so beautiful that he fell in love with her. And the sermon was so dull that she had to look round to keep herself awake, and when she saw Humphrey Skelter's eyes fixed on her she blushed. And then she looked at him again and he was so handsome that she fell in love with him too and smiled at him, which quite finished him off.

Well he asked at the inn who the young lady was and it turned out that she was the great-niece of Mr. Hogbin that KING CHARLES II. had given the Hall to, and her name was Isabella, so he thought he would go and call on Mr. Hogbin and ask him if he had any objection to him marrying Isabella.

So he did that, and Mr. Hogbin said well I don't know about that, what do you do for a living?

And he said well I am really a retired filibuster, but I would rather you didn't tell that to anybody if you don't mind.

And Mr. Hogbin said oh no, I should think you must have had an interesting life. And he said well I have rather, but I got a little tired of it and I have made plenty of money to retire on, here is a diamond necklace that I shall give to Isabella the moment you say I can marry her, I know it is a good one because I got it out of a Spanish galleon, and before he walked the plank the captain of it told me he had stolen it from a Princess.



"MR. HOGBIN TREMBLED BEFORE HIM."

Well Mr. Hogbin was a very avaricious man, and directly he saw the diamond necklace he determined to get hold of it for his own. So he said to Humphrey Skelter I shall have to get this necklace valued, but if it is all right I shan't mind you marrying Isabella if she doesn't mind marrying you.

So it was settled like that and Humphrey Skelter went to find Isabella, and when he had found her they fell into each other's arms and swore they would always be true whatever happened.

Well at first Mr. Hogbin had only been going to persuade somebody to kill Humphrey Skelter for him so that he could keep the diamond necklace for himself, but then he said well I ought to be able to get more out of it than that as he has been a filibuster, I don't suppose John Smith is his real name, I will find out all about him and then I will tell KING JAMES II., except about the diamond necklace, and I should think I ought to get a good reward, I didn't get nearly enough out of KING CHARLES II. though I did him some very good turns.

Well a few days after that when Humphrey Skelter was waiting for Isabella in the arbour she came running out to him and said have you told my great-uncle who you really are? And he said he had, because he thought it wouldn't be fair to keep anything from him. And she said how silly you are, he is a very wicked man and I should have told you before if I hadn't been ashamed of belonging to him, you are in great danger and you must fly.

Well it turned out that some soldiers had just come to the Hall to take Humphrey Skelter off to the Tower, and Isabella had heard Mr. Hogbin talking to them through hiding herself behind the arras, which she wasn't at all ashamed of doing as she never knew what he would be up to next, and there was just time for Humphrey Skelter to get on a horse and gallop away.

Well what he did was to go to Holland to see his aunt who was pretty old by this time, but she was very pleased to see him as long as he wiped his feet on the mat and didn't dirty the floors. And just at that time WILLIAM OF ORANGE was thinking of turning KING JAMES II. out and being King of England instead of him. So Humphrey Skelter went to see him and said he should be pleased to help him do that if he would forgive him for having been a filibuster and give him back all the property that KING CHARLES II. had given to Mr. Hogbin. And WILLIAM OF ORANGE said he didn't mind doing that if he would give up the islands that had belonged to KING CHARLES II. and promise faithfully not to be a filibuster any more.

So it was arranged like that, and the first thing that Humphrey Skelter did when he got back to England and had helped WILLIAM OF ORANGE to turn out KING JAMES II. was to ride as fast as he could to Isabella. And they fell into each other's arms and he told her all about it. And then he went into the Hall and Mr. Hogbin trembled before him because he had armour on and two stout henchmen with him. And he said to him I shan't do anything to you because you are so old and it isn't worth it, but if you are not out of this house in ten minutes you will go out of it in your coffin, unless you would like to walk the plank into the lake, which will come to the same thing but save funeral expenses.

So it all ended very happily, and Humphrey Skelter didn't mind giving up his islands because he liked it much better living with Isabella in the house where he had been born. And they had several children and brought them up quite respectably. A. M.

Le Mot Rouge.

"The first Navy Week probably exceeded the most sanguinary expectations of those who introduced it."—*Local Paper.*

And probably of those hardy mariners who participated in it.

Another Depression Over The Empire.

"St. Patrick presenting a sepulchre to Britannia in the pageant, 'Dream of Empire,' produced this evening at Acklam Hall, Middlesbrough."—*Newcastle Paper.*

Church Gossip.

THE SACRED ENCLOSURE AT COWES.

"Very many people attended divine service at Holy Trinity Church. The Countess of ——, in a long navy rep coat over a navy and white crêpe de Chine dress . . . brought her daughter, who wore a powder-blue rep coat and skirt. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

"TURKS' WAY WITH KURDS."
Sunday Paper.

We prefer the English whey.

"PERILS OF THE SERPENTINE.

On the busiest day since the inception of the facilities (it is stated) there were 8,790 bothers."—*Daily Paper.*

We too find the average cold-water fiend rather tiresome.

"Mr. E. C. ——, captain of the —— Cricket Club, had the honour of being chosen by the Cricket Club Conference to pay for the South of England against London. Unfortunately, he did not go in to bat and was not called upon to bowl."—*Haslemere Paper.*

He doesn't seem to have got very much for his money.



Yokel (to severely respectable lady-artist). "YE'VE GOT IT WRONG, MUM. THE MURDER WAS IN T'OTHER COTTAGE."



Very superior Applicant for post of Butler. "AND, PROVIDING REFERENCES ARE SATISFACTORY, MY LADY, WHEN SHOULD I BE EXPECTED TO—ER—TAKE OFFICE?"

THE GREAT OUTDOORS.

[Meditations on being asked to camp out for a few days in August.]

On high the squirrel scampers
From branching tree to tree;
My heart is with the campers
For whom the world is free;
They have cold things in hampers
And marmalade for tea;
Across their canvas shutter
They hear the white owl flutter,
They leave behind the butter,
But what is that to me?

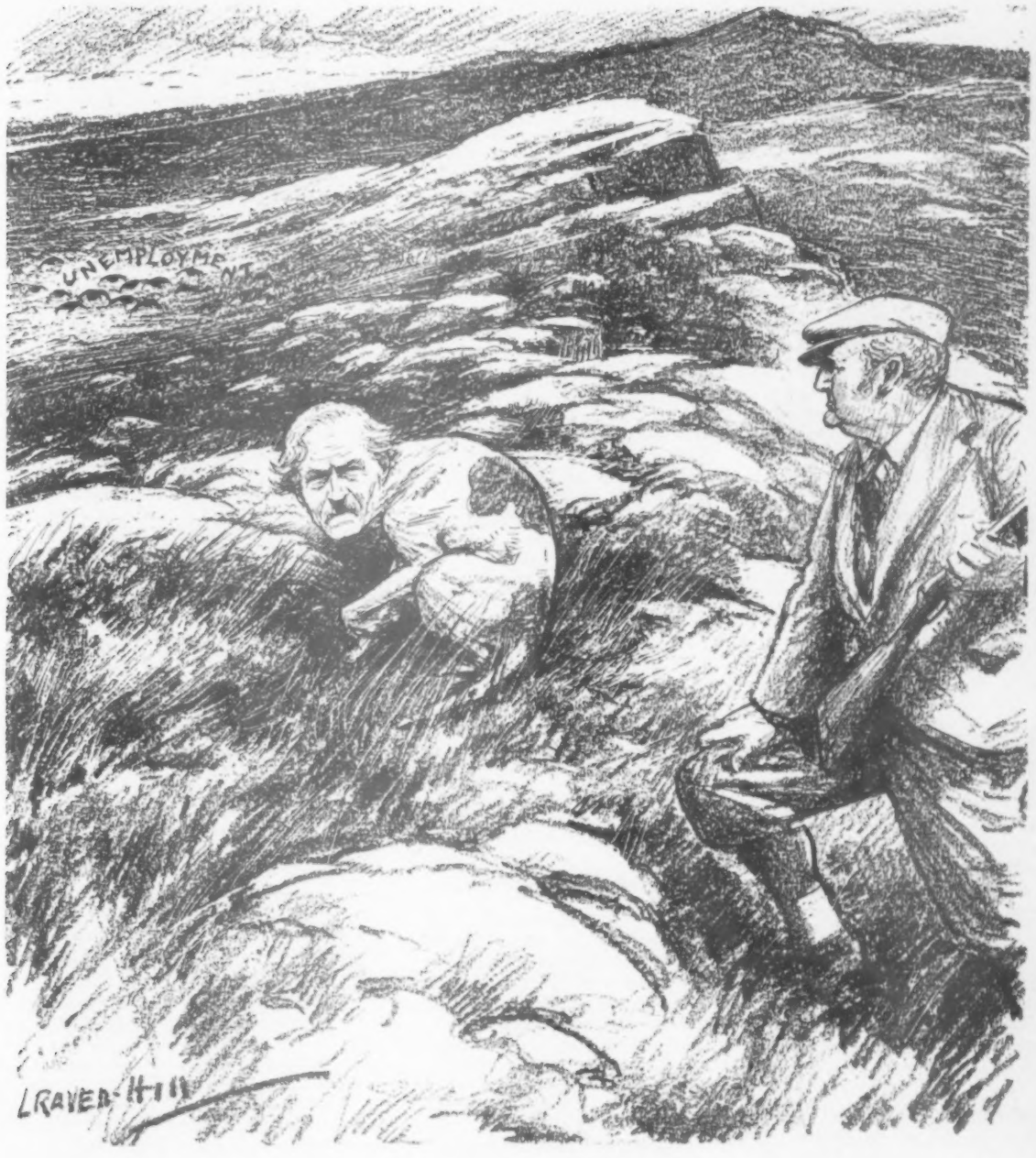
The distant hooter's warning
That waked them when in Town
Awakens not this morning
The family of Brown;
And see! what gold adorning
The sudden hillside's crown!
Bird-life about them centres,
The wood and field frequenters
Have called them. A cow enters
And knocks the tent-pole down.

Oh, who would not awaken
In this way to the dawn,
And see the long mist shaken
Over the vale like lawn,
And cut up bits of bacon
And get some wood-logs sawn,
And light the fire, and fashion
For each a fried-egg ration,
And feel the unstudied passion
Of some primæval faun?

Meantime to foreign places
The gilded gambler goes,
The bubble joy he chases,
But joy he never knows:
Not all the tortured faces
Can have the peace of those
Who sleep and do not see things,
Who sleep with measured breathings,
Who washed the knives and tea-things
Before they took repose.

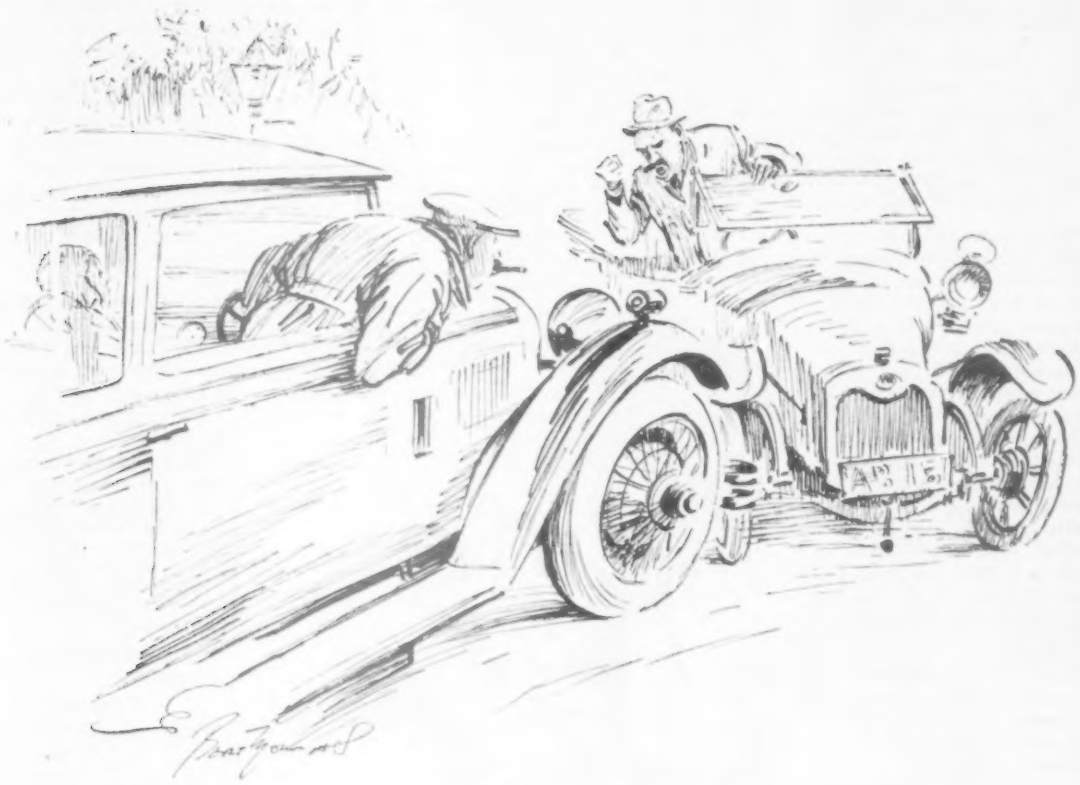
Convention merely cumbers
And, writing from afar,
I long to join their numbers
To whom the evening star
(Soft messenger of slumbers)
Means more than a cigar.
O fortunatos illos
Who camp beneath the willows;
But earwigs on the pillows—
That is the thing I bar!

EVOE.



THE DISAPPOINTER.

JOHN BULL (*to* RAMSAY). "YOU 'RE A WELL-MEANING DOG, BUT MAKING A POINT IS NOT YOUR STRONG FEATURE."



"ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! DON'T GET RATTLED—AT LEAST NOT TILL YOU GET STARTED AGAIN."

TWO STREET SCENES.

I.

Scene: A Street.
Time: Evening.

Dramatis Personæ.

The Parlourmaid from No. 10.
A large Red Setter.
A Persian Cat, known to Parlourmaid as "Tibbles."
A Nondescript Mongrel from No. 2.

As the curtain goes up the Parlourmaid is posting a letter in the pillar-box at the corner. The Red Setter is some way away absorbed in private research. The Nondescript Mongrel has just seen the Persian Cat in the middle of the road away from all cover and is bearing down upon it with the eager but incredulous expression of one who feels it is too good to be true.

Parlourmaid (*apprehensively*). Tibbles! Tibbles!

Nondescript Mongrel (*at speed*). Grrr. You fat furry feline. Gosh! I won't half make you skip.

Persian Cat, caught unawares, has just time to face round, get all four paws on one square inch of space and the rest of itself arched menacingly upwards.

Persian Cat (*an expression of virulent dislike upon its face and speaking out of the side of its mouth*). Get to hell outa here!

Non. Mon. I'm just going to knock the stuffing out of you. (*Brakes rapidly to avoid* Persian Cat, *who does not move.*) I won't half put it across you, you mewing tree-climber. Just you wait.

Pers. Cat (*recovering composure*). Well, I'm waiting, Heinz. Come on and see what you'll get.

Parlourmaid (*urgently*). Tib, Tib, Tib, Tib! Go away, you brute!

Non. Mon. I'll just wait a minute and tell you exactly what I'm going to do to you. (*Looks round and sees* Red Setter *up road.*) Here, chum, come on! Over here, old man! Here's a cat. Come on quick or you'll miss the fun. I won't start beating it up till you come.

Red Setter looks up, appreciates the situation and charges silently down.

Non. Mon. (*to* Persian Cat). My whiskers! you're for it.

Pers. Cat. My poor fool.

Non. Mon. Come on, old man. There she is. (Red Setter's *charge appears now to be directed upon himself rather than upon the mutual enemy.*) Look out! Mind me. (*Realises* Red Setter's *charge* is *directed upon himself.*) Here, I say! OUCH! That hurt. What are you—— I never—— OUCH!

Nondescript Mongrel is severely nipped by Red Setter and is now in panic flight. As he streaks blindly for home he incautiously passes too near Persian Cat, who gets him on the rump with a short-arm jab, all out.

Pers. Cat. On your way, brother!

Non. Mon. OUCH! Coward! Look here—I say—— Help!

[*Vanishes into the safety of No.* 2.

Red Setter. I'll teach you to be rude to friends of mine.

Parlourmaid. Good Rover! Come on, Tibbles.

The three return amicably to their home at No. 10.

II.

Scene: Another Street.
Time: Very Early Morning.

Dramatis Personæ.

A LARGE POLICEMAN.
A CAT (which, however, has ceased to exist some hours before the curtain goes up and is now lying on its side in the gutter at peace with all the dogs in the world).

The audience, who had got up for a drink of water, is surveying the scene unobserved from a bedroom window. As the curtain goes up the Policeman is pacing majestically along the pavement on his lawful occasions at the regulation rate of two-and-a-half miles per hour. The street being deserted he so far relaxes as to hum under his moustache a few bars of the overture to *Who's ma Baby cuddlin' now?* Nothing is heard but this, an occasional milk-cart in the distance and the clump-clump of his feet.

Policeman (*humming*). "I useter cuddle her-er; she useter cuddle me-he. And now she's gorn and . . ." (*Sees cat*) "Ullo-ullo."

He stops and regards the dead animal with a solemn air. The audience can see that the pathos of it all is obviously affecting him. But an hour agone so young, so strong, so vocal; and now . . . Ah, well! He makes to move off. None of his business.

But after two paces he stops. Perhaps it *is* his business. Anything unusual in the street is always his business and must be put right by him. And a dead cat *is* unusual, nine times less usual than a dead dog, for instance. Reassured, he feels for his note-book and again regards the cat, this time with a pondering rather than sympathetic eye. Then he looks at the nearest house. Is it their cat? he is thinking. Ought he to knock and return it? But the blinds are down, the milk as yet on the doorstep, and the cat isn't really much good to anyone now. Besides, cats travel so far at night; it's a hundred to one it isn't theirs; probably it's a cat from another police division altogether.

He surveys the corpse judicially, putting his hands behind his back and bending his knees slightly outwards once or twice. The audience can see that he is at first debating whether to go to the station and ask the inspector's advice. The audience can also see he soon realises just what the inspector will say. He concludes he must act on his own initiative.

He bends down and gingerly lifts the animal by the tail. It looks very dead. Where do unclaimed dead cats go?

Then he snorts (the audience hears it). What's a dead cat, anyway? He drops it abruptly and paces off. But again he pauses. He is obviously getting this way and that way about it. His conscience, the traditions of the force, will not let him leave it there after all. Never again would he be able to look his inspector in the face. The sergeant would shake his head sadly at him. The other constables would point and chant derisively: "Who's gotter dead cat on his be-eat?"

He returns bravely. He looks up and down the deserted Hampstead street. He does not see a soul. He looks up at all the dead windows. He does not see the audience peeping round the curtain. He bends down; and again the cat dangles by the tail from an enormous fist.

He looks up and down once more, almost stealthily now, and suddenly slings it over the fence into the front-garden of the nearest house. Then he sets off up the road, his pace no longer the regulation two-and-a-half m.p.h., but a panicky three-and-a-quarter.

At the corner he stops. He looks round furtively—furtively for a constable, that is. Courage returns. He puts his thumbs in his belt, extends his fingers and pats his tummy with them two or three times. Then he comes slowly pacing down the street at two-and-a-half once more. He is aloof, massive, majestically law-enforcing and abiding; it might be a different street and a different policeman.

His eyes survey the road. No cat.

He passes *the* house without a sideways glance. Five A.M. of a fine summer morning and all 's well. He begins to hum.

Policeman (*humming*). "So who's ma baby cuddlin' no-ow?"

He forges majestically out of sight.

CURTAIN.

The audience goes back to bed with the feeling that he has seen a unique performance. And he has the constable's number. A. A.



Strap-hanger (*politely*). "MIGHT I HAVE YOUR LITTLE DOG'S SEAT?"
Lady. "WHY, YOU DON'T EXPECT THE POOR DEAR TO STRAP-HANG, DO YOU?"

Davy Jones's Locker.

". . . Mr. David Jones (Vice-President of the Chamber of Shipping, London). . . ."
Daily Paper.

High Life at Widnes.

"The weather on Tuesday, when the annual inspection took place of the gas and water undertakings of the Widnes Corporation, was not favourable to that full enjoyment usually associated with the event, and the programme for the evening had to be curtailed."
Widnes Paper.

Things We Can Well Believe.

"1930 ——, as new, genuine bargain; mileage 900; good reason for selling."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

"Nelson was hit by a muscat ball. . . ."
Schoolboy's Answer.

The more expensive kind of grape-shot.

"Anyone who climbs this pole is liable to fatal shock, and a penalty of £10."
Notice in New Zealand.

It seems an inhospitable reception into the after-life.

THE RETURN TO LEVITY.

I STUDIED once, in PLATO'S page,
PARMENIDES and ZENO,
Yet failed to find that either sage
Knew half as much as we know.

Reacting from this studious phase
I haunted the Casino
And spent my unlaborious days
And nights in one long beano.

I drank of pleasure's sparkling cup
At Pau and Portofino,
And hummed, to keep my spirits up,
MOZART'S *Vedrai, carino.*

But that was sixteen years ago,
When KAISER BILL and TINO,
Heedless of signs of coming woe,
Curas lavabant vino.

And now, though far removed from times
Of mirth and maraschino,
We welcome in some modern mimes
The spirit of DAN LENO.

Exhilaration we do not
To any don or dean owe,
But we can bank with WALTER SCOTT
"On Stanley, on" LUPINO.

C. L. G.

BIG GAME.

THE LION.

THE lion has been called the King of Beasts, and, like a good many other kings, frequently finds the distinction embarrassing. Since big-game-hunting degenerated into a pastime for wealthy tourists the lion has been perfectly willing to abdicate at any time and lead a quiet life far removed from the fierce light—to say nothing of the stream of express bullets—that beats upon a throne. But public opinion is against anything of the kind.

The most remarkable thing about a lion is its roar. Separated from this the animal presents few alarming features and is by nature of a retiring disposition, fond of domesticity and displaying a preference for monogamy which to Hollywood observers is almost inexplicable.

The lion is a messy feeder and not particular in its diet, since it has been known to eat man. Its chief claim to fame lies in the number of advertisements and heraldic designs, in which it figures in more or less ridiculous postures.

The lion is not difficult to kill, provided you hit it in the right spot, but it has a distaste for indifferent marksmanship, and hunters who hit him in the wrong place are advised to go home immediately.

In captivity the lion acquires a sleek and majestic appearance, but in its natural surroundings it is too frequently mangy and emaciated. This is due probably to the constant strain of avoiding the tourists who visit the East African plains in herds at certain seasons. Their noisy chatter by day and the screaming of the gramophones round their camp-fires by night fray the lion's nerves and prevent the poor brute from getting any proper sleep.

Competition for cushy jobs in Zoos is becoming very keen among lions, and they have been known to follow tourists for miles in the hope of being adopted and allowed to spend the rest of their days peacefully posing for the benefit of the British public.



The Star. "OF COURSE ONE DOES NOT MIND BEING DEFEATED SO LONG AS THE PRESS DOES NOT TAKE ONE'S DEFEAT *too* CALMLY!"

"Waterford, Thursday. Jean Kerdeaux, skipper of the French fishing smack, Helene Manrella, of Camaret, was fined £10 and his car forfeited for alleged illegal fishing in territorial waters."—*Irish Paper.*

Jenkins, it is said, lost his even more fishily than that.

A STATE OF BLISS.

THERE has been lately, I understand, some vague talk of Home Rule in India. Well, Home Rule is no novelty to us of Arampur State. We always live under Home Rule, mildly tempered by the presence of the Political Resident, so that Home Rule in practice may be studied here at first-hand in all its various manifestations.

Take, for instance, the railway. The Arampur State Railway is a really popular institution; we have nothing like it in Europe. Third-class carriages, intended to hold twelve persons, habitually carry any number up to fifty. The ticket-examiner performs his function by bundling the passengers on to the platform and re-admitting them one by one, after he has searched the mass of hand-luggage for concealed children. Even on this system he has to be wary, or one of the early entrants will get out by the opposite window, clamber round the end of the carriage, pass his ticket to a relation and regain his place by the same devious route. The relation presents the same ticket, being careful to keep his thumb on the punched portion, and joins the original holder.

Those who can show no ticket are not at all harshly treated. They explain at length to the ticket-examiner the exact circumstances in which it was lost and he benevolently excuses them on their tendering four annas apology-money. Those again who are known to him as Government or railway officials or relatives of such are admitted even without apology or money. Likewise all sadhus and fakirs travel free, lest they should bring the train to a standstill with their curses.

For the rest, any ticket will do for any distance. In fact, the booking-clerk, whatever money is tendered at the window, usually issues a ticket for the first station down the line, knowing that to illiterate passengers one ticket is as good as another.

The booking-clerk, like the other officials, gets no regular pay and he has to keep body and soul together. To our Occidental minds this appears a reprehensible system, but I have found after experience that it works very well indeed and pans out pretty evenly all round, not a single person being victimised. The engine-driver does a nice little side-line in selling fuel. The porters have the heavy luggage to pick over, and the guard has a free choice of uninsured parcels. The signalmen levy a small charge on each train, ballast or passenger, before the signal is lowered. The station-master is less well off; he draws no steady income but does very well in the cotton season by selling trucks to merchants.

It is essential for the latter to get their product into British India as early as possible, and they are willing to pay high prices for truck accommodation. Long before the crop comes in, the station-master begins to collect trucks.



Difficult Customer (at local jumble sale). "WHAT! ONE-AND-FOURPENCE FOR A BOWLER-HAT LIKE THIS! WHERE DO YOU THINK THIS IS? CHRISTIE'S?"

Any empty truck which passes through is detached and detained; short-loaded trucks have their loads redistributed so as to leave one or more empty, and rolling-stock accumulates to the limit of the station-yard. Then, on a day, the trucks are auctioned to the merchants. This is the station-master's annual harvest.

The engineers earn their living by employing only a fourth of the coolies whose names are entered on the pay-roll. The storekeepers, by arrangement with the contractors, enter rather more ballast and supplies than they actually receive. Everybody is provided for, except the General Manager, who gets only what presents he can prevail upon his subordinates to offer on festal days. He is really worse off than the keepers of level-crossings, one of whom has the spot job of the whole service. This man's particular crossing holds up the traffic on one of the chief streets of Arampur Town, and he has a fixed tariff: three pies for a foot-passenger, one anna for a cart, four annas for a carriage and twelve annas for a wedding-procession. Any Head of a Railway Department would gladly exchange his position and his prestige for that level-crossing, which is held at present by an LL.B. (failed), a brother-in-law of the Dewan.

I think the Arampur system might be tried in England as a remedy against strikes and public grumbling. The self-imposed and customary taxes create no bad feeling; everybody is satisfied. And the Arampur State Railway, besides giving adequate service, is run at a slight profit, duly demonstrated and exhibited in the books kept by the secretary, a cousin of the Dewan.

It is no use trying to alter things. A neighbouring State lately imported a European to reorganise its railway. The dour man began by making rules of a pettifogging nature. It had been the custom in that State for every passenger to buy a dog-ticket. As I have said, one ticket is as good as another. Well, this European reformer issued orders that all dogs travelling on dog-tickets should wear a collar and chain or lead; the same to apply to goats travelling on goat-tickets. The public met him good-humouredly and duly donned collars, complete with chains or leads. It was quite usual to see two self-appointed dogs leading each other to the booking-office.

But the silly reformer was not content with this victory: he went on tyrannously to order that all dogs travelling on dog-tickets should travel in the dog-box. This was too much, and the reformer was quickly bustled home on leave before any actual insurrection should occur. E. P. W.

Functions We Did Not Attend.

"We are requested by the Town Clerk to state that those attending the Mayor's dinner to-night are expected to wear dinner jackets only."—*Manx Paper.*

"He wiped away another tear. Molly was conscious that her own were moist."
Story in Magazine.

Moist tears are far the worst.



Well-known Actress (who has kindly consented to open bazaar in Vicarage garden). "CHEERIO, EVERYBODY! 'FRAID I'M SWINISHLY LATE!"

DUCKWORTH AND AMES.

THROUGHOUT the present series of Test Matches a keen controversy has raged in the daily Press regarding the rival claims of DUCKWORTH and AMES to keep wicket for England, and the Selection Committee must have spent many sleepless nights in endeavouring to determine whether the arguments in the powerful article entitled "Duckworth Must Remain" outweighed those in the thoughtful letter under the heading "How About Ames?"

And yet the solution of the problem is so simple that it is amazing that it has never occurred to anyone. It is regrettable but true that clear thinking has not been brought to bear on this important question. The Selection Committee cannot be acquitted of a lamentable lack of imagination and breadth of vision in dealing with it. They (and the whole cricketing public must be included in the charge) are so hidebound by convention that they have taken it for granted that an English team is bound to go into the field equipped with only one wicket-keeper.

Why? Let us examine this matter dispassionately.

Wicket-keeping is just as important a department of the game as bowling or batting. In selecting a team every endeavour is made to lend variety to the bowling and, to a lesser degree, to the batting. Why should not variety be introduced behind the wickets?

In future every Test team should include two wicket-keepers, who would take it in turn to officiate, each spell to last, say, for ten overs.

If there is one position in the field that demands unflagging concentration it is the wicket-keeper's. The mental strain that is imposed on a solitary wicket-keeper who is condemned to concentrate throughout a long innings must be stupendous. My suggestion would remedy this. By working in shifts each man would be able to relax at definite intervals and would return to his task refreshed and with renewed zest.

Lastly, the wicket-keeper would derive physical benefit as well as mental relief. Wicket-keeping is emphatically a crouching if not a sedentary occupation. One has only to observe the zeal with which wicket-keepers chase the ball whenever they get the chance to realise how they must envy their fellow-fieldsmen. Unfortunately, however, the opportunities for taking a little much-needed exercise which come their way are few. My suggestion would go far towards removing this disability.

I have devoted much thought this summer to various other aspects of cricket reform. I propose at a later date to give the public the benefit of my conclusions.

Things Which We Could Hardly Have Said More Daintily.

"The great lady takes good care that her daughters' importance shall not be overlooked by the camera, and the Lady Angelina Tompkins is duly handed down to the historian, who, in a series of negatives, will be able to describe her costume."

Evening Paper.

An International Apology which Impends.

"Eight Dutch Rover Scouts left Newcastle-on-Tyne to 'hike' to Glasgow.

Over 20 licensed houses in East End districts are to be closed."—*Daily Paper.*

"ELEVENTH CENTURY TEST PARTNERSHIP."
Local Paper.

An allusion no doubt to the famous match at Hastings in 1066.

"Menu from 1.60 and 2.50 RM. Worm meals will be served before and after the Theatres."—*Advt. of Munich Restaurant.*

We cannot refrain from inquiring, Will they turn?

AT THE PLAY.

"PRUNELLA" (EVERYMAN).

THE Everyman Theatre Guild does well and bravely to renew our acquaintance with the too long neglected fantasy by Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER and Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN, with musical decorations by Mr. JOSEPH MOORAT, even though *Prunella* needs for really effective presentation ampler resources than the little Hampstead Theatre can command. It is emphatically a play of which the dreamlike essence easily evaporates. The much too crowded stage, the too narrow space between players and audience, and perhaps also a certain rawness in the less experienced members of a long cast, put the affair as a whole in jeopardy, and we had the impression that in default of the more elaborate apparatus and contrivances of the producer's art, a curtain or two of gauze or some muting of the rather too hearty voices of the queer companions, would have softened a certain crudity and noisiness. It is the more credit then that in spite of certain inevitable handicaps a good deal of the essential content came through.



NO ONE IS ALWAYS A PIERROT TO HIS OWN VALET.

Pierrot . . . MR. ERNEST MILTON.
Scaramel . . MR. WALLACE EVENNETT.

The younger generation may need a hint of the story, and will not, it is hoped, think that there were in 1906 many such maiden aunts as *Prim* and *Prude* and *Privacy*, or such sheltered and ingenuous romantics as *Prunella*. Here indeed is an undated parable of the abiding victories of steadfast love—not at all a modern theme, it will be noted.

The maid *Prunella* knows and sees nothing of the great world beyond the locked gates and thick-set hedges of her cloistered garden. She sits task-book in hand and wonders what the occasional sounds from without may mean and whither the white roads lead. *Pierrot* passes—*Pierrot* the man-in-the moon, the man-with-a-stone-for-a-heart—with *Scaramel* (major-domo, official conscience, tempter and pander), and his motley gipsy retinue, *Kennel*, *Callow*, *Hawk* and *Mouth*, *Tawdry*, *Doll*, *Romp* and *Coquette*—sad, empty and disillusioned under a mask of riotous gaiety. *Pierrot*, the latest of his loves grown stale, feels the awakening of a new desire, and, urged thereto by *Scaramel*, begs a kiss of the timid maid to cure his feigned despair; the kiss disturbs and half-enlightens and she is persuaded to come forth from her cage and learn about life and love on the highways and heaths of the world. *Love*, the stone fiddler in the garden, comes to life and blesses her going. *Prunella*, now *Pierrette*, the new Queen of the troupe, takes the road.

Pierrot soon tires. *Pierrette*, forsaken, again becomes *Prunella*, and creeps mournfully back to the now deserted garden. *Pierrot* too returns, tortured by unaccustomed vain regrets and poignant memories. In vain *Scaramel* spreads the feast, prepares the dance. *Pierrot* is now alive and can suffer, and, finding *Prunella* at the foot of the fiddler's statue, he is forgiven—to live happily ever after. One can imagine how craftily the players must play to get away with it—especially perhaps to carry conviction to the youngest and least romantic amongst us.



THE PAID HAND—AND VOICE.

Tenor . . . MR. WILFRID GRANTHAM.

The authors have interpolated an Act between the second and the third of the original version, showing us something of what happened before the still-unconverted *Pierrot*, bored by *Pierrette's* desire for a home and common friendly household gods, drives her by complicated taunts to a bleak despair. An unwise intrusion, telling us nothing that was not better imagined or was not explicitly stated in the final scene; though I think, to be fair to the authors, that the crudities I have mentioned failed to do justice to this elaborately fantasticated scene.

The piece as presented was always nearest complete success when the stage was left to *Pierrot*, *Scaramel* and *Pierrette*. Mr. ERNEST MILTON lavished the resources of his elaborate and competent art upon the *Pierrot* and differentiated with subtlety the pursuing shadowy man-in-the-moon *Pierrot* (in white), the sated, bored, cruel *Pierrot* (in gold) in the interpolated scene, and the repentant tragic *Pierrot* (in black). He knows how to speak verse and can descend a ladder with his



PRUNELLA IS CARRIED OFF HER FEET.

Prunella . . . . . MISS JOAN HARBEN.
Pierrot . . . . . MR. ERNEST MILTON.

back to it without looking ridiculous. Mr. WALLACE EVENNETT made an admirable *Scaramel*—this, indeed, is a flattering and well-written part, but it was handled with discretion and without over-emphasis, to which a conscienceless actor might be tempted. Miss JOAN HARBEN's *Prunella* was simple and sincere, and to that extent pleasing. How Mr. NEIL PORTER as the statue contrived to keep so still for so long a time is a mystery to me. His pleasant voice and clear elocution gave due point and persuasiveness to his lines. The gardeners, the maiden aunts and *Queer* and *Quaint*, the maids, were adequate. The riotous companions were, I think, attempting something beyond their strength in particularly difficult circumstances. T.

THE TOMB OF THE EGOIST.

IN the reign of the great T'ang T'ien Yu, Son of Heaven, there lived, and in due course died, one Lo Kan-Hsi, a mandarin of Yueh Shou, in the district of Che-Kiang. And when the yin and the yang which together formed his life were approaching the moment of separation he was troubled, for the journey is long.

So he sent to one whose duty it was to advise upon serious matters, and made inquiry as to the necessary preparations.

"There must be provided," said the Giver of Counsel, "horses to carry you over the plain and camels to bear you across the desert, wherein, through neglect of the proper precautions, many souls have perished. A small retinue of servants will also be required and sufficient food and drink to sustain you on your way. As to female society," he continued after a short pause, "the matter is purely personal and may be left to your own inclination. It is probable, however, that during a journey which occupies two thousand years you will feel the need of diversion. Far more important are the guardians who will remain in your tomb to watch over it after your departure. It is very sure that the creatures of your retinue will only accompany your soul upon the journey so long as their images continue to share your body's resting-place. It is essential, therefore, to provide both warriors and demons, that neither men nor spirits may dare to molest your grave."

"Accept my unworthy thanks for this most valuable counsel," said Lo Kan-Hsi, whose mind was now much eased.

The Adviser upon Matters of Import bowed. "There is one further consideration," he proceeded. "Do not allow yourself to fall into the error of Wei Wu-Tzu, whose funeral took place recently. In order to avoid expense this misguided person placed his order for tomb-furniture with Tsun-Chi, maker of household utensils of the meanest kind. The camels were knock-kneed and weak in the rump, and none of the horses appeared to be up to the weight of Wei Wu-Tzu, who is, like yourself, somewhat corpulent. Consider the dangers and discomforts which will attend his journey, and let me beg of you to employ an expert."

"I have heard favourable opinions of the potters of Hsing Chou," suggested Lo Kan-Hsi.

The Giver of Counsel frowned. "It is true that they make tolerable wine-pots," he admitted, "but in a matter of such vital moment the work should surely be entrusted to the highest talent. I will recommend you to the famous Ma Chên, who supplies the tombs of princes with horses of race and spirit, camels and dromedaries without blemish, and female persons of an unique and enchanting beauty. Address yourself to Ma Chên, do me the favour of mentioning my unworthy name (allowing him to understand at the same time that your heirs will not unduly concern themselves in the trivial matter of cost) and



FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

WOMEN'S FASHIONS ARE NOW CALLED "AS YOU LIKE IT." WHY NOT HAVE A FEW "ANYHOW-YOU-PLEASE" MODES FOR MEN?

you need suffer no anxiety as to your safe arrival at T'ai Shan."

Whereupon the Giver of Counsel performed the ceremony of farewell, and Lo Kan-Hsi sent immediately for his eldest son.

"Most honourable father," said Lo Pin-Wang, when he had heard what must be done, "far be it from my insignificant self to appear by even so much as a hair's-breadth to incline you from your desire, yet have you reflected that this cost will be very great and that our means are slender?"

"Say no more, my son," replied Lo Kan-Hsi. "My means are sufficient for this my last and most essential need. By industry and application you will find it simple to augment the family fortunes after my departure. I leave my household in your care."

So Lo Kan-Hsi lay back upon his pillow with a mind at peace, and all was done according to his direction.

When the funeral rites were over Lo Pin-Wang returned home to consider how by industry and application he might find food for his father's household, the charges of Ma Chên having been somewhat higher than usual owing to the Giver of Counsel's commission. His anxiety, however, was not unduly prolonged, as he perished early in the next famine.

And Lo Kan-Hsi arose from his tomb in a strange country and looked about him for those who were to accompany him to T'ai Shan.

The art of Ma Chên had served him well. A groom stood at his shoulder, holding a great dun horse which pawed the air and snorted in impatience. Camels and dromedaries awaited his pleasure. At a little distance a lily-footed maiden shyly smiled.

The vast plain stretched before him; he climbed into the saddle and the dun horse bore him away; his retinue followed.

They rode across the plain for a thousand years, and Lo Kan-Hsi knew well the paces of his noble horse and the smiles of the lily-footed maiden. Daily he ate the food prepared by the skill of Ma Chên, and at night he rested on the hollowed pillow which had been placed beneath his head in his tomb. Once there became visible across the far green distances of the plain a small cavalcade proceeding slowly in the same direction, and Lo Kan-Hsi rejoiced, for he saw that he was gaining upon someone who had started earlier upon the same journey. When he overtook this fellow-traveller he recognised Wei Wu-Tzu, who had put his trust in the potter Tsun-Chi.

More than ever did he congratulate himself upon the adequacy of his own preparations. The shapeless products of the local kilns were already failing; the servants moved clumsily; Wei Wu-Tzu was anxiously nursing the hollow-backed thin pony he bestrode.

Lo Kan-Hsi galloped past without speaking; he thought it useless to waste time in performing the ceremony of greeting with a person who was almost certainly doomed to perish in the desert.

So after a thousand years they came to the edge of the plain.

The desert was dry and yellow; a burning wind blew there perpetually and whirled against the faces of the travellers in savage gusts. There was dust in it, and salt, and the wailing of many spirits, the thin high voices of those who had failed to accomplish their journey. Lo Kan-Hsi's heart sank, for the desert was terrible. Yet he spoke bravely to his personal attendant, "Bring forward my dromedary."

And behold! the dromedary was no longer there.

An instant before the eyes of Lo Kan-Hsi had rested complacently upon a goodly retinue. Now he stood alone, with the desert before him, and knew that he must die a second death.

For a long time he waited, gazing back in desperate hope that even one of his camels might presently return. But he only saw the slow procession of Wei Wu-Tzu coming steadily, though with difficulty, across the great savannah and entering the desert a little way from where he stood. Those knock-kneed camels seemed infinitely desirable now to Lo Kan-Hsi; willingly would he have performed the ceremony of greeting and begged assistance from Wei Wu-Tzu; but upon that journey it is not ordained that one should aid another.

When the last misshapen camel had stumbled out of sight he bent his head before the burning wind and went on foot to meet the second death.

* * * * *

At that moment a halt was called in the excavations which had been proceeding so successfully at Yueh Shou. A second tomb had been opened, but the figures it contained had failed to come up to expectations.

"Tell them to fill in again," said the gentleman from London. "These aren't worth the trouble of packing."

"Curious how the quality varies," remarked his assistant, looking with admiration at a magnificent model of a Bactrian camel, one of the first and most important of their finds.

The Chinaman said nothing. Perhaps he was thinking of T'ai Shan and the hazards of the journey, reflecting on the casual tricks of chance, whereby even filial piety may sometimes come to defeat its own ends.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SEASIDE.

ALL shapes and hues and classes,
They stand and sit and lie
In dense perspiring masses
That make me wonder why
When I take my vacation
At Shrimpingham-on-Sea
The whole big British nation
Decides to come with me.

They have a flair for knowing
(By magic, one assumes)
Exactly when I'm going
And where I book my rooms;
Thus yearly on arrival
I find to my despair
Always these adjectival
Huge hordes of people there.

Millions of ocean-dippers
Are wallowing in the bay
As, trailing clouds of trippers,
I strive to force my way;
Their multitudes astound me
On promenade and street,
Pushing and pressing round me
And standing on my feet.

They make my sore ribs tingle,
They bellow in my ear,
They crush me on the shingle,
They squash me on the pier;
I dwell in stupefaction
And ask till I am hoarse
What *is* the wild attraction,
The bright magnetic force?

Some fellows, less retiring,
Who like to lead the crowd,
Would find the thing inspiring
And feel intensely proud;
Do I regard the frantic
Desire to dog me thus
As thrilling and romantic?
I don't. It makes me cuss.

Continental Glimpses of the Obvious.

"BILLS ARE RESENTED WEEKLY."
Notice in Reims Hotel.

The Labourer's Lingerie.

"Work is continuous in these tunnels, three shirts a day having been arranged."
New Zealand Paper.

Things Which We Would Never Have Dared to Say.

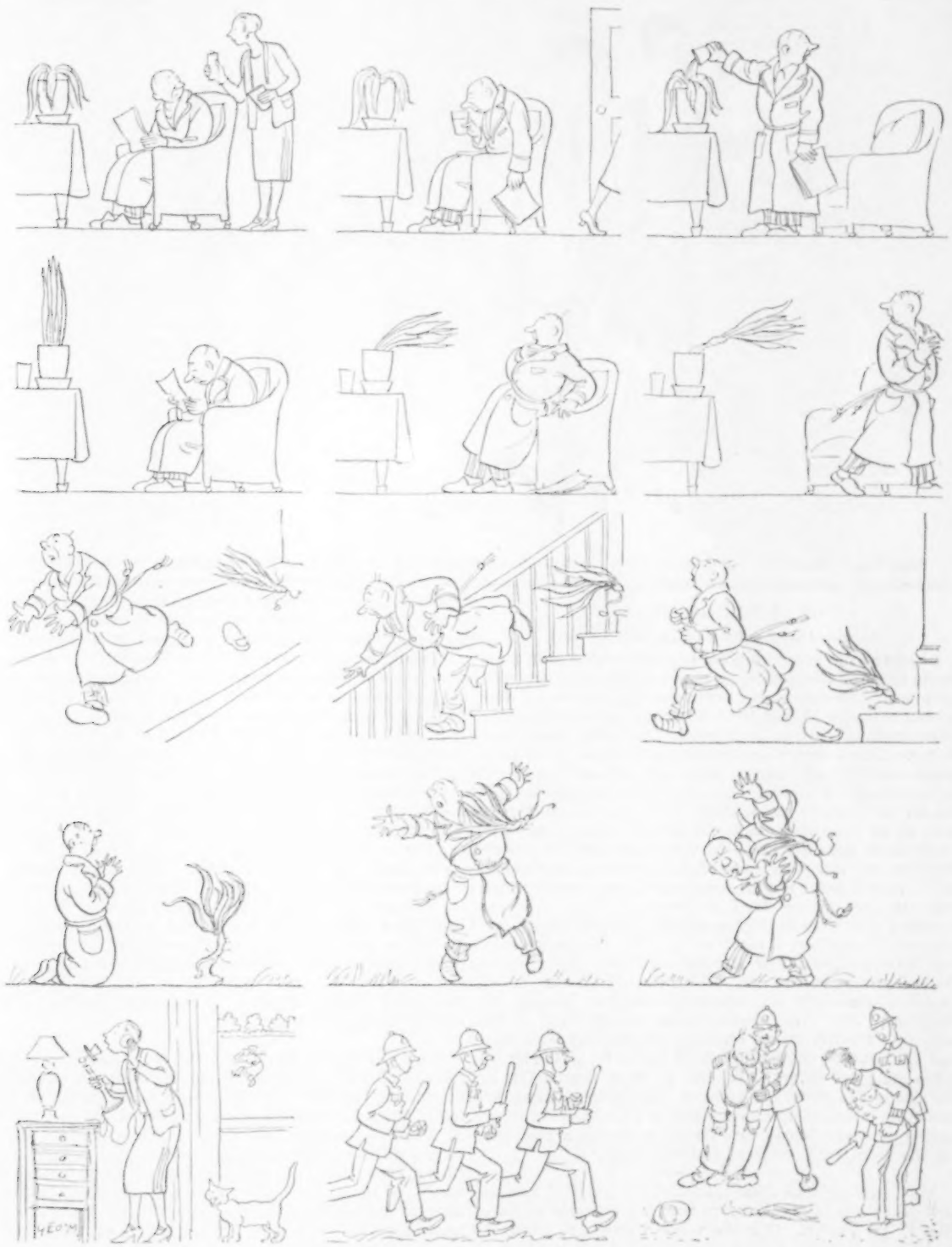
"The Services are also able to supply to their members respectable young women and also Welsh girls willing to be trained in domestic work."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"SATSUMA POTTERY.
FOUND ONLY IN SMALL PIECES."
Sunday Paper.

It would be caviar to our general.

"JUDGE AND POSTCARD SENT TO WIFE OF A STABLEMAN."
Headline in Yorkshire Paper.

We find that few judges fit into our album.



THE ASPIDISTRA AND THE TONIC.



Experienced Maiden. "I KNOW THAT KIND, GLADYS; I 'AD ONE ONCE. THAT'S THE KIND WHAT LIKES TO BE 'ELPFUL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CAN see the holiday-maker turn with relief from some of the too sophisticated or too condescending fare provided for him by novelists over here to the straightforward racy narrative of the best of their American rivals. *Backwater* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is a case in point. I found the vocabulary of its tenderest scenes a trifle lush, but otherwise the form of this animated yarn was as capably and effectively ordered as its matter. This was the suit of a bootlegger's humble son for the hand of an embezzler's beautiful daughter; the crab of an apparently suitable alliance being that while everyone in Arkansas knew that *Murdock père* was a bootlegger no one was aware that *Meredith père* was an embezzler. I should not have disclosed this trump myself had it been the only one up Mr. T. S. STRIBLING'S sleeve; but as a matter of fact the Shakespearean simplicity of his graceful little plot is the least of his story's merits. Its characterisation is the greatest. *Jim Murdock* and *Mary Sue Meredith* are a charming *Romeo* and *Juliet*; the old *Montagues* and *Capulets*—especially that staunch bootlegger, Baptist and Democrat, *Bill Jim Murdock*—are equally vital if less edifying. Their Southern setting is original and attractive; and the aroused Mississippi itself fights for *Jim* and his much-maligned parent. We are all from first to last on the side of the genial law-breaker. Englishmen, I fear, are becoming increasingly appreciative of "the basic American feeling that legal hurdles are always to be taken, that they are the accepted hazards of any enterprise."

After reading *Miss Mole* (JONATHAN CAPE, 7/6) I realise how grave was my omission to read the previous works of Miss E. H. YOUNG. It is one which I intend to rectify as speedily as possible. For this new novel of hers is a book of such wit as comes to our lot too rarely, unless we be in the habit of paying frequent homage at the shrines of other centuries and particularly at that of JANE AUSTEN, of whom one cannot fail to be reminded by Miss YOUNG'S manner. I do not say that she is necessarily as good or as inspired, for that would be too easy a thing to say of a writer whose calibre demands a serious assessment; but I cannot help remarking that she too gets her effects by a *sec* treatment of domesticity, and that while JANE AUSTEN suffered from a certain vagueness as to the reactions of men and the lower classes, Miss YOUNG'S insight into the human mind seems to know few limitations of sex or birth. The background of the book is the rather squalid puritanism of a manse in a small provincial port. The minister is a widower, sadly out of touch with his son and two daughters. From long elevation on his narrow provincial pedestal he is also out of touch with his brethren, and when *Miss Mole* comes to the manse as housekeeper his pathetic little bubbles of pomposity cannot hope to survive the swift darts of her tongue. She is the traditional spinster with a past and no future, but she is glad of her past and she feasts on the simple incidents of the present with a cynicism which is so healthy that no hypocrisy can exist with it. *Miss Mole* is in fact a darling, whom we should all like to know. Her creation justifies for her author the highest recognition.

From Mr. A. E. W. MASON we have come to expect tales of murder and mystery and the swift concatenation of startling events. In *The Dean's Elbow* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), though there is a detective (but no dean) in it and documents are stolen and finger-prints taken, he has subordinated sensation to psychology and preferred theme above plot. It is a theme as old as SOLOMON, the vanity of success and the nemesis of ambition, but it is freshly illustrated and expounded with Mr. MASON'S inimitable technical skill. We meet *Mark Thewliss* in somewhat precarious employment as chemist to a small firm of dye manufacturers, and before we leave him he is a millionaire and a peer, and the discovery which has been

his life's dream has been made. But in his ruthless march towards his objective he left a girl behind him, and that girl, though *Mark* did not know it until many years had passed, bore him a daughter, who was destined to bring pleasure and pain to his latter years. It would spoil an admirable story to be more precise as to how this comes to pass, but whoever lets the sail of his attention be filled with its opening breezes may rest assured that he will never be becalmed but will be carried steadily over seas now smooth and now turbulent to the haven which is his appointed goal. For Mr. MASON, as his readers will readily admit, is a master navigator of the difficult waters of fiction, and his seamanship has never been better displayed.

Young *Roger Arbuthnot*, who 's taking
To farming ere war days arrive,
Buys a hunter—a rogue in the making,
The worst-tempered beggar alive,
Calls him Broncho and cures the man-hater
And rides him at top of the Hunt,
And they pick up a steeple-chase later
And go to the Front.

Space fails me to tell how, both wounded,
Our friends became parted awhile,
Yet, the war being over, they soon did
Re-unite in the Emerald Isle,
Where Broncho becomes a show jumper
And up to Olympia goes,
And collars the Cup, in a bumper
Display, from the "pros."

This book is called *Broncho*, an issue
That COUNTRY LIFE puts on the stall,
It 's not warranted truth, it 's a tissue
Of fiction (declares Mr. BALL,
Its scribe), and by ARMOUR it 's plated;
And, that said, I have shown all the tricks
Of a capital tale when I 've stated
That it costs ten-and-six.



First Crook to Second Crook (trying on disguises). "WELL, IT'S A GOOD EFFORT, NOBBY, BUT YOU'LL BE LUCKY IF YOU GET AWAY WITH IT."

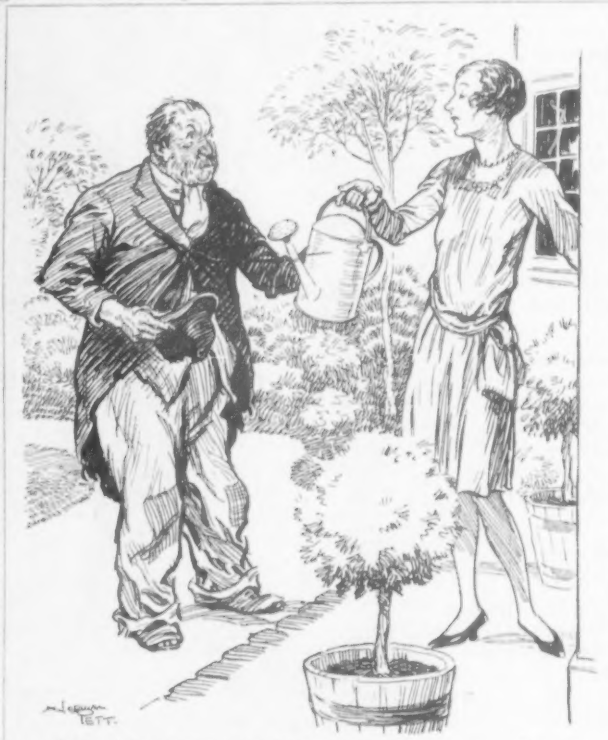
At the invitation of *The Christian Science Monitor*, which he ranks "as one of the most notable, if not the most notable newspaper of the day," Mr. SISLEY HUDDLESTON has made a tour of the United States and embodied his reactions in a book. *What's Right With America* (HARRAP, 10/6) struck me, I own, as a depressing performance. Not because its author rightly credits America with the virtues suitable to her age and circumstances, but because he passionately urges her particular mess of moral and industrial pottage as an enviable substitute for the European heritage. It may be true—though I doubt whether the best Americans would subscribe to the verdict—that the less America "contaminates itself" with Europe "the better it will be." But there is so much more immediate danger of Europe contaminating itself with America that Mr. HUDDLESTON's solicitude for the integrity of the New World comes as the acme of his contempt for the Old. For the rest, he is most entertaining when descriptive; and New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Mr. HOOVER and a West Point–Harvard football-match give him ample scope for enthusiastic presentment. Current charges against his idol are inadequately dismissed, Count KEYSERLING's contention that America has "no soul" being countered by the implication that soul is culture and culture largely the upshot of radio, motor-cars and cinemas. An interesting if fallacious plea for high wages and free spending struck me as too loosely argued either to inform the ignorant or to challenge the expert.

That a nicely-brought-up rather repressed young woman of twenty-five, well on the way to prim spinsterhood, should, for all her uncompromising censure of his conduct, fall headlong in love with a handsome ne'er-do-well whom she hardly knows is by no means an unlikely occurrence; but that, taking advantage of a crisis in his disreputable domestic affairs, she should march into his house, lock up the brandy-bottle and marry him almost out of hand is a

little difficult to believe. Yet that is what *Margaret Dacre* does in *To What Green Altar?* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6); and Mr. W. B. MAXWELL, being a skilful novelist, not only very nearly succeeds in jockeying us into acceptance of this improbable thesis but compels our interest in its consequences. These are for the most part disastrous, for *Andrew Lane* is a drunkard, and though under *Margaret's* tactful ministrations he reforms for a time he returns eventually to his poison. He is also a hopeless spendthrift; so the amazing marriage, which began in fictitious affluence, very nearly ends in the most grimly real poverty. Nearly, but not quite, for the conclusion of a story which starts as polite comedy and develops into melodrama is an idyll almost too good to be true. *To What Green Altar?* contains some close observation of character, verging at times on the pathological, and not a few passages of undeniable power; but Mr. MAXWELL has written a good many better books.

When General Sir WALTER CONGREVE, then Governor of Malta, desired, though at death's door, that the Carnival celebrations should not be cancelled or spoiled on account of his illness, a special edition of the local paper was printed for him only, so that the failure, by universal agreement, to comply with his wishes might not be revealed to him in its pages. Whenever his son, "BILLY" CONGREVE, came into a room, so his friends have said, "everything at once became exciting and amusing." In *The Congreves* (MURRAY, 15/-), a volume put together by Lieut.-Colonel L. H. THORNTON and PAMELA FRASER, the diaries of these two English soldiers—both of them V.C.s—reveal not only an affection existing between them which was for each much of the secret of their strength, but a likeness of spirit expressing itself in a similarity of visible personality that is as beautiful as it is remarkable. One can but feel something of reverence in approaching it. The record of the distinguished General's military career is here but formally expressed, and the son's services, brilliant though they were, covered a period of less than two years, yet it is clear from these chapters that in father and son alike the whole complex system that brings the British army into being had its moral flower and justification. "BILLY'S" diary, even more perhaps than Sir WALTER'S, in its straightforward description of incredible dangers faced, or as for instance in its unstudied description of a dear friend's soldier-funeral under fire, has a value that is both literary and spiritual.

I would pay tribute to the memory of the Australian GEORGE MOORE, who, we learn from *My Cricketing Days* (HEINEMANN, 6/-), not only found a use for green apples, but with their aid started his grandson upon his career as a cricketer. "One of my earliest recollections," Mr. G. C. MACARTNEY says in his delightfully modest book, "is of my grandfather bowling at me with green apples from his orchard when I was five years old. He always maintained that he taught me all my off strokes. . . ." Without, however, disrespect to this grandpaternal opinion, I imagine that everybody who saw Mr. MACARTNEY at the wicket and gloried in his audacious brilliance will find it a little difficult to believe that any teacher was responsible for those amazing strokes. The truth is that Mr. MACARTNEY was a cricket genius, and, if you follow my advice and read his book, you will find that he is also a student of the game which he played so fascinatingly well. Indeed there is only one word in these pages that I, and conceivably he, would like to change. "BRADMAN," he says, "is somewhat crude in his aggression." In the light of recent events a substitute for "crude" must assuredly be found.



Lady. "ALL RIGHT, YOU MAY WATER THE GARDEN. DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WATER?"

Against Mr. H. C. BAILEY'S excellent tale of mystery, *Garstons* (METHUEN, 7/6), I entertain one grudge, and it is that *Gladys Hurst* in her vulgarity and vampishness is considerably overdrawn. On the other hand, in his portrait of *Joshua Clunk*, a little solicitor delightfully reminiscent of DICKENS, Mr. BAILEY gives us a character wholly successful and subtle. *Clunk* acts as an admirable antidote to the over-scented *Gladys*, and his duels with various representatives of the law add a piquant flavour to a story never lacking in incident, whose *dénoûment* even the most baffled readers will admit to be fair and cleverly staged.

Wanted on the Voyage! (CASSELL, 7/6) does not entirely fill the bill as a title to Miss BERTA RUCK'S collection of short stories, for had I to draw up a list of holiday books for sitters in deck-chairs on land or at sea, I should assuredly not omit this volume. Miss RUCK is a born story-teller, and in her seventeen tales (the scenes of which range far and wide) she caters for our amusement without inflicting too heavy a tax upon our brains. As examples of her ability to entertain, I select "Painted Minx," "Portrait of Girl Unknown," and "Awakening" as the best of her agreeable—and not too sweet—seventeen.

The Flying Chameleon.

"She [Miss JOHNSON] is a typical English girl, dim, with piercing light blue eyes."—*Daily Mail.*

"But in the resolute look in the deep brown eyes I could sense the determined will."—*Evening News, same day.*

Mr. Punch ventures to hope that the new Guildford-Godalming by-pass road, upon which work has been begun, will not come to be known as the Road-Hogs' Back.

CHARIVARIA.

WE read of people sun-bathing well within the Arctic Circle. The region, of course, offers unrivalled facilities for midnight sun-bathing.

* * *

Competitors in a recent diving contest were criticised as lacking polish. Still, the shiniest divers are not always the most accomplished.

* * *

Miss DOROTHY DELL GOFF, of New Orleans, has been proclaimed Beauty Queen of the Universe; but in certain quarters her right to this title is disputed on the ground that the contest at Galveston, Texas, was not an interplanetary one.

* * *

A Highland song-writer who proposes to rid an island of rats explains that these rodents are afraid of music. He says nothing about invoking the assistance of a pied bagpiper.

* * *

A German scenic-artist admits having put the actors in the induction to *The Taming of the Shrew* into Scottish dress. The title should have been altered to *The Shaming of the Trews*.

* * *

In requiring charwomen to be able to read and write and to pass an elementary examination, the Chicago municipal authorities are believed to have been actuated by the view that it is desirable to raise the standard of those engaged in the work of cleaning-up Chicago.

* * *

The feeling in Hollywood with reference to the young New Jersey woman who, by her own wish, has gone through the marriage-ceremony four times in six months with the same man is that she must be fond of the fellow.

* * *

In consequence of an allegation in the Press that gamblers who win large sums at foreign casinos are allowed to do so as a lure for others, the managements of these establishments are reported to have been overwhelmed with communications from people offering themselves as bait.

* * *

A newspaper-reader distinctly remembers seeing, at the age of three, the celebrations of QUEEN VICTORIA'S Jubilee in 1887. This supports the tradition that the Jubilee was celebrated in that year.

* * *

The Abbé GABRIEL LAMBERT, who gave a demonstration of his powers as a water-diviner in Hyde Park, had of course no difficulty in confirming the popular belief that there is a good deal of water in the Serpentine.

* * *

Mr. ALVIN ("SHIPWRECK") KELLY, who spent forty-nine days and nights at the top of a flag-pole, is considered to have given one more object-lesson of the truth of the precept that "there is always room at the top."

* * *

According to an authority on pronunciation, Americans speak with a nasal accent because they do not press the uvula hard against the back of the throat. Those who have had difficulty in speaking American like natives may be grateful for the tip.

* * *

The burglar who broke into the house of Sir OSWALD STOLL is said to have made a hurried exit. It is thought that he must have been working two houses a night.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE says that four times as many people speak Welsh now as in the time of LLEWELLYN THE GREAT. This more or less exonerates LLEWELLYN.

* * *

In America the disqualification of a boxer by the umpire aroused a storm of protest. It is admitted that he struck his opponent, but many spectators urge that it was in self-defence.

* * *

Persons liable to moods of sadness are advised by a medical writer to avoid rice and tapioca. We ourselves have long suspected rice and tapioca of being conducive to that "fed-up" feeling.

* * *

Roadmenders in South Africa recently found traces of alluvial gold. Apparently the roadmenders in Regent Street refuse to give up hope.

* * *

A young man employed in a Devon brickfield has expressed a desire to become a heavyweight pugilist. We deplore this hankering after a life of ease.

* * *

It is suggested that articles in West End shop-windows labelled "For the Moors" are intended for the Americans. Then why aren't they labelled "For the Americans"?

* * *

A defendant told a London magistrate that he always liked to hear his neighbour's piano going. So do most of us when it is the instalment men taking it away.

* * *

A reviewer complains that war-books depict generals with feet of clay. But surely everybody had feet of clay in Flanders!

* * *

"No man should die rich," says a Labour weekly. And the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is doing his best.

* * *

It is estimated that if all the gas-pipes in London were placed end to end they would reach the centre of the earth. They are much better left as they are.

* * *

A contemporary suggests that embarkation officers might be given lessons in deportment. Our feeling is that this would tend to displace the lessons in deportation for which they are already famous.

* * *

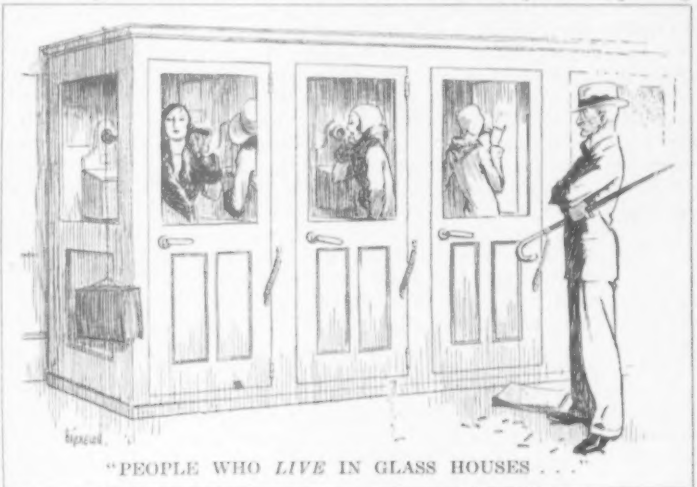
A gossip-writer says he visited the Zoo for the first time last week, although he had lived in London for forty years. It is wonderful how these Societies carry on just on the off-chance.

* * *

Too few motorists seem to appreciate the aphorism that pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.

* * *

Chinese postmen are demanding higher wages; but no serious fears are entertained of an impending Christmas-Boxer rising.



"PEOPLE WHO *LIVE* IN GLASS HOUSES . . ."

BATTLETWIGS.

NOT long ago I said something about the dialect novel, and I am gratified to learn from a recent article that Miss SHEILA KAYE SMITH agrees with me. She does not care, it seems, for the dialect novel so richly compounded that it requires constant annotation at the bottom of every page. As for instance:—

"In girt (1) swale (2) Colin gloughed (3) his wug (4) on the dap (5) of her biddle (6).

(1) *girt* = great.
(2) *swale* = rage.
(3) *gloughed* = hit, or struck.
(4) *wug* = wife.
(5) *dap* = top.
(6) *biddle* = head."

And I feel inclined, on the whole, to agree with her.

Nevertheless there are novels, and novels full of a great fire and passion, in which some such annotation is necessary if a reader is to gain the full value out of his subscription to the circulating library. And such a novel (surely) is my friend Arthur Gorley's forthcoming romance, entitled *Battletwigs* (Pither and Dratt—we hope—9/6 net), the MSS. of which I have been privileged to read in advance.

Nothing, I am certain, is likely to do more harm to Arthur Gorley's literary reputation than to allow this striking piece of fiction to be published without notes. I have said so during lunch to Pither, and I have said so at dinner to Dratt. The plot seems to me magnificent. It is gloomy, of course, but in a rustic novel one expects gloom. From the outset, when the young farmer, Groke, falls in love with Helen, his neighbour's wife, and kills the husband by persuading him to eat a poisoned mangel-wurzel, right onward to the tragical moment when the girl Lilian, whom Groke has previously betrayed, attempts, with the aid of a young bacteriologist, to infect her former lover's cattle with foot-and-mouth disease, and up to the time when the dykes burst in a thunderstorm and Groke is drowned in trying to rescue his pedigree pig, there is little to relieve the atmosphere of foreboding which seems to hang like a mist on the marshland over the story, and will in fact be mentioned as so hanging on the dust-jacket.

But this gloom, this melancholy will certainly not strike home if Arthur fails to follow my advice and to attach a glossary to his tale. I would sooner bear the extra cost of printing myself than see a book so full of promise ruined by any vestige of obscurity.

Take a simple case. On p. 47 of the typescript, Groke is standing in the swatch, and is holding in his right hand a stowling of glur and in his left hand a cheslop. In these unusual circumstances he calls his rival a blutherbunged moozles and challenges him to fight for Helen's love.

How, I ask, is the reader to appreciate the exquisite sincerity of this scene unless he is immediately made aware of the fact that a *stowling* means a large lump, that *glur* is very fat bacon, *cheslop* the stomach of a calf, used when dried to curdle milk, and *swatch*, a low place where stagnant water lies? Even the words *blutherbunged moozles*, though we may well imagine their significance, give us a far truer insight into the psychology of peasant life when we realise that they mean "a slow-witted person who loses the thread of conversation or breaks down in his speech."

Not that Groke's rival actually betrays any such failing, for he responds almost without hesitation by speaking of the young farmer as a salloping blobkeight, which means "a kind of fish with a clumsy mode of progression," and throws a cawk (or hard white stone) at him. The fact that the butterbump is booming during the whole of the interview should give an added sense of eeriness to this wild scene amongst the fens. But I doubt whether it will do so unless it is made absolutely clear that "butterbump" is the Lincolnshire word for a bittern.

This thread of confusion runs, in fact, through the whole narrative. On p. 105 Groke is made to say to his horse, "Hauve!" which means "Move to the left!" But how is the reader to know it does not mean "Move to the right!" unless a footnote is provided? On p. 507 Helen finds a heder, or male lamb, entangled in some briars. Only a very few subscribers to MUDIE'S can be aware that *heder* does not mean a female lamb, or even a powder-puff or a vanity-bag, which would entirely ruin the pathos of the situation, just as it would if the kibunkus, or bronchitis that she catches on p. 604 should be taken to mean a mere cough or a mouse or a butterfly.

Groke himself "hossucks" on p. 721. I do not blame him for this, but for several pages I was under the impression that he had damaged himself severely or was attempting to drive some new type of agricultural machine; and indeed it was only on talking it over later with Arthur Gorley himself that I found the young man had done nothing but laugh. Lilian again, when taken by the police, is lithing lobscooge at the hub end. It needs a swift and accurate psychology to grasp at once that the girl is doing no more than thickening gruel or porridge at the grate. There are a thousand instances of this sort. They increase as the book proceeds. And even the solemn close, when Nemesis has overtaken the ruthless and passionate young farmer, and Lilian, released from prison, returns to her desolate home in the ruined village on page 1209, suffers (to my mind at least) from the misleading nature of the final phrase—

"Waffy, she trammocked through the roil."

—which Arthur assures me is the local way of saying, "Half-witted, she wandered through the mire."

Once again I appeal to Messrs. Pither and Dratt. If *Battletwigs* is to be the success, or rather the unparalleled success, of the autumn publishing season it must not be issued as it stands.

EVOE.

THE RETURN OF THE EXILE.

["Eros, of Piccadilly fame, is about to return from exile after an absence of seven years."—*Daily Paper.*]

"Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν,
Shall we really behold you again?
Shall we feel your sharp arrows
Strike into our marrows
With secret delirious pain?

Seven years have gone by since the crime
That removed you from us in your prime,
When changes that irk us
Began in the Circus,
And where have you been all the time?

Have you practised on Ministers stern?
Have you made County Councillors yearn?
Have you learnt yet another
New trick from your mother
To play on us when you return?

You will find us, I'd have you to know,
A more difficult prey to your bow,
For we've copied the habits
Of burrowing rabbits
And safe under pavement we go.

Mural Nightcaps for the Little Ones.

"Primrose yellow is light and dainty, especially for a child's bedroom, and pale *eau-de-vie* and apple green are both delightful."—*Home Paper.*

We have always held that crème-de-menthe is subtler and less stimulating.

"The bride's mother was attired in navy blue, and carried crimson roses, and the bride's mother, who was in black, had a bouquet of pink roses."
Northampton Paper.

Any further information about the bride's mother will be gratefully received by Mr. Punch.



THE ROAD CAT AND THE RAIL MOUSE.

[Recent statistics showing a decline of 6,567,909 railway passengers in the month of May illustrate the formidable competition of the motor-coach services.]



"GOOD-MORNING— MISS JONES.'

RETURN TO VICTORIA.

"I HAVE got Bébé Lisle staying with me," wrote Mrs. Lambsdowne, "and I should be so glad if you will come and see us a lot while she is here. I shall give several parties and luncheons and a dance for her, in which you must consider yourself included. She is longing to meet you and is such a bright girl."

"How foul!" I said to the family, handing the letter round. "How dare the creature long to meet me! A perfect stranger! And 'Bébé,' too! I bet she's a cat and hopes I've got a face like a basin so that it'll set her clothes off better——"

"Darling, do leave off raving and be fair."

"I can't. 'Bébé!' With a name like that you dance in Parisian revues with a muff and a pair of high-heeled shoes and nothing else, and lie in bed till noon and spill chocolate on the sheet. . . ."

"You forget she lives in Hampshire——"

"Then she'll be a horse in tweeds, and say things are stunnin' and talk about 'glorious runs without a check.'"

"Not with a name like that," said my sister, "Bébés don't wear tweeds. They are essentially hand-embroidered."

"Then she'll be one of these frightful creatures in Eton crops, who play tennis in vaccination marks and would pull out their lipstick in the middle of the Psalms. And she'll be fifteen years younger than I and yet contrive to make me feel about fourteen, and backward at that. And she'll have a two-seater and be rung up without ceasing by Bertie and Charlie and Jim and Pushface and Snibs and Stinker, and the house will resound with 'Old Things' and 'Dear old Eggs'——"

"Anyway," said my sister, "Mrs. Lambsdowne will do you well. I should concentrate on the food, and it would be a kindness to the poor old catfish as she hasn't any daughters of her own."

* * * * *

Bébé Lisle proved to be none of our Bébés. She was a type one just remembers as one recollects the Tivoli before it was pulled down. She was only twenty-six, but was just sufficiently *démodée* to be definitely more disconcerting than the night-clubbing and Snibs-Pushface sort or the openly old-fashioned relic that winces when one lights a cigarette. I have friends of both kinds whom I sincerely like and even respect, and they have the qualities of their defects in that one knows exactly where one is with them and what manner, face and language to pin on in their company. But in Bébé Lisle I met my Waterloo.

She met me at the top of the stairs and, putting her arm through mine (and giving it a little squeeze), took me up to her bedroom "to have a good talk." When I had got over that she showed me an album of snapshots. "And *that*," she almost whispered, "is Arthur."

"Capital!" I exclaimed robustly. "And who *is* Arthur?" She fidgeted about a bit and said she was going to a dance that night, and fidgeted and said he would be there and had engaged her for three dances, and fidgeted. And then she asked me if I "could keep a secret," a question I thought went out after the Boer War as between females.

When I distastefully admitted that I could, she said, "I—think he will speak to-night," and I can honestly say that for a second I didn't know what she was driving at.

She laughed through luncheon on cider and asked me if it wasn't "ripping."

The following day she rang me up and said she had some news for me.

"Get to it, Bo," I said deliberately

"I'm afraid I didn't catch——"

"Never mind. I'll come round."

* * * * *

Arrived at Mrs. Lambsdowne's, I found the Lisle waiting for me in a state of suppressed flutter, and, again deliberately, I became thickly obtuse. She looked at me with a sort of smiling challenge and I commented unfavourably upon the congestion of traffic in Knightsbridge. She whispered, "I am so happy!" to which I replied, "Good.

I should be too if my shoes were half a shade larger." She then committed the eighth deadly sin of asking whether she might call me by my Christian name. Hot with discomfort, I had to say Yes, at which she beamed and said, "And you must do the same, please."

After that she looked at a bunch of roses on the table and sighed, so I civilly groaned at a vase of dahlias on the mantelpiece. This seemed to cheer her up a lot, and she came over to me on the sofa and sat down almost on my lap and silently laid her left hand upon my wrist. Upon her finger was a very new ring of the type described in jewellers' catalogues as "Gem, Lady's Dress Ring set diamonds, brill., lus."

She must have sat there arranging her hands at me for nearly two minutes while I looked polite. Finally she thrust the fourth finger of her left hand nearly into my mouth and, when that was no good either, she told me that she was engaged.

Arthur, it seemed, was the Dearest Man On Earth. She hadn't been sure if he Cared in what she described as That Way. But at the dance he had looked at her, "and," said Miss Lisle, "*then I knew.*" And finally (squeezing my arm), "I am going to give a trousseau tea——"

"A WHAT?" I shouted, for I thought that sort of thing had gone out for ever in 1914, though I just remembered the expression.

Did I "see" her in beige? She thought pink for. . . .

She also thought blue. Struggling under piles of lingerie, I came up at last to breathe, and was visited by a wonderful idea.

Bébé was obviously a survival. It might be interesting to act as a National Trust and preserve her for England. There may be going to be a revival of her sort of thing, and my friends both of the wincing and the Pushface schools of thought should come in on the crest of the wave. We would re-establish the blush, the shy glance, the confidence; we would practise walking about entwined. Once more the whispered secret should come into its own, with inexpensive prizes for those who murmured, "May I call you Madeleine?" most winningly and achieved the best girlish laugh.

I would—oh, glory!—give a Book Tea for Bébé, as being the most *démode* entertainment in the world. I would be *The Woman in White* (in a white frock), or *Three Weeks*, with a card marked "August 1st–21st."

When I told Miss Lisle she was enchanted and said, "How perfectly ripping! You *do* have such original ideas!" RACHEL.



Uncle (affably). "AH, ROBERT, I SEE YOU COLLECT CIGARETTE-CARDS."
Robert. "YES, UNCLE, I DO; BUT FROM PURELY ÆSTHETIC MOTIVES."

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Museum and Art Gallery at Sunderland from September 6 to October 4; at Birkenhead from October 11 to November 8; at Norwich from November 22 to December 27; at Reading from January 3 to January 31, 1931; at Lincoln from February 14 to March 14; at Wolverhampton from March 28 to May 9; and at Blackpool from May 23 to July 4.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

"Woodfull and Fairfax withstood the attack for 20 minuets."—*Daily Paper.*

As far as we can remember, Grandmamma succumbed in the second one.

THE POLTERGEIST.

OUR house has been haunted. It was only a small haunt lasting about three days; not much as haunts go. There was no blood and nothing without its head. Quite a homely affair altogether.

It began with bells. The main electric-bell of the house suddenly took to ringing every now and then; and as far as we could make out nobody had rung a bell at all. Not that there was much new in this. Our present Kitchen, who is slightly deaf, often thinks nobody has rung a bell at all and, when the sound of a bell *does* penetrate into her cerebral processes, as like as not she answers the telephone or waddles to the back-door to see the ambulance go by.

Neither was the room-indicator much help in solving the mystery. It has never been the same since it developed a temperament after some rough handling by a slightly sozzled workman. It now possesses, like an old but persevering county family, poor connections; you know—half of them have gone wrong and the rest are not all there. To explain in more detail: If you were to come and call upon us, your polite pressure of our front-door bell would appear by the indicator to have come from Bedroom 2, while the fact that the Drawing-Room bell to all visual intents and purposes is a summons from the Bathroom has led to several embarrassing moments and the abrupt departure of at least one shy maid. So, as you can see, it took several misunderstandings and false starts before we discovered that the ghostly bell really *was* ghostly and not some lost member of the household feeling faint in a far upper-room.

It was always the same one, we found. The indicator called it Bedroom 4, but we knew that was all bunkum, because the real Bedroom 4 bell always rings under the pseudonym of Study, generally with a slight jaggle on Hall-Door as well. After some intense processes of deduction we discovered that Bedroom 4 here meant Bathroom. Further experiments conducted at intervals with terrific enthusiasm by the whole household and anyone who happened to drop in showed us that at the time the ghostly bell went there was no one at all in the bathroom—except on one occasion when the surprised occupant was able to prove, later of course, that she hadn't touched it.

This led us definitely to the realisation that we had a Poltergeist.

Apparently it was not an ordinary Poltergeist. Ordinary Poltergeists have great ideas on throwing crockery about; our Poltergeist was merely a trifle nervous and fond of baths. The only crockery broken during the short period we had it was a tea-cup, and that was attributed by the Kitchen to the cat and would no doubt have been (more rightly) attributed by the cat, had it been able to speak, to the Kitchen.

Unless of course the cat itself was the Poltergeist—a theory which we began to consider more seriously on the second day, owing to the creature's fondness for roaming all over the house and particularly the bathroom. Though as a cat it couldn't reach the bell, as a Poltergeist it might. Aunt Araminta, who was staying with us, was firmly of this opinion and would tell us, if not stopped in time, her famous story of the cat which was once a ghost, or the ghost which was once a cat—I never can remember which. To this theory of hers the cat itself contributed even more definitely by continually creeping under the bath in search of presumably ghostly mice, then getting itself inadvertently shut into the room and subsequently asking to be let out by mewing distractedly late at night. Or, as Aunt Araminta insisted, by ringing the bell.

On the third day, after a night spent in occasional bell-ringing by the Poltergeist, a definite discovery was made. Someone perceived that the ghost bell rang whenever an extra heavy lorry passed on the road outside. At this we heaved a sigh of relief and sent for the electrician (up till then it had been touch-and-go whether we didn't send for a veterinary surgeon and a psychical expert instead). He inspected the bathroom and under the interested eyes of the whole household, including the Kitchen, Aunt Araminta and the cat, who had the best vantage-place of us all, he took up several boards from the floor, disclosing dusty rafters, the ceiling of the scullery and manifold wires and pipes. He rummaged about and suddenly the ghostly bell rang.

"'At's it," he said; "there you are."

"What!"

He explained his diagnosis. It was defective insulation or intussusception of the wiring-system or something. Whenever the house shook to a heavy lorry there was a wrong connection and the Bedroom 4 (*né* Bathroom) bell rang without the button being pressed. So, much relieved—all except Aunt Araminta, who said she didn't believe it and science was not what it was in her young days—we left him to lay the ghost, which he had done by tea-time.



Kind old Lady (to hero, who is about to brave the rapids in a barrel). "WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING TO READ?"

At least he laid part of it. For we had just finished dinner when a frantic mewing told us the cat was once more shut in the bathroom. I went up and opened the door for it. It didn't come out, but stayed mewing away somewhere behind the bath. I tried to shoo it out with a broom, but it wouldn't come. I instigated a search; then, very pale and muttering exorcisms, I ran downstairs to light and company. For, though the cat had been mewing in the bathroom, there was no cat there!

Aunt Araminta was delighted and told three-quarters of her story before we all got up to the bathroom again. The mewing was still going on; there was still no cat.

Our stout hearts quailed. We retired into the next room, Bedroom 1, to talk it over—*and the invisible mewing followed us!*

Shaken to the core we rushed back into the bathroom, and again the ghostly cat came too. The mewing was now piteous, and suddenly there was a loud squeak and a wail of fear.

This was too much. Aunt Araminta was openly triumphant and in the general consternation managed to com-



OUR VILLAGE SPORTS.

EXTRAORDINARY MISHAP TO THE FAVOURITE IN THE EGG-AND-SPOON RACE.

plete her story and start it again. Then I had a brain-wave. I remembered the cat's passion for mouse-hunting in unexpected places; I remembered the electrician taking the floor-boards up.

Before I could explain my theory there was a yell of human terror from below and the Kitchen came stumping up in incipient hysterics, gabbling out that two cat's legs had come through the scullery-ceiling.

I took the floor-boards up again and laid the Poltergeist for good and all. It was just as well, otherwise the ghostly cat would have been a ghost for ever. And then *nothing* could have stopped Aunt Araminta. A. A.

"In the room were three empty bottles, which had apparently contained port wine together with bundles of letters, bills and newspaper cuttings."—*Portsmouth Paper.*

Now we know where grocers file their correspondence.

"The ballroom was made captive by means of a steel hawser wound round a huge drum placed on a lorry."—*Liverpool Paper.*

At the end of a long waltz we have often sighed for such a contrivance.

"Mr. A. D. Lindsay, Master of Ballia, considers the present generation of Undergraduates the finest he ever encountered."
Indian Paper.

This must come as a great relief to all the young Balliasses.

THE VISITOR.

THE Country smiles with happy grace,
Its folk are hale and red,
But the City is a loathsome place
Where feverish colds are bred,
Which soon distort the noblest face
And dull the sharpest head.

It soon appeared that one of those
Had struck our latest guest,
For he did not heed the gleaming rows
Of scabious at their best,
But sniffed with all his power of nose
And coughed with all his chest.

He did not watch the rhubarb smile
With its wholesome ruddy glow,
Nor praise the humble camomile
In its coronet of snow;
Instead he groaned in anguish, "I'll
Be ill—I told you so."

He did not note the cannas swing
In the gentle summer breeze,
Nor hear the playful blackbird sing
In the ditch beneath the trees;
Instead he cursed like anything
And set his face to sneeze.

He did not heed the onion sets
Which clove the ground apart,
He did not smell the violets
With a glad and fulsome heart;
Instead he merely murmured, "Let's
Know when it's time to start."

He sat him down upon a bench
In which he found some faults
And muttered that the greenhouse stench
Suggested family vaults;
I merely answered, "Pray don't mensh,"
As he sniffed carbolic salts.

The Country helped its guest's slow pace,
A parting word it said,
And the City claimed that chronic case,
Leaving behind instead
A swollen beak on every face
And an ache in every head. E. P. W.

An Hereditary Trait.

"The winner is by Belfonds out of Corset and would seem to be a very genuine stayer."
Daily Paper.

Exhortations which will be Resented.

"LADIES, DO NOT DISCARD YOUR OLD BAGS!!"
French Edition of English Paper.

The Malice of the "Mike."

Extract from the Report, in the log of a B.B.C. Engineer, of the transmission of a Sunday afternoon Church Service:—

"1503. Minister blasting heavily. Congregation faint."

In the interests of decorum it is only right to add that "blasting" is the technical term for speaking too loud into the microphone.

THE CHANGING FEUILLETON.

NOTHING is of more interest to the student of modern literature than the change in the character of the feuilleton, or, as it is perhaps safer to call it, the serial. I cannot, I fear, claim the proud title of "A Constant Reader," owing to the deplorable lack of enterprise of *Punch* and the stolidly respectable journals which provide my weekly and Sunday reading; but on our annual holiday, with that readiness to damn the expense which has made the travelling Englishman a by-word throughout two continents, I cheerfully lay out a further sixpence a week on a paper of more domestic appeal. In an additional spasm of generosity I also purchase Phyllis a copy of *Home Snippets*—in which the same mixture is dispensed in larger doses, or, if you prefer it, the same Hippocrene may be quaffed in more generous beakers—to relieve the tedium of the journey, both going and coming home; though I should be seriously annoyed if her preoccupation with the children permitted her to enjoy it before I had quite finished with it.

Yet such sparing and infrequent cultivation of the serial enables me better, perhaps, than its more confirmed addicts to appreciate the changes it has undergone. Not long ago the least sensational had to provide at least one *peripeteia* per instalment, and was headed by a lengthy cast containing several members of the peerage, the majority of whom, doubtless for the best of reasons, were pretending to be someone else, each of the *dramatis personæ* being neatly linked to the following by some such convenient formula as, "She is madly in love with . . ." or "He feels an unaccountable aversion from . . ." As thus:—

Kitty Rosemullion, a charming London typist, but whose birth is wrapped in mystery, while winkle-catching at Southend encounters

Jasper Tremayne, who is masquerading as the Earl of Clamjamfray. Half unwillingly, for she does not wholly trust him, she is beginning to respond to his advances when in a mysterious interview she is warned against him by

Donald Dumbell, the rightful earl, who is touring the watering- (and beering-) places of the East Coast with a concert-party which includes the notorious

Señora Panatella, professionally known as "La Corona." She has discovered *Jasper's* secret and threatens to reveal it to his *fiancée*,

The Hon. Rowena Beaumollet, who, though betrothed to *Jasper*, is really in love with

Charles, his friend.

At the concert-party's opening performance an infernal machine is discovered in the harmonium.

Now read on and don't say you haven't been warned.

To-day these simple methods no longer serve. The peers, spurious and genuine, and the adventuresses have disappeared along with the daily incident. There is indeed scarcely any action and no happy ending. Wedding bells, if they sound at all, sound OFF, merely as a prelude to further unpleasantness all round. The protagonists mostly belong to the cocktail classes and are of uniform unattractiveness, with the exception of the hero, who is outstandingly repellent. Their chief occupation, apart from eating, drinking and dancing on the most expensive scale, is the attempted analysis of their own and one another's emotions, which are of the most incalculably varying character and express themselves in the oddest manner in their faces. The pathetic fallacy is rampant, and the meanest flower that blows can produce psychical reactions such as WORDSWORTH never dreamed of. The whole is couched in a prose of various tints of purple enlivened with a nice derangement of epithets and a wealth of curious metaphor.

Let us for example imagine the characters—they generally go about *en bloc* and their individual identity is of small importance—attending a performance of our concert-party at Southend; only it would have to be Pourville or Juan-les-Pins:—

"As the pianist, with a forced jollity that suggested to Wentworth the out-of-season delicacies that baited Etain's little dinners, embarked upon the prelude to a song whose glittering notes had the acrid sweetness of heather honey dripping from a plated spoon, he turned to survey his companions. Shealagh was leaning forward, the cameo of her profile embossed upon the prune velvet of the sky, incongruously sequined with mocking stars and pinned up by the topaz of the moon. In her enjoyment of the song she had momentarily lost her air of hesitating vigilance and seemed to glimmer with the mysterious radiance of a chrysoprase seen through the waters of a slightly muddy pond or the phosphorescent gleam of a dubious shad in the crepuscular depths of some suburban larder. Drawn by the poultice of his gaze, she turned, and for the millionth part of a second the brightness left her face, as though some unseen hand had hidden its lucidity under a splodge of dough. The next instant her features sparkled into the familiar darkling and three-cornered smile that always reminded him of a sleeping dragon-fly or the scent of cool grey marble shadowed by the bloomy glory of a Cox's Orange."

And so on with the faces of the other characters for the remainder of the instalment. The odd thing is that not one of them ever asks anybody else why the (aposiopesis) he, or more often she, is indulging in such extraordinary grimaces. But of course if they did there would be no more serial.

THE SUPERIOR SEX.

WHEN that grand old tale is related
How the First Man tripped and fell,
Is it seriously stated
That the Woman tripped as well?
Fall of Woman! Who's been heard to
Use the phrase since Time began?
No! The episode's referred to
Always as the "Fall of *Man*"!

When in Eden's shady purlieus
That old Serpent at the Fall
Saw poor ADAM and his girl use
Leaves to clothe themselves withal,
How he must have felt the laughter
Thrilling through each sinuous coil;
"Now," he gloats, "the long hereafter
Holds for both a life of toil.

"Man's received a sentence that'll
Make him live by sweat of brow,
While the jade's become his chattel,
So she'll have to serve him now;
EVE no more is ADAM'S equal;
The inferior sex is she!"
Thus the Serpent; but the sequel
Shows how wrong Old Nick can be.

Many a post she can't expect or
Even say she wants to fill
(Such as soldier, tax-collector,
Navvy with pneumatic drill);
Work—at sea, on land, in city—
Still must be Man's earthly goal,
While his Eve looks cool and pretty
And—out-votes him at the poll.

Have you ever closely read it,
That old story of the Fall?
On results now can you credit
That the Woman fell at *all*?
Fall of Woman! Who's been heard to
Talk such bosh since Time began?
No! The episode's referred to
Rightly as the "Fall of *Man*"!

Our Hard-Baked Tradesmen.

"For Sale, Baker's Business, good trade, large oven, present owner been in it seventeen years."—*Advt. in Kent Paper.*

"Miss Mercedes Gleitze, who swam the Channel in October, 1297, was married on Saturday."—*East Anglian Paper.*

That was the year when she used the Plantagenet Crawl all the way from the Cinque Ports to Flanders.



"We don't know wot's the matter with 'im, Mrs. Green. The doctor says 'e can't dognose it."

BIG GAME.

The Giraffe.

The giraffe, though admirably equipped for sight-seeing, is by instinct painfully shy and consequently neglects the unique opportunities its long neck would afford of watching spectacles like a football-match in comfort. The giraffe merely uses its uncommon stretch for the purpose of feeding on the upper leaves of trees, and the slightly superior expression which may be detected on its features is due to its constantly having its head in the air.

There are, however, drawbacks about the possession of a seven-foot neck. For instance, it is difficult for the animal to observe exactly where it is putting its feet, and a fall always seems further to a giraffe than to animals nearer the ground. Also it takes much longer for it to quench its thirst.

The giraffe has a habit of crossing its legs when it runs, a trick occasionally observed in racehorses. It is not difficult to shoot, provided one has a licence; but the best hunters secure their specimens by climbing to the top rungs of a green step-ladder and making noises like a caterpillar, whereupon the giraffe approaches with his mouth open and the sportsman blows smoke down its throat. This makes it cough, and a giraffe with a cough is in no position to offer any resistance.

Like many other quaint animals with very long necks and supercilious expressions the giraffe possesses a minimum of brain-power. It can, however, go to sleep in two storeys at once, which is a decided advantage should it have a wife who snores.

"Architects of the new League of Nations meeting hall at Geneva state that it will be available for the 1933 Assembly."
Essex Paper.

It seems probable to us that in making this awful suggestion they only spoke in the heat of the moment.

IT PAYS TO TELL:

Being the memoirs of a lady-novelist, with acknowledgments to Miss ETHEL MANNIN.

I.

THIS is a very indiscreet book for me to be writing. Everybody will probably hate me for it, but *I* don't care. I am like that; I have always been terribly independent and original. When I was a child my mother often used to look up from her knitting and say, "Really, Gracie, you *are*!" She was quite right; I am. She also always used to say, "Whether work or whether play, always tell the truth;" so here you are. Here is the truth, suitably watered down or coloured up as it happens to suit me. After all, I am an artist. But I am also a woman; that first. Oh, certainly, that first.

II.

I believe in women having love affairs. I have had heaps. People admire Ninon de L'Enclos; I don't see why they shouldn't admire me. Of course I expect the narrow-minded and the orthodox to be shocked and scandalised, but, as I said, I am going to tell the truth, so there! I have written books and stories in intervals of having love affairs ever since I was seventeen, and I am going to bring up my daughters to do exactly the same and to tell me all about them. I never told my mother anything about mine, so that I imagine she will have rather a shock when she reads this book; but it's not going to be like that with my children. When I read their books I shall say, "Darling, you *have* left out a lot!"

I shall never forget the day my third lover left me to go to America. I wept for five hours without stopping and refused all food for two days, except for a little caviar and champagne. My emotions were peculiarly intense and I made an awfully good book out of them afterwards; but all the critics loathed it. I think they were wrong, but I'm not in the least bitter about it. At least I hope I'm not. Still, I can't forget. It does rankle.

III.

I have met a great many famous people in my time and accepted their hospitality and given them charming dinners in return, and now I'm going to tell you exactly what they're really like. There's Laura Lewisham, for example, who outwardly seems such a charming woman, and then goes and makes copy out of her friends. And Winifred Walham-Green, the novelist, who looks exactly like a particularly revolting kind of slug. I don't mean that unkindly, any more than she meant it unkindly when she said of me that I reminded her of an exquisite damask rose still wet with dew. It is just a good, true, clever description, absolutely impartial and without malice.

And then there's Wembley Park, the playwright, who once said to me, "Women with your attractions are a menace to Society," and little Helen Harringay, whom you would never suspect from her conversation of being able to write those very brilliant novels of hers. She never seems to me, when I meet her socially, to have any brains at all, but her books sell quite amazingly, and her house in the country, where I have spent so many delightful week-ends, is really enchanting.

Of course there are some people whom I like and deeply admire, even though you might not think so. There's Muswell Hill, the sculptor, who made such a beautiful bust of me, and Isabel Pentonville, the greatest of all women critics, though she is not always recognised as such, who once wrote to me on a postcard: "Your new book is worse than anything I have ever read, but it has real genius." They are both brilliant, fascinating and talented people, and they are my most intimate friends, especially Isabel, who will probably review this book.

And then there is Bognor Regis, the great newspaper-proprietor, who always makes me feel a little uncomfortable because he never seems as anxious to know me as I am to know him; and all the fascinating celebrated men who have been in love with me and asked me to fly with them. At least I think they did.

IV.

I have really enjoyed writing this book, and I imagine that it is going to do extremely well. Nothing succeeds like indiscretion. Of course I shall probably never again be invited to the houses of the people I have dared to tell the truth about. But what does that matter if you can sell—well, I don't think I'll tell you how many copies I expect to sell of this. After all, one must be reticent.



Testy Diner. "I SAY, WAITER, THIS RAGOUT ISN'T HALF AS APPETISING AS THE DEVILLED CHICKEN YOU GAVE ME YESTERDAY."

Waiter (under notice). "CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, SIR. IT'S MADE FROM THE SAME RABBIT."

Our Realistic Compositors.

"SHOWERS THROUGHOUT THE DAY AT MOGOK."
Rangoon Paper.

Hobopolis.

"Paying guests received in beautiful house in the heart of London. Buses and tramps stop near door."
Advt. in Norwegian Paper.

"Miss Amy Johnson left this afternoon for Hull, her home town, which has prepared a ADD SUSSEX TWO —? —? shrdluu welcome for her."
Evening Paper.

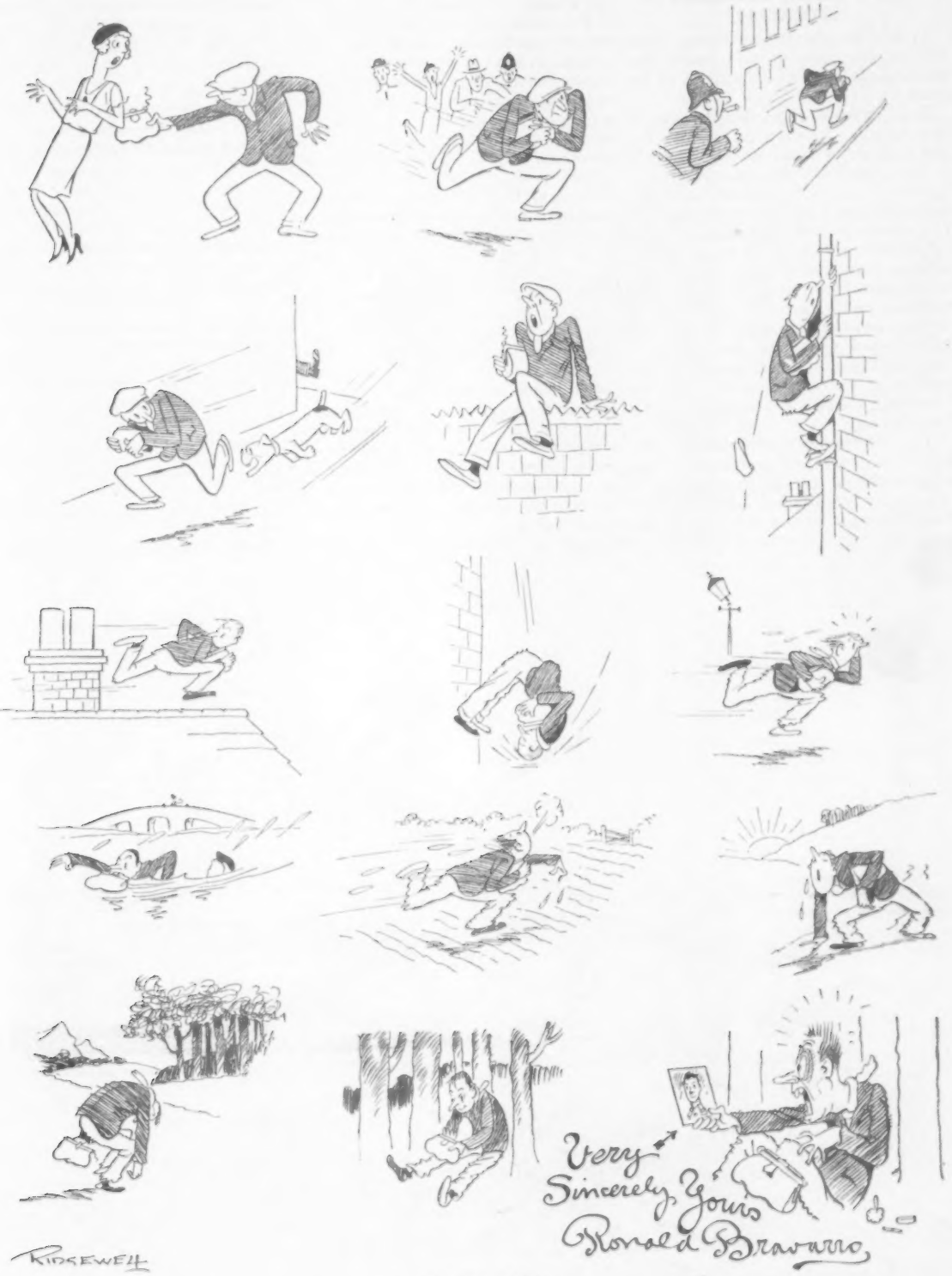
We consider it very sporting of Yorkshire to share her like this with another county.

"Immediate opportunity for a few ladies to take a course of —— SLIMMING TREATMENT given in a well-known establishment at specially reduced terms."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

The figures are apparently to be reduced all round.

Cricket Note.

'Tis said among the cricket nobs
Who search the records of our race,
Though GRACE has never played with HOBBS,
Yet HOBBS has always played with grace.



SNATCHED!

"WHERE ARE THE MUSHROOMS OF YESTERYEAR?"

IT is a popular fallacy among those who stay at places in the country that mushrooms grow "in the fields at the back."

It is even more of a fallacy to suppose that they can be grown on purpose. For the last seven years we have bought a thing labelled "Mushroom Spawn" that looks like a fire-lighter, and have installed it as a bed-fellow for the marrow at the end of the garden, with no appreciable result. Four years ago, to be sure, two isolated fungoids appeared on the base-line of the tennis-court some hundred yards away; but they seemed to have no obvious connection with the marrow-bed settlement and were, in fact, adjudged as a double-fault by the milkman, who stigmatised them as "tussles," which is evidently Lactic for "toadstools."

The "in-the-fields-at-the-back" fallacy is encouraged by your hosts as soon as any one of the party expresses a craving for mushrooms. Last year your hosts often gathered as many as eleven pounds—in fact they really did not know what to do with them.

This statement invariably results in the organisation of a disastrous expedition. In spite of the overcrowding of mushrooms in the fields it seems essential to go out after them very early in the morning. At about 5.30 A.M., then, you set forth with beaters, baskets and stout shoes; for at that time of morning the hillside is apt to be most abominably dew-pearled. The first two mushrooms looming ahead in the cold grey light of the dawn change quickly into pieces of paper unless you approach them very quietly. By the time the dew has reached your socks distinct traces of a ravaged mushroom have been found and there has been at least one tired argument about another excrescence, which is condemned by all except its proud discoverer as a puffball (or "puffie").

When the water has reached the turn-up of your grey flannels it is generally a sign that the time has come to go empty-handed to breakfast, at which meal the conversation turns once more upon the phenomenal outburst of mushrooms last year.

The whole proceeding is enormously healthy and leaves you very bad-tempered for the rest of the day, but does not go far towards the solution of the problem so aptly posed by the old Provençal poet—

"Où sont les champignons d'antan?"

Our Keen-witted Constabulary.

"NECKLACE STOLEN.
. . . The police suspect jewel thieves."
Australian Paper.

"FEMALE VEGETABLE COOK. To live out."
Advt. in Jersey Paper.

It seems a snip for the *Lady of Shalott.*

"TEST MATCH SEATS WANTED.—Two each Saturday and Wednesday."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We have only booked for the third Thursdays until Christmas.

"Mr. Justice Humphreys, at the first sitting of the Vatican Court yesterday, made absolute decrees nisi granted in 81 divorce suits."—*Birmingham Paper.*

We don't know what Pope Nisi Prius will say to this.



New Sportsman (having emptied his gun at many long-range birds without effect). "I WISH TO HEAVENS YOU BLOOMIN' DOGS WOULD BARK OR SOMETHIN' WHEN IT'S A REAL SITTER A FELLA COULD GET A PROPER POT AT!"

SOME CRICKET RECORDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am reluctant to criticise my confrères who are now busy reporting the final Test match for the dailies, but I would point out they badly missed their opportunities in dealing with the sensational dismissal of the Australians at Northampton on Monday last for ninety-three runs—the lowest score of the tour at the moment of writing. Not only was a record made—and incidentally it is hard for a cricket-match to be played which doesn't score a record of some kind—but hardly a wicket fell without a record for our cricket statisticians to note.

Thus the first wicket fell at fifteen, the first fifteen runs ever made by two Australians at Northampton this season and paradoxically the lowest first-wicket stand ever made by two first-class cricketers, neither of whom has ever been interviewed in the Press or signed autographed birthday-books.

BRADMAN, Boy BRADMAN, who has undoubtedly made a record by being alluded to as a boy in print more times than any young man out of his teens, who followed, scored twenty-two before playing on; this is the first twenty-two Boy BRADMAN has ever made in first-class cricket when giving a chance at the wicket from the first ball he received, and by leaving with the score at fifty-one he succeeded by two runs in saving the second wicket falling at forty-nine, which would have been a record had it happened.

After his departure WOODFULL and FAIRFAX withstood the attack of our bowlers for twenty minutes for one run, and so were one-third on the way to withstand the bowling for one hour for one run (which would have been a record if WOODFULL hadn't, jumping out to drive JUPP, missed the ball and was bowled). Curiously enough he had never been bowled before by a man whose name ends in double P, on a grass wicket on the first day of the week, only one day before grouse-shooting begins.

"FAIRFAX, stepping in front of the stumps to play JUPP, was bowled off his thigh," I quote *The Morning Post*, and KIPPAX being bowled by THOMAS directly afterwards, half the side were out for sixty-five. This constitutes a record, for had the ball kept lower he would either (1) have been out l.b.w. or (2), if the appeal had been disallowed, gone on batting. In either case there would have been a different record.

I must hasten on, merely pausing to point out that BECKETT, having hit two fours, was caught at backward point. This was the first time this season that a man played chiefly for his bowling has been caught at backward point after scoring two fours, and it constitutes a record.

We come now to the fall of the last wicket, that is the tenth, as one man always carries out his bat (it would be a record if he didn't). JUPP, by bowling WALL, brought the Australian innings to a close for, as has already been pointed out, the lowest score of the tour. This is a triple record, the first time JUPP has bowled WALL, the first time WALL has been bowled by JUPP and the first time WALL has been out for three to a bowler whose name, like his own, has only four letters. Finally, all these records have been made in the last match before the fifth or final Test match, which makes them even more interesting and valuable to lovers of cricket statistics.



"PHILIP, I MUST HAVE A COMPLETE SET OF NEW CLOTHES. I'M SURE THE ENTIRE NEIGHBOURHOOD KNOWS MY PRESENT WARDROBE BY HEART."
"BUT WOULDN'T IT BE CHEAPER TO MOVE TO A NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD?"

Another Record.

"Boy cycles from Newcastle to London on Half-crown."—*Placard of Daily Paper.*

In the early days of economical cycling they rode even further on a penny-farthing.



Man from the North. "SIT DOWN!"
Man from the South. "WHAT FOR?"
Man from the North. "CAN'T SEE COVERS."

ODE TO BLOOMSBURY.

O MANOR of the buried Blooms,
Where, underneath our leaden sky,
Dead monarchs, stolen from their tombs,
Lie bare before the casual eye,
How rich, how strange
Is this last change
Which, though offensive to the "hearties,"
Endears you to all high-browed parties!

A "noble suburb" in the days
Of lordly revels and carouses,
And palaces—in a later phase
Turned into squalid boarding-houses—
Again you claim
The trump of fame,
And a new life the quarter quickens
Once patronised by Dukes and DICKENS.

For now, resurgent from the hashes
Daily consumed in street and square,
Varied by sausages-and-mashes
And other undistinguished fare,
You phœnix-wise
Soar to the skies,
Uprearing to the highest n^{th}
Our intellectual upper tenth.

Here the Olympians who rule
The *Nation*, but despise the world,
At the poor unenlightened fool
Their burning bolts have freely hurled;
Heedless of Mode
Or Creed or Code
They plant the well-directed dart
Deep into Mrs. Grundy's heart.

Here serious economic lore
Is wedded to soft Lydian measures;
No WOOLFS are here kept from the door,
But welcomed in as perfect treasures;
While FRY and BELL
Combine to swell—
Twin hierophants with *una voce*—
The praise of BENEDETTO CROCE.

O blesséd Bloomsbury, where *Mutt*
And *Jeff* are never seen or known,
Nor ever *Pip* squeaks loudly, but
It lies in an enchanted zone,
The hub of brains,
The home of KEYNES,
Where LYTTON STRACHEY'S caustic pen
De-decorates our famous men.

Faced by this galaxy of wits
The doggerel bard, the scribe effete,
In conscious impotence emits
At best a miserable bleat;
No Philistine
Can hope to shine
In such a company august,
Asphyxiated and nonplussed.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch wishes to call the attention of his readers to the Factory Girls' Country Holiday Fund, a cause which at this season of the year appears to him to make a specially urgent appeal. This Fund, which is non-sectarian, serves a civic function of the first importance by assisting a large number of girls who work in factories and domestic service to go into the country for short holidays, from which they derive incalculable benefit. The brief change of air and environment which the Fund makes possible is often the only break in a year spent in overwork and unhealthy surroundings, and on all good citizens the claims of this organisation are very strong. Although the girls themselves contribute as they are able, the Committee find it difficult to meet the large demands upon their purse; they therefore hope that in its generosity the public will come to their assistance. Donations should be sent to The Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. SLATER, or Miss MARY CANNEY, at 75, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Our Parliamentary Tennis Players.

"Hughes's lobbying was very good. . . ."
Daily Paper.



IMPERIAL FOLK-DANCING.

MR. MAXTON RECEIVES HIS FIRST LESSON IN THE EAST-ANGLIAN MORRIS CALLED "BROOKING THE BEAVER."

["I dread and fear Lord Beaverbrook because of his personal capacity, his personal power, the resources he has at his command, and the fact that we have in our own ranks very valuable trends of thought which run to some extent in his own direction."—*Mr. Maxton at Welwyn, August* 11.]



FORGOTTEN JEALOUSIES.

A LEADER OF A LITERARY AND ARTISTIC COTERIE OF BLOOMSBURY BITES HIS THUMB AT A CHELSEA RIVAL IN THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF QUEEN BESS.

THE LILY POND.

I.—*Mr. Kittiwake writes to his brother Tom.*

August 9th, 1930.

MY DEAR TOM,—We returned to-day from a very enjoyable holiday only to find that during our absence we have been the victims of a highly respectable but obviously barmy firm of landscape-gardeners. Earlier in the year I had obtained an estimate for the construction of a miniature pond in the smaller lawn here. Before starting for Devonshire I wrote accepting the estimate and telling them to get on with the work while we were away (to escape the mess). Judge of my surprise when on arriving home I went into the garden and found no trace of the lily pond. I phoned at once, and they had the audacity to tell me the work had been done. I told them not to talk through their hats, but send someone down at once with a magnifying-glass, because it certainly wasn't visible to the naked eye.

Then I went into the garden to potter a bit, and having occasion later to mount a ladder to inspect one of my wall trees, I was amazed to discover that my neighbour Rampington had had a small pond made in *his* lawn. I could hardly believe my eyes, in fact I thought at first it must be some sort of a mirage. But there it was, and an odd feeling came over me that something was wrong.

While I was pondering a strange man emerged from Rampington's shrubbery and approached the pond with a puzzled expression.

"From Moss and Boddle by any chance?" I asked.

"Yes, I am Mr. Boddle," he answered. "There appears to have been some little misunderstanding about a pond, and I came down . . ."

"Are you in the habit of mislaying ponds?" I demanded sternly.

He looked hurt. "Mr. Kittiwake ordered the pond," he said, "and my partner, Mr. Moss, came down and made the original estimate. Subsequently Mr. Kittiwake wrote telling us to get on with the work during his absence, and I took charge of it. This is certainly the address he wrote from."

"I am Mr. Kittiwake," I said; "have you got my letter?"

He produced it. By an odd chance we had run out of headed notepaper at the time and I had been obliged to write the address. I am not a copper-plate calligraphist, as you know, but it is all rot about my writing being illegible; I can always make it out myself—or nearly always. At any rate nothing could be plainer than "The Inch" as I had written it, and I told him so. But this Boddle (what could you expect from a man with such a name?) had the impudence to say it looked exactly like "The Firs" to him.

This so amazed me that to clinch the matter I appealed to Molly, who had just joined us. Alas! daughters are not what they were, and Molly, after a brief inspection, said that, though she was not a student of Egyptian hieroglyphics, the symbols looked to her much more like "The Firs" than "The Inch." What do you think of her? Your favourite niece too!

Of course it placed me in a perfectly absurd position. It seems this illiterate Boddle hurled himself down here with two British workmen, found Rampington's gate unfastened, as I said mine would be, and proceeded without further inquiry to make a lily pond in Rampington's lawn. One doesn't expect the impossible from landscape-gardeners, but, considering the facilities for education, one does expect a simple capacity to read words of one syllable.

The thing was done, however, and

I decided, in view of Molly's treachery, to pay the bill and see what I could do with Rampington.

Rampington is a hot fellow and careful of the ducats, and it occurred to me that, if I remained in ambush, so to speak, until he had expressed satisfaction with the improvement (and after he has got over his first surprise he can hardly fail to do that), I could then tell him what had happened and ask him for at least part of the cost. On the other hand, if I explained at once, he would probably laugh, say he didn't like the thing, and leave me to foot the bill. This seems to me a bit of a masterstroke and I sincerely hope it will turn out according to plan. Very annoying, though. Does any suggestion occur to your legal mind?

Your affectionate brother,
HILDEBRAND.

II.—*Mr. Kittiwake writes again.*

August 11th, 1930.

MY DEAR TOM,—A deuce of a complication. Rampington returned to-day and has absolutely gone off the deep end about the pond. I never dreamed it would take him like this, but it seems a pond in the garden is one of the things that absolutely infuriates him. He says it is the most unwarrantable outrage on a man's property he has ever heard of, and one which could only happen under a "blasted Labour Government." It has utterly ruined his garden, and he is determined to unearth the perpetrator.

I was so taken aback by this outburst that, instead of explaining at once, as I ought to have done, I suggested mildly the pond might be a present from an anonymous friend. He retorted with some asperity that he possessed no friends so half-baked as to imagine he would like such a thing. What, he demanded, was the possible use of such a damned eye-sore?

I mildly suggested a lily or two, but he repeated the word "lily" so scorchingly that I hastily added, "or goldfish."

"My dear Kittiwake," he snapped, "are the people in this neighbourhood so deficient in taste as to imagine a potty little pond with an anæmic lily and half-a-dozen gaping (and often moulting) goldfish are an addition to any garden?"

"Some people," I protested, "find in a little water-garden an atmosphere of coolness and serenity which bring to the jaded soul——"

"Jaded grandmothers!" he interrupted irritably. "The whole infernal business is an enigma. I've heard of a man sowing tares among his neighbour's wheat, but never a man sowing ponds in his neighbour's garden. Can you even remotely suggest an explanation?"

"It certainly is an odd affair," I said.

That ended the conversation, and I was left in a most anomalous position. Of course my money is gone, but if after inquiry he manages to get hold of Moss and Boddle's name he will inevitably track me down, and then what indignity for a respectable middle-aged man! What do you advise? I feel like a trapped rabbit.

There is just one ray of hope. Rampington started golf these holidays (after deriding the game for years), and from what I can see is pretty badly bitten. It may head his thoughts from this confounded pond, though I doubt it.

Ever thine, HILDEBRAND.

P.S.—Do for Heaven's sake let me have some advice. Dash it! you are my lawyer as well as my brother.

III.—*And again.*

August 18th, 1930.

MY DEAR TOM,—You are a genius, though I can't for the life of me see why you wanted the help of two typists and a reading-glass to make out my last two epistles; sometimes, my dear boy, you are inclined to be fatuous.

I saw Rampington this morning and he was as hot as ever. He said his dog had bathed in the infernal pond twice and each time dried himself on the drawing-room cushions; and he himself, while walking round cursing it (the pond, not the dog), had slipped in and soaked himself up to the knees. He was as determined as ever to get to the bottom of it (the business, not the pond). In these days of Bolshevism, he said, it was up to every man to stand up for his rights. Then, my dear Tom, I breathed your insidious poison into his ear.

"Rampington," I said, "if I had a pond like that I should jump at the chance of practising short chips to the green. There is nothing teaches you to play firm lofted shots with back spin like a water hazard."

He stared, but gradually a far-away look crept into his face and a strange light shone from his eyes.

"Kittiwake," he said softly, "this never occurred to me before; as you say, it is a unique opportunity."

I only wish, my dear Tom, you could slip down here now and see him happily cutting his lawn to pieces with a mashie niblick. Already I think he has come to regard the pond as a gift from the gods. Upon my word I am almost tempted to present the bill.

Yours gratefully,
HILDEBRAND.

P.S.—Was your advice given legally or fraternally? If it was the former I suppose it will be in my next bill. Having regard to the loss I have already sustained, couldn't you, etc., etc. C. M.



Bride (going away). "I DO THINK THEY'VE GONE A LITTLE BIT TOO FAR, GEORGE. WHY, THEY'VE EVEN HIRED TWO PERFECT STRANGERS TO CHASE US WITH CONFETTI."

Things which might have been Expressed More Prettily.

"CHOIR GARDEN PARTY.

The gathering was a very friendly one and dragged on until nearly 11 P.M."
Parish Magazine.

When the Colonel Sneezed.

"STORM HAVOC IN THE CHAMPAGNE."
Manchester Paper.

Much more costly than a storm in a tea-cup.

"THE MODERN OVAL."
Manchester Paper.

How far less egglike than of yore!

"Lady, young, middle-aged, certificated teacher, desires Post, September."
Advt. in Church Paper.

We honour her for that sudden burst of candour.



House-Agent. "IF YOU WANT THE GENUINE THING, I HAVE A QUEEN ANNE HOUSE ABSOLUTELY UNTOUCHED SINCE 1714, WITH CENTRAL HEATING AND EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE."

THE SILVER RIBBON.

[A suggested re-construction from a passage in Mr. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY'S *Ur of the Chaldees.*]

In royal Ur, that stood between
The river and the drifting sand
To rule a flood with either hand,
There lived four thousand years ago
A King revered by friend and foe,
By mighty and by mean;
And lovely was his Queen.

There, monthly, when the moon was high,
The Queen within the temple ring,
With all her dancing maids would sing
To praise Nin-Gal, the silver Fate,
Who gives her children soon or late
A welcome in the sky.
Alas, that Queens must die!

One maid is rapt. Her thoughts are fled
Far from Nin-Gal. Her love is strayed
To him who gave the festal braid
For little Lady Moon to wear
Entangled silver in her hair,
Since soon they are to wed.
But ah! the Queen is dead.

The Queen has travelled far, and soon
From out the sky she seems to smile
In greeting, love and welcome, while
Her maidens left behind her pray
To join her in the far-away,
Implore the temple boon.
And one is Little Moon.

But Little Moon can hardly tell
If she should go, or stay, or go.
This way is shame and that way woe.
Obey the King? Regard her love?
"Oh! answer me, thou Queen above."
How can a maid rebel?
Surely the Fates do well.

She must consent. The monarch's frown,
Her Queen's appeal, her playmates' call,
Compel her to the temple hall.
She wears the beech-and-willow wreath,
With azure beads that hang beneath,
Puts on the scarlet gown—
But not the ribbon crown.

The poppy passport to the land
Of stars is ready. At the test
She drains the goblet. In the west
The full moon touches earth. She leaps
Across the brightening sky, and sleeps,
Still nursing in her hand
A coil of silver band.

Groping for the distant past, tile and arch and wall,
So we found the rusted band, like a solid ball,
Still tight twisted, by her side in the sacred hall.

"FOR SALE.
PEDIGREE PRAM, in excellent condition."
Advt. in Local Paper.

Blue oil in all its bearings?

"Traveller wanted to cover the whole of Lancashire and Yorkshire with Gramophones; permanent full time situation."
Yorkshire Paper.

Wouldn't tarpaulins be cheaper?

"SHAKESPEARE says: 'All men are liars.' Advertiser desires to meet one who is not."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

This is a nasty blow for the group of eminent critics who hold that BACON wrote the Psalms.



Critical Spectator (during dull game). "AN' THEY CALLS THIS CRICKET! BLIMY, THEY'RE ONLY *playing* AT CRICKET!"

THE WARM HEARTS.

"PEOPLE may talk," my lawyer said, "of man's inhumanity to man, and how getting money for a lame dog is like drawing blood from a stone, and so forth. Often enough it's true, but sometimes it's so untrue as to be ridiculous."

"Ridiculous!" I replied. "Is that possible?"

"Listen," he said. "I am peculiarly in a position to know, as you will shortly admit. Ridiculous is the word. Let me begin by saying that I am a trustee for a big business which a little while ago was sold. It began in a small way, but has prospered to such an extent that I was able to get three pounds apiece for shares that had cost only two shillings, and it was not only a satisfactory transaction as regards myself but a pleasure to be able to sit down and write out cheques for the surprised shareholders. Two bob doesn't often become three pounds behind your back, so to speak. The reverse is more frequent, before your eyes.

"Well, that is Chapter I. Chapter II. begins with a letter that I received from an old schoolfellow named Beaton. We were at Bledisloe together thirty and more years ago, both in the Cricket XI., both prefects, and afterwards went to the same college at Oxford. But we now rarely meet; I live in London; he comes up only on special occasions. Well, he wrote to me saying that, finding himself, a few weeks before, in Wiltshire on a motor tour, and knowing that Barringer, our house-master at Bledisloe, was spending his last years in Devizes, he called on the old chap to say how do.

"People may talk as they will about the antagonism of boys and masters and the gulf that is inevitably fixed between them; but there are exceptions. Barringer we all adored. He was simple and sincere, kind but just. In becoming a master he had not destroyed the boy within his heart and mind. How old he is now I am not certain, but not less than seventy-five, probably more.

"Beaton's reason for writing was to say that he was greatly disturbed by finding Barringer in such a poor state. On his ringing the bell the door was answered by the old fellow in person, in his shirt-sleeves, very grubby and shabby. Instead of his customary hospitality, he said he was very sorry but he couldn't ask Beaton in, particularly as there was no one to make any tea—in fact, no fire. He seemed so harassed and ill-at-ease that Beaton drove away in alarm, and immediately, being the kindest creature living, set about writing to all the old Bledisloe boys he could think of, urging them to subscribe to keep Barringer in comfort for his remaining years. He did not, however, include me in this rally, because he was, he said, saving me till the end. I suppose that, if the cheques came in badly, I was to have the honour of making up the sum to the required amount—the penalty of apparent worldly success.

"But such was Barringer's popularity they came in very well, and by the time I was told about the project a very useful old-age fund had been brought together. Beaton went on to inform me of the total, to ask me to add what I would and to advise as to the best course to pursue: whether to invest, to buy an annuity or to hand the whole sum over to Barringer to do what he liked with.

"I was flabbergasted. And for why? Because Barringer was among the shareholders of that company I told you of and I had myself sent him a cheque for fifteen thousand pounds only a little while before the Devizes visit. Either he had instantaneously lost it

or there had been some foolish mistake on Beaton's part.

"The next day I hurried down to Devizes to investigate: a lovely drive after you pass Newbury—through Savernake Forest—and then Marlborough and Silbury Hill, and I had a chance of seeing for myself how far the letters in *The Times* about the Bath Road widening are justified. Very unnecessary, much of it, I thought. I found the dear old boy among his roses in a state of bliss. The fifteen thousand pounds, he said, was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened. Not that he was in difficulties, not at all. Thank Heaven, he had a sufficient income. But it would make all the difference to some of his poorer friends and relatives.

"There was one thing, however, much on his mind, and that was a visit he had received two or three months before from my friend and his, Beaton. Beaton had arrived in his car at the most inopportune moment. Mrs. Barringer was away; he had sent the servants out and was having a real field-day such as he loved, re-arranging his books, going through old papers, with no interference whatever. He was afraid that Beaton might think him rude, but not having his address he had not written to apologise. . . .

"That's my story."

"And what happened to the money?" I asked.

"It was sent back," he said. "And as some time had elapsed and everyone had made up his pass-book since then and forgotten it, it was the subscribers who were the beneficiaries. A very odd situation. Charity is said to begin at home, but in this case it returned there. To be the surprised recipient of one's own bounty is a very unusual experience." E. V. L.

A CHINESE PUZZLE.

[In the cave at Chou Kou Tien, where a skull of Sinanthropus Pekinensis was found eighteen months ago, a second skull has been unearthed. Whereas the first fossil remains were pronounced to be those of a young woman of about eighteen years of age, the new skull is regarded as being that of a young man.]

Sinanthropus Pekinensis,
When you had your "but and ben"
In the cave at Chou Kou Tien,
Notwithstanding differences,
Weren't you much like other men?

True, your rather sloping braincase
Was a trifle thicker than
Those built on the modern plan,
And your tooth a pretty plain case
Of a link 'twixt ape and man.

But your heart, I'm sure, vibrated
Just the same as ours would do,
When you set yourself to woo
That fair maiden whom you mated
And whose bones were found near you.

When the dawn came up like thunder
On that first authentic day
And she wandered down your way,
Were not you and she, I wonder,
Very human China clay?

Did you not in tones impassioned
For consideration plead,
And, when she refused to heed,
Show her something you had fashioned,
Say a bracelet or a bead,

Till she finally consented
To accept your hand and heart,
And was sure it would be smart
If at Chou Kou Tien you rented
Just a small cave for a start?

Yes. And later in the gloaming,
When the cavern fire was low,
Did she never want to know
Where on earth you had been roaming
All those hours—so long ago?



Inspector. "ARE YOU AWARE THAT NONE OF YOUR PASSENGERS UPSTAIRS HAS A TICKET?"

Conductor (new to the job). "BLESS MY SOUL, SIR, THAT'S THROUGH ME LIVING IN A BUNGALOW."

Smith Minor Generally Knowledgeable.

"'*Kiss Me, Hardy!*': these were the last dying words of Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

"The engagement is announced of Mr. W. F. ——, second son of Mr. W. G. ——, the tobacco magnet."—*Glasgow Paper.*

A clear case of attraction.

". . . . and practical Brotherhood in the form of 450 eggs is something which comes from the heart and not the pocket."
Parish Magazine.

Except with really good conjurers.

AT THE PICTURES.

"THE BLUE ANGEL" (REGAL).

EMIL JANNINGS, being at the time a German professor in Hamburg, comes into his breakfast-room, smiles, sits down at the table, pours himself out milk and coffee, selects a roll, whistles to a bird, finishes breakfast, puts on his hat, walks down some stairs and along a lobby, enters a class-room, in which



PROFESSOR IMMANUEL RATH
(EMIL JANNINGS).

the lads leap to their feet, walks to his desk, sits down, tells the lads to sit down, feels in his pocket for a note-book, takes it out, opens and shuts one or two other books, looks round the form, looks round it again, does nothing at all for a moment or two, takes out his handkerchief and blows his nose. He blows it rather loudly, I admit, but even so, considering that none of his actions has been in the slightest degree hurried and that in thinking of them afterwards I cannot recall any of them as very sensational or charged with any deep emotional significance, I am surprised to remember that I followed every one of them with a thrilled and rapt absorption of a kind which I think has no parallel either in real life or upon the ordinary stage.

This then, apparently, is what the most brilliant film actors and actresses do. They sketch a character by performing for some time the commonest actions of everyday life and give the spectator the same kind of impression that he would receive from a similar study by a skilled writer not in a play but in a novel.

The Blue Angel at the Regal Cinema lacks nothing of emotional excitement as the plot proceeds, although this excitement is produced by the most familiar of all plots in the world. The happy if pompous professor falls hopelessly in love with a cabaret-girl, whom he meets because he is pursuing his students to the cabaret, a not very reputable place, frequented by mariners and a roughish kind of crowd. Discovered by the educational authorities because the boys draw funny and indecorous pictures on the blackboard and hail their preceptor with uproarious laughter and song, the professor is given the German equivalent of the sack. He marries his cabaret-girl, MARLENE DIETRICH, who plays the part with a nonchalant seductiveness that is very skilful indeed, and joins—how much altered from that old professor!—the dingy troupe. He has to peddle rather suggestive photographs of his wife amongst the guests at the cabaret. They make him a clown. They put a false nose and a huge collar on the poor old dominie. His wife begins to flirt with a beautiful professional strong man. It is almost too terrible to bear.

One of the tricks they want him to do is to have two eggs broken on his forehead by a conjurer and then crow like a cock. If you had told me before I saw this film that I could witness the photograph of an old man with a funny made-up face, yet a face racked with grief, and that I could hear him try to crow like a cock in vain, and at last crow hysterically and go on crowing hysterically till he went mad, and that seeing



AND WHAT A WOMAN BROUGHT HIM TO.

and hearing this I should not think, "How stupid! How grotesque!" but be filled by a real pity and horror for the tragedy, I should not have believed you. But so, with EMIL JANNINGS playing the part, it was. He groped his way back at last through the Hamburg snow to the school, staggered up to his old form-room, and died sitting at his desk, clasping the familiar table with his hands.

All these, of course, were extravagantly "cinematrical" effects, but so well produced that in me at least they aroused no undercurrent of mockery or scorn, as such effects very often do. I willingly concede my admiration both to the actors and directors of the film. Yet the voice-production was very often



BUT WHAT A WOMAN!
Lola . . . . . MARLENE DIETRICH.

dreadful. I was completely at a loss to know how much was meant to be in broken English, how much in ordinary English (if you can call talkie-English that) and how much in undiluted German. The conjurer, for instance, who in most of his shorter utterances did not seem to speak English at all, developed in one speech not only English language but a completely different voice; and the words of the heroine were a curious and sometimes alluring mixture of the two tongues. On other occasions the characters seemed to be smitten with sudden dumbness in the middle of an exciting and emotional scene, so that one suspected that the voices had been suddenly turned off at the main. I honestly believe, so good was the silent acting, that for three-quarters of the action sub-titles would have been better than sound. But then you will point out that the professor might never have blown his nose at the beginning nor crowed at the end, and I have been forced to admit the delightful comedy of the first noise and the unbearable tragedy of the second.

Whether this is a successful film from the box-office point of view I have not the slightest idea. Possibly not. It is very likely the Nemesis of the German nation that, having flooded the world with cheap goods, they are too artistic to produce films so second-rate as the film-public desires.

EVOE.

RESTRICTIONS REMOVED.

OUR guns are out of cases,
Our boots are off their trees.
The cubs run steeplechases
Before their enemies
Until their masks, suspended,
Adorn our saddle-dees;
Concurrently with these
The close time now is ended
For football referees.

The summer's safe protection
From them is now removed;
Their gifts of firm direction
And courage must be proved;
From dry and dusty throttles
Through whistles must be blown
Opinions of their own,
In spite of bricks and bottles
By fierce spectators thrown.

Such men, if they be cunning,
Have used their months of ease
In practising the running
Required of referees
To dodge the threatening million
Of Bills and Berts and Bobs,
And live for future jobs
By reaching the pavilion
Before the howling mobs.

W. H. O.

A RECORD?

RECORD-BREAKING is a popular pastime nowadays. Bun-consumption, tree-sitting, egg-balancing and so forth have produced champions. Peter and I are more ambitious. We are claiming the world's record railway non-stop run.

We are confident that not even the Canadian Pacific Railway can challenge our claim. For one thing the C.P.R. track is not oval, like ours, which is ten feet in length and encircles the boxroom.

Until Peter's seventh birthday our motive power consisted of a steam locomotive known unto us as Talos and a clockwork engine which, like the Garamantian oxen mentioned by HERODOTUS, would only proceed backwards. We therefore, with the assistance of the house current suitably transformed, electrified the track and purchased "Michael Faraday," an electrically-propelled locomotive.

"Michael Faraday" gave such ample proof of efficiency that in the course of an afternoon it frequently hauled the Royal Scot (up), the Flying Scotsman (down) and the Pines Express without manifesting any desire to lie down and die on the incline over one volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1911 edition).

Peter wished to transport the entire system to the cottage by the sea which we were to occupy for three weeks, but a certain feminine influence was exerted against the project. So on the morning of our departure Peter went upstairs to say good-bye to "Michael Faraday" while I loaded the car.

We will pass over the next three weeks and come directly to the conclusion of our homeward run. Peter was first out of the car and ran so eagerly upstairs that I followed him. Flinging open the box-room door he delightedly exclaimed, "Look, Father, 'Michael Faraday' is still running!"

Yes, "Michael Faraday" was still running, and had been for three weeks. That is why we are claiming the world's record non-stop run. That is why three weeks' absence will not show a corresponding decrease in my electricity bill.

I scarcely had the heart to chide my co-director upon his experiment in locomotive efficiency. In any case my wife says that I was responsible because of my failure to switch off the supply.

With confidence we await a challenge from the C.P.R., or even from the Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway Company, Ltd.



Veteran (recounting war experience). "SORT OF BLOKE HE WAS AS'D SWOON AT THE SIGHT OF A BLOOD-ORANGE."

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Lion-hearted was coming two strides to the winner's one at the finish, and must have won in another few years. I think this fact should be remembered round about Cambridgeshire time."—*Indian Paper.*

Commercial Candour.

"CASH REGISTERS.
THE '——'
Specially designed with few working parts which cannot get out of order."
Trade Pamphlet.

"We must once again repeat the warning that hard words break no ice."
Indian Paper.

They also cut no bones.

THE PASSING OF MR. CLUMPER.

IT is now a little over two years since the morning when Mr. Clumper made his dramatic and, for me, expensive entry into our lives.

As is still our morning custom, Belinda and I were coasting in our small car down the long hill which leads first to her preparatory school and later to my office. It is a wide straight slope of nearly half-a-mile, fringed with plane-trees and, at that time in the morning, fat nursemaids propelling heavy perambulators. In those days it was an unwritten law between Belinda and me that once round the corner the Infant should have its head; and the mornings were few when the speedometer-needle failed to flicker excitedly past forty.

But Mr. Clumper changed all that. Halfway down the hill on this particular morning a large policeman hove suddenly in view, extending arrestingly towards the Infant's nose a palm like a York ham. Belinda, who was younger then, urged coolly that by a wide swerving movement we could out-flank him and so save the run, but I had a sudden pang of guilt and pulled up.

The constable informed us that over the measured furlong we had exceeded twenty miles an hour and that he would be glad to see my licence. But that was so much patter, designed to cover the traverse of the measured furlong by Mr. Clumper himself—a feat which in view of his girth he achieved with a surprising speed.

Rather out of breath, he wagged a fat forefinger in jocular reproof, and extending for our examination the father and mother of all turnips he said that one glance at its dial would convince us that our speed was no less than thirty-six miles an hour. I accepted the statement like a man. Not so Belinda. Her mother-instinct was outraged that anyone should level at our beloved Infant the loathly charge of loitering at such a snail's-pace. Hotly, almost with tears, she protested that with her own eyes she had seen the needle on the forty mark. But Mr. Clumper, chivalry itself, refused to accept her evidence and smiled indulgently upon us as he took notes in his little pink book as to the Infant's age, capacity and characteristics.

"I wonder what he's called?" I whispered as we crept away, the Infant's number-plate rather between its back-wheels.

"Mr. Clumper," said Belinda solemnly, with that in her voice which forbade further discussion. And, peeping back at his splendid figure and impressive boots, I agreed with her.

When in the course of time I heard from my solicitor that our meeting with Mr. Clumper had cost me three guineas, I judged it a not expensive luxury, for our mornings were definitely enriched. Instead of the old mad glide to the bottom of the hill, Mr. Clumper's advent necessitated new and fascinating tactics. The Infant now took the slope with a sober restraint which sat it ill, while Belinda leant far over the side and raked the left-hand footpath for the fat form of Mr. Clumper crouching, as was his wont, behind the seventh plane-tree, his coach-built bowler-hat rammed well over his massive ears and his monstrous stop-watch clutched firmly in his outstretched hand. Sometimes, when there were more perambulators than usual, it was difficult to be certain, but always by the fourth tree I had received my orders. Either "Mr. Clumper!" in a low and thrilling note of warning, which meant that I raised my hat and Belinda bowed—greetings to which he invariably responded; or else an abandoned shriek of "No Clumps!" in which case the Infant was permitted to prance joyously on its way.

In these two years there were few salient facts about Mr. Clumper which escaped us. We learnt that he considered neither very hot nor very cold days as suitable for his work, and that on Sundays also he excused himself from crouching behind his tree. We learnt too that it was always the seventh one, and that to a man of Mr. Clumper's honest outlook this tree was enough disguise; for never, as a baser man might have done, did he vary the bowler-hat, the fawn overcoat and the ochre boots. Only twice in all this time did we lose our grip. They were foggy mornings and we risked it, and Mr. Clumper saw us first.

* * * * *

This morning, soon after we had rounded the bend, Mr. Clumper himself stepped out into the road and signalled us to stop—an unheard-of proceeding; and when we drew in beside him he broke to us with a degree of embarrassment and some fumbling with his collar that, owing to the new Traffic Act or something, the trap was going. It was his last morning before being transferred to another sphere of activity. Seeing as how we'd sort of known each other such a long time he thought he'd like to say good-bye to me and the little Miss. It was a brief and rather moving farewell.

The Infant bumped slowly and sadly to the bottom of the hill.

"It'll never be quite the same," Belinda murmured throatily, her eyes averted—"the hill won't." ERIC.

NEAR LONDON.

I KNOW that nothing keeps the same,
As nothing did in ARNOLD'S *Hinkseys*;
I would not damp in man the flame
Of progress, or of what he thinks is;
But yet, O road, whereby I live,
Thy pristine pleasures, oft repeated,
Make it not easy to forgive
The way that we have both been treated.

The gain, as I am told, is great,
Approaching magical improvement,
And who am I to deprecate
The benefit of rapid movement?
The large saloon, the limousine,
The little car that frets and fusses,
Speed on thy level breast serene,
Commixed with charabancs and buses.

Yet, by thy hospitable side
When seven years ago we settled,
We found thee quiet, countrified,
Such as J. L. MACADAM metalled;
Here running up a little ridge,
There hurrying down a little hollow,
Stooping to thy small stream and bridge
In curves suggestive of a swallow.

When motorists on thee cast a look,
Thy granite-edged and loose consistence
Persuaded them to sling their hook
And vanish hooting in the distance;
On thee I then could safely walk
As one that in his legs rejoices,
And lovers might at even talk
Without a strain upon their voices.

Our happiness was not to last;
ARNOLD, it went as, in thy verses,
Sibylla's name, sign-written, passed,
The twisted chimney-stack and *Thyrsis*.
For soon came Perce, old Elbet, Erb,
Tore thee, O road, into a tatter,
Cramped thee in concrete and in kerb,
Stretched thee out straighter, squashed thee flatter.

Thy petrol vapour, road, now spreads
O'er villa, bungalow and cottage;
Thy tarry dust is on our beds
Of annuals and of herbs for pottage;
Peace dreamed by thee, sweet, dewy-eyed,
And she was ours and we have lost her;
And motorists in their headlong pride
Count it three minutes less to Gloucester.

"The English bathing did not come up to expectations in the fourth Test."
Indian Paper.

Yet we cannot tolerate any suggestion that our team threw up the loofah.

DIFFERENT CARS, DIFFERENT SIGNALS.



THE SIGN THAT WILL STOP A MOTOR-OMNIBUS—



CAN EASILY BE PASSED UNNOTICED BY A MIDGET 7—



SO WHAT IS REALLY WANTED—



IS A LITTLE ADAPTABILITY—



OR AN ENTIRELY NEW—



SET OF SIGNALS.



THE IMPERTURBABLE SHE.

"NEVER MIND, CUTHBERT DARLING, KISS ME AGAIN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN hailing Miss PAMELA HINKSON'S accession to the romantic novelists' sadly-depleted ranks I can, I believe, congratulate KATHARINE TYNAN'S daughter on exhibiting a graceful and effective share of her mother's talent. *Wind from the West* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) is in many respects a poet's novel, its humanity heightened by meditation and by that ordered, almost decorative quality which a poet's vision imposes on his world. True the meditation here hardly goes deep enough and the design is inadequately enforced, but I think Miss HINKSON hardly realises, much less prizes, the sources of her distinction as a writer. She gives you the impression of being temperamentally younger than her art, which is all on the side of the patterned feudal French existence she so appealingly portrays and so oddly underestimates. Her three heroines adorn three generations of Breton nobility, and their reactions towards marriage—their decision especially as to whether marriage and passion are to be combined or encountered separately—form the mainstay of the book. For *Thérèse* the family and duty are enough; *Marguerite* makes a *mariage de convenance* and allows herself a single lapse from it; *Solange*, the child of the lapse, takes advantage of the dubious ideas of freedom introduced by the War to make a marriage of affection. Her husband hails from America, from whence also arise the new impulses that give the book its title. There is an inevitable, but to me rather pleasing, monotony about the triple plot, and the book's Breton setting, with its glamorous *mémoires d'outre-tombe*, render its occasional lapses from structural vigour almost unnoticeable.

I should very much like to know where Mr. RONALD FRASER discovered the heroine of his latest extravaganza, *Rose Ansley* (CAPE, 7/6). It may be unreasonable to suppose that she has been lured by his Muse to Hampstead from Olympus, where she has been lurking since the days when legend was gossip; but it is even more difficult to regard her as the legitimate offspring of pen and mind. Whoever she is, she will surely have as strange an effect on the reader as she has had on Mr. FRASER, who is clearly intoxicated by her. If it were not for her stimulating quality it would be hard to bear with her, for how can one soberly believe in a pig-tailed girl who loves dusting and shower-bathing in the rain, who cooks like a chef, dress-makes like an artist, knows as much about life and love as would fill a modern book of wisdom, and whose conversations with poets, artists and landladies would provide a newspaper with its most pithy "sayings of the week"? The story begins with *Rose's* invasion of a house that takes her fancy, and goes on to describe her relations with the three men who live in it, her marriage to one of them (with the subsequent losing of her divine self-consciousness) and her love-affairs in general. Only the most grim and logical-minded can fail to be grateful to Mr. FRASER for his wise and mad and beautiful book and for his presentation of *Rose*, who is as rare a being as *La Belle Dame sans Merci*.

Sir FRANK BENSON in his *Memoirs* (BENN, 21/-), of which he promises us a further instalment, betrays himself as a staunch idealist, a stout worker and a sound, honest, sensitive—perhaps too sensitive—human being. Why on earth has he allowed himself to write so obviously under a sense of failure? Perhaps only because all idealists fail in their own estimation. Happily we can quash the verdict, know-

ing what admirable work he has accomplished for the English stage—going nearest to restoring that practical working school of the theatre which the old stock-company system provided; stressing the student's need of hard work and the intensive cultivation of the body as well as the mind, and keeping alive in a forgetful age the Shakespearean tradition. No knight of the stage ever better deserved his accolade. Sir FRANK writes of his home, his friends, his colleagues and his work without tiresome egotism and with no too slavish insistence upon dates, and writes best when least conscious of his pen, as in the description of his victory for Oxford against Cambridge in the three-mile race, which might well serve as a model of its kind.

SHAKESPEARE'S Venice we know—or should;
Holiday Venice we also know—
A fantastic blend, for the joyous mood,
Of things of to-day and of long ago;
Palaces, pictures and rare delights
Of beauty in being for all to view,
And never a hint of wrongs—or rights,
Like a fairy-tale that is really true.

HELEN MACKAY in *Gondolas Pass*
(At six shillings net from HEINEMANN)
Shows a side that is built, alas,
On neither the bookish nor holiday plan;
Venice stripped of the painted mask,
An overcrowded unhealthy hive
Faced with an almost hopeless task—
Venice struggling to keep alive.

She tells of a daily fight as keen
As any our post-war world affords,
Seen from its midst and partly seen
From the Civil Hospital's stricken wards;
It's a record, vivid, compassionate,
Of a Bridge of Sighs with a grimmer toll
Than that whose story the guides relate
To harrow the tourist's gentle soul.



SO THIS IS "CRICKET."

[There are other things besides rain that spoil the game.]

In deserting primitive man and the wild life of our island for literary biography, Mr. H. J. MASSINGHAM has been both wise and fortunate in discovering a biographee wild, primitive, yet indubitably literary. EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY, *The Friend of Shelley* (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 21/-), is chiefly known for and from his *Adventures of a Younger Son*, which feature or disfeature himself, and his *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, which perform the same service for his friends. His career presents us with an amazing series of circumstantial pictures alternating with perfect and absolute blanks; a kaleidoscopic entertainment into which only RICHARD GARNETT, in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, has hitherto succeeded in reading anything like coherence. Mr. MASSINGHAM discerningly follows GARNETT not only for his facts but for his exquisite analysis of TRELAWNY'S bluff romanticism. Yet he can differ on occasion with such authorities as M. MAUROIS and Mr. NICOLSON; and his treatment of the BYRON-HUNT *débâcle* in Italy is unlike Mr. BLUNDEN'S and, to my mind, sounder. He errs, I think, in exalting SHELLEY'S consistency at the expense of BYRON'S vacillations; for *Ariel*, true to his lights, wrought almost as much havoc as did *Don Juan* himself, sinning against his. Yet, although Mr. MASSINGHAM'S volume is a piece of partisanship—the pæan of SHELLEY-Quixote as inspired and sustained by TRELAWNY-Sancho—it is none the worse reading for that. In fact to have got over such well-trodden ground in a fashion so full of agreeable exhilaration for himself and his reader argues a notable talent in the biographer.

I notice several points of resemblance between *Huntsman in the Sky* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) and *Look Homeward, Angel*, issued by the same publisher only the other day. Both are considerably (the latter very considerably) longer than the ordinary British novel, both are first novels and both attempt to paint the growth of an artistic temperament in the fruitful soil of the New World. Mr. WOLFE'S mammoth work dealt with a poet whose mother kept a boarding-house in a small Southern town, while Mr. GRANVILLE TOOGOOD (I am assuming the author to be masculine) gives us the struggles of a musician to realise himself in the more aristocratic circles of Philadelphia. Young novelists have always had a tendency to attempt the Portrait of a Genius, and their critics have seldom, if ever, allowed that the genius was discoverable. But I cheerfully admit that young *Bartram Garrison*, fresh home from his studies in Paris and sadly disgruntled because he has failed to get the *Prix de Rome*, almost persuades me that he is a musician and that his "America" symphony, produced towards the end of the book in New York with great success, was a work of real merit. *Huntsman in the Sky*, like a good many first novels, is rather formless, but it is written with distinction, and some of the characters linger in the memory—notably old Grandfather *Lloyd*. Clearly Mr. TOOGOOD is an admirer of the *Forsyte Saga*. There are one or two passages in his book that absolutely echo the cadence of Mr. GALSWORTHY.



Hostess of Super-Picnic. "THIS ALWAYS MAKES ME REALISE WHAT OUR POOR SOLDIERS WENT THROUGH."

From the summit of the nearly vertical Santner Spitze above the town of Botzen, in that part of the Austrian Tyrol which zeal for a rectified frontier has placed within the boundaries of Italy, there floated inaccessibly for a time, shortly after the Armistice, a banner with the red-and-white colours beloved by the mountaineer descendants of ANDREAS HOFER. In a land where to-day even the red and white poppies in a peasant-woman's garden are liable to be cut down by zealous carabinieri, it is only on the unconquerable heights of still unsubmerged fidelity that the forbidden nationalism can maintain itself. A very bitter cry of distress from the two hundred thousand Teutons of South Tyrol is voiced in K. L. MONTGOMERY'S translation of Dr. E. REUT-NICOLUSSI'S *Tyrol Under the Axe* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 12/6). Under the persuasion of fine and imprisonment, of mock elections and expropriations of property, house-searchings and physical assault, in a district where not only their own living names but even the inscriptions on their graves must be converted to a foreign tongue, these Austrians find it difficult to worship a dictator. Dr. REUT-NICOLUSSI tells us just how difficult. His book suffers from the continuously declamatory style in which it is expressed. It suffers even more from the burden of tragedy it carries. To what kind of Italian "redemption" did this country and America ever consent that this little nation's enslavement can march forward so deliberately and with so little protest?

Welcome Tudway, the forceful heroine of *The Street Paved With Water* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), was born on a barge and derived her Christian name from the "ancient tawdry vessel" which her father worshipped with fanatical adoration. "To conquer inland waterways of Britain, to see the name of Tudway and Son blazoned on barges up and down the country," was *Lot Tudway's* ambition, and, though he never achieved it, he did succeed by sheer hard work in collecting so much money that at his death *Welcome* was a rich woman. The tale of her voyages is admirably told, and throws a steady light upon those who are employed on and about our canals. But I should have been more satisfied with this story if ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK had not finished in a deluge of water and sentimentality. *Welcome*, self-willed though she was, deserved a considerably better fate than to be drowned with a man whose complete lack of moral courage had helped to spoil her life. And that, I understand, is what happened to her.

On the sixth page of *Tiny Carteret* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) the hero of the tale received an invitation to share an adventure in which he was told "there is going to be the devil of a lot of danger." With avidity he accepted it, and proceeded to join his friend, *Ronald Standish*, in Switzerland. But life is nothing if not cheap in the sensational fiction of to-day, so I was not surprised to find that *Carteret* before he reached Paris was face to face with as mysterious and diabolical a murder as even "SAPPER" in his most "Bull Dog" moods has ever staged. From that moment these seekers for danger found it to their hearts' content. In fact *Zavier*, the director of a gang of villains, and *Berendosi*, a crafty politician in one of those little kingdoms which novelists never tire of creating, combined to provide *Carteret* and *Standish* with a series of experiences that deserve to be called hectic. And if readers of this story feel at times a little fatigued it will be because of the plethora of thrilling incidents and not from any lack of them.

Fishes All Alive is a cheery bit of joy
About a charming typist in the City and her boy
And a fortnight at a cottage which was all that you could wish,
Except that there was fishing and they wouldn't let you fish.

The book (from Messrs. HODDER) costs you seven-and-sixpence spot,
And MADGE S. SMITH, the author, makes a tangled little plot
From a burglary, a Sealyham, a motor and some trout,
With wedding-bells (two lots of them) to straighten matters out.

"Some of the furriers are making reductions of 100 per cent. in the price of fur coats and wraps for next winter."—*Daily Paper.*

Won't we even have to buy a pound of tea?

CHARIVARIA.

THERE seems little doubt that "BOY" BRADMAN, when he grows up, will develop into a first-class cricketer.

***

"The problems of this century cannot be tackled with the mind of the last century," says Mr. MAXTON, M.P. Yet "BOY" BRADMAN preserves the same mind throughout all of them.

***

In a report of the Oval Test Match it was stated that hundreds of people had made unsuccessful attempts to get into the ground after lunch. The turnstiles are more easily negotiable on an empty stomach.

***

A colour-blind man is reported as saying that if a red letter-box were set in a green field he would be unable to see it. This no doubt is one reason why letter-boxes are not set in green fields.

***

After our experience this summer we can understand why *Madame Butterfly* made a song about One Fine Day.

***

The inquiry on behalf of the Government as to the importation of foreign footballers is believed to be preliminary to an order requiring all footballers to be stamped with an indication of the country of origin.

***

The Fascist Government is urging local authorities to put into action the law for the extermination of the house-fly. It is anticipated that Soho flies will be swatted from sentimental motives.

***

Birmingham hairdressers report that, owing to the trade depression in the city, customers are having their hair cut once in three weeks instead of fortnightly. Fears are entertained that if the slump continues Birmingham citizens will grow beards.

***

In this connection it is worthy of note that Chelsea hairdressers are little affected by the fluctuations of the Art market.

***

A technical journal points out that cotton can be put to two-hundred-and-eleven different uses. It seems that Lancashire can make almost anything out of cotton except a profit.

Three rainbows were visible simultaneously in Buckinghamshire the other day. If WORDSWORTH had beheld this spectacle his heart would have leapt up three times as high as usual.

***

We are told of a head-waiter who is so short-sighted that he can only read the menu through a powerful magnifying-glass. Customers, on the other hand, are often better able to appreciate their meals with a microscope.

***

The sand dredged from the Thames estuary and spread on Southend beach is less bright in colour than had been hoped, but it is said to be bleaching and lightening every day. Some little time must however elapse before Southend can confidently invite visitors to "Come unto these Yellow Sands."



Husband (to wife, who has got hold of the paper first). "WHAT'S THE SCORE?"

Wife. "THE SCORE? OH, YES, HERE WE ARE; ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN FOR—FOR THREE WEEKS."

A Finchley centenarian attributes her longevity to the air of Yorkshire, where she spent most of her life. The local feeling is that she owes something to the air of Finchley.

***

We find a certain incompatibility in the claim that bagpipes originated at a resort in Auvergne favoured by sufferers from asthma.

***

A Czecho-Slovakian bishop has been convicted of bootlegging. Not gaiter-legging, you will note.

***

Among the writers who have been mobilised as Soviet literary "guns" is M. MAXIM GORKY. His function, of course, is that of a quick-firer.

***

"The Bally Bridge over the Hooghly" was a recent heading in *The Times*. We regret our revered contemporary's lapse into slang.

A Walthamstow woman has written to *The Daily Express* to say she has had four burglaries since Christmas. We can only think that this being their busy season burglars couldn't call any oftener.

***

A woman complained in court recently that her neighbour disturbed her by clipping his laurels and privets at four o'clock in the morning. A regular hedge-hog.

***

A rare species of chimpanzee for the Zoo has arrived. It is hoped that rare specimens of humanity will come to look at him until he feels more at home.

***

It seems that some motorists make a practice of running down rabbits on country roads at night. No surprise is felt that they have found pedestrians too easy.

***

A picnicker has found the immediate application of ice-cream a remedy for a wasp-sting. We have always been ready to believe that a use would be found for ice-cream.

***

It has been estimated that if all the heavyweight boxers in this country were placed end to end they would look natural.

***

A contemporary mentions a lawyer who talks in his sleep. Nothing is said about clergymen who talk in other people's.

***

A political writer complains that the public will not read Blue-Books. Why not try banning a few of them?

***

A French doctor says that an egg is a sufficient meal for anybody. An œuf, in fact, is as good as a feast.

The Army Asks For It.

"The Garrison Church of St. Peter and St. Paul was packed by officers and their wives (past and present) of Shoebury."
Southend Paper.

"Two other great advances were made a little later—the introduction of nurses into hospitals due to the work of Florence Nightingale in the Cinema. . . ."
Northampton Paper.

One remembers particularly the film in which she was starred as the "Lady with the Vamp."

THE PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE.

EVERY summer I long for the ideal holiday departure from London. I know it must exist because other people seem to achieve it. According to the papers these persons "proceed" up North or "will, on Thursday, leave their London residence *en route* for Chymings, their Sussex seat."

Now, to "proceed" anywhere or to leave your London residence *en route* for (say) La Pericochon (France) suggests a leisured and luxurious exit. It almost hints at a London season successfully undergone and leaves one with the impression that the coming holiday is merely a matter of inserting an announcement of departure in the daily newspapers, while the mistress of the house, cool and unflurried (and wearing a pearl-grey dust-cloak), steps into her automobile (or car) *en route* for the *gare* (or railway-station), her sole care a vanity-case, a cigarette ditto and a jewel-box. . . .

I too have had holidays — regular ones, but somehow my own proceeding doesn't seem to resemble that of the Chymings party in the remotest degree. My past (speak it low) sometimes included a hold-all of tartan cloth, out of which bristled a row of hooked umbrellas which snapped at one's ankles as one got into the *fiacre* (or cab); and, although we have scrapped the hold-all for what Sussex folk, in the novels of Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, would term "these adunnamany years," we have not yet brought off the stately exit *en route* for country or sea.

It is possibly due to some hitch in one's temperament. It is conceivably due to one's lack of a French maid who divinely packs, who cries that all is in train and that one must not derange oneself, and finishes the business by brushing one's hair and dabbing one's forehead with eau de Cologne; it is, perhaps, owing to one's dearth of some dour and leal Grania who will tuck one up, shouting, "Hech! the puir wee bairn!" or "Ma ain bonnie lamb, ye moider ower muckle"—and so on, in the repertory theatre manner. It is no doubt also due to the absence of a butler (the dependable Jervis), who would otherwise enter, decorously coughing, to intimate that the spade-work was now accomplished. ("Augh! Pardon me, Miss. All is in horder.") Jervis, I feel, would have been invaluable with the trunks, and as for Chepstow ("the boy") words fail to convey his alert and unobtrusive utility. . . .

As it is, one's departure from home is preceded by much petty and unlovely care. One must:—

(1) Oil trunk locks and search for straps.
(2) Take silver to Bank in taxi.
(3) Stop milk (except daily half-pint for cat).
(4) Telephone plumber for drains to be cleaned.
(5) Get stair-carpets taken up.
(6) Remember (if one is taking rooms and not staying at an hotel) to pack the three real essentials, viz.: a collapsible waste-paper basket, ash-trays and a corkscrew.
(7) Write to landlady stating that "a little fish" on evening of arrival would be "nice."
(8) Remember to engage porter of flats opposite to bring down trunks.
(9) Dismantle wireless.
(10) Pack.

The last-minute jobs include:—

(11) Getting one's hair shampoo'd.
(12) Getting new cheque-book and letter of credit to local bank-manager of holiday resort.
(13) Stopping the newspapers.
(14) Sorting out the key of the piano for the tuner, who always arrives in September.
(15) Paying the telephone account (which is beginning to be rude) and all outstanding bills.
(16) Remembering to put out three shillings for every week we shall be away for cat's diet. Giving caretaker half-a-dozen liver-pills for cat.
(17) Locking up all private papers, also favourite books.
(18) Appeasing friends by postcard and telephone for not having been able to say good-bye to them.

And so one drives from home trembling with fatigue and probably crocked about the face.

I don't envy the Chymings party; I don't really envy Lady Chymings her Jervis and Chepstow. I like to know that she "proceeds," even though I can't seem able to do it myself. And I like to know there is a thing called "the holiday spirit." I know there must be one because all the newspapers say so. And I still go on hoping that in spite of the drains, the liver-pills, the stair-carpets and the packing, which are ever with us, and in spite of the jewel-box and Grania and the pearl-grey dust-cloak (which never are) I may one day get myself into that frame of mind in which one thinks "Westward Ho!" and "Hey Diddle Diddle for the Lowlands Low," and things like that.

RACHEL.

APUD ASTRA.

YOU never saw immortal GRACE
Emerge from the pavilion door
On *Wisden's* page prepared to place
Another monumental score,
Although you 've heard about him now and then,
My cricket-loving little lad of ten.

You knew not in his matchless prime
RANJI, of batsmen still the prince,
Who flourished in our alien clime,
Bless me! a generation since;
The thrill that stirred us as he took his stance
And gave us of his best with cut and glance.

TRUMPER to you is but a name,
The hero of an unknown day,
Who rather leapt than climbed to fame;
You never watched MACARTNEY play—
Him of the twinkling feet and jocund heart
Who left us at the summit of his art.

Yet murmur not with looks forlorn
That these have vanished from our view;
Rejoice that you in time were born
To see a constellation too;
That in his full career, to be precise,
You 've seen DON BRADMAN shine. Let that suffice.

A. K.

Entertainments We Have Never Attended.

"The Summer Flower Show was held on Thursday under the auspices of the Herne Bay and District Horticultural Industrial, Fur and Father Society."—*Local Paper.*

But we would go far and further to see a show of that sort.

Smith Minor Again.

"Drake attacked the Spanish Armada in his flagship the *Victory*. Everyone knows his famous signal, 'England expects every man to do his duty.'"—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

It must have been NELSON, then, who at Trafalgar sent up the signal on *The Revenge*, "*Honi soit qui mal-de-mer!*"

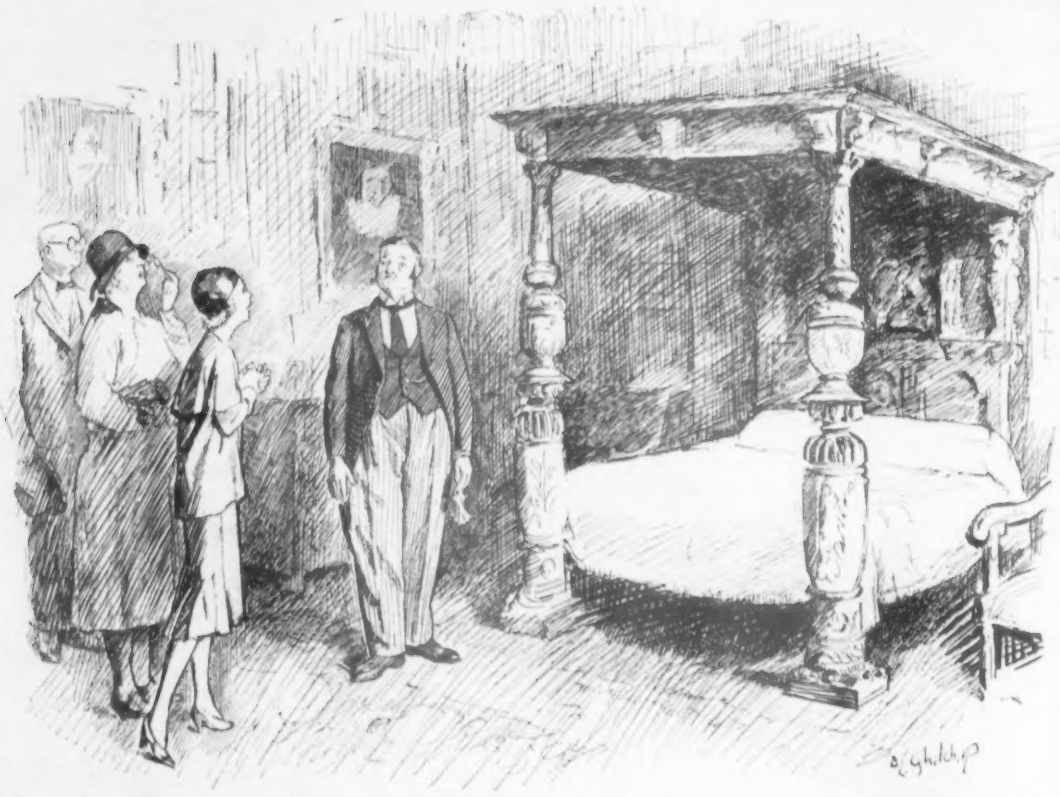
"Mr. Redwood has gone into the campaign with zest, but it looks as if he will have to rely for Press support mainly on Lord Rothermere. The other revolting peer's assistance has not so far been too enthusiastic."—*Irish Paper.*

We refrain from comment.



GULLIVER'S TOUR AMONG THE LILLIPUTIANS.

(WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO MR. BRADMAN.)



Fair Tourist (being shown over Baronial Hall). "GEE, MOMMA! THERE'S ONE OF THOSE CUTE LI'L OLD-FASHIONED FOUR-SEATER BEDS."

THE OBSOLESCENCE OF "SIR."

How dangerous, how difficult a theme! How bold of you to embark upon it, little pen! But there is no going back upon it. Here we are pledged to discuss the whole tremendous problem. The obsolescence—or shall we say the desuetude?—of "Sir." That is a fine word, desuetude.

Putting aside the "Sir" which is addressed to royalty and the "Sir" which is addressed by reason of their years to older men, and the "Sir" which is addressed to absolute strangers, as in the case, "I am frightfully sorry, Sir; I didn't know I could hit so far with a brassie," where complacent triumph is covered with a thin veneer of concern, it will be found, on studying minutely the social life of our time, that the whole question of Sir-dom as between man and man is in a chaos and welter of confusion. Rules are called for. Guides are demanded. The Churches should give us a lead.

"Does your tailor call you 'Sir'?" a man asked me the other day.

I reflected for a moment.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "he does. Does yours?"

"No," he said. "We were both at Oxford together in the same college, and great friends. It would be rather silly if he did."

Perhaps it would. Or would it? Might it not be better if "Sir" merely indicated the seller as opposed to the buyer of service or goods. Waiters always say "Sir." Porters? Perhaps. But not so much on the northern parts of the line. If you collect into a mental group all those who provide you with soap, socks, tobacco, tickets, golf-balls, stamps, newspapers, toothpaste and ties you will discover that you go out into the world every day a very dubious and indeterminate knight. In this shop you are presented with your scutcheon and spurs. In the next you are robbed again. Puffed-up pride is followed by humiliation. A commissionaire exalts you to the peak of aristocracy. The driver of your taxicab brings you down again to the proletariat, and not the most honoured of the proletariat at that.

This is my only real regret for the hansom cab. It may or may not have been the gondola of London, but most certainly the gondoliers were givers of titles and renown. You could always become a captain if you gave a sufficiently acceptable tip. You could be a colonel or a viscount if you pleased. It is one of my sorrows that I was never sufficiently affluent in those days to enter *Debrett* when I emerged from the folding-doors of a hansom cab. In the social flux of 1930 it needs a considerable presence or high remuneration to be included even in the baronetage.

There is something peculiarly adverse to Sir-dom in petrol and rubber-tyres. I have heard garage men tremble on the brink of "Sir" and check it, so that it merely came out as a minor kind of hiss. The nonchalant disdain, on the other hand, with which one may be treated in certain kinds of shops has no bounds. I find this especially in the larger sorts of emporia where tobacco is sold. *Prince Florizel* of Bohemia, after his strange adventures in *The New Arabian Nights*, purchased a cigar-store, and I surmise that there are a number of Prince Florizels retailing tobacco in London to-day.

Once when I had been served with a tremendously magnificent contemptuousness I dared, on taking my little packet, to murmur, "Thank you, Sir!" to the archduke who troubled to pass it

from a shelf into my hand. And perhaps this rule for Sirring would be as good as the rule I suggested above. Why should not the buyer of goods or of kindly attentions address the sellers as "Sirs"? In many cases, no doubt, his need is greater than theirs. Or, as an alternative, why should not every man address his neighbour at all times as "Sir"?

"Why, Sir," thundered the great Dr. JOHNSON, "that shows you have the mind of a fool!"

This is not an exact quotation. It merely represents the general tenor of Dr. JOHNSON's remarks throughout BOSWELL's immortal book. It is plain that, if the tobacconist and I, if the porter and I, still more if the policeman and I invariably "Sirred" each other there would be less of this social inquietude—

"Why, Sir, if the law forbids me to park my car in this place, so much the worse for the law."

The newspapers, with their fondness for discovering crises, complain not seldom of the anomalies—they always call them anomalies—to be found as between professionals and amateurs in sport. Probing this trouble you will find that it is simply a question of "Sir." X, an amateur, lives by writing about a game; Z, a professional, lives by playing it. What of that? Z is not worried because he is called a professional whilst X is called an amateur. What irks him is the lingering custom by which, in speaking to X, he must call him "Sir," though he knows that X's syntax resembles the play of a village grocer on a sticky wicket in a rural team.

I know of one professional—not a cricket professional—who calls his clients "Sir" on ordinary days, but when he has a touch of liver levels them with the rude unwashen herd. If there is a strong east wind blowing you will get no title out of him, even if you be a marquis or a duke. But in bright sunshine the veriest commoner is promoted to gentle birth. Perhaps this again would be a good reform in our etiquette. When we are overflowing with the milk of human kindness, let us call each other "Sir." When we hate the whole human race like poison, let us drop the confounded word.

For as often as not it is those from whom we least expect to receive it who give us this accolade, and those from whom we think we have earned it most thoroughly who deny us our meed. You cannot bank on your features, your clothes, your self-importance, no, not even on your behaviour, to bag you or lose you a "Sir." Not long ago, in a winding lane, a man appeared so suddenly from behind the tail of a cart that I touched him with the running-board of my car. I had done what I could to make it only a scrape, but it threw him over into the dust of the road. I looked back in agonies of terror. He picked himself up, came to me and said, "I'm very sorry, Sir. It was my fault entirely."

Nothing, it seemed to me, but the mediæval method of flinging a purse of gold from the window could have met the situation, and I had no purse of gold to fling. When I considered what, in the present age, he might have said, what he might have done, I could do nothing but sit and gape at him. It was a *reductio ad absurdum*, if you see what I mean. . . .

And now that I have written this, dear reader, I realise that I may not have entered into your own peculiar difficulties at all. Never mind, Modom. Have patience, Ma'am. We will deal with your dire predicament, lady, later on.

EVOE.



Brown minor (haughtily). "I WANT CENTRE."
Brown major (umpiring). "THEN PUT YOUR HAT ON STRAIGHT."

Roast Pig for a Princess.

"We hear from London that in the neighbourhood of the Scottish Castle of Glamis workers have been busy in piling up pyramids of bacon which are to be set on fire as soon as the happy event will be known to have taken place."—*Nuremberg Paper.*

IN OUR INN.

I.—YOONG 'ARRY'S TRICK.

THE public bar of the "White Rabbit" is long, smoky and low-ceilinged. Tall strangers coming in by the door from the village street at once have their hats removed for them by a blackened oak lintel beam as if in enforced deference to the "White Rabbit's" age. Tall strangers coming in by the door from Pond Lane are generally carried out again unconscious—to come to later, wondering who hit them. It is, however, impossible to feel angry with either lintel; they have been playing their two low practical jokes (one six inches lower than the other) for three hundred years, and so have got quite into the way of it.

Those inside, of course, never feel angry at all. They enjoy it; it gives a relish to their beer. It is considered locally—once you are safe inside the "White Rabbit" bar—to be almost as smart as the trick "Yoong 'Arry" learnt while on a visit to his uncle in the next county—practically in foreign parts, that is—and of which he was at first extremely proud. This trick of young 'Arry's was not particularly intricate; it merely consisted in putting half-a-crown down on the bar counter and saying to a selected victim: "I bet-you that there coin's a flurrin. I bet-you it is. Come, will you give me sixpence if I'm wrong?" A simple trick, you see, and presumably only lucrative with an equally simple victim. The first time 'Arry tried this on his return from furrin' parts it was not quite the riot he expected. There were about a dozen of the old village worthies present, indulging in what Willyum, the landlord, likes to call "a buzz o' conversation," which is to say a remark nearly every half-minute. It was in one of the calmer patches that the old chaps were suddenly startled almost out of their second pints by the bang of 'Arry's half-crown and his confidently false assertion.

There was at once a dead silence while the old fellows all considered this remarkable challenge for some minutes, then they had it repeated and considered it some more. Finally one of them said shortly, as one who had seen through the trick and thought it childish: "What's up wi' yer, 'Arry? It b'ain't a flurrin; it be a narfer-crown," and for some seconds it looked as though this pronouncement would close the whole matter then and there. Yoong 'Arry, however, retrieved the situation by pouncing on the speaker and saying, "Well then, George, what I says is, will yer give me sixpence if I'm wrong?"

The old men went into conference again at this, had the whole statement repeated once more, took vast refreshing draughts from their mugs and solemnly bit the half-crown in turn. At last Old Bob, who was well over eighty and so in a position to refute any subsequent charge of impetuous haste due to hot youth, chuckled abruptly in the knowing manner of the oldster who is about to put the younger generation—even though it has travelled—just where it belongs. He then wheezed out, "Ay, Yoong 'Arry, *I* 'll do it. Me eyes ain't so bad but what they can't tell a narfer-crown when they sees 'un."

"Well," answered 'Arry, smart and complacent, "I *am* wrong. Now give me sixpence!"

"Noa," retorted Old Bob within ten seconds—or, as the village says, quicker nor a flash o' lightning—"you give *I* sixpence. Why, dang it, man, it *is* a narfer-crown."

A sage nodding of ancient heads around him confirmed the truth of this pronouncement. One supporter—a mere lad of sixty who had always looked up to Old Bob—even got to his feet and peered again at the coin to make certain that it hadn't been changed tricksy-like, being later heard reassuring others in his vicinity. At this Old Bob, apparently emboldened now that his desperate plunge had landed him in no definite risk, repeated more confidently, "I says, 'Arry, it *is* a narfer-crown."

"Yes, I know, but you said you'd give I sixpence if I was wrong, and——"

"You *are* wrong, 'Arry. You oughter pay up, surely," put in another gaffer with a judicial air. "Dang it, laad, a narfer-crown's a narfer-crown."

"Look 'ere"—'Arry was not so complacent as before—"it's just a treck, like."

"Maybe 'tes a treck. And if 'tes, then I won her," put in Old Bob, now secure in the backing of the whole bar. "Them as loses trecks orter pay, surely," added another.

It took 'Arry half-an-hour to make them understand that his trick lay somewhere in the wording of his assertion, though exactly what it was never really emerged. Even then some of those on the outskirts didn't believe it, though they allowed 'Arry was trying to be smart in some foreign manner. Further explanation was cut short by home talent suddenly proving better than imported: for during the heated discussion Old Bob had his mug and those of several of his friends refilled, and for payment nodded landlord Willyum to the half-crown still on the counter.

By the time the heated and mystified 'Arry had ceased wondering why his health was being so enthusiastically drunk the half-crown was neither half-crown nor florin, but had changed itself into a sixpenny-piece and six rapidly-disappearing pints. And even



Lawyer. "I WISH TO ENTER QUIETLY HOLD AND ENJOY ONE OF THOSE PREMISES KNOWN AS A BATHING-BOX FOR THE TERM OF ONE HOUR FROM ELEVEN OF THE CLOCK TILL TWELVE OF THE CLOCK AT A RENTAL OF SIXPENCE AND I UNDERTAKE TO KEEP THE INTERIOR OF THE SAID PREMISES AND ALL SHUTTERS LOCKS FASTENINGS AND OTHER INTERNAL FIXTURES IN GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REPAIR DURING MY TENANCY."



THE CAMPING CULT.

A SUGGESTION FOR FUTURE LIMITLESS TEST MATCHES.

that sixpence Old Bob claimed as being won in a fair bet—and still claims whenever he meets Yoong 'Arry.

'Arry now tries his trick only on strangers. And ever since late one Sunday night, when he took in a well-lit commercial traveller who in lieu of sixpence stood him a pint of bitter for his smartness, the village has been on 'Arry's side, though still not quite clear what it's all about. 'Arry, however, has improved his trick a little; he now does it with a penny. A. A.

The Little Rosebuds.

"Six children have reached school age during the year and their pink forms have been forwarded to the school officer."
Report of Welfare Centre.

Smith Minor Again.

"The Duke of Wellington was famous for his campaigns in the Peninsular War. Before he was made a Duke his name was John Wesley. He was made a Duke for his services."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

Probably open-air services.

"At the social gathering after the ceremony one of the most appreciated items was a rumorous recitation by one of the ladies of the committee."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Our experience is that these are always much enjoyed.

BIG GAME.

THE ELEPHANT.

THE elephant is a vegetarian and, like so many of that type, possesses an uncertain temper. This is not really surprising, since it would make anyone pretty wild to have to sustain about two tons of life on a diet of leaves and blades of grass.

The African elephant is distinguished from its Indian cousin by the shape of its ears and a constitutional dislike for work. Keen observers, however, have been known to argue that the African elephant's refusal to be tamed and made to roll tree-trunks about while a fellow squats on its neck and prods it with an iron spike actually indicates much greater sagacity than that possessed by the Indian branch of the family.

The elephant has a keen sense of smell, but is extremely short-sighted. This does not inconvenience at him all, because everyone else is careful to get out of his way.

Hunting elephants is a tricky business, owing to their habit of charging whenever they smell man; whilst there is only one small spot on which to hit an elephant with any effect, and those who miss it are subsequently rolled out flat and sent back home as hearth-rugs.

The elephant and the American traveller are the only animals who never move without a portable shower-bath, and among the greatest sights Africa can offer is a specimen of either mammal making use of this aid to cleanliness in the depths of the bush. Both, however, are very shy and object strongly to the presence of witnesses.

It is not known how or where elephants die, though several people have written books on the subject, but as they live to be a hundred years old it is thought probable that by that time they become such insufferable bores that the rest of the herd pop their trunks inside the aged one's mouth and blow him to pieces.

The elephant has two tusks and occasionally suffers from toothache on a large scale. The only dentist known to have stopped a wild elephant's tusk was unfortunately quite spoilt.

The Mechanised Marine.

"The 'Targis' was a steel-crew steamer of 3,727 tons and was built in 1915."
Manchester Paper.

"The bridal table was centred with a tired wedding cake."—*Canadian Paper.*

Nothing over five stories is safe in the hot season.

THE LOST RIVERS.

FAR down from the thunder
And rush of the street,
Flow Westbourne and Tyebourne
And Effra and Fleet,
'Neath blue skies and grey skies
Once freely that ran—
Lost rivers of London,
Forgotten of man.

Do they ever remember
Where night is like day,
Red leaves of October
And green leaves of May;
The sunshine and starshine,
The rain and the dew,
The gold of the kingcup,
The kingfisher's blue?

Do they think of the flurry
And rush of the weirs,
The mill-wheel that scattered
Drops from it like tears,
The sun-dappled shallows,
The dusk of the pool
Whose fishes bade urchins
Play truant from school?

Do they dream about cresses
And catkins in spring,
And beds of green rushes
Where reed-warblers sing,
Of willow-herb blowing
And swallows that weave,
Where the dragonfly glistens,
Their mazes at eve?

Deep under the bustle
And rush of the street
Flow Tyebourne and Westbourne
And Walbrook and Fleet;
In darkness and silence
Forlornly they run,
Lost rivers of London,
Forgetting the sun. C. F. S.

THE CEREMONY OF DISINTRODUCTION.

IT has happened to all of us. Some false friend, some smiling villain says, "Blank, I'm sure you'll like Dash—you've so much in common," and the thing's done. Helpless, we accept the imposition and are forthwith burdened with a totally uncongenial acquaintance.

We picture ourselves through the darkling years turning a languid ear to one who has played on all the links in Great Britain and remembers every stroke; or to one of those—a dwindling band, but veritable Powers of Dulness—who know about wine. There is the man whose children say quaint things and the type that "got Moscow last night on a three-throw pentode" or whatever the repulsive gadget is called. Their name is legion and they stick like burrs.

And even we ourselves, in moments of ghastly insight, may suspect that possibly we drone.

Enmeshed in the toils of courtesy we vainly long for a new convention, a sort of minor divorce—in short, a disintroduction.

The Chinese, I feel sure, have it already. For them social relations are, as has been said of chess, something between a science and a religion, and they must surely have evolved the desirable form.

One sees them, as Mr. WELLS would say, the honourable Wung Hi, the equally honourable Ah Foo and the venerable Feng Ho. This third, being distinguished by age, dignity and a pronounced ventral curve, is called on to intervene.

After due obeisance he opens the proceedings with a fitting sententiousness:—

"It is the desire of the virtuous man to increase felicity. Permit your humble friend feebly to attempt this amiable task." After appropriate citations of CONFUCIUS and a fable beginning, "The philosopher Ping Lo, observing a frog," he gets on to the business in hand.

"First Wung Hi will delight us with mellifluous eloquence, to which Ah Foo will lend the ear of condescending attention."

Wung Hi kow-tows and delivers himself: "Honoured Sir, for a period only to be marked on a dial of gold this one has been entrusted with the inestimable treasure of the acquaintance of the revered Ah Foo. The spectacle of his moral worth and intellectual brilliance forms a painful contrast to the turpitude and idiocy of this disgusting worm. Permit him to withdraw from an association to sustain which is beyond his inconsiderable strength."

With reciprocal humility Ah Foo responds: "The candle cannot shine in the presence of the sun. With abominable egotism this nameless creature prefers a degraded existence to virtual annihilation. He craves permission to crawl from an effulgence too dazzling to be borne."

The vein of deprecation is worked with bland persistence until it shows signs of petering out, when the venerable Feng Ho exercises his authority. With hyperbolic delicacy but a steady eye to the desired end he pronounces the separation. The final kow-tows are exchanged and the two part, inscrutable still, but allowing themselves, one fancies, the barest gleam of human gratification.

In the West we must despair of so refined an elegance, but a hint of the Grand Manner—something of the eighteenth-century—might perhaps suffice.

The sufferer, having reached desperation, should have an accepted opening, a phrase ambiguous in words while unmistakable in implication:—

"Sir, we have friends in common."

That, I think, should be the gambit. The plural is deliberate. The original introducer should, of course, undo his fell work; but he may not be available. In some cases he will have been slain by one of his victims.

To the accepted opening there will be an accepted response: "I take you, Sir. If you will name one he will doubtless serve us both."

Thus the challenge, as it were, will be given and accepted. The disintroducer will be named and the venue of the parting fixed. The ceremony will be decorous but brief. The discarder, the discardee and the introducer—or his substitute—will meet at the appointed spot. Something dressy but sober will be worn. In silence the about-to-be-happy pair will shake hands. This, like the salutation of prize-fighters, will be a mere gesture implying no cordiality.

The presiding friend will then broach the subject with a few well-chosen words, finally pronouncing the formula of separation, to be found in *Whitaker's Almanack* and all the usual compendia of useful information:—

"Gentlemen, you were introduced to each other by me"—(or another named); "it was thought that you had something in common. You have nothing—or too much—and you wish to sever a connection irksome to you both. Are you agreed?"

Assent is signified and he continues: "Henceforth you are strangers. If either addresses the other it will be a profound breach of decorum."

The two will then breathe a ceremonial but heartfelt sigh of thankfulness and turn their backs on one another. Drinks will be ordered and each will pay for himself, the cost of the disintroducer's beverage being shared between them.

The polite world prays for relief and the social need is pressing. Here is the remedy, but who will apply it? We have no NASH nor BRUMMELL, no undisputed dictator of the amenities. May I appeal to the most urbane of "friends in common"? Will Mr. Punch exercise a traditional benevolence and public spirit?

The Yellow Peril.

"Male, 38, on leave from East, with car. Seaside hotels bore; would like meet Jolly Party."—*Daily Paper.*

"Heralded by the skirl of bagpipes Mr. Clynes walked on the field with Lady Airlie, wearing a skirt of shepherd tartan. . . ."
North-Country Paper.

JIX never did that.



Jones (after discussion as to the merits of piece of sculpture). "WHAT'S MORE, I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT ART. WHY, YEARS AGO I USED TO DO FRETWORK."

A NEW COMPLAINT.

(The Money Market has been affected of late by a slump in the peseta.)

ALTHOUGH I did not moult a single feather
During the dire declension of the franc,
Or when the German mark made heavy weather
Or when the lira lamentably sank;
The tidings of this slump in the peseta,
For reasons which I cannot yet divine,
Have frozen my *medulla oblongata*
And sent strange tremors thrilling down my spine.

The generating cause, the explanation
Of this malign and sinister result
Evades as yet my closest observation
And still remains elusive and occult.
My banker can provide no helpful data,
I've never had a bob in Spanish loans,
And yet this sudden slump in the peseta
Has pierced the very marrow of my bones.

The only clue to this obscure enigma,
Which all the circumstances seems to fit
And frees me both from censure and from stigma,
Herewith I venture humbly to submit—
That people of the higher social strata
(Like me), whose brains more sensitively hum,
Must suffer in a slump of the peseta
From galliambics of the tympanum.

SCARCELY CRICKET.

"I WANT to say," said the Man in the Moon, "as a cricket-fan, that I am glad there are no more Test matches to come."

It happens that my old friend the Man in the Moon has been in England this summer and has paid particular attention to the Test matches. He has much enjoyed them.

"Fine game," he said to me, "and fine entertainment. Your papers have done wonders. They've made cricket seem as important as the American baseball and almost as exciting. The only thing I don't understand is all your talk about the *moral* value of cricket.

"In your great country you do many silly but pleasant things; but you will never admit that you do silly things because you enjoy doing them; you must always invent some soothing moral defence for your pleasures. You go racing to benefit the breed of the English horse; you go fox-hunting to help the farmer and protect the defenceless fox from the cruel farmers; and you do not play cricket because it is a good game but to breed and foster certain high moral qualities and habits.

"What are they? They are discipline, loyalty, self-effacement, the 'team-spirit,' modesty, restraint and so forth. The umpire's word is law, and the captain's word is law: and it is the side that matters and not the individual. And the true cricketer, bred in the quiet traditions of cricket, will necessarily detest all that publicity and sensationalism (to use your horrid word) which low fellows like actors, authors and politicians enjoy.

"Now, if cricket makes character, the bigger the cricket-match the bigger the contribution to character, you would think; and a series of Test matches, reported every minute, should produce a race of saints and heroes. Well, they may make saints of the cricketers, but I have my doubts about the race. Take loyalty and discipline, for example. The captain's word is law, you say; and I suppose that, as the captain is to his eleven, the Selection Committee is to the rest of the non-playing inhabitants. They have been given the job, and until it is taken from them their word should be law. But is it? Before they attempt to do anything, about fifty 'experts' in fifty different papers tell them what they ought to do, not to mention every Tom, Dick and Harry who can spell sufficiently to write a letter to an editor; and when they have done anything the same crowd of loyal and disciplined cricketers abuse them in print for doing it.

"It seems (pardon me) to be the same story with umpires and captains; so long as they do what the papers or the people (whoever they may be) like, their word is law; but if they don't, their word is mud; and nobody refrains from saying so. Any batsman who expressed his disagreement with an umpire by so much as an angry gesture would be hounded out of cricket, but any democrat who was not there may disagree with the umpire in print. The state of the light, the state of the wicket, the decencies of the game—everybody knows more about them than the half-witted captain and umpires. Well, it may be democracy, it may be good journalism, it may be good fun—but is it cricket, as you have described it to me?

"Again, what is all this nonsense about the side being more important than the individual? The cricketers may act upon that principle (I do not know), but I see no sign of it in the papers. The one thing that seems to matter is the performance of *individuals*, and in particular the creation of 'records' by individuals. The English side may be beaten by an innings, but if you see some Australian make more runs in a given time than anyone has made before, you are quite happy. This may be 'sporting,' but is it the 'team-spirit'? And the moment some quiet modest cricketer has made a record for the sake of his side he starts writing for the papers. This may be good business, but is it self-effacement? I was as sorry as anybody not to see your Mr. CHAPMAN in the field at the Oval; but I was sorrier still to see him (figuratively) in the Press-box. Nothing, I think, has shocked me so much this year. I had realised that it has now become customary for your golf-champions, tennis-champions, flying-girls, actresses, and distinguished figures of the more individualistic arts and sports to rush into print at the first opportunity; but I had still believed that your modest, quiet, reticent, team-spirited amateur cricketer was somehow different. But if England's cricket captains can do it no doubt it is the proper thing. *Only don't lecture me about the moral excellence of your blasted cricket!*" said the Man-in-the-Moon, raising his voice regrettably. "There is a good deal of humbug in the United States, and there is a lot of sensational newspaper stuff about their footballers and baseball-players, but at least they do not pretend that baseball is a sort of religious exercise. It is difficult, I know, to make things popular without making them vulgar; but when I was here last I should have said that it was impossible at least to make your cricket vulgar. It seems to me that you have done it. I congratulate you. Probably it is good business. I am sure it is good journalism. *Only don't lecture me about the moral excellences of your blasted cricket!*"

And with these words the detestable and misguided individual withdrew.

A. P. H.



Shipwrecked Passenger (*landing on uninhabited island*). "I FEEL LIKE AN ALEXANDER SELKIRK."

Shipwrecked Sailor. "I FEEL MORE LIKE A DOG'S-NOSE OR A RUM-AND-MILK."

A Fireman's Holiday.

"The Brigade turned out smartly, and were soon on the spot, but there being no water within a mile and no other property endangered, it was thought advisable to let the rick burn itself out."—*Berkshire Paper.*

"The Chief Constable said they had been unable to race another man, named ——, who was wanted in connection with the charge."—*Evening Paper.*

Isn't the Flying Squad fast enough?

THE IDEAL CUSTOMER.



MONDAY.



TUESDAY.



WEDNESDAY.



THURSDAY.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE ANTIQUE SHOP.

ONCE there was rather an unworthy clergyman called Bimhandle who got run over by a charabanc through getting in its way when drunk, and after the funeral it turned out that he had spent all Mrs. Bimhandle's money in betting on racehorses which never won, and he hadn't any money of his own except what he got for being a clergyman, so there was nothing left for her to live on.

Well there was a lady in that place called Mrs. Majenta, whose husband had died and left her a million pounds which he had made out of inventing a secret pickle that tasted of onions and raspberry-jam and Stilton cheese, though it wasn't made out of any of those things, but when other people tried to copy it they couldn't and it simply tasted nasty, so he got all the custom. And Mrs. Majenta was rather common but she had such a kind heart that nobody minded, especially as she was so rich, and she would willingly have given Mrs. Bimhandle enough money to live on comfortably, but she didn't think that she would like to eat the bread of charity, so she consulted her bailiff about what they could do for her. And the bailiff was commoner than she was, but he was nice too and she was really in love with him and would have been quite glad to marry him, but she didn't like to ask him out of feminine pride.



"WENT DOWN ON HIS KNEES AND TOLD MRS. BIMHANDLE HE WAS MADLY IN LOVE WITH HER."

Well when Mrs. Majenta consulted the bailiff about Mrs Bimhandle he said I think the best thing will be for me to marry her. I shouldn't mind doing that because I have often thought I should like to get married, it is more comfortable all round, and I am quite in love with Mrs. Bimhandle. And she said do you mean to tell me you have been in love with a married woman, fie, for shame. And he said well I have felt it coming on for some time, but I thought it was only a liver attack or something like that until Mr. Bimhandle was run over and then I knew what it was, it was like a pimple coming to a head. And she said well you needn't be vulgar about it, I must just go and get a handkerchief, wait here till I come back.

Well what she really wanted to do was to go away by herself and have a little cry because she was so upset at the downfall of her hopes, but she soon came back and she said to the bailiff I shouldn't have thought you would have fallen in love with Mrs. Bimhandle, do you think she is better-looking than I am?

And he said oh yes much, you have only got to look at yourself in the glass to see the difference, you are not bad-looking for your age but your complexion is too muddy. But I have been thinking it over and I couldn't ask her to marry me just yet, it wouldn't be decent. I think what you had better do is to set her up in a shop, that cottage which nobody will take because people always die of typhoid in it would be just the place, we could have the drains seen to, I always thought there must be something wrong with them, and make it comfortable for her, and I am sure she would get plenty of custom.

Well Mrs. Majenta thought this was a good idea, and she asked Mrs. Bimhandle if she would like her to set her up in an Antique shop and stock it for her. And Mrs. Bimhandle said she didn't mind what she did as long as she didn't have to eat the bread of charity, she would rather go down on her knees and scrub floors than do that. And she said I suppose I shall be dead of typhoid fever soon, and all I ask is that you shall put on my tombstone her life was blighted but she did her duty.

So Mrs. Majenta promised to do that if it was necessary, but she said I hope your life won't be blighted any more dear, you will be much happier without your husband, I quite liked him when he was sober, but that wasn't often and he wasn't much good to anybody, we are going to have the drains thoroughly seen to, and I shall put you in electric-light and a nice bathroom. And the bailiff said he had already found out what was wrong with the drains, they collected under the kitchen-floor and were all broken, but they were going to put in the most expensive system of drainage as supplied to the nobility, and if Mrs. Bimhandle felt at all nervous after that he should be glad to come down every morning before breakfast and scatter carbolic.

Well Mrs. Majenta was always doing good to somebody, and she knew of several people in the district that she visited who had been brought up to the antique manufacturing business, but they weren't very good at it so they were out of employment. And that was why she had thought of setting Mrs. Bimhandle up in an Antique shop, so that she could set the people she wanted to help to making antiques for her to sell and kill two birds with one stone. And she took a great interest in the Antique shop and priced all the things herself, and then she bribed people from her district to go in and buy them for her, and she put them away in cupboards. And she bribed some of the cleverer people to speak through their noses and say I guess, so that Mrs. Bimhandle might think that they had heard of her shop in America and be encouraged. And it all cost her a lot of money but she liked doing it, and she was careful not to let Mrs. Bimhandle think that she was living on the bread of charity.

Well that went on for some time and then the bailiff asked Mrs. Bimhandle to marry him, and she was quite offended and went to Mrs. Majenta about it. And Mrs. Majenta's heart was bleeding but she was so kind-hearted that she said to Mrs. Bimhandle well of course I know he is rather common, but he is really very nice and I shouldn't at all mind marrying him myself. And Mrs. Bimhandle said well it is different for you, you were not brought up as a lady, but my father had enough to live on without doing any work and people often used to say he ought to be a Mem-

ber of Parliament, he wrote so many letters to the newspapers, and my husband may have been slightly intemperate in his habits and not very honest, but a distant cousin of his stepfather was Lord Mayor of London and none of his relations had ever done any work, so you see I couldn't possibly marry anybody like a bailiff, it wouldn't do. And Mrs. Majenta said no I suppose not, and she felt lighter in her spirits.

Well soon after that Mr. Aaron Moses who was in a large way of business in the antique trade came into the shop to see if he could pick up something cheap, and he looked at the stock and snorted in his nose, which was a large one, and he said to Mrs. Bimhandle well I never saw such a collection of muck anywhere, and if you expect to get these prices for it you must be a born fool.

And Mrs. Bimhandle said sir you insult me, my husband was a clergyman, leave my establishment.

Well he left it but he came back in a week because he had taken rather a fancy to Mrs. Bimhandle, and he wanted to see if she had sold any of her stock. And she had sold nearly all of it, because there were so many people out of work in Mrs. Majenta's district that she had been bribing them to buy antiques more than usual that week, so as to help them a little. And when Mr. Aaron Moses heard that nearly all the stock had been sold to Americans he said to himself this woman is not a born fool she is a born saleswoman, I have never known anything like it. And he lost no time but went down on his knees and told Mrs. Bimhandle that he was madly in love with her, and would she marry him?

So she married him because she thought he was rather handsome and he promised to change his name to Marjoribanks-Blennerhasset, and Mrs. Majenta was quite nice about it and paid her a thousand pounds for the shop because she had been doing so well out of it. And soon after that she said to the bailiff now that Mrs. Bimhandle is married do you think you could put up with me? We are both rather common but perhaps we shall get on all the better together because of that.

And he said well there is a good deal to be said on both sides. I have had a lot of anguish through falling in love with Mrs. Bimhandle, but I will think it over for a few days and let you know.

Well he thought it over, and he came to Mrs. Majenta and said that he was ready to take the rough with the smooth and he thought he could bring himself to it if she didn't mind waiting until Mrs. Bimhandle had been married for a year, because he didn't think it was decent to do it before that. And the end of it was that he married Mrs. Majenta, and they were quite happy, and he helped her to do good without getting so much swindled over it. A. M.

A Pleasing Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Drink is likely to be in everybody's mouth in 1931."—*Daily Paper.*

Smith Minor on Thin Ice.

"Queen Elizabeth brought England trade and posterity."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

"This spirit seemed to mark all the actions of the greatest salesman of British history."
Article on Lord NELSON in Canadian Paper.

What did Mr. SELFRIDGE say in 1805?

"Delightful weather favoured the game, which attracted 250,000 people, the number paying the three shillings admission being 19,516."—*Test Report in Sunday Paper.*

There must be a hole in the Oval fence.



Tramp (accepting gift of hat). "THANKS, MUM; YOU AIN'T GOT A 'AND-MIRROR YOU COULD LEND ME JUST A MINUTE?"



Gentleman (who has been nearly run down by small boy). "NOW THEN, BOY, COULDN'T YOU SEE ME?"
Small Boy. "YES, SIR, I COULD SEE YOU, BUT I COULDN'T SEE ANY WAY ROUND."

THE BURDEN OF DAYS.

(Lines written in dejection towards the latter end of last week.)

IT came about in the great Test
Of nineteen-thirty-four
(That was longer than the late Test
And the runs far more)
That WOODFULL had made eleven
And BRADMAN a thousand and seven
When the rain came down from heaven
On to the grassy floor.

The rain continued raining
For a little more than a week,
And the Press began explaining
That freak was matched with freak,
For never before together
Had been such fearful weather
To follow a hunt for leather
So long and so unique.

And over the pitch the grass grew
And sorrel plants were seen,
And weeds of every class grew
And woodbines in between;
Briar and hawthorn thickets
Came up between the wickets
And everyone with tickets
Evinced a mild chagrin.

As summer waned to autumn
They lingered day by day,
And wished they had not bought 'em,
But they would not go away.
And none might mow the clover
Where the brown bee was rover,
For the Test match was not over,
The teams were still in play.

Till on a bright calm morning
(About September third)
The umpires gave their warning;
A ball like a brown bird
Rose high above the creepers
Unshorn by any reapers,
And the shrill wicket-keeper's
Voice in the hay was heard.

And WOODFULL went on batting,
The fielders kept their troth
Through the thick-rooted matting
And fibrous undergrowth;
The flaming poppies' riot
Was filled with deep disquiet—
"WYATT, oh, where is WYATT?"
Or a loud English oath.

The days were long a-dying,
The winds across the plain
Would set the wild oats sighing
And shake the golden grain;
For batsman and for bowler
Even the heavy roller
Proved but a poor consoler—
The grass got up again.

The mounting total altered
Slowly from morn till morn;
None knew when courage faltered,
Nor on what date outworn
The two teams, both disbanding,
Left, with his smile expanding,
BRADMAN alone still standing
Amongst the alien corn. EVOE.

Explanations which we Cannot Accept.

"Malnutrition is referred to by other doctors and it is stated that this is sometimes due to lack of nourishment."
South Wales Paper.

"SUNNIER SCORES AT STOCKTON."
Manchester Paper.

No such luck at the Oval.

"SAILS FOR 'CUTTY'S ARK.'"
Indian Paper.

NOAH'S old tea-clipper just blew about on its own.

"SITUATIONS VACANT.
Wanted, smart, respectable young boys, learn fairy farming."
Advt. in Australian Paper.

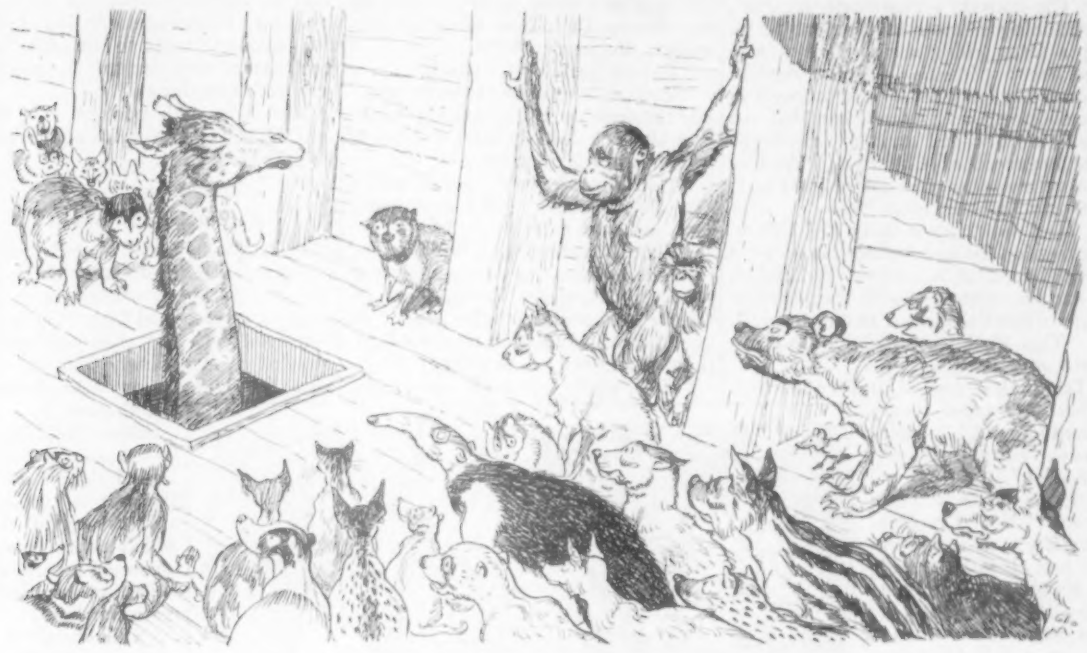
A male chorus for *Peter Pan*?



THE GOOD FAIRY ELECTRA.

"THE LADY OF LIGHT
CAME DOWN FROM A HEIGHT
AND FOUND HER WAY TO NORWICH."—*Old Nursery Song adapted.*

[The Electricity Commission have announced their intention to electrify an area of a hundred square miles in Norfolk.]



TENSE MOMENTS IN HISTORY.

SCENE ON THE UPPER DECK OF THE ARK. THE GIRAFFE BEGINS TO FEEL THE MOTION.

A LIFE AND DEATH AFFAIR.

I AM a man with a price on my head. My "Life" has been accepted by the Insurance Company and the sealed policy will reach me in the course of a few days. By then perhaps I shall no longer be unduly alarmed by the extreme briefness of life's candle. But at the moment—well, the little fellow who called on me certainly rattled out some very nasty statistics to clinch the business of signing that form.

Besides it comes as a distinct jar for a sober and industrious man (I am speaking of my own case now) to discover that it is more profitable merely to cease upon the midnight with no pain than to go on striving away at the lonely furrow from 9 to 5.30 daily, so to speak.

True in a month's time I shall probably have forgotten all about the precariousness of life; I shall just be my own delightful placid self again. And no one on meeting me would dream that they were talking to a dare-devil frantically dicing against Fate for a fortune, a mad fellow recklessly staking his all on the tables of death.

Admittedly that wasn't quite the way in which the Company's agent put it. What he said was, "Now don't you see, what you want to do is to cover yourself? Because if you're properly covered you won't have nothing to worry about. Our 'Flingwide' Policy covers everything, and if you're properly covered you shouldn't have nothing to worry about."

But, even literary style altogether apart, the agent was decidedly not the sort of man on whom to model oneself. He was inquisitive; confoundedly so. For a start he spread out his papers before him and made a little cynical whistling noise through his pursed lips. It was the noise of a man who has asked many questions and heard many answers in his time. Then he proceeded to cross-examine me. Never descending below the Third Degree, he questioned me about my illnesses and infirmities and tried to bully me into a confession of congenital chilblains or hereditary heartburn. Measles, I found, fascinated him; but mumps left him cold. Together we ran through the entire list of diseases known to the B.M.A. and still I was leading.

Then the agent changed his tactics slightly.

"Do you ever suffer from attacks of giddiness?" he asked.

I replied in a tone that suggested that giddiness in any form was repugnant to me.

"And to the best of your knowledge did either of your parents ever suffer from giddiness?" he asked.

That was too much. "My father," I said, my eyes flashing with indignation, "won that little silver cup that stands above you—no, not that one; that is my christening-mug—for walking the slippery pole at his school swimming sports. My mother was for years on the point of being received into the Plymouth Sisterhood. To the best of my knowledge they did not suffer from giddiness."

"Insanity in the family?" he inquired coldly.

"Just a touch," I answered modestly.

"Certifiable?" he asked, perking up like a violet after a shower.

"Not so far," I replied. "You see the doctor plays over the same course and he too is convinced that the eighth hole is haunted. Last time he drove off straight down the fairway—a beautiful shot—he saw the ball drop, marked it and finally gave up looking for it after he'd searched for nearly half-an-hour. . . . It's a funny thing."

But the little man wasn't interested. "Ever suffer from fits of depression?" he interrupted in a voice that suggested that he was a martyr to the disease in its most acute form.

"Well, since you ask me," I blurted out, "I'll make a clean breast of it. No one has ever really guessed quite how depressed I feel when I receive a

long envelope, generously carried free by His Majesty's Postmaster-General, containing a letter inviting me to fill up a form telling somebody else, who has never written a cheque for income-tax in his life, what a lot of money I'm earning. And I've never confided in a soul before what I'm really thinking at the approach of Christmas. And as for an invitation to a wedding—I'm in despair for hours after it——"

That didn't seem to be the kind of depression he meant, because he went straight off at a tangent and asked, "Are you connected with the manufacture of alcoholic liquor in any form?"

"This, Sir," I said coldly, "is Highgate, not Chicago."

I think that crushed him for a moment. Then he asked very pointedly, "Ever suffer from shortness of breath?"

I was not to be outdone. "No," I replied chattily, "as a matter of fact I don't. And I shouldn't think you do either. Wouldn't it be dreadful for a man in your job to suffer from that? What *would* you do?"

But he wasn't listening. He merely turned his paper over and said stolidly, "Now about the business side of the policy."

I tried to look like a business man.

"Ah, yes," I said in the manner of my bank manager, who is the most businesslike man I know, "the business side I think you said—ah, yes," and I drummed on the table with my fingers in the manner of other busy impatient men.

"You would like to be included in the additional benefits provided for under Clause 26?"

"I should like to be included in the additional benefits provided for under any clause," I replied.

"The premium for that is another forty shillings," said the little man, writing something down.

"Stop," I cried immediately, "stop! I've been thinking it over. I don't think I care much for Clause 26, after all."

"The benefits are considerable," the agent reminded me.

Such a decision always staggers me. I tried to imagine what my bank manager would do in the circumstances. Then I pictured the considerable benefits; the bulging coffers stuffed (in anticipation) with glowing bullion; life's golden evening spent counting up the ducats; the happy laughing executors; the merry widow.

"Put me down for it," I said.

"You see how it helps to cover you," said the agent, pointing to the list of the new kinds of deaths that I could now comfortably afford to die.

"That's much nicer," I said with a little hollow laugh. "If I'm properly covered I shan't worry, shall I?"

He looked resentful. I think he had wanted to make that remark himself.

"Now, last of all," he said very intensely as he gripped the table, "do you know of any reason why my Company should not insure your life?"

"Well, really," I said reprovingly, "you ought to know that. It's a lot of money I'm asking, especially with additional Clause 26 thrown in. And that bit about losing all my limbs at once may come very expensive. If you don't think your Company can afford it I'm not the kind of man to press them to it, but I do think you might have told me sooner."

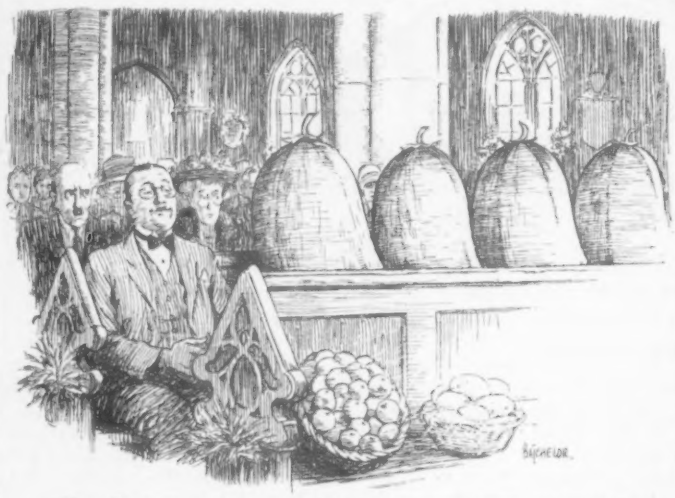
"Unreasonable risks I was referring to," said the little man coldly.

"No risk in the face of the generous terms your Company offers could be considered unreasonable," I replied and bowed.

Blow was met by blow. "And if you should want to increase the amount of your premium at any time," said the agent, folding up his papers preparatory to leaving, "it is specially provided for under Clause 34. You have only to write to the office, using my name."

"Clause 34 is a dead letter," I replied. "So far as I am concerned it may be removed from the policy. I ignore it. I have no intention of allowing anyone to write to the office, using your name, until—until—— but I feel you understand me?"

The little man nodded. "I think you'll find you're very nicely covered," he said pleasantly.



MR. SMYTHE WAS UNUSUALLY SUCCESSFUL WITH HIS MARROWS THIS YEAR. HENCE THE BRAVE SHOW IN THE DONOR'S PEW AT OUR HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

A BONDED SPIRIT.

WELL-BRED he undoubtedly was, but his manners left much to be desired. Whenever the caressing hand of a stranger approached his ruffled head he bared his teeth and, with paw uplifted, growled so menacingly that the amicable foreign fingers were hurriedly withdrawn.

His conduct appeared to be so inexcusable that I began to feel that vague uncomfortable feeling of shame which comes over us on seeing a compatriot behaving impolitely in a strange land.

"Old chap," I said as he approached my table in the open-air *café*, "you're being rather a fool, you know."

To my surprise he ran to me immediately and with ears pricked and tail awag showed every sign of delight.

"*Et maintenant, regardez! Que peut on croire?*" his mistress's voice, speaking to her friend, reached me from her table across the garden. She rose and walked towards us.

"Do not disturb yourself, Monsieur," she begged as I pushed back my chair, "but—you are English—*n'est-ce-pas?*"

I admitted the impeachment.

"It is always like that. Always my little dog makes friends only with the English. Once he used to live in England, then his master came to live out here. When the time came for him to go back your quarantine laws made it impracticable for Whisky to go too, so he was left in my care. But I am afraid he always regrets. *N'est-ce-pas*, Whisky?"

The dog pushed a forgiving nose into her hand, then he turned back to me expectantly.

"Come on," he begged. "Let's go for a walk."

I hesitated. There are unwritten as well as written laws about dogs.

"You must not let him become a nuisance to you," said his mistress.



Old Lady (as a certain politician's name is announced on wireless). "SHUT THAT OFF! I WON'T HAVE THAT MAN IN *MY* HOUSE."

"He will not do that, Madame. And, if you permit——"

"It would please me, for his sake. When you tire of him, if you would return him to the *café* they will take him to my villa." She looked down at the terrier and shook her head reprovingly. "*Mais c'est triste*," she added, "that you are never eager like that with me."

For a moment he took his eyes from me to lick her hand.

"Come on," barked Whisky excitedly a few minutes later. "Throw it in the sea and I'll fetch it out."

"That's all very well," I replied doubtfully, "but what will she say? Are you allowed to go in the water?"

"Throw it in, throw it in!" he yelped excitedly; "I'm having a holiday today. Besides, I can dry off afterwards. Throw it in."

We played until we were both tired. Then we sat down on the sand and dried comfortably and—so far as Whisky was concerned—rather smellily in the sun. From time to time, when I grew too silent, he would whimper, and was only content when I spoke soothingly in English. At length—"Up you get, Whisky," I said. "We must go back."

Dejection showed in every line, but he rose obediently and followed. When we arrived at the *café*, "Come again to-morrow," he pleaded.

"I'm going home to-morrow," I said. "Home to work and rain and fogs and all the rest of it."

"You're lucky," he said, and bade me farewell.

* * * * *

"It's a funny thing, but I nearly always get it when I've been abroad for a few weeks."

A man in front of me in the queue of people waiting to go through the English passport office was speaking to his friend.

"I think it's really the foreign food that doesn't agree with me. Anyway I always get this form of gastric influenza and have to come home. It's infectious too. Last time all my family caught it from me and one or two of my friends."

He paused in his narrative to hand over his passport for inspection. He was allowed to enter England without molestation.

I thought of the altogether healthy but unhappy Whisky and sighed. It's all very puzzling.

Ecclesiastical Ingenuity.

"London.—The engineer Dean Inge has has been chosen to direct the delicate work of restoring the famous cathedral of St. Paul in this city."

Translation from Brazilian Paper.

The Sartorial Barometer.

"Weather (Overcoat), rain in the early morning."

Weather Report in East African Paper.

The weather in London this afternoon has veered between Sunshade and Umbrella.

"Every one of the 24 canteens in Switzerland voted against prohibition and local option."—*Canadian Paper.*

For some reason the American saloons took the same line.

"Since that time Mr. ——, who is now only 26 years of age, has been freelancing in England and at the same time writing."

Natal Paper.

Mr. Punch feels that comment might be impertinent.

"Always burn a newspaper in the dustbin after it has been emptied, so that you can be sure it is sweet and free from germs."

Buxton Paper.

No burning would entirely disinfect some of our contemporaries.



"MY DEAR HUSBAND DISLIKES BEING THOUGHT STOUT, SO I ALWAYS MAKE A POINT OF *not* THINKING HIM STOUT."

THE OLD ADAM.

I HAD just been reading an article on peace and disarmament by Mr. McHoolish, our parish church minister. The good old man's argument really resolved itself into an eloquent plea for a stricter adherence to the old precept "Forgive your enemies," and I was brooding over the subject. Through the open window I could hear the pleasant voices of the village children playing on the roadway. Then suddenly my study-door flew open and my young friend Podgy McSumph rushed into the room.

"Will ye come oot and talk to Willie Pilkie?" he entreated tearfully.

"What's wrong, Podgy?"

"He was hittin' me."

"Why was he hitting you?"

"Because I was hittin' Maggie Dodds."

"Were you hitting a girl, Podgy?"

"Weel, she was hittin' me," expostulated Podgy, and, turning suddenly, he made off.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm goin' oot to bash Willie Pilkie," he announced without looking round.

"Come here, Podgy; I want to speak to you."

Podgy obediently returned.

"Shall I tell you a story?"

"Ay," Podgy agreed promptly, clambering up and seating himself on my knee; "an' after it's feenished," nodding his head angrily, "I'll go oot an' I'll gi'e Willie Pilkie his bashin'."

"Well, we'll see about that."

My idea was that I should give Podgy a short sermon, in the form of a parable, on the virtue of forgiving his enemies.

"Now," I began, "there was once a great soldier and his name was——"

"I'm no' wantin' to be a sodjer," interrupted Podgy, peevishly contradictory; "I want to be a polisman."

"Very well. There was once a great policeman and his name was Podgy McSumph, and——"

"I'm to be a heid polisman wi' a big baton."

"Yes, yes," I agreed hastily.

"An' there's to be wild beasts an' savages, an' I'm to be chasin' them wi' my baton." He settled himself comfortably with the back of his head pressing against my waistcoat and fixed his eyes on the fireplace. "Noo," he sighed contentedly, "tell me aboot it."

"Well, one day this head policeman was scouting in the jungle when all of a sudden he heard a terrible noise."

"I was on a horse," prompted Podgy.

"The brave head policeman galloped forward on his horse and presently he saw a lion. It was a great big lion and it was roaring."

"Whit was it roarin' for?" demanded Podgy.

"Because," I explained in a triumphant burst of inspiration, "it had caught hold of poor wee Maggie Dodds."

"It could easy do that," commented Podgy. "I can beat her at runnin'."

"The brave policeman charged the lion and——"

"Wi' my baton," murmured Podgy.

"——raising his baton he killed the lion with one blow."

Podgy's breast swelled. "I had on my medals," he informed me, "an' I was wearin' lang troosers."

"Then the policeman got off his horse, and, because he was such a good and brave policeman, he forgave Maggie Dodds for hitting him, and he was sorry that he had been hitting her, and he lifted her up in his arms and——"

"It was just one arm," corrected Podgy, "because I was holdin' my baton wi' the other yin."

"He put Maggie Dodds on his horse and they rode away together; and the good policeman was so happy because he was friends again with Maggie Dodds."

"Tell aboot the savages noo," ordered Podgy.

"The savages are coming now," I assured him, encouraged by the peaceful look that had stolen into his face. "Well, after he had taken Maggie Dodds to a place of safety the policeman was riding along when he heard cries for help and terrible yells. He rode on as hard as he could, and soon he saw before him three wild savages. They were attacking someone who was lying on the ground. And who was this?"

"I hope it's no' to be Maggie Dodds again," murmured Podgy.

"It was Willie Pilkie!"

"Willie Pilkie?" gasped Podgy, raising his head momentarily.

"Yes, Willie Pilkie. Then the brave policeman, shouting, 'Come on, Mac-Duff!' charged the savages and put them to flight. Now, there was Willie Pilkie lying helpless on the ground. And," I went on, confident the lesson had been fully assimilated, "what did the brave good policeman do then?"

"I ran after the savages an' chased them awa."

"And after that?"

"Was Willie Pilkie lyin' doon a' the time?"

"Poor Willie Pilkie was lying on the ground wounded and he couldn't get up. What did the brave good policeman do?"

"I came back," cried Podgy, raising himself with startling suddenness and clenching his fists, "an' I—an' I bashed Willie Pilkie's heid aff wi' my baton."

A CONTRIBUTION TO NOMENCLATURE.

"Do you know my cousin Rose?" said Blenkinsop.

"Rose Verdigris?" I said.

"Yes," said Blenkinsop. "She writes under that name, you know. Her real name's Cartwright."

"Oh," I said. "No. I only know her poems, and I'm afraid I can't make much of them."

"Modernist, of course," said Blenkinsop.

Blenkinsop makes some pretentions to being a modernist painter. In fact he has presented me with one of his works, and whenever I have notice that he is coming to see me I take down "The King of the Forest" from its place of honour above the fireplace and put Blenkinsop's picture there. In a way it fascinates me. In the top right-hand corner is a thing like a mustard-pot, and half-way down on the left-hand side is what I believe to be frog-spawn. The rest seems to be bits of nondescript things composed into a pattern. It is called "Work," why I have never discovered. His cousin's literary compositions are equally bizarre, and they have titles such as "Indigo and Crimson," "Blue Imbroglio" and "White Soot." Blenkinsop is almost as proud of his cousin's accomplishments as of his own, and I believe that they have this much in common—that their total earnings from their works of art amount to about five pounds each a year.

"Yes," Blenkinsop went on. "She's just sent me her latest poem and wants a title for it. Something in the way of colour, you know." Blenkinsop then recited his cousin's poem, and I give it in full:—

"I love the brazen flowers that spring
Out of the earth with a yellow sound.
Old butterflies with steely wing
Swoop like sledge-hammers on the ground.
The marigolds that glitter harshly
Beat back the brandished rays of the sun;
And the cold unglittering blade of my penknife
Matches the brook whose waters run
Clockwise over the cobblestones
Like pomegranates grating on dead men's bones."

"You see the difficulty?" said Blenkinsop. I saw several. "It must have a title. But for the last line I should have called it 'Ultramarine,' or possibly 'Gamboge and Cerise.'"

"Yes," I said doubtfully, "I suppose the last line——" Of course I am used to the new art, but this seemed even more so than before. "Why not," I said suddenly, struck by a brilliant idea, "call it *Rose Madder?*"

And *Rose Madder* it became.



Philosopher (eight down to bogey). "ANYWAY I DON'T SUPPOSE FOR ONE MOMENT THE CUP IS REAL SILVER."

AT THE PLAY.

"LET US BE GAY" (LYRIC).

THERE are some things in Miss RACHEL CROTHERS' rather too noisy and arbitrary comedy—a not unpromising scenario, some deft lines and amusingly contrived situations, indications of ideas and opinions—which seem to suggest that, if the author had more experience, (or if that is not lacking) more discretion and self-discipline and sense of key, our entertainment might have been of a more consistent and satisfying quality. It all might just have been carried through on a hard bright note of cynicism; but she seemed to be inviting us actually to believe in these strange expensive Americans and the reality of their loves, their sins, repentances and vulgarities. It wasn't possible.

But you shall judge. We begin upon a note of tragedy in a bedroom in the *Brown* house in California. Charming *Kitty Brown*, injured and irreparably disillusioned wife, in most becoming night-gear, despairingly biting the pillow; without, distracted repentant husband beating upon the door, urgently demanding that his side of the question be heard—which was that *Kitty* was the one absolute love of his life, this other a mere episode—as one takes a cocktail or a hand at bridge. "Go! You have wrecked my faith in life. All is for ever over between us," says *Kitty*. Rather dashed at first, and then, his second offer of repentance and reconciliation rejected, seriously annoyed, *Bob Brown* hurries from the room and bangs the door.

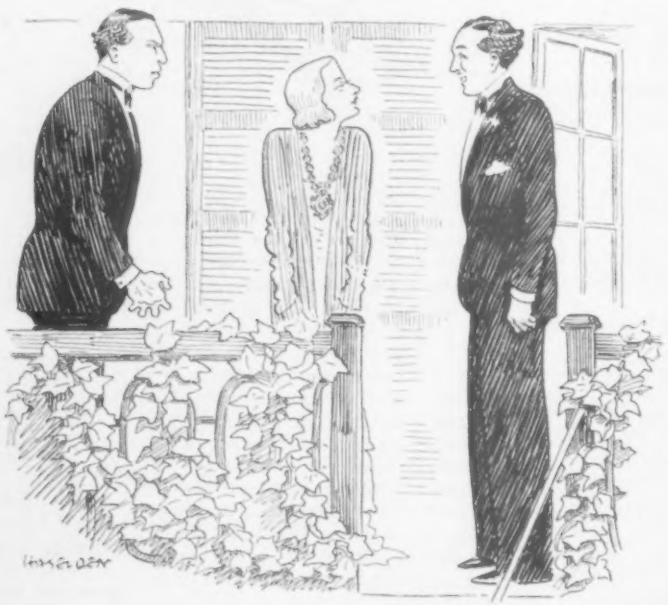
Three years later. The scene is changed to the gorgeous *Boucicault* mansion in Westchester, overlooking the Hudson River, with north and south wings, a permanent cocktail bar and an immensely dignified, competent and essentially servile English butler (apparently not laughing up his sleeve). *Mrs. Boucicault* (Miss HELEN HAYE), a shrewish, arbitrary, but of course fundamentally warm-hearted old lady, has a dearly-loved bud of a grand-daughter, who, engaged to be married to a nice faithful boy, is now carrying on a desperate love affair with our sedulous old friend *Bob*. The old lady sends for a bright expert young woman she had lately met in Paris to detach *Bob* from the abjectly adoring headstrong *Dierdre*. The lady is naturally no other than the broken *Kitty*, now



"A SWEET DISORDER IN THE DRESS."

Madge Livingston . . MISS CECILY BYRNE.

mended, having apparently drowned her old sorrow in the making of love (and dresses—to supplement alimony, or, rather much more nobly, to make alimony unnecessary). Acute astonishment of *Bob*, who spends the rest of the play trying hopefully to get off his old piece, "You are the absolute love of my life. This young woman means no more to me," etc. Insisting on keeping up the elaborate pretence of never having met *Mr. Robert Brown* before and in pursuance of her plan of mending her broken heart she conquers the amiable young rake, *Townley Town* (Mr. FRANCIS LISTER), detaches the abject *Wallace Grainger* from the beautiful sleek humbug, *Mrs. Livingston* (Miss CECILY BYRNE), and defends *Dierdre's* right to make her experiments in alcoholism, the sensual life and unbridled vulgar insolence to her elders, so that the young thing may be spared the misery of finding out later that there is anything in love and fidelity and self-control. All well enough, perhaps, if we hadn't discovered that all this was a pose masking a faithful heart and if the final curtain hadn't gone down upon a beautiful reconciliation between a sweet womanly *Kitty* and a resolutely domestic *Bob*, both apparently fatuously believing that all was going to be well with them and the three little *Browns* in the *Brown* home in California. At least this was what I gathered, and what finally dashed my spirits. If *Kitty* had said, "My dear Bob, you are a perfectly untrustworthy, self-deceiving and rather caddish sensualist, and it's insulting to my intelligence for you to suppose that you can pull that romantic-domestic stuff on me twice; but I happen to be 'in love' with you, Heaven knows why, and you're rich, and I like this life, why, Heaven knows, and we can have another shot at it for as long as it lasts; but you'll please stop cross-examining me and letting your veins all swell up about any little digressions on my part"—well, that wouldn't have been very edifying, but it would have been at least more credible and an honest working out of the premises laid down.



BALCONY SCENE—WITH TWO ROMEOS.

Bob Brown . . . . . MR. ARTHUR MARGETSON.
Kitty Brown . . . . . MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD.
Townley Town . . . . . MR. FRANCIS LISTER.

I imagine that certain tiresome repetitions of perfectly understood explanations may have been not the author's fault, but the result rather of players losing their way and feeling about for their lost lines. The author produced her own play,

and while working for more than it was worth the dangerous trick, introduced to us so adroitly by the New York Theatre Guild, of concurrent conversations, did not effectively insist on her players, when not engaged in these experiments, speaking their lines audibly.

It was of course and was meant to be Miss BANKHEAD'S evening. She exploited her excellent gifts (and one must add her tricks) with her accustomed skill, used that oddly attractive voice of hers with effect, especially in the feat she accomplishes so well of being completely overwhelmed by the absurdity of a given situation and uttering that rich helpless laughter; but she repeated too faithfully those arbitrary cadences of hers with a rather devastating effect of monotony.

Her devotees in the gallery, reduced apparently to a condition bordering on hysteria by their twenty-four (or is it forty-eight?) hours' vigil, were rather noisier and more distracting than usual, and lapped it all up with apparent enjoyment. Some of us could only enjoy the affair in parts.

Mr. FRANCIS LISTER'S easy, tactful (if rather lonely) little study of the young man *Townley*, and Miss HELEN HAYE being very fierce and looking charmingly absurd as the bullying *Mrs. Boucicault*, helped definitely to amuse us. T.

PROCESSIONAL.

["Traffic in Luton was yesterday held up by a procession of twenty-three peacocks." *Evening Paper.*]

THE lawful occasions of Luton town
Filled its thoroughfares. Up and down
Traffic trafficked and shoppers shopped,
When all of a sudden the bustle stopped—
Stopped as though the uplifted hand
Of Law and Order bade all things stand;
But Law and Order itself stood mazed
And never a white-gloved hand was raised.
Buses halted as though enchanted,
Scorching motor-bikes paused and panted;
Staid old ladies exclaimed, "My dear!
Emma! Eliza!! Look what 's here!!!"
Out of the Town Hall ran the Mayor,
Clerks and Councillors—all were there
(And the voice of the Mayor was heard with sorrow
Lamenting the absence of Artist MORROW).
Never was seen such a sumptuous sight—
Lordly, looking nor left nor right,
Solemn as in cathedral aisle,
Twenty-three peacocks in Indian file.
Slow they paced as in stately measure
(Pavane danced for QUEEN BESS'S pleasure),
Jewelled crests and resplendent tails
Like billowed brocaded farthingales;
Swayed and sidled each graceful shape
Whilst all the populace stood agape;
Lordly, looking nor left nor right,
Through the city and out of sight. . . .
But where they came from or where they go
Nobody (oddly) seems to know.



Bo'sun. "YOU KNOW, SIR, ALL THIS TALK ABOUT A DISTURBANCE ON THE ATLANTIC, AN' LOW PRESSURE AN' DEPRESSIONS FROM ICELAND FAIRLY PUZZLES ME. WHEN I WAS A LAD WE JUST CALLED IT WIND AN' RAIN."

"GIVE LINGERIE ANOTHER CHANCE." *Racing Paper.*

Modern fashions cannot be considered unhelpful.

Our Long-Sighted Headmasters.

"LINCOLN SCHOOL
SPEECH DAY.
Old Boys, Parents, and prospective parents invited to attend."—*Lincolnshire Paper.*

"Deer-talking is attracting more young women and fewer young men this year." *Daily Paper.*

My-dear-talking still seems popular with the young of both sexes.

"PEER'S SON IN A MEAT CASE." *Evening Paper.*

Another of our titled boxers.

THAT DEMORALISING DOLE.

THE demoralising influence of the dole has spread even among the bird and animal kingdom. Individual responsibility is being replaced by collective irresponsibility, and the taint of over-civilisation now touches beasts and feathered fowls.

In a secluded corner of our garden lies a little pool of peace, fringed with rushes and whispering willows. For years a pair of moorhens have plaited themselves a neat nest of rushes wherein the shy little mother-bird laid her eggs. It was a joy to see with what maternal pride she trained her young to swim, to seek their own nourishment from weed and mud and grassy bank; to fend for themselves with a fine independence. Never were parents more conscientious, industrious and self-supporting; never were children more docile, dutiful and unobtrusive.

But what a sad change is here now! In a meadow beyond our pool of peace we keep white Wyandotte hens, smug birds, plump from the meals of dry-mash and mixed corn supplied them at regular intervals, wearing the proud look and high stomach that come of civilised life. Round the wired-in enclosure of these fat hens the moorhen family were wont to roam in the cool of evening, and this, I suspect, is how their demoralisation set in.

Hens are notorious gossips, they cackle from dawn till dusk; one has only to look at the size of their brain-box to realise the empty fatuity of their conversation; they have no chins and no character. One can be very sure that their interminable talk consists only of boring discussions about food and boastings of phenomenal egg-production. Who has not been maddened by the reiterated proclamations of a hen who, after all, has only done her obvious duty and given a small oval return for a life of sheltered ease?

Perhaps the overheard conversation of these pernicious poultry was responsible for the mischief. I imagine that they preened their feathers and exhibited their fat figures as proof of the advantages of a lazy life of dependence, while disparaging the slim and active form of the hard-working little mother moorhen. I think they may even have mocked at the time and labour she spent in making a nest, when a handful of straw was quite adequate.

Anyway, *some one* sowed the seed of discontent in the mind of the moorhens and it germinated quickly and soon bore distressing fruit.

Strolling in my meadow one morning I was shocked and saddened to see a line of black red-beaked birds, two large, seven small, climbing with suspicious agility up the tall wire-netting of the hens' enclosure and scrambling and fluttering down the other side into the run. In stealthy but steadfast procession they marched to the hopper of dry-mash provided for the hens and began, at first nervously, then ravenously, to eat.

They had fallen from the dignity of independence and thenceforth their demoralisation was swift.

When the time came for a second brood, did those moorhens spend hours of time and thought in selecting a secluded site and making a compact and decorative nest? Not they. Encouraged by the parasitic poultry they merely snatched a few beakfuls of hay from the meadow and tossed it untidily between the branches of a low-growing bush in full view of all beholders, and there the mother moorhen sat, shameless and observed, until her eggs were hatched.

Thereafter she, her husband and the children of both first and second family, visited the hen-run daily when the hens were fed and openly shared their bread of inglorious dependence.

ONE UP TO MISS GORMAN.

No committee in our small town is complete without "The Three Graces"—Mrs. Langley, the *soi-disant* Mrs. Colonel Bluett and Miss Gorman. The engagements between these three, sometimes fighting singly, sometimes with one holding the balance of power until the last moment, add zest to the most boring meeting. All three are unsurpassed at taking umbrage. In fact any one of them can take sufficient umbrage at one dose to kill two ordinary women. They are very retiring ladies too, and perhaps the statement that no committee is complete without them is misleading in that, if it were so, no committee would ever exist, as one or other of them is sure to retire before the second meeting.

The latest campaign was won outright by Miss Gorman. It occupied several weeks and was conducted by the victor with masterly strategy throughout—from her first retirement according to plan to the final crushing blow.

The *casus belli* was the Cottage Hospital Fête, at which there was to be a parade of period dresses. Mrs. Langley was all for the committee's presenting a Victorian tableau, because she had unearthed some rather splendid dresses when turning out clobber for the rummage sale in the spring. Miss Gorman, who is ten years younger, but still old enough to know better, seemed to favour something more nearly approximating to the Folies-Bergère. Mrs. Colonel B., as treasurer, threw in her lot with the Victorians, and Miss Gorman retired from the committee.

The second move was made on the day of the fête, when Miss Gorman apparently relented so far as to ask Mrs. Langley to pose with the Colonel's lady while she took a photograph of them in their charming costumes. Thus was peace seemingly restored, and the three actually sat down to tea in company with the same wasps.

They were more than ordinarily pleasant to one another during the next few weeks and sat on the same committee (Ashmere Amateur Dramatic Society), for two consecutive meetings, thus establishing a record.

In the first week of August Ashmere was stirred by a poster of one of the daily papers which said:—

"LOCAL LADY WINS PRIZE IN HOLIDAY SNAPS COMPETITION."

Mrs. Langley and Mrs. Colonel, who were shopping together, fell for it immediately. It was only a guinea prize, but the snap had been considered of sufficient interest for reproduction. It portrayed Mrs. Langley and Mrs. Colonel in their Hospital Fête attire, complete with bustles and funny little parasols, and the title supplied by Miss Gorman was:—

"SNAPPED IN THE OLD-WORLD VILLAGE OF ASHMERE.—Two quaint old women, who refuse to move with the times and still keep to the old-fashioned ways."

Nor, it is regrettable to state, did Miss Gorman consider her victory complete until she had sent twenty shillings to Mrs. Colonel Bluett as Treasurer of the Hospital Committee, with a note explaining that she had kept the other shilling to defray photographic and postal expenses.

Food for Agitators.

"Mr. McGovern said a child should drink 2½ pints of milk a day. He then lost himself in violence."—*Daily Paper.*

"He gives her tea in a restaurant, and when the meringues are finished leans back to listen. Jane is too full a person ever to be boring. It is the fullness that is her downfall."—*Book Review in Weekly Paper.*

We know that post-meringuial repletion.

It is stated that the income of Mr. MARSHALL FIELD increases by twenty-two thousand pounds every day and fifteen pounds a minute. It must be annoying to lose nine hundred pounds every time the clocks are put forward one hour for Summer Time in April.



MEMBERS OF THE ANTI-LITTER SOCIETY CLEAR UP AFTER THEIR ANNUAL PICNIC.



Mrs. Snooks. "WHAT MADE YOU SO SURE I WAS COMING THIS AFTERNOON, BOBBY DARLING?"
Bobby. "MUMMY HAD A LONG SOFT STRANGER IN HER CUP THIS MORNING AND SHE SAID, 'HELP! MRS. SNOOKS!'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN *Mr. Golspie*, a stoutish and bluff Mephistopheles, sailed up the Thames from Baltic parts and looked at London, or as much of London as might be seen from the deck of a steamer in Hay's Wharf, he was destined to interfere very strangely with the lives of certain people belonging to the firm of Twigg and Dersingham, Angel Pavement, E.C., from *Mr. Howard Dersingham* downwards to the typist and the junior clerk. Into these lives Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY has entered with all that gusto which we might have expected from the author of *The Good Companions*. In *Angel Pavement* (HEINEMANN, 10/6) he has disappointed none of the hopes that one might have formed of him as the new story-teller of Cockaigne. He does not betray the pleased admiration of his characters' virtues and foibles that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT is wont to betray; nor is he lashed into fury by their inefficiency and the stupidity of a civilisation that produces them as Mr. H. G. WELLS is lashed. His Olympian mood is more calm and the reader feels less certain where his sympathies lie. They don't lie with *Mr. Dersingham*. That at least is evident. For *Mr. Dersingham's* home-life (he was very much an Old Public School boy and lived in Kensington) is etched with a satire far less kindly than the honest but troubled home-life of *Mr. Smeeth*, the principal clerk, or the sudden idyll of *Mr. Turgis*, the junior clerk, romantic and unfortunate lover to whom the cinema was a constant hope. If you want, by the way, a nearly immortal glimpse of the big cinema and the giant teashop in *Angel Pavement* they will be found. The end of this fine book is unhappy. *Mr. Golspie*, tossing for a time a brisk business into the moribund firm of Twigg and Dersingham, disappears down the Thames again, and we don't quite see what he gained by leaving so much ruin in his wake. Is it possible that the author, surveying London for a moment through the smiling eyes of his filibuster, has said to us, "What a city to loot!"?

I gather that Mrs. MARGARET AYER BARNES has made her mark—here as in the States—with a book of short stories; but her *Years of Grace* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) is a long and extremely competent novel. It is, if anything, a trifle too competent; a certain slickness of mechanism and serenity of poise on the part of the writer enabling the reader to accept with, I think, undue detachment the exultations and agonies of the heroine. These are most appealing in youth, when *Jane Ward*, unconventional daughter of a conventional Chicago household of the 'nineties, loses a very young heart to a French consul's talented and undesirable son. The idyll of *Jane* and *André* arouses more sympathy than its sequel justifies. It peters out entirely in America; and when final traces of it crop up in Paris both its protagonists are *passés* and disillusioned. The stages of *André's* progress to this point are barely suggested. *Jane's* are portrayed in detail. Caught on the rebound by a Bostonian husband invested with the glamour of the Cuban War, she waits until the Great War to dabble in infidelity with an American

who dies fighting for Germany. In the end, having steered a course of instinctive outward propriety, she is left confronted by the amatory ruthlessness of her children and the children of her friends. *Jane's* background—or rather her forty years' series of backgrounds—is skilfully indicated; and if her contemporaries and children are conventional enough in their unconventionality, older members of her circle carry their weight with grace and effect.

Michael France (he's a heavy-weight pug—
Oh, his looks are the lassies' despairs)
Has been shot on his bedchamber rug
While his butler's been poisoned downstairs;
But those princes of private detectors,
Messrs. Travers and *Franklin*, are free
To help out the chiefs and inspectors
Of our stout C.I.D.

There are plenty of straws in the air,
There are plenty of promising trails,
There is beautiful *Dorothy Claire*,
There is *Lucy* and mild *Mr. Hayles*;
There is *Usher*. "Now, *who* was the killer?"
You question yourself as you push
Ahead with this excellent thriller
By CHRISTOPHER BUSH.

But don't you be thinking to look
To me, since I've read it, to drop
One hint of the end of this book,
Which is issued from HEINEMANN'S shop,
Thus robbing your reading of virtue
And zest; and the name's *Dead Man Twice*;
And a seven-and-sixpence can't hurt you,
And that is the price.

To those who have a simple taste for murder by wholesale, chronicled not in realistic but in highly-romantic vein, *The Toasted Blonde* (COLLINS, 7/6), by CHRISTOPHER REEVE, may be commended. It is the story of rather unlikely brotherly devotion and large-scale revenge. *Garret Scaithe*, master-burglar, apprehended in the course of a perfectly innocent nocturnal visit—he was in fact attempting to retrieve the kitten of the toasted blonde—was allowed to remain in prison because to exculpate him would have involved a scandal. He quickly dies there (for the author's convenience), and his brother *Laurence* sets out ruthlessly to eliminate everybody directly or remotely involved in this miscarriage of justice—the faithless lady, the famous foreign statesman (her lover), the injured husband and his two children, the injured husband's uncle, the injured husband's uncle's *fiancée*, and possibly one or two others. Bullet and knife account for the statesman and the husband (who certainly had it both ways). With what energy and resource the avenger assails the others—by tampered-with motor-cars, by carbon-monoxide gas, by poisoned coffee and by fire—and how he is thwarted by the mysterious and much-suspected hero I must leave you to find out. You will share with me my admiration for the excellent and, so far as I could make out, highly irrelevant title—though the blonde nearly was toasted just before her rescue in the very nick of time.



Reveller (returning home 5 A.M. to alarmed wife). "IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT M'DEAR; I'VE ONLY BEEN STANDING IN AN ALL-NIGHT QUEUE FOR THE TEST MATCH."

Miss ENID BAGNOLD is, I think, to be congratulated on her initiation into a form of story-telling which obtains (usually under circumstances of thrilling secrecy) among children under ten. She is less happy, I feel, in having tried to reproduce these legends—whose whole point consists in their being a sort of *spécialité de la maison* in the individual nursery—for indiscriminate publication. *Alice*

and Thomas and Jane (HEINEMANN, 7/6) revenge themselves for the monotony of seaside life at Rottingdean by undertaking a lurid series of expeditions from the home base. They actually do (says the authoress) what all her own children would like to do and cannot. They dress up and beg successfully for pennies on the Brighton "front"; they explore a cave from its mouth under the cliff to its terminus beneath a local pot-house; *Alice* flies as a stowaway in an aeroplane, and *Thomas* secretes himself on a cross-Channel steamer and invades Dieppe. All these imaginary freedoms with reality compensate, I take it, for the mill-round existence of the urban or suburban child. Country-bred youngsters, with the whole gamut of life to run, will, I am afraid, unjustly scorn Miss BAGNOLD'S trio for the pathetic futility of their circumstances. However, I shall try *Thomas's* sojourn at Dieppe on my own nearest young neighbours. It is the best thing in the book, and a rapturous acquaintance with other Channel ports will enable them to envisage its setting. In the best interests of the story and its audience I shall keep the illustrations severely to myself.

When you hear that *Rex Livingstone* once plotted to choke off an unwanted suitor of his sister's by borrowing an undesired ten-pound note from him and that *Barbara* once, taking pity on her dearest friend stranded late at night without a latch-key, put her to bed in the spare-room after administering a sleeping-draught for toothache and thereupon forgot all about her existence till half London was being ransacked for the missing sleeper, then you will not be surprised to learn that Mr. DENIS MACKAIL has done it again. Fate, which unkindly sent me blustering weather on a camping holiday, provided his latest joy-bubble on the wettest day, and I vow that fate made handsome amends. In *The Young Livingstones* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) swirls of laughter, yours and theirs, will mingle inextricably as you read with the rattle of a sporting car and the blare of a gramophone, while unfailing good sportsmanship, technically-perfect slang, a hilarious shortness of cash, the perpetual motion of the dance and a little honest love-making will be found to fill up a succession of chapters as gay as the outlook of a rising generation. Mr. MACKAIL has given his cheerful exaggerations a touch of something almost like dignity by a charming sketch of friendship between brother and sister—the latest thing in a world of Youth and Novelty. He is desperately—if not quite seriously—severe on Youth's parents, bewildered and burdened among world-problems that are to be solved not by frowning consideration, he seems to say, but by sheer lightness of heart. I have never seen him to better advantage.



"YOU DON'T MIND STANDING UP A MOMENT, DO YER? 'E CAN'T FIND 'IS CRAB."

In the work of some modern authors I seem to detect a tendency to mistake irrelevance for wit and inconsequence for psychological insight. *The Spanish Virgin* (BENN, 7/6), a long tale which lends its title to a new collection of stories by V. S. PRITCHETT, seems to me to be a case in point. The few spasms of good writing which support its rather unconvincing plot are marred by an obvious desire on the part of the author to inform his creations with subtlety. While reading this story I had the feeling that every now and then Mr. PRITCHETT had deliberately removed a connecting-link from a conversation or descriptive passage in order to give the reader the impression that there was something more in it than met the eye; and I was irritated by his habit of employing the imagery and vocabulary of sight and sound as though they were quite interchangeable. RONALD FIRBANK occasionally used these tricks with success, notably in *Vainglory*, but even he often failed to get them over. The other stories in this collection show much sounder work. The best of the longer ones is the "Corsican Inn," which is on the verge of good tragedy, and there is a trifle called the "Sack of Lights" which is altogether delightful.

I cannot imagine that anyone will envy *John Darton's* experience when he discovered that the man sitting next to him on a bus was dead. But I think that all of us who read *The Body on the Bus* (MURRAY, 7/6) will agree that Mr. LEONARD HOLLINGWORTH has then proceeded to make the aforesaid *John* behave with almost incredible carelessness and folly. For it so happened that *John* had a card belonging to the man, who on investigation was found to have been murdered, in his pocket, and by mistake actually handed it to the police as his own. Greater improbabilities have, however, been given us to swallow in sensational fiction, and I readily admit that from the muddle that followed *John's* folly Mr. HOLLINGWORTH has produced a tale that is cleverly told and not extravagantly packed with incident. In fact Mr. HOLLINGWORTH, whose name was unknown to me, writes so well that I should like him to turn aside from mystery and murder and find a less crowded field of fiction for his undoubted talent.

If you appreciate Sir PHILIP GIBBS when he indulges his sentimental mood you will assuredly be more than satisfied with several of the tales which are to be found in *The Wings of Adventure* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6). "The Soul of Honour" is, for example, a story that is guaranteed to bedew many an eye with tears, though I fear that anyone inclined to be cynical will say that its hero was as great a fool as he was a man of honour. The tale also that gives its name to the book is in theme sentimental, though in this instance Sir PHILIP has been content with a less urgent appeal to our emotions. The pick of these stories, as far as I am concerned, are "The Provençal Dancers" and "The Key of Life." To the latter I award an especially blue ribbon because of the original way in which Sir PHILIP has treated a subject that has so often attracted the attention of novelists.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. LANSBURY has had the Serpentine water analysed and pronounced fit for bathing. It has not been found to possess properties which justify the creation of a Hyde Park spa.

***

Attention is drawn to the delightful little gardens surrounding many roadside telephone-boxes in different parts of the country. Their purpose is, of course, to induce people using the instrument to "say it with flowers."

***

With reference to the reported bursting of thermometers in the sudden heat-wave, an old lady writes to us advocating the precaution of removing these delicate instruments to cool places when very hot weather is probable.

***

Notwithstanding the suddenness of the announcement that tanned complexions had gone out of fashion, relief is felt that there has been no actual panic among sun-bathers.

***

One hot day last week a Greenwich man cooked an egg on the pavement outside his house. We may be old-fashioned, but we still prefer the frying-pan.

***

When Thanet was plunged into darkness by the sudden failure of the electric current the other night an alarming rumour spread that Lord ROTHERMERE had fused.

***

The total of centenarians in this country is stated to be steadily decreasing. Hopes are entertained, however, that there may be plenty of young ones coming on.

***

"MOTOR-HORN SOUNDING FINE," said a recent headline. To our ears motor-horns never sound fine.

***

In connection with the International Arthurian Congress at Truro scenes associated with the legends have been visited, but there would appear to have been little support for any scheme to drag the meres for Excalibur.

***

A paragraphist who shook hands with one of the Australian bowlers at a dinner noticed that his hand was moist. Sawdust should have been provided.

***

A multi-millionaire urges every man over forty to have a weighing-machine and to weigh himself twice weekly. Those who are not multi-millionaires may prefer to put twopence a week in the slot.

***

At the sack of Changsha by Communists, *The Times* correspondent reports, hand-bills containing slogans were distributed. He doesn't say whether one of them was "Sack the Lot!"

***

As a result of the fall of the peseta it is pointed out that a waterproof-coat can be bought in San Sebastian for the value of less than ten shillings. Still, the return fare to San Sebastian has to be added.

***

An M.P. for a Glasgow division entered a lion's cage the other day. As the lion showed no sign of fear it is believed to have been unaware of its visitor's identity.



Doris (aside). "I LIKE YOUR FRIEND, EDNA; HE'S QUITE A GENTLEMAN—GOT SUCH A NICE WAY WITH WASPS."

We are told of a golfer who puts himself to sleep by playing an imaginary round, stroke by stroke. More usually golfers' imaginary rounds, played stroke by stroke, have the effect of putting other people to sleep.

***

The manager of the Leighton Buzzard Gas Company passed under an arch of gas-pipes after his wedding. He should be grateful he was not a traveller in the steam-roller line.

***

A man named BROWN was arrested at a seaside hotel while staying there as Mr. Green. It is pleasing to note that our police are not colour-blind.

***

During the mimic warfare last week a cottage at Woking was damaged by an armoured car. This sort of thing is liable to happen in the best conducted wars.

***

We are asked to point out that if the person who has been raising false fire alarms in London will communicate with the police he will hear of something to his disadvantage.

***

A runner-bean eighteen inches long won a competition at Tunbridge Wells. In these competitions a bean has to be a smart runner to win by half-a-length.

***

A cricketing writer observes that reporting a match is harder than playing in one. Batsmen are in no danger of splitting infinitives.

***

A slow bicycle race for errand-boys was a feature of a recent sports meeting. It is not said whether any of them have actually started.

***

In order to be filmed in a Chinese part Mr. MATHESON LANG had his eyebrows plucked. Would Mr. GEORGE ROBEY have gone to this length?

***

A musician declares that England gave America the saxophone. No wonder they insist upon those war debts.

***

The announcement that smugglers are busy on the South Coast should add greatly to its attractions for visitors.

***

"Never eat when in a bath," says a doctor. Of course it is dangerous to sing with the mouth full.

***

A Manchester Town Councillor has been sent to prison for a month for playing bowls in a public park on Sundays. New York is also trying to clean up its underworld.

WHEN ANGELS WEEP.

"Judex qui jocosus est mihi est perosus,
Sed malus poeta est magis odiosus."
Pseudo-Mappius

OF old whene'er Delicius thought it fit
To season justice with the spice of wit,
"The Court," habituated to applause,
Raised, like a well-trained *claque*, prolonged guffaws.

Later, promoted to a loftier seat,
Where jocularity is held unmeet,
He lent new lustre to old metric modes
And plucked our heart-strings with his serious odes.

And still, as Sunday's bells for worship chime,
Hot from the Press his Muse explodes in rhyme,
And as the punctual strain assails their ears
Angels in bliss cannot withhold their tears.

OUR SURPRISE VISIT.

"Good lad!" beamed Sam effusively as I alighted.

"No fawning," I said sternly. "Tell me in the plain English which your telegram so deplorably lacked why I have been dragged from the mellow September gaiety of the seaside to this one-eyed resort of anglers and other low forms of animal life. I take it that Jane is indicated?"

"Of course. Jane and—er—some others, including that comparatively well-favoured girl-friend of hers, Dora——"

"Dora Postle! Is it possible, Sam, that something has begun to stir in the primitive slime of your cerebellum? Speak on. Where are they?"

"With a party on the Broads. Houseboat *White Swan*. Only about three miles from here by water."

"And are they sending a merry catamaran or something to meet us?"

"No, you ass; they don't know we're here. We're going to hire a sailing dinghy and pay them a surprise visit."

"I might have guessed as much, Sam. After a momentary tremor your intellect has gone and died on you. All I know about a sailing-boat is that it requires to be sailed. When have you or I ever sailed a sailing-boat?"

"Easy as A.B.C." proclaimed Sam, patting a handbook which protruded from his pocket.

During lunch he demonstrated with the help of the bread-basket, a fork, a pocket-handkerchief and a piece of string how easy it was to sail a boat without upsetting more than two glasses of beer. After which we adjourned to the waterside where we acquired a lease of the *Merry Maggie* at the current local rate of exploitation plus a deposit, charitably calculated, in the event of the worst happening, to console the bereaved owner and his family for many healing years.

Sam said I had better paddle a bit while he sorted out the sail. After twenty minutes or so I inquired whether the *Merry Maggie* really *was* a sailing-boat or whether the mass of canvas he was toying with was merely an awning. I gathered from Sam's muffled remarks that the something sail was unlike any sail described in the something handbook, and further that it appeared to be a very old and valuable sail and had probably not been used since the gallant little vessel returned from fighting the Armada.

The Broad was very peaceful, so I shipped the oars and dozed pleasantly enough to the sound of Sam's muted prattle until I was aroused by the tiller prodding me rudely in the stomach and saw that Sam actually had got the sail up somehow and that we were homeward bound for the landing-stage.

"Wake up, you lazy lout, and put her over!" yelled Sam nautically.

I imagine that in pushing the tiller away from the present whereabouts of my recent lunch I did what he wanted me to do, for the *Merry Maggie* turned round very prettily and Sam sat down suddenly in the dirty water at the bottom of the boat. The Broad was spacious, so no great harm was done by Sam's trying to work the sail with one hand whilst with the other he interfered with my steering.

Sam said we must tack up the Cut, so, since he was sitting in the dirty water well out of the danger zone, I let him do it whilst I concentrated on ducking my head in the interests of the insurance company. The Cut had fishing-boats anchored on either side and wherries and motor-launches going up and down the middle, and we had words with most of them; in many cases the same words. The wind was one of those winds that seems unable to make up its mind. Finally, after trying to blow all ways at once, it lay down and went to sleep. In the next Broad it woke up apologetically and did its best to mend matters by blowing dead astern at about thirty knots an hour. Sam was for close-hauling, but the wind blew the book overboard before he could look up the term in the glossary, so we trusted to luck.

"There's the *White Swan*," shouted Sam, "over there with the flag. Let's surprise them in style!"

There would have been nothing wrong with our style if the tackle had not jammed when Sam tried to take in sail and given way altogether when we were about thirty yards from the *White Swan*. Mercifully shrouded by acres of sail, Sam and I heard the crash of window-glass and the falling of what we calculated to be a few hundred pots of geraniums.

"Must say they're taking it very sportingly," muttered Sam. "Darn good jest—what?"

Encouraged by the merry laughter of Jane and her friends we fought our way to daylight and the open air. The *White Swan* party were certainly taking our surprise visit very sportingly indeed. Much better, in fact, than the people on the houseboat into which the *Merry Maggie* had swerved during those last few hectic seconds. D. C.

TO MOLLY

ON HER LITERARY TASTE.

As nieces go, you're not so bad, my Molly;
  You've pretty manners and a lively tongue.
I shouldn't hesitate to call you jolly
  But for a horrid fault in one so young:
I tolerate your frocks, admire your looks,
But just abominate your taste in books.

You burn no incense on the Muse's altar,
  You settle SHAKESPEARE with a Shavian gibe,
You set your yawping WALT upon Sir WALTER
  And smother MILTON with the SITWELL tribe;
You'd swap JANE AUSTEN in a brace of twos
For MICHAEL ARLEN or ANITA LOOS.

You took in BERGSON with your feeding-bottle;
  You sampled FREUD and CROCE in your teens;
You won't be squashed by KANT or ARISTOTLE,
  You giggle at the gloomiest of Deans;
And History may sleep upon the shelf
Since Mr. WELLS outlined the thing himself.

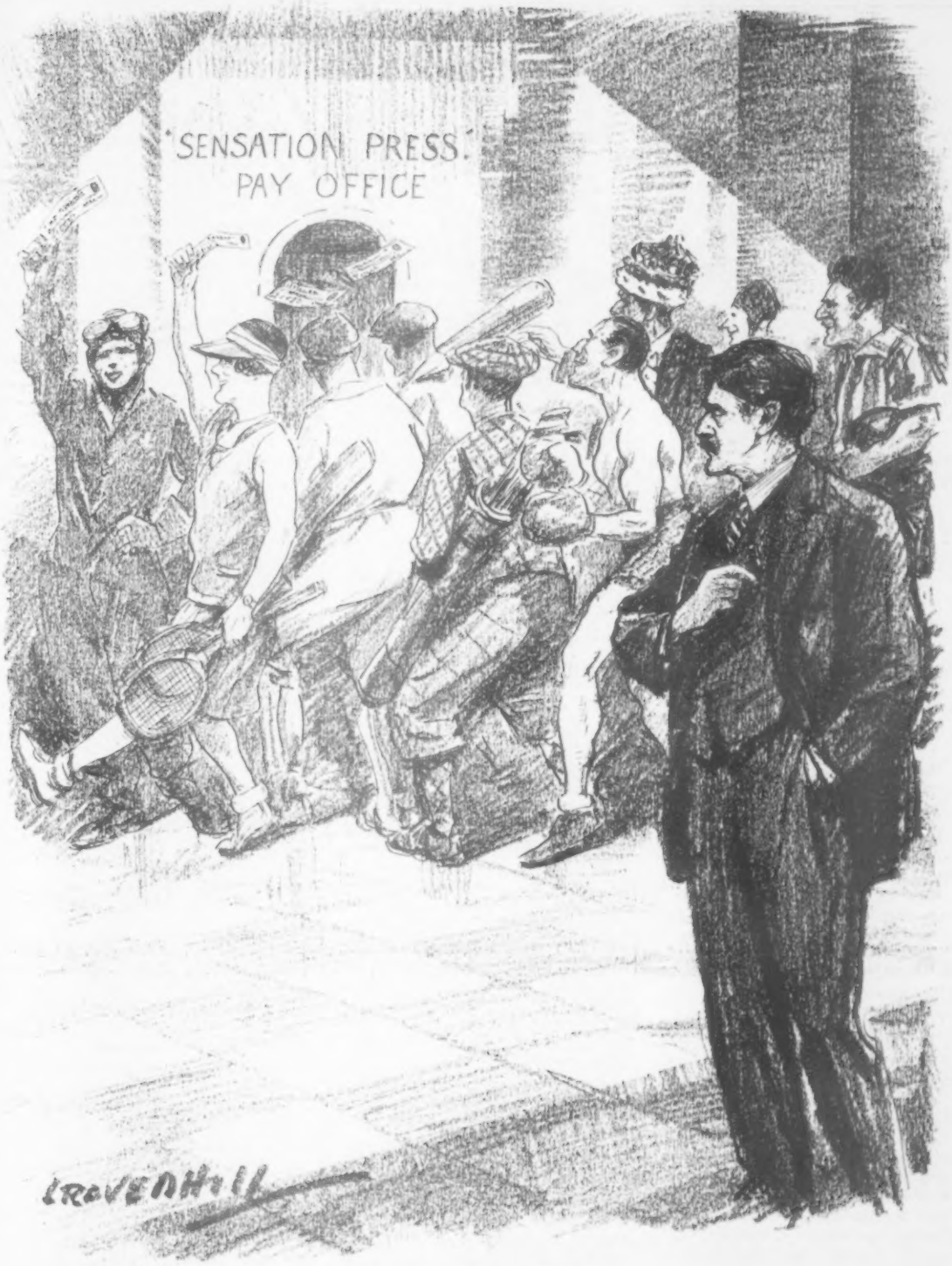
And when I've quite enjoyed myself in trouncing
  Stuff by some dismal Russ in —eff or —off,
Whose very name I'm nervous of pronouncing—
  Bilge that would make a taxi-driver cough,
You swear beside that pleasing Mongol type
DICKENS and THACKERAY were consummate tripe.

But when, to part our literary quarrel,
  The dinner-bell proclaims a timely truce,
I find you, while I yield the victor's laurel,
  A duck again and not a little goose.
I yield *pro tem.*, but see a later stage
When you, my dear, are just about my age.

Fifty years on, the sweetest of old ladies,
  You'll give your bright young people in their turn
Emphatic beans, and to the old, old Hades
  Their brand-new idols rigorously spurn,
While other Mollies guy the names you boost,
And yawn the question, "Who on earth was PROUST?"

The Americanisation of the Dole.

"A psychologist suggests that the super-film of the future may be accompanied by a sequence of cents wafted through the theater."—*Chinese Paper.*



CROWDED OUT.

DISGUSTED JOURNALIST. "NOT MUCH ROOM FOR ME NOW; BUT THEN I MERELY KNOW HOW TO WRITE."



Young Man. "BUT SURELY YOU KNOW ME. I RESCUED YOU FROM DROWNING ONLY YESTERDAY."
Girl. "REALLY! HOW NICE OF YOU! MORNING OR AFTERNOON?"

SCENE SEVENTEEN.

SEQUENCE 49, Scene 17, did not, on paper, present many difficulties. Just a simple piece of dialogue:—

Muriel. Give me that letter!

George (*crunching the letter in his hand*). Never!

Muriel (*she hears a twig snap in the jungle and whispers*). What is that?

George. Elephants.

That was all. But when I arrived on the "location" they had been working at this scene for four hours.

The scene of the incident was a clearing in the jungle of Ceylon, near which it was known that a dangerous "rogue" elephant was roaming, seeking whom he might trample on.

But the scene of the "shooting" was a desolate area of stubble-fields and barbed-wire fences in Herts. Two hundred yards away from the tropical grove was a British railway-station, which appeared to be the centre of the shunting operations of Great Britain. Through this station express trains ran frequently and noisily, careless of the trouble they gave to the producers of a sound-film operating in the open-air. The studio unfortunately was built before the talkies were thought of.

It was a typical spring day in August —"showers and bright periods" as the forecast describes it. A fitful breeze blew across the fields and made noises in the microphones; the sun appeared now and then between racing clouds, and rain fell every fifteen minutes.

The difficulties of reproducing the hot stillness of a tropical jungle in these conditions can scarcely be exaggerated. Nor was the tropical atmosphere heightened by the numerous arc-lamps, cameras, hanging microphones, bits of scaffolding and labyrinthine wires that surrounded the tropical palms and banyan-tree, not to mention three or four directors, five or six sound experts, twenty-five camera-men, and a miscellaneous army of electricians, carpenters and tropical scene-shifters.

There are three main troubles in the production of a talkie out-of-doors—the actors, the sound and the light. The first thing is to decide what the actors are to say and to get them to say it correctly and audibly. When I arrived the actors were still being rehearsed; they seemed patient but mad. George had hissed "Never!" for the forty-first time, and *Muriel* was about to hear the broken twig and whisper, "*What is that?*" when an express train rushed roaring through the station. A man was sitting about a hundred yards away beside a telephone connected with the sound-cabinet far away in the studio; and this man shouted, "Can't be heard!" *Muriel* with pardonable irritation shouted back, "I'M *WHISPERING!* WHAT IS *THAT?*" And George yelled, "ELEPHANT! MY SACRED AUNT."

But these were the only signs of strain I detected; the patience of everyone was quite amazing. In Scene 17, Sequence 49, there are, as you will have noted, three separate sound-effects, all rather fine—the crunching of the letter, the snapping of the twig and the whispering of *Muriel*. After long labours, rehearsals and tests, the correct volume for all the sounds and speeches was ascertained and fixed. *Muriel's* whisper was no longer likely to break the ear-drums of the film-fan, and the snapping of the twig no longer sounded to the unseen fellows in the sound-cabinet like a twelve-inch log falling from a great height. All that remained was to turn on the four expensive lamps which were to bring the English sunshine up to tropical standard, start the sound-machines, set the cameras going and *take* the scene.

The sun was shining brightly. A red light shone. The tropical lamps shone. "All quiet, please!" Perfect silence.

A green light shone. A cold breeze blew across the fields. *Muriel*, wilting in the heat of Ceylon, said, "*Give me that letter!*" The cameras madly photographed her. And then from nowhere a big black cloud rolled up and buried the sun; and the darkness of Britain descended on Ceylon.

For fifteen minutes the whole crowd of us patiently watched the cloud. Then it rained for ten minutes. Then the sun emerged. A red light shone. "Quiet, everybody!" Deathly hush. Lamps, cameras, green light. Scene 17 was off again. *Muriel* wound up her weary emotions for the fifty-seventh time and said, "Give me that letter." George said——

But at that moment round the corner came the "Flying Scotsman" or some such train. *Muriel* made a rather pathetic little whimper and I went off to tea.

When I returned it seemed that Scene 17, Sequence 49, was really about to be recorded. The tropical sun was visible, and though it was now low the arc-lamps supported it powerfully. The breeze had fallen with the sun, and there was a strange quiet, broken only by some desultory shunting. The red light shone. The green light shone. The cameras whirred. Away in the sound-cabinet the sound-gentleman listened tensely. And then an awful thing happened. *Muriel* forgot her words.

Thrilled, no doubt, by the prospect of finishing with Scene 17 at last. *Muriel* stared blankly at George and said nothing at all for a full half-minute. And at last she murmured diffidently, "*Where is the letter?*"

George stared at her and shook like a jelly, realising that to this question it was impossible to reply "*Never!*" and he said, "*I don't know.*" But the quick-witted fellow then remembered that he had the letter in his grasp, so he added, "*Here it is,*" and handed it to *Muriel*. They then turned off the expensive lamps and began again. No cross word passed. Everyone seemed to realise that this sort of thing was only to be expected. I was proud to be a Briton.

The sky was now clear, but the sun had nearly set. At the next attempt it was George who lost his nerve, and when *Muriel* said, "*Give me that letter,*" George replied, "*All right,*" and tore it up.

Perfect patience continued to reign. I thought as the night fell that *Muriel* perhaps had a suicidal impulse or two, but neither she nor the directors expressed their secret thoughts.

The biggest blow, perhaps, came about sunset. More lamps had been brought out, there was neither rain nor train, both *Muriel* and *George* remembered their words, said them perfectly and even acted a little (this was the hundred-and-first time), and the whole scene was played through without interruption or fault of any kind. Smiles and sighs of relief all round. And then the camera-man revealed that the film had run out half-way through the scene.

Not a word was said. I went home and left them at it. But I believe that Scene 17 was successfully recorded about nine.

I know that, later, when the film was finished, the film was too long, and Scene 17 was cut out altogether.

And now you know:—

(*a*) Why the "pictures" have sometimes a certain spasmodic effect.

(*b*) Why the radiant heroine of one scene looks as if she had slept under a steam-roller in the next.

(*c*) Why film-actors are highly paid.

(*d*) Why the invention of the "talkies," though a marvel of modern science, has not so far perhaps made any staggering contribution to the art of the film.

And (*e*) one or two other things.

A. P. H.



Mrs. 'Arris (just returned from the seaside). "BELIEVE ME, THEY SITS ABOUT ON THE BEACH THERE WITH 'ARDLY ANYTHING ON, DOING THIS SUN-BATHING, AND IN BROAD DAYLIGHT TOO!"

Our Far-Flung Empire.

"British East Africa, which includes Tanganyika, Uruguay and Kenya, is one of the most attractive parts in the whole continent. *Weekly Paper.*

"A one-sided effect is given to the dress by young carrots."—*Scots Paper.*

If desired these can be nicely balanced by a flounce of Jerusalem artichokes.

ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH.

Chang the Warlike, Emperor of China, had seven daughters, of whom the youngest, Ming Fei, was the most beautiful. Ming Fei was very lovely. Her form was elegantly rotund, her eyebrows delicate as almond-twigs, her complexion white and smooth as the finest porcelain. Above all she was endowed with such exquisite sensibility that she would blush at an evasion, tremble at a lie and faint away at the least breath of impropriety. Indeed it had been found necessary to exclude her altogether from diplomatic functions.

At that time a poor student named Wang dwelt in a hut on the bank of the river Tang (or Bracelet of Jade), the waters of which flowed but a stone's-throw from the garden of the imperial palace. So wretched was Wang's abode that the very insects failed to obtain subsistence there, from which circumstance arose the saying, "Bare as the floor of Wang the Unlucky." This unfortunate youth was the child of a necromancer whose skill in causing the disappearance of solid objects was only equalled by his gift for transforming hard cash into thin air, with the result that Wang's whole inheritance consisted of a few magical receipts, only one of which he had ever entirely mastered. Nor were his efforts to secure remunerative employment of any avail. For Wang was a native of the distant and barbarous province of Yang Ki, whose uncouth dialect still clung about his speech, causing him to be regarded with scorn by those from whom he hoped to obtain preferment. Nevertheless Wang found compensation for his poverty in the possession of a superb view of the wall surrounding the imperial gardens, through the gates of which he was at liberty to contemplate not only a variety of flowering plants but also the movements of Ming Fei.

At first sight of this paragon Wang's heart flew from his bosom as readily as a bird from its cage. Nor on her part was Ming Fei indifferent to her admirer, for Wang was a handsomely-shaped young man, whose smooth and adequate forehead declared the candour of his mind. Their mutual attachment quickly assumed such proportions that one spring evening Wang cast restraint and correctness to the winds, vaulted over the wall and enveloped his beloved in an ecstatic embrace.

That same moment the Emperor Chang, wearying for the solace of his shady orchards, stepped across the threshold of the palace and beheld at a distance the enthusiastic pair. He uttered a cry of wrath and hurried towards them. Mournfully aware of his perilous situation, Wang began at once to exercise his wits and immediately recalled the magical formula bequeathed to him by his parent. He breathed gently upon Ming Fei's brow and hands, recited the incantation, and lo! Ming Fei was changed into a blossoming orange-tree. But the Emperor, although privately astonished at this feat, retained an impassioned countenance.



Irritable Top-storey Dweller. "GOSH! THERE'S A PIANO-ORGAN COME TO ADD TO THE DIN NOW."

"Unpedigreed dog!" he thundered, "ere I have thee divided into a thousand symmetrical fragments, restore to me the person of Ming Fei."

For a moment Wang was silent; then in crude Yang Ki accents he strove to conciliate the outraged monarch.

"Say, Emp, reckon you wanna consult an oculist. There ain't no jane in this patch of dandelions."

"Audacious reptile!" cried the Emperor; "dost dare to add lying to thine innumerable vices?"

"Believe me, Bo," Wang protested earnestly, "you're shooting up the wrong street. GEORGE WASHINGTON has nothing on this baby. I couldn't tell a lie if it asked me."

Even as he spoke the blossom which lay like a snowdrift upon the orange-tree suddenly suffused with colour, deepening from stainless white to a rare and tender pink. Wang perceived with dismay that Ming Fei's excessive sensibility had betrayed him, but he kept his head for the moment.

"Guess I'd better roll over, Boss," he said; "you have me cold. But nix on the cutting up. If you bump me off Ming Fei stays put."

"Vile slave!" the Emperor exclaimed, "think not thus to escape the just consequence of thy villainy. Have I not six daughters all equal in beauty and intelligence to Ming Fei? What is one daughter more or less? But the whole of China contains not another orange-tree bearing pink blossom. Ming Fei shall remain a tree. She shall become the eighth wonder of the world and an invaluable advertisement for my Empire. As for thee, the finger-tips of the Chief-Torturer-But-One shall be applied to the soles of thy feet in such a manner that thou shalt presently expire in great agony. What sayest thou, rodent, to the fate that awaits thee?"

"Emp," replied Wang sorrowfully, "guess I'll be tickled to death."

And so he was.

"Dr. Serge Voronoff, the money-gland specialist . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

This should meet a more pressing need than the mere extension of life.



Famous Young Woman (to Reporter). "AND YOU MIGHT ADD, 'I'M *VERY* THANKFUL I WASN'T BORN A *BOY*.'"

EL LIBERTADOR.

[A frenzied panegyric, on reading the rumour that a gentleman named Señor ARTURO DEL TORO is about to open a bureau for the sale of divorces by post, under the laws of the Mexican States of Sonora and Morelos.]

SEÑOR ARTURO DEL TORO,
Noble his mien and his carriage is;
What has he come to us for, oh?
To end unfelicitous marriages.

Señor ARTURO DEL TORO,
Whose neck as the neck of a horse is,
Alights on this insular shore, oh,
With bundles of easy divorces.

The child of a pleasanter culture,
He speeds to us over the billow
From the land of the wandering vulture,
From the land of the wild armadillo.

He comes like a breath from the ocean,
His features are lovely and god-like,
His worshippers throb with emotion,
Though some may consider him odd-like.

He is clothed with a wand and with spangles,
Assister of nuptial estrangement,
He ends matrimonial tangles
By means of a postal arrangement.

A thousand have need of his helping,
Whose lives have been spoiled by a blunder;
He comes to the sound of the yelping
Of cats and the rolling of thunder.

The Cupids and Loves play about him,
He drives them with roseate collars.
And none shall distrust him or doubt him
So long as they cough up the dollars.

Venus attends him and Flora
And the feet of the Hours and the Graces
And the might of the Mayor of Sonora,
Who scoops a percentage on cases.

The fetters of bondage they shake off,
Their heads are encircled by halos;
And apparently part of the rake-off
Is pinched by the Mayor of Morelos.

Señor ARTURO DEL TORO!
Happiness stands in the lexicon
Hard by the name evermore, oh,
Of this enigmatical Mexican.

With songs shall the people escort him
To festivals Sardanapalian—

* * * * *

Or how would it be to deport him
As an undesirable alien?

EVOE.

Poodle-Faking in Tasmania.

"Mr. ——, on behalf of the visitors, was then handed round by ladies of the Royale club."—*Australasian Paper.*

"Sir William Waterlow advised the scholars that they should stick to their work, and not be bored with it if they could avoid it."—*Daily Paper.*

One never is, if one can.

"There are also the universities, in which it is estimated that one person in 1,150 is educated."—*North-Country Paper.*

This statement adds greatly to the value of our B.A. (Failed).

"He was dying and he knew it. He was not quite sure himself whether he wanted to die, but it seemed the only thing left to do now. This or a feline's grave."
South African Paper.

That would be useless. What would he do with eight more lives?

MIRAGE.

TO-DAY the letter-box was full of bills and I have already peeped furtively into my cash-book and am full of foreboding. This has, however, happened before—it has, to be exact, happened at the end of every quarter for several years—without serious mishap, so I am not unduly depressed. But it is quite evident that to-day is not the Day.

I am going to have a wonderful day sometime within the next few years: just one day during which nothing whatever goes wrong. I shall wake up in the early morning to find the sunlight filtering through the young green of the trees into my room, and I shall jump out of bed and hurry down to breakfast so that not one precious moment is lost; but once down I shall hurry no more that day.

There will be a huge mail for both Joan and me, and I shall push the long manuscript envelope to the bottom of the pile. Then we shall eat and read to each other extracts from our letters—letters from scattered friends we have made at odd times, from Cornwall and the Cotswolds, from the children's clinic in Buda-Pest and the big sparsely-furnished atelier in Montparnasse. Last of all I shall pick up the long envelope and glance quickly inside, just to make sure not only that it contains a galley-proof but also that the essay really is the best work I have yet done. For a moment I shall have a wavering fear that I shall never again write anything quite so good, and then I shall decide quite definitely to do better.

After breakfast Joan will go with Anne to buy that gown which is so ridiculously cheap that they cannot think how it can be done at the price (eight flimsy ounces for the price of two Savile Row suits—but who cares?), and I shall get out the car and take Hubert up to the golf-club.

On the way I shall call in at the bank and draw out some money, asking the cashier if he will tell me the amount of my balance. To-day, for the first time, I shall find that I have more money than I had thought—not that money will mean anything to me at the moment, but just to show you how exceptional a day this is going to be.

Both Hubert and I will play at the very top of our form, and approaching the eighteenth green we shall be all-square. A perfect approach and a straight short putt will give me the match by one stroke. ("Sorry, Hubert, but this is my day.")

A six-mile run from the golf-course to our favourite inn will make us so hungry that the only possible luncheon is cold roast beef with pickles, and the only conceivable drink the ice-cold half-flat beer which in its shining pewter tankards is our host's pride.

After luncheon I shall go to pick up Joan, and we two, leaving Anne and Hubert to their own devices, will take our spaniel, Ruffie, and go across country in the car, visiting our old friendly haunts. Once, when we have stopped, we shall be quite close to a man with a gun. As he fires Ruffie will give a ruckling whimper and look at me reproachfully; and the smell of the powder will hurt for a moment, like the sudden remembrance of a pleasant dream.

We shall have time to change in comfort and get to Town for dinner at our favourite restaurant, where we shall sit at our old table with the *maître d'hôtel* hovering near, asking for or giving us the latest news of the *Rive Gauche*.

Dinner over, we shall go to see the new play which Mr. MILNE will have written (for us, really, though he can't be expected to know that). And after three hours' delightful subtlety we will toy with the idea of a night-club. But we shall not go to one—the lure of the run home in the open car will be too strong.

A wonderful day to have ahead. But meanwhile there is that pile of quarter-end bills.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

WHEN I read in a daily paper that a noble Scottish family still preserves in its castle the cap-and-bells of its jester I was thrilled—as I always am by any surviving link with the past.

The duties of the Fool were to be in attendance while the master and his family dined, and his hold upon his position was apt to be determined by the number of laughs he could raise as the meal proceeded. The Fool was an institution up to the days of Sir WALTER SCOTT; "And this," I thought, "is a refreshing relic of feudalism in the hideous present."

And then I began wondering why the Fool was discontinued and what became of him when he was no longer wanted. Was the poor brute pensioned off in some cottage, and did he keep his joke-book on the chiffonier to thumb over in the winter evenings, noting the pencilled comments in the margin: "This was a success; my ladye did choke in her mead"; or, "A sad failure; my lord at first inclined not to comprehension, and then in high offence did clout me"?

Did the Fool seed into the village idiot? Did the gossips at "The Dog and Bacon" get sick of his repertoire, and was there at last a falling-off in the number of free pints? Did he take to Morris-dancing or growing lettuces? And does the dreadful habit of anecdote still crop up in his descendants? And where are they?

"Mr. Robinson's great-grandfather was a Fool," is an ambiguous introduction to a stranger and difficult to respond to gracefully; the replies, "I'm sure he was," or, "I don't doubt it," being as unsatisfactory in their ways as "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" or "Come, come! After all, he *is* dead."

Gradually it has stolen over me that a private or family Fool would be an intolerable possession for these days. The idea is charming and mediæval, and would be suggestive of the social standing of a man who kept one, like having three housemaids; but I see that if he started earning his salary as early as breakfast the temptation to do him a mischief would darken an already difficult meal. And you couldn't even hit the creature as you could the old sort, as he'd be sure to have a Union, and would either summons the head of the house in no time or down bells on the very day you wanted him for a dinner-party.

In large establishments, I am convinced, he would be apt to fight with the chauffeur, and when he went below-stairs for his own supper his stories would either scandalise the maids until, with many chaste protestations of his "not being what they were accustomed to" they would give notice, or (infinitely worse) the small London house would rock with pea-hen yells of appreciation.

Our own house is far from Fool-proof. In any case, his venal optimism would be a heavy trial in association with anybody's ham-and-eggs. He might at any moment start being funny about one's bills or throw puns in the Shakespearean manner in respect of the Income-tax:—

SCENE—*The morning-room at* Mr. Randall's *house in Bayswater. The three* Randalls *are at breakfast.*

Fool (*brightly*). What said the earwig when he fell off the stile? (*Silence.*)

Fool (*hopefully*). 'Ere we go! (*Dead silence.*)

Mr. Randall (*bashing down a narrow communication marked* "*O.H.M.S.*"). If these damned Socialists could only see straight. (*Here the* Fool *is visited with the ill-timed whimsy of striking his employer on the head with a gilded bladder.*) Confound you! Get back to your place.

Fool (*capering*). Nay, then, Mr. Randall, for that were a fishy business,



MANNERS AND MODES.

Young Wife. "IS THE COCKTAIL ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN?"
Young Husband. "RATHER! JUST LIKE MOTHER USED TO SHAKE."

and I am an honest Fool. But he who returns to plaice——

Mrs. R. (*apprehensively*). S'sh! The master is busy.

Mr. R. (*still displeased*). Four-and-six in the pound, and half my stocks depreciating.

Fool (*enchanted*). In this, good Sir, we see the evil, or to speak roundly, the mischief of gold. Marry, how?

Miss R. I don't know. Dry up.

Fool. Faith, then, the evil-doer lies in the *pound*; or, being a sort of saucy fellow—a very rudesby—in the *stocks*, the targe or mark for every bow-legged roysterer.

Mr. R. Emily, turn that fellow out of the room and pass the marmalade.

Mrs. R. (*cowed*). Oh, George!

Miss R. Mother, Jocksons have sent in an Account Rendered, and I *know* I paid for those jumpers.

Fool (*running round and round the table*). Render the account and account it rendered. Then shall a pretty jointure of good accordance be made.

Miss R. Go to blazes!

Fool. But render not the——

[Miss Randall, *whimpering with nerves, takes up the fish-slice and smacks him hard. Exit* Fool.

Mrs. R. (*drearily*). Now we shall have to advertise again. I *know* he's not easy to bear, but one must *have* one.

[*She begins to run over the wording of the advertisement, her lips moving absently.* "*Wanted for family* (3), *Fool. Must be agile and own good rep. jokes. Pref. given applicant with orig. mat. Must be cap. speaking Shakespearean manner. Lib. outings.*"

(SCENE CLOSES IN.)

RACHEL.

Things Which are Better Unreported.

"The usual evangelistic service on Sunday evening was listened to without devout attention by a large gathering."—*Irish Paper.*

"To be quite up to date you must dress to match your car."—*Motoring Paper.*

Unfortunately we are too old for baby fashions.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"CAR DUEL BETWEEN BRITAIN, ITALY AND GERMANY."
Daily Paper.

From the Greek word "duo," meaning three.

Theatrical Candour.

"'Eggs spread over the face and neck have done wonders for me,' says Clara Bow."
Film Paper.

If only we could say the same of our politicians.

"BELFAST MOTOR SENSATION.

Despite all that his friends could do Herr Caracciola decided to scratch."
North-Country Paper.

We consider that this is one of those questions which a man must decide for himself.

"Captain C. D. Barnard, the famous long-distance airman, will start at dawn to-morrow from Lympne on a £1,200 miles solo non-stop flight to Tangier."
Newcastle Paper.

It sounds as if *The Daily Mail* isn't interested.

IN OUR INN.

II.—OLD WALTER'S STORY.

Old Walter is as much part of the public bar of the "White Rabbit" as his clothes seem to be of Old Walter. That is to say, logic tells you there must be times when they are apart, though the evidence apparently is all against it. Whenever you see Old Walter his clothes look as if he had been in them ever since he was big enough to put them on; equally, whenever you enter the public bar of the "White Rabbit" there is Old Walter in his corner, looking as though the place had been built round him.

Old Walter is getting on for ninety. In other words he has reached that age in "White Rabbit" circles when he may accept pints again and again without being expected to return the compliment. It is rendering a tribute to years rather than casting beer upon the waters. He rarely speaks, but leans his chin on his stick and blinks around at the company. Occasionally he says, "Ay, George, you be right," or, "Ay, Bob, that be so," when referred to for corroboration of some point under debate, but as he rarely knows what it's all about and both the debaters realise this, it's only done for form's sake and so that he shan't feel out of the busy hum. Moreover, since his response has always been in the affirmative for the last fifteen years and anyone who refers to him always takes care to word his question with this knowledge in view, the corroboration loses much of its dialectic value.



Fair Angler. "QUICK, CYRIL! WHAT DO I DO NOW? MY FLOAT HAS JUST COME UP FOR THE THIRD TIME."

One thing, however, does stir Old Walter to speech, and as like as not, if circumstances are favourable, brings on his Story: that is any disparaging mention of the younger generation. His dull eye gleams and he suddenly pipes up that boys are not what they were when he was a boy. If there is a stranger or two present and this opening is not nipped in the bud by the unheeding onflow of conversation he adds, after a suitable pause for ale to refresh memory, that there used to be "*some* Goings On" in the village in those days, that is "a goodish while back." Presumably "a goodish while back" is about seventy years ago, but the date cannot be accurately arrived at, because whenever you suggest a number Old Walter says, "Ay, it would be about that," whether the figure mentioned is twenty years or eighty. He is reputed to have stated that it would be about that when a visiting humorist once asked, Was that over a century ago, but the rest of the public bar considered the jest in poor taste.

Though the "Goings On" in those days were reputed "something terrible," exactly what they were nobody can discover, however anxious he may be to unearth village scandal or immoralities of three-quarters of a century past. The pauses in between Old Walter's utterances are so protracted that either his attention or that of his listener is sure to wander and the source of the revelation gets choked up. The only "Going On" that has ever been elicited and which in fact constitutes Old Walter's Story, is that concerning the last Vicar but two and his choir-boys. It has a flavour of EDGAR WALLACE about it, but its dénouement, unless you are Walter and therefore narrating it, is not up to the master's class. As extracted from Walter by any curious stranger it goes something like this:—

After repeating "such Goings On" and "something terrible" till the stranger has almost lost interest, Walter drains his mug and quavers abruptly, "I do mind when me and two others what did sing in choir robbed parson's safe." This of course is a perfectly splendid, though delayed, opening and invariably results in a fresh pint.

"Ay, there was me and Tom, what's bedridden now, pore chap—one foot in the grave as the saying is—and young Alfie. We went for to rob parson's safe one dark night." The fact that "young" Alfie is now eighty-four and that the bedridden Tom took the other foot with him into his grave some nine years ago does not affect the Story and are details unworthy of consideration by any save a meticulous commentator.

He mumbles toothlessly for some while, and just when you think something good is coming he apparently begins all over again. "Me and young Alfie and Tom went for to rob parson's safe"—there is a pause and a cackle of triumphant laughter—"and we *ded*." At this point Old Walter buries his face and most of his whiskers in his mug and re-emerges with such a conclusively triumphant glance round at his audience that the listener gets the impression the Story is over and that it's not such a good one as it promised.

Old Walter, however, mutters a bit more to his beer and after a few minutes states that "it were a dark night and parson's safe she stood outside his backdoor." Interest is thus revived. A peculiar clergyman this to keep his safe outside his back-door. Too trusting even for a Christian, one would say. Why have a safe at all?

"*We* robbed her," concludes Old Walter abruptly, and pauses a long, long while, thus making his second false climax. Many drop out here too, but those who persevere hear Old Walter announce just when hope is almost dead: "We took priddy nigh everything that was in it, and no un never knoawed."

There is again a very long pause, and suddenly comes the climax. "I got a leg o' mutton and young Alfie a pound o' butter and Tom—'im what's bedridden, pore chap—he got nigh on two pound o' rarshers."

There is general laughter and the listener, feeling he has somehow been done, remarks aggrievedly: "Oh, you mean a *meat*-safe?"

Old Walter says nothing. He is by now slaking a well-earned thirst and you will get no more information out of him. He is quite excited and worked up at having got his Story off intact, and long after the conversation has closed round him once more he can be heard in any lull muttering, "terrible Goings On," and shaking his head.

A. A.

"WYATT'S LEG SWINGS."
Jersey Paper.

Which one?



"BUSINESS —



AS USUAL DURING —



— IMPROVEMENTS!

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

A REGRETTABLE INCIDENT.

BUSH-FIGHTING at its best—or worst—is a ticklish business, but I am convinced that in the unlikely event of the Nukuku detachment of the King's Askari becoming involved in active hostilities during George's tour of duty as a subaltern the revisers of our text-books will be supplied with material calculated to reduce them to profane incoherence. For George, once loosed in the bush, discards all the theories so painstakingly impressed on him at Sandhurst, pins his faith on a fragmentary recollection of the more elementary portions of *Scouting for Boys* and proceeds to play ducks-and-drakes with all the military maxims he remembers and the many more he has forgotten.

In a country where tangled undergrowth, clustering trees and dense bamboo thickets render it a matter of extreme difficulty to make any progress at all off the beaten track, and visibility is normally restricted to a dozen paces or so, war resolves itself into a glorified game of blind-man's-buff, with a shade of odds in favour of the blind man; and I shall always maintain that, had George led his skeleton "Blue" Force according to the rules laid down for the proper conduct of bush warfare, he would have had to admit complete defeat on the occasion of our recent field manœuvres.

What actually happened was that George, temporarily promoted to be General Officer Commanding "Blue" Force, as represented by half Number Two Platoon, left camp in the dawn, with orders to take up a position five miles north of Nukuku by 0700 hours, when hostilities were to commence. The remainder of the half-platoon, under my command, became for the time being a "Red" Force bent on preventing George effecting a junction with an imaginary "White" Force at Nukuku. Zero hour found us disposed across his only possible route in a manner well calculated to hold up George and his entire army for an indefinite period.

Subsequent events merely served to strengthen my opinions on the unsatisfactory nature of military operations in dense bush and the fatuity of George as a tactician. After two hours of tedious waiting contact had not been established with his dilatory "Blue" hordes. At 0910 hours Private Maji on my right opened rapid fire at what eventually proved to be a porcupine. Inspired by this example, Corporal Kumwa on my left flank wasted many blank rounds on a perfectly innocent reed-buck which popped up an inquiring head close to his piquet-post. At 0920 hours my centre hummed with excitement when scouts reported the approach of a hostile body. After minutes of tension the enemy turned out to be a harmless non-combatant from a neighbouring village engaged in the pacific task of carrying eggs to Nukuku for the use of the Mess. Unfortunately the shock of being sharply challenged proved too much for his equilibrium and he dropped the eggs.



"THE SHOCK OF BEING SHARPLY CHALLENGED."

At 0940 hours we suffered our first casualty when Private Kiboko thoughtlessly sat down on an ants'-nest. At 0945 hours the whole front opened fire and was with difficulty persuaded to cease when the cause of the trouble was discovered to be one of our own scouts endeavouring to report that there was nothing to report. At 1000 hours the inaction was becoming monotonous and I decided to advance and get into touch with George, who had apparently relinquished the initiative. We moved off in the perfect diamond formation so beloved of the text-books on bush-fighting.

Ten minutes later a storm of firing broke out ahead and I discovered that we had at last established contact with the elusive "Blue" Force and were apparently giving them blazes. True, there was nothing to be seen except trees and the backs of devoted members of the "Red" army performing amazing deeds of valour with an indifference to their own safety which filled me with despairing admiration; but eventually what I took to be George's army was driven off and peace descended.

I determined to withdraw to my original position, since it was impossible for George to attack with any hope of success and there was no necessity to push him too far away from home and lunch. We set off back in column with an adequate rearguard, and half-a-mile down the path a demoralising whistle shrilled in my ear and a voice boomed from the undergrowth:—

"Hands up, Skipper; we've got the whole lot of you!"

Tarbooshes sprang up on either hand and grinning black faces regarded us cheerfully down levelled rifle-barrels. I am bound to admit that it was, as EDGAR WALLACE might have put it, a fair cop; but I doubt whether even that famous novelist could have done full justice to what I said to George. I explained to him that his part in the operations was to join up with the "White" Force at Nukuku and that, with this objective, his business was not to ambush my forces but to *evade* them. As an interview between a triumphant General flushed with victory and his captive adversary it must have been unique in the annals of war, and by the time I had almost finished the victorious G.O.C. "Blue" Force was positively contrite.

Still, I maintain that anyone who so far forgets what is due to the dignity of war as to reduce it to the level of a game of hide-and-seek and to lay rude hands on the person of his opponent when the latter, theoretically at all events, is at the head of immeasurably superior forces, deserves the telling-off which is certainly coming to him.

I am not sure that George was really as penitent as he professed at the time. Later on he had the temerity to declare that, with the exception of the dramatic impulse which prompted him to ambush me, there had been nothing whatever to prevent his linking up with the "White" Force at Nukuku in a canter. He pointed out the extreme difficulty which our troops had experienced in rounding up the German forces in the East African campaign, and inferred that, generally speaking, he rather thought he had done a good thing. But that was after dinner, and I properly refused to reopen the subject.

No Need to Listen.

"The acoustics of this theatre have made Talking Pictures a pleasure to witness."
Advt. in North-Country Paper.

A Headache for Architects.

"As its name implies, the Danish House is a replica of one of the old black and white half-timbered houses to be found in Norway."—*Daily Paper.*

More Sidelights on the Irish Weather.

"Tea was served in the large marquee, and the guests, in spite of the fact that the sun refused to grace the gathering, enjoyed fully the out-of-doors fête in warm and pleasant sunshine."—*Irish Paper.*

CATS IN THE GARDEN.

THERE's the Black, the White and the Sandy Puss
Of which the Black is the worst,
The most depraved and dangerous,
And I'll tell you about it first.
It really is an alarming beast,
Of the most gigantic size,
A foot-and-a-half in height at least,
With great round yellow eyes—
Great staring yellow eyes.

You know that whenever a small dog meets
A large cat face to face,
The rule is that the cat retreats
And the small dog gives chase.
When this occurs my own career
Is both discreet and brisk,
I follow near, yet not too near,
For I don't take any risk—
I chase, but I take no risk.

The Black Puss simply sits its ground
And bristles up its coat,
And stares and makes a curious sound
Of rumbling in its throat.
Now, when a cat declines to run
And sits there all the same,
Then I dismiss that cat as one
That does not play the game—
That utterly spoils the game.

With the White Puss I've better luck,
For, when it meets with me,
Away it rushes, terror-struck
To climb the nearest tree.
Then, as it lies along a bough,
Glad to be safe, no doubt,
I make beneath all kinds of row,
And I bark and I leap about—
I furiously jump about.

The White Puss lies there all the while
Wearing a pensive grin,
A timid and uneasy smile,
Which I think is genuine,
As if to say, were I to fall,
The peril would be grave,
For that dog down below, though small,
Is very fierce and brave—
Uncommonly fierce and brave.

About the Sandy Puss I own
I can't say much as yet,
For, if the honest truth be known,
We haven't really met.
I've seen it sometimes slinking through
The bushes on the prowl,
And disapproved, but hitherto
I've not done more than growl—
Just given a distant growl. A. C.

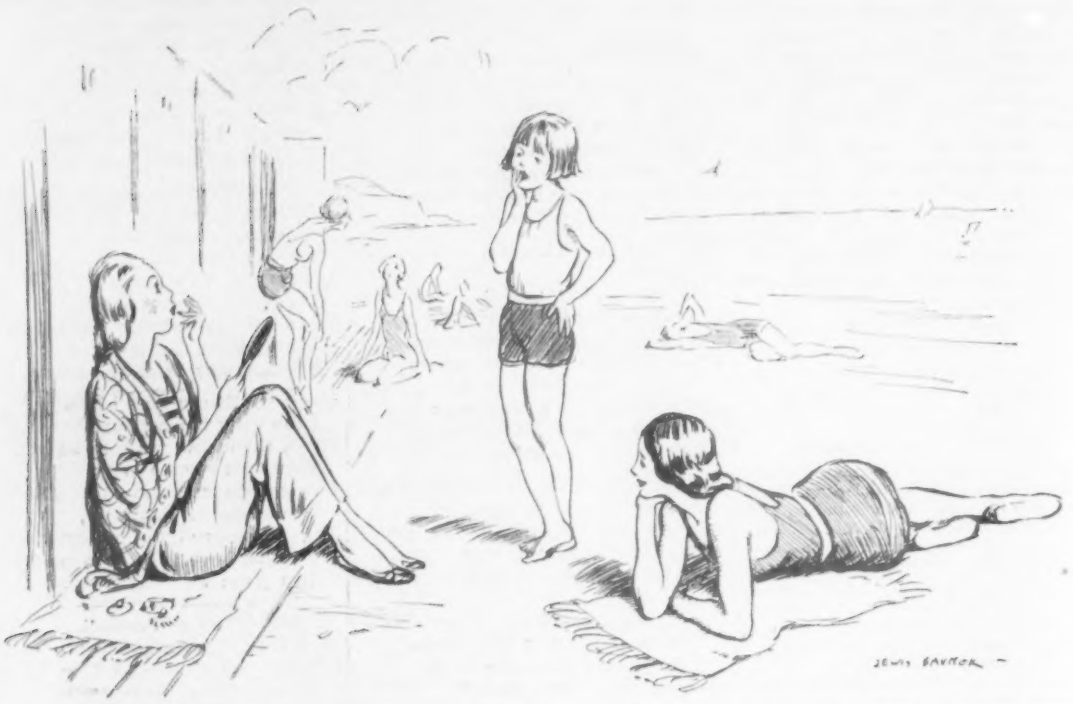
Midget Football.

"Wanted, Small Shed suitable for Football Field."—*Advt. in Herts Paper.*



Shooting Tenant. "MAN SANDY, YOU'RE NOT LOOKING A DAY OLDER SINCE I SAW YOU LAST SEASON. WHAT WOULD BE YOUR AGE NOW?"

Sandy. "WEEL, I COUNT MA SHEEP AND I COUNT MA SILLER, BUT I NEVER COUNT MA YEARS—YE CANNA LOOSE ONNY O' THEM."



Child (who has been watching with interest prolonged post-bathe renovations of elder sister). "AND WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO *begin* TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL?"

YE OLDE ENGLYSHE RATEPAYER.

LIKE most other people I have long thought that there was something the matter with my income-tax—a little tight under the arms, perhaps, or knocking rather badly on the top speeds. Now, thanks to some recent remarks of Mr. K. B. SMELLIE of the London School of Economics to the Association of Local Government Officers, I know what the real trouble is. This income-tax is an upstart, a mere parvenu; rates represent the real old county stock, the fine old English gentleman. "I don't know whether you have ever considered," said Mr. SMELLIE, "the extraordinary pedigree of rates; they have all the dignity of Elizabethan ancestors. On the other hand Mr. GLADSTONE used to apologise for imposing income-tax in time of peace."

There you have it. There is something rash and adventurous about paying rates, but nothing except a grim Victorian grind about the melancholy process of meeting an income-tax demand. The one affair has a pedigree behind it; the other nothing but a pettifogging persistence. Henceforward I shall feel like a rollicking sea-rover as I swashbuckle forth to meet my ancestral and Elizabethan liability for "Sewerage and Sewage Disposal" (I quote from the back of the last document of this nature received), "Maintenance and Scavenging of Highways," "Public Lighting and Public Clock" and all the other jolly little reminders of life in the spacious days of GOOD QUEEN BESS. In fact I shall probably sing a little song or sea-chanty as I go:—

When DRAKE sailed out of Devon, boys,
  His lads had rates to pay,
In 1577, boys,
  Like we have got to-day;
So when they made another raid
  They said, as they wiped their skewers,
"Well, that's a bit for the Fire Brigade,
  The Public Clock and Sewers."

When DRAKE was out for gain, my lads,
  His tars were merry friskers;
They sailed the Spanish main, my lads,
  And singed KING PHILIP's whiskers;
But they always said, when they took a chance
  In its richer creeks and by-ways,
"Well, that's a bit for the Ambulance
  And the Scavenging of Highways!"

When DRAKE set out to raid and burn
  He left behind all fears,
Though I shouldn't be surprised to learn
  His rates were in arrears;
But he found the foe and he joined the fray,
  Where he did great execution,
And he came back quite prepared to pay
  The County Contribution.

So I, my lads, like another DRAKE
  Go forth to do my duty,
And a payment ("on a/c") I make
  For England, Home and Beauty;
For the man has been (and I certainly know
  What his good old English call meant),
So it 's Westward Ho! and away I go
  To pay my first instalment!

All things considered I do not think it is at all possible to work oneself up into that frame of mind about income-tax; the eminently respectable and even sympathetic figure of Mr. GLADSTONE lends itself to no such mood of poesy and patriotism. Do you not agree, fellow-Elizabethans?

Why Athletes Eat Ice Steam.

"Many athletes eat Ice steam regularly because of its brength-building value and also because they enjoy it."—*Karachi Paper.*

"After the reception the newly-wedded couple felt for Southampton and the Channel Islands."—*West-Country Paper.*

After that sort of reception we are content to feel our way out to a taxi.

"'I remember now when Noel Coward and I were angels. We swung censors just like my leg is swinging,' she added brightly."
Interview with Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE in Liverpool Paper.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN probably has his own conception of the angelic.



THE COLD WATER CURE.

BRITISH LION. "ARE YOU DOING THAT BECAUSE YOU LIKE IT?"

KANGAROO. "NO—BECAUSE I MUST; AND TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE YOU'LL HAVE TO DO THE SAME."

[The Australian Government, after taking the advice of Sir OTTO NIEMEYER, of the Bank of England, has decided to carry out a policy of drastic financial retrenchment.]



[A Pageant of Famous Animals was held last week in the historic grounds of Muggleworth Castle, under the auspices of the local branch of the Kindness Society. As the Society is opposed to exploitation of performing animals they engaged the services of a troupe of acrobats to represent the various characters.]

Reading from left to right: LORD AND LADY MUGGLEWORTH, BALAAM'S ASS, ONE OF THE GEESE THAT SAVED ROME, BRUCE'S SPIDER, ANDROCLES' LION, THE DOVE FROM THE ARK, MR. CEDRIC JONES (SECRETARY) AND DICK WHITTINGTON'S CAT IN THE FOREGROUND.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A WRONG NUMBER.

III.—A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME.

IT was an ill wind that brought the infantry brigade to camp on the common opposite our house, but no blame attaches to the brigadier. Doubtless he had his orders.

The bands were practising. Enterprise which made a demand on the resources of what I call my intellect had therefore to be abandoned. Thought, if not entirely suspended, was fragmentary. Ideas were born, so to speak, in cold storage where they could neither come to fruition nor suffer decay. My wits wandered as in a trackless jungle, and not even the strident appeal of the telephone enabled me to collect them.

"'Ullo—nime o' Wilkins?" said a man's voice. My name not being Wilkins, this opening gambit seemed to offer limited scope.

"No," I replied, "it is not; but listen." I turned the mouthpiece of the instrument towards the window, hospitably disposed to share my enjoyment with the distant subscriber. Apparently he was not musical.

"'Ullo! wot's up?" he went on. "This 'ere's a talkie—not a show at the Queen's 'All. I wants to speak to Miss Wilkins, the young lidy wot obliges in the kitchen."

I tendered a dignified apology and, inviting him to hold the line, went in search of Rose, whose patronymic was unfamiliar to me.

"Seen Rose anywhere?" I asked my wife.

"She's gone to the laundry," she said. "Why? Who wants her? Not that woman at the registry-office?"

I reassured her on this point and hastened back to the phone.

"Miss Wilkins is out," I announced. "Can I give her any message?"

"Would yer please tell 'er, Guv'nor, that Bert 'll be waitin' for the bus to come past Shooter's Ash to-morrow afternoon," said her swain.

I began to wish that I had left the matter in my wife's hands.

"I'm not sure," I said diffidently, "if it is her day out."

"That's orl right, Guv'nor," said Bert, with the kindly intention of resolving my doubts; "it's like this 'ere. You say as Bert wouldn't like for to leave the country without sayin' good-bye. She'll soon fix it with the missis."

I made no further demur. Rose is incurably romantic and it seemed to me that a young man who proposed to go abroad was the sort of young man to encourage; for Rose is also very precious, not in the least a young lady who obliges in the kitchen; indeed she would scorn to be included in any such category. Unfettered by pretensions, undismayed by invidious comparisons, contemptuous of her rights and free therefore from the distracting necessity of looking after them, she just takes the world as she finds it and uses her capable hands to push it round.

My wife's brow darkened, however, when I made my report.

"She had her day out on Tuesday," she remarked. "As a negotiator you have much to learn."

The Fates decreed that I was presently to have my first lesson. Lunch was late. I was in the dining-room stealing cheese. The serving-hatch was open and conversation in the kitchen plain to be overheard.

"You haven't got a young man at present, Rose, have you?" my wife began brightly.

"No M'm," Rose admitted; "leastways not as you might say acshally

walkin' out, M'm; me and Alfred understands each other pretty well."

The rhythmic sound of a wooden spoon stirring the contents of a saucepan continued without alteration of tempo. As much as the tone of her voice it seemed to suggest that Alfred was not one to stir Rose's imagination. My wife made no attempt to disguise her relief.

"I've been worried, Rose," she confessed. "A man rang up while you were out and seemed to take it for granted that you would go out with him to-morrow afternoon. He called himself Bert and said he was leaving the country."

The wooden spoon ceased to gyrate.

"Not Bert Tickle, M'm?" said Rose in puzzled tones. "Me and 'im was sweet'earts afore 'e took up with that girl at the vicarage—nigh on a twelve-month ago. Well I never! Where's 'e off to, I should like to know? Bert was never a one to go far from 'ome."

"He jilted you, did he?" said my wife; "and now I suppose he's been jilted himself and he thinks he can—So like a man. It's lucky you've got Alfred. You'll be able to teach him a lesson, won't you?"

"Oh, no, M'm, beggin' your pardon," said Rose very sweetly; "forgiveness is my motter—always 'as bin." But the next moment some gusty memory must have driven this excellent precept clean out of her head.

"It's 'er wot needs a lesson, not 'im," she added. "A saucer o' milk to 'er, I says—spiteful puss!"

There was little more to be said.

On the morrow Rose went to bid farewell to her past and I washed the tea-things in her stead—all except one tea-thing which fell off the tray and will not require to be washed any more.

"I can never replace it," said my wife in accents of woe.

"Never mind," I pleaded. "What is a broken sugar-basin, after all, compared to a broken heart? My thoughts dwell with Miss Wilkins."

"Who in the world is Miss Wilkins?" she demanded.

"Rose Wilkins, spinster, shortly to be parted for ever from Albert Tickle, bachelor—both of this parish," I explained succinctly.

"Rose's name happens to be Joblin," she said, and in doing so laid bare the horrid truth.

We chewed it in silence and found it difficult to digest.

"That comes of jumping to conclusions," said my wife at last.

"I know," I admitted penitently. "It is that faculty which distinguishes the genius from the plodder, but it is sometimes inconvenient when dealing with ordinary people."

We drifted from an acrimonious debate on the due apportionment of responsibility into a sea of melancholy conjecture from which only Rose herself could rescue us.

"Leave it to Rose" has long been our household watchword in tribulation. We clung to it now.

It was late when she let herself in, but there was a blush upon the petals of our Rose and a quite unusual lustre in her eyes.

Her story was as the Wild West Wind. It raged for a full hour and blew itself out in sobs. A child of Mars was its theme—a lance-corporal—who had known how to turn a strategical setback into a brilliant tactical victory.

They had met as complete strangers and, groping perplexedly after the "wherefore" and the "why," had at least discovered a mutual sense of humour. Since no more buses were to be expected, they had set out to walk home—*faute de mieux* in each other's company.

An unexpected *rencontre* with Miss Wilkins on the outskirts of the village was made doubly awkward by the fact that Rose was then enjoying the fraternal support of the soldier's arm. Miss Wilkins had been hasty in forming her judgment—had indeed so far forgotten that she was a lady as to lose her temper in a public place. A small crowd had collected. Bert's sense of chivalry had been roused and he had retreated in good order, taking Rose and her tattered reputation with him.

Upon this foundation of romantic and innocent misfortune, sympathy and understanding had ripened apace. It is idle to speculate on the course of events if the N.C.O.'s regiment had not been under orders for service abroad; but with this stimulant, Cupid (who had no doubt hopped down from the hoary branches of Shooter's Ash and toddled uncertainly in their wake) baited an arrow and set about his business.

Rose urged upon my wife the need for haste—spoke of banns to be read, of a mother-in-law to be met and conquered, and concluded with the sorrowful request that she be allowed to depart with our blessing "come Friday as ever is."

Ah, me! the troops have folded their tents and gone, not silently, as the Arabs, but to the noisy accompaniment of those accursed bands.

To-morrow is Friday. Soon I shall have nothing but the telephone to remind me of a misspent morning.



Golfing Dentist (absently). "OPEN A LITTLE WIDER, PLEASE."

The Football Season Opens in Scotland.

"An ugly scene occurred at the entrance to the pavilion when the teams were leaving the field. The visiting centre-half rushed at one of the spectators, and had to be helped into the pavilion by a policeman. This seemed to put new life into the home team."—*Dundee Paper.*

Things which might have been Expressed less Belligerently.

"WOMAN'S WAR RECORD.
Retirement After 20 Years With Glasgow Corporation."—*Scots Paper.*

"NO WELSH HONEY.
Disappearing Section at a Show."
Daily Paper.

The atmosphere of most shows is enough to make any honey welsh.

"BEAR RIGHT AHEAD."
Road-sign near London.

If there's a road-hog behind you, what *can* you do?

"Stain said the saws in the wood-yard would not cut butter. This was stated to be untrue."—*Leicester Paper.*

Ah, but was it the *best* butter?



Husband (upset at the return of his clubs in smashed-up condition). "AND WHY THE DICKENS BORROW MY CLUBS WHEN YOU HAD A BRAND-NEW SET OF YOUR OWN?"

Wife. "WELL, I DIDN'T WANT PEOPLE TO NOTICE I WAS A NOVICE."

THE LAST OF THE SLEUTHS.

THE detective of fiction has been growing more and more callous with the advent of every publishing season, a tendency shared by his fellow-characters, even the otherwise innocent. By a curious paradox, along with this hardening process, he has become more deeply engrossed in æsthetic pursuits. At one time the violin was his sole foible. But as the sleuth was taken in hand by one writer after another, the list of his accomplishments grew.

When the Americans had worked on him with their customary thoroughness, they left him soaked in "culture," master of several languages, an authority on architecture and medicine and a connoisseur of Chinese porcelain, buhl cabinets, Persian carpets, and modern French art. Buhl cabinets especially became a passion with him, and no really high-class detective story was complete without one.

Serious readers noted these portents and could not help recalling the story of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. They feared the worst. The end was bound to come, and it came.

Ambrose Phynne, detective, the last and greatest of his kind, was listening to the wireless in his Chinese smoking-room, with the curtains drawn so that he might properly concentrate, when the telephone-bell rang. At the other end of the wire was the daughter of Old Man Cræsus, the Rubber King.

"Sorry to trouble you," said her calm even voice, "but my father has disappeared, and I think the Sheely gang has got him at last."

"I wish he could have chosen some other time to be kidnapped," said Ambrose, "and not just when I am in the middle of listening to a quite excellent talk on ancient Egyptian pottery."

"My father always was the one to do the wrong thing at the wrong moment," she answered sympathetically; "but I can promise you some compensation. We have a new buhl cabinet. You certainly ought to see it."

"Oh, good! I'll come round at once."

The buhl cabinet was a lovely specimen. As the detective bent down to examine it more closely a shot rang out. The Rubber King's daughter dropped dead, her body brushing against the cabinet as she fell.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Ambrose, "she might have done it some damage."

He rang, and the butler answered the bell.

"Your mistress has been murdered."

"Very good, Sir. I will instruct the footmen to remove the body."

"I think," said Ambrose critically, "the green drawing-room will go best with her costume."

"Yes, Sir. And while I think of it, Sir, my master has been found dead in the middle of the electric-light plant, with fifteen bullet holes in his body."

"How disgusting! Such lack of economy in means is thoroughly bad art. Everything points to the Sheely gang, I fear."

The butler bowed and withdrew. Ambrose went to the grand piano and played one or two little things by POULENC. Feeling soothed, he resumed his study of the buhl cabinet. Its beauty affected him. He sat down in a window-seat and hastily scribbled a sonnet. Then he strolled into the dead man's library and idly contemplated the uniform ranks of sumptuously-bound books.

Suddenly he detected a gap in one of the shelves. A volume had been taken from its place and lay beside a chair. There were even signs that someone had recently been reading it. Ambrose picked it up and glanced at the title. As he did so he became aware that the butler had returned and was standing by his elbow.

"I must apologise, Sir," said the man. "My late mistress's body cannot be removed according to instructions, as both the footmen have just



Pamela (her first experience of Customs barrier at London terminus). "ARE THEY ALL SMUGGLERS, MUMMY?"

expired in the servants'-'all, Sir. The housekeeper has likewise passed. Cyanide of potassium, I believe, Sir, in all three cases."

Ambrose frowned slightly. Then a thought struck him.

"Benson," he said sternly, "have you committed any or all of these crimes?"

The butler drew himself up. "Sorry you should 'ave 'arboured the thought, Sir," he answered with emotion. "I 'ope I know my place."

This was no cold cunning criminal who could control even his aspirates in moments of crisis. "I believe you, Benson," said Ambrose, shaking him warmly by the hand. "This book, by the way, is a volume of PROUST, an author on whom the critics have passed the most conflicting judgments. I blush to say I have never read him. It is, I perceive, a blind spot in my culture. I propose to remedy the deficiency at once."

He sank into the luxurious chair and opened the book.

"Oh, and, Benson——"

"Yes, Sir?"

"It seems to me that murders are growing more and more clumsy and vulgar and tasteless."

"That is so, Sir."

"I should send for a policeman, I think, Benson. And I am not to be disturbed."

"Very good, Sir."

"And you may ring up Scotland Yard, Benson. Tell them that henceforth I give them a free hand. I have retired from business."

The butler bowed and, acceding to a further request from Ambrose Phynne, put a record of chamber-music on the gramophone and, starting the thing with a soft needle, tiptoed from the room.

Statements which we Prefer to Disregard.

"Sir John Gladstone, in reply, said he had always endeavoured to do his utmost to uphold the prestige of the bench and dispense with justice in its true form."
Bristol Paper.

"MOSQUITO AND THE COW.

One day Mosquito and Cow mosquito you Come to Cow you will see mosquito a stop on of always Cow mosquito has said Cow if is this Cow and mosquito My go Mosquito is a go Yes mosquito they go if you mosquito they go."—*African Schoolboy's Reproduction of one of Æsop's Fables.*

We had no idea that the influence of Miss GERTRUDE STEIN was so widespread.

A WOOD-PIGEON IN THE PARK.

WARIEST of fowls that fly,
Once upon a tree-top high,
Sentry-like, his questing eye
Sought the hidden foe.
Now, where prophets spout religion
And the children feed the widgeon,
Unperturbed the portly pigeon
Waddles to and fro.

He has left the woods and leas,
Raids no more the farmer's peas;
He prefers a life of ease,
Nature's profiteer!
Indolently by his mate he
Sits and preens his plumage slaty.
"*Otium cum dignitate*"
Is his motto here.

Here he rules by right divine,
Lords it by the Serpentine—
Winter, Summer, snow or shine,
Careless of remark;
Winks at me and seems to mutter,
"You and I dislike the gutter;
Still, we get our bread-and-butter
Better near the Park!"

Short-Cuts to Halos.

"All the previous Vicars of Tewkesbury, without exception, it is believed, have been canonised."—*Gloucestershire Paper.*

SITTER UNKNOWN.

I HATE to seem to remind carefree readers that summer must eventually draw to an end, yet I feel that I ought to warn them in good time about leaving films in their cameras through the winter. This warning is not intended to apply to real photographers, who use their cameras in the close season too, but to such as you and me, who bring out our cameras once a year for the purpose of taking on the sands groups of people without heads.

Films should always be finished off before the holidays are over, otherwise you will find that next year, when you come across victims whom you would like to behead, your camera says "2," or even "3," and when the film is developed you discover that a perfect stranger has crept into it. That is where the danger lies. The strain of trying to place these queer people is definitely harmful.

An extreme case was that of Charles, an acquaintance of mine who two or three years ago went to Heysham, just to prove that there was such a place, having been worried by it in railway-carriages from early youth. Next year he had a film developed, which began as usual at "2." "1" was a picture of what the newspapers call a "Bathing Belle"—waving she was, and that kind of thing.

This rather annoyed and frightened Charles because he could not remember anything at all about it, and, as we used to rag him about being absent-minded, he thought that his mind must be going altogether. Accordingly he spared no effort to discover the identity of "No. 1," going so far as to have her reproduced in the papers which appear in Heysham.

It turned out that she was a girl to whom he had become engaged during his holiday, and that she had been looking for him no less eagerly. In fact she sued him for breach of promise, and was awarded heavy damages, besides which the judge described poor old Charles as "a holiday parasite," which he didn't care for a bit.

As I said, that was an extreme case. It is annoying though to have complete outsiders hanging about among your holiday snaps. Personally I segregate such camera-crashers in a special part of my album, in case they should ever be identified and claimed. Perhaps possible claimants may recognise some friends among the following:—

1925-6 (Woodhall Spa).—A fat white woman, like the one in FRANCES CORNFORD's poem, only without gloves.



Chatty Model. "IT MUST BE THREE YEARS AGO, SIR, SINCE WE LAST HAD THE PLEASURE OF CO-OPERATING."

1926-7 (Harrogate). — Group of "Thugs" or "Mohocks" sitting on a verandah and holding up glasses.

1927-8 (Filey).—The Headless Horseman (white fetlocks—the horse, of course).

1928-9 (Brighton and Wroxham).—Some sort of psychic manifestation—a fully accoutred batsman (W. G. GRACE?) trying to "get through" to a party in a punt.

I had hoped that this sort of thing would stop when I bought one of those cameras where you are allowed to write on the back so that it comes out on the print. But no, as I write I have before me "Freddie—Sept. 29." Freddie has reposed squirrel-like in my camera with his tennis racquet all through the winter. I am prepared to state on oath that I never took a photo of Freddie: he is not my sort at all. I would give anything to know who he is and how he got there, though. I wonder if it would be any sort of use asking the Commissioner of Police to get something of this kind broadcast:—

"Will 'Freddie,' last seen threatening to play tennis in Builth Wells—height five feet two inches, no top to head, one foot three times larger than the other, wearing tennis-shirt and club tie, white flannel trousers and black socks—please communicate at once with New Scotland Yard (Telephone Victoria 7000'), or with any Police Station?"

AT THE PICTURES.

MAURICE THE IRRESISTIBLE.

IT is fortunate for the stage that at every cinema house in London there is not so good a talkie as *The Big Pond* at the Carlton. Such a situation is, however, unthinkable, since it would



A WASTE OF GOOD MATERIAL.

MAURICE CHEVALIER as Pierre Mirande (making chewing-gum). "WHAT WOULDN'T CHARLIE CHAPLIN DO IF HE HAD THIS STUFF!"

need either many other MAURICE CHEVALIERS or a vast number of plays in which he was simultaneously appearing: impossibilities both. There is no one at the moment so dangerous to the legitimate drama: let us leave it at that.

This invading and conquering Gaul, with his astonishing vitality, who once, a brief while ago, was merely a singer of French songs, but is now suddenly an all-round cosmopolitan actor without losing any of his gaiety and careless ease, is as individualistic as CHARLIE himself, that wayward compound of laughter and tears of whom we now see so little; and unless CHARLIE bestirs himself he will find MAURICE on the throne. I don't say that MAURICE is as remarkable as CHARLIE, but he is not less ingratiating and his armoury, in addition to a smile that cannot be gainsaid, contains such priceless extra possessions as a persuasive singing-voice and the most seducing broken English. I am not sure I ought not to put his broken English first of all; for others have features that can break into sudden sunshine, if not perhaps with quite such radiant and forgivable mischief; others can acceptably warble; but nobody's pronunciation of, for example, the word "terrible," could carry with it more cadences. "Have you ever chewed gum?" asks the grim *Billings*, the Chewing-Gum King. "Yes," says MAURICE, or *Pierre*, the courier, who has dared to win *Miss Billings'* heart "once. It was terrible."

Those of us who first saw this engaging creature when he played two or three burlesque sketches in an otherwise deplorable entertainment called *White Birds*, were aware that he had far more internationalism than the ordinary French actor, as well as deep reserves of fun; but I certainly was not prepared to find him taking his place in a modern American comedy with such mastery. And probably never was a comedian better fitted with a part. I know nothing about the stage-play on which *The Big Pond* is based, but I know that it was an inspiration to secure this Frenchman when the screen version was in prospect. The programme naturally says nothing as to the origin of the very excellent dialogue, but since the names of the authors of the stage-play are given—Mr. GEORGE MIDDLETON and Mr. A. E. THOMAS—I am perhaps justified in offering my congratulations to them. The addition of a few captions to mark the passage of time is all that is needed to make the adaptation perfect.

It would be good news indeed to hear that some London manager had bought the play for production here, with



PRELUDE TO LOVE'S FINAL CLOSE-UP: A PROTESTING POPPA.

Barbara Billings . CLAUDETTE COLBERT.
Mr. Billings . . GEORGE BARBIER.

MAURICE in the flesh as the hero; but I fear that no box-office returns could lure such a movie-star back to the boards. If MAURICE is getting what he deserves, he will, in ARTEMUS WARD'S phrase, when translating his dollars into francs, "use up the multiplication-table."

The story is very simple. *Mr. Billings*, arriving from America at "that mosquito-farm," Venice, to find *Barbara*, his only daughter, in love with the French courier whom his foolish wife



BARBARA'S RIVAL.

Jennie . . . . . ELAINE KOCH.

has employed, is furious and forbids the match. Such, however, is *Barbara's* attitude of defiance that he adopts guile and offers *Pierre* a place in his chewing-gum factory, where so rough will the conditions be that the elegant adventurer (as he naturally thinks him) will quickly cave in and vanish. That is the plot, and the play is made by the cheerful and courageous fight which *Pierre* puts up. Nothing can depress him, and in the end he is a junior partner, superficially an American business-man among his telephones and fountain-pens, but underneath untouched, and the winner of the prize: a prize which, for all the beauty and charm of CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who takes the part of *Barbara Billings*, is not to my mind good enough for him. But so dominant a lover would perhaps mend her defects. Let us hope so.

It is all, you see, agreeably in the spirit of CHARLES DICKENS, who liked to set before us young men of blameless character and good-humour struggling with adversity and coming out triumphant. But the authors have gone still farther in their sincere flattery of the Master by supplying *Pierre's* board-

ing-house with a little Marchioness maid-of-all-work, very attractively played by NAT PENDLETON, who turns out to be *Pierre's* good angel.

Oh, yes, and there are songs. But the songs, though one of these is of cloying sweetness, matter not. The thing that matters is MAURICE CHEVALIER's arrival as a portrayer of recognisable human nature. E. V. L.

MORE SMYTHIANA.

So many readers have expressed an interest in the proceedings of the Sydenham Limerick Club, formerly conducted by the late George Budlington Smyth, and have either criticised my brief account of their meetings or asked for further information that I am tempted to republish a few further minutes from the notebook of my dear old friend.

If the work can be published in its entirety, which I now begin gravely to doubt, it will do much to establish and clarify these rhymes for posterity and give to each its definitive form. But the last publisher's reader who considered the manuscript, a man hardened to all the vagaries of modern literature, seems to have merely scrawled on a postcard the words, "What a hope!" And I confess that there are possible objections even in 1930 to the realisation of my ardent desire. There is no harm, however, in plucking a few more of the less exotic flowers from this garden of scholarly care.

There were once two young ladies of Birmingham,
And I'll tell you a story concerning 'em:
They stuck needles and pins
Right into the shins
Of the bishop who was confirming 'em.

On the form "*There were once,*" Smyth himself has a prefatory note covering the whole field of composition.

"In the case of a single hero or heroine," he writes, "'*There was a*' is the correct form of introduction. Where two or more protagonists are involved, '*There were once*' is (metrically speaking) to be preferred."

Ladies. Garstrake contends with some heat that this word is used in an ironical or sarcastical significance, the action chronicled being incompatible with feminine delicacy, as this was generally understood at the date when the limerick was composed. But Isinglass objects that the "young lady" may be considered as a stock character in the saga, as it were, or Mabinogion, of limerick song, enumerating a host of instances in which the conduct of young gentlewomen far transcends from the point of view of impropriety the petulant behaviour complained of in this Midland town.

Of the whole episode Tupps writes well: "It is not necessary to attribute any doctrinal motive, either anti-ritualistic or anti-Protestant, to the action described, although a certain confusion has arisen during the subdivision of episcopal sees during late years. At the date of composition the prelate in question presumably held the see of Worcester, although he may have been employing a suffragan to conduct the confirmation at Birmingham. The attack was no doubt prompted by a spirit of girlish levity, understandable though greatly to be deplored."

Right. The *varia lectio* "deep" is upheld by Garstrake on the grounds of greater dramatic force. Isinglass, clinging to the version here quoted, points out very ably that it indicates a certain difficulty of achievement which is entirely consonant with the fact that the usual thick cloth gaiters were presumably being worn underneath the episcopal vestments at the time.

With regard to the slight failure of rhyme sound in "*concerning 'em,*" Tupps observes sapiently, "There is no third rhyme to 'Birmingham.'"

There was an old man of Calcutta
Who had a most terrible stutter;
"Pray give me," he said,
"Some b-b-b-bread
And some b-b-b-b-b-b-butter."



Angler. "IT WAS ONE LIKE THAT GOT AWAY FROM ME LAST THURSDAY."



Husband. "THIS 'ERE ONE SAYS 'PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE.' WHAT D'YER THINK OF HER?"
Wife. "WELL, ERNIE, OF COURSE I MAY BE WRONG, BUT *I* DON'T THINK SHE'S 'APPILY MARRIED."

The form here is unquestioned, though the origin and inspiration of the lines are unusually obscure. G. B. Smyth himself hazards a quasi-political interpretation, and conceives that the old man was in all probability a Hindu. In asking for bread and butter, which may be regarded as the staple diet of Western civilisation, as opposed to rice, goats, etc., he was symbolically demanding some measure of self-determination or self-government from the British Raj. But Isinglass pours scorn on this theory.

"'Butter,' he comments, "sc. *ghi*. 'Bread,' sc. *chupatti*. Nor, in fact, need we suppose that bread and butter forms any part of the ordinary tiffin of the Indian civil servant. Garstrake's supposition that the old man had been reduced to penury by borrowing from a native moneylender in a vain attempt to win the Calcutta Sweep and, failing to do so, was afflicted by some form of vocal paralysis, is equally ridiculous."

Tupps sees a medical or therapeutic significance in the lines.

"It is well known," he says, "that in extreme cases of stuttering the patient is often enabled to enunciate his words more easily if he sings." The last three lines, he urges, should be either chanted or intoned to bring out the full force of their meaning.

There was a young lady of Ryde
Who ate some green apples and died.
The apples fermented
And filled the lamented
With cider inside 'er inside.

This provided a very brief discussion. Of the variant—

And the late lamented
Had cider inside 'er inside

where the penultimate line is not truly dactylic, Garstrake observes "*Nefanda metricalis abominatio*"; and Isinglass concurs. G. B. Smyth suggests—

"*And the lately lamented,*"

which Tupps dismisses with fury as a *lectio pifflans* and describes the whole phrase as "*communi conversatione incognitum.*"

A report obtained by Isinglass from a well-known Harley Street specialist makes it clear that the toxic properties of the under-ripe fruit may have been the more fatal owing to the additional presence of hard and woody portions not sufficiently masticated, which would be liable to congest the duodenum; but that cider, on the other hand, taken in the ordinary manner and in moderate quantities, is a beneficial and cooling beverage.

To which Tupps adds: "Probably the whole poem was composed as a piece of Prohibitionist propaganda." But G. B. Smyth doubts this, considering that the point of the verse is directed not so much against the potency of the liquor produced as against the evils of creating an illicit press, brewery or still upon private premises.

I come now to a very beautiful limerick, discussion of which has been somewhat prejudiced by the labours of a commentator later than George Budlington Smyth. Mr. H. LANGFORD REED has quoted three versions. The first runs:—

There was an old man of Khartoum
Who kept two black sheep in his room;
"They remind me," he said,
"Of two friends who are dead,"
But he never would tell us of whom.

This is said to be the version preferred by the present Dean of ST. PAUL'S.

The second version is:—

There was an old man of Khartoum
Who kept two tame sheep in a room;
"For," he said, "they remind me
Of one left behind me,
But I cannot remember of whom."

This is advocated by another divine. The Rev. B. G. BOURCHIER, on the other hand, for "*two black sheep*" reads "*baboon.*"

None of this later critical matter was before the Sydenham Limerick Club when they discussed, on a warm evening of August, I myself being present, this extremely important quintet. The version before them was identical with the second quoted here, and their efforts were devoted merely to establishing the significance, the beauty and, I may say, the pathos of the lines.

They were not proved conclusively to have any historical reference, though many suggestions were made as to what any such historical reference might have been. The minutes of the club are very full and detailed on this point, but I purposely refrain from quoting them in order to avoid giving pain or precipitating an imperial catastrophe.

On the latter part of the poem, however, Thomas Isinglass spoke very touchingly.

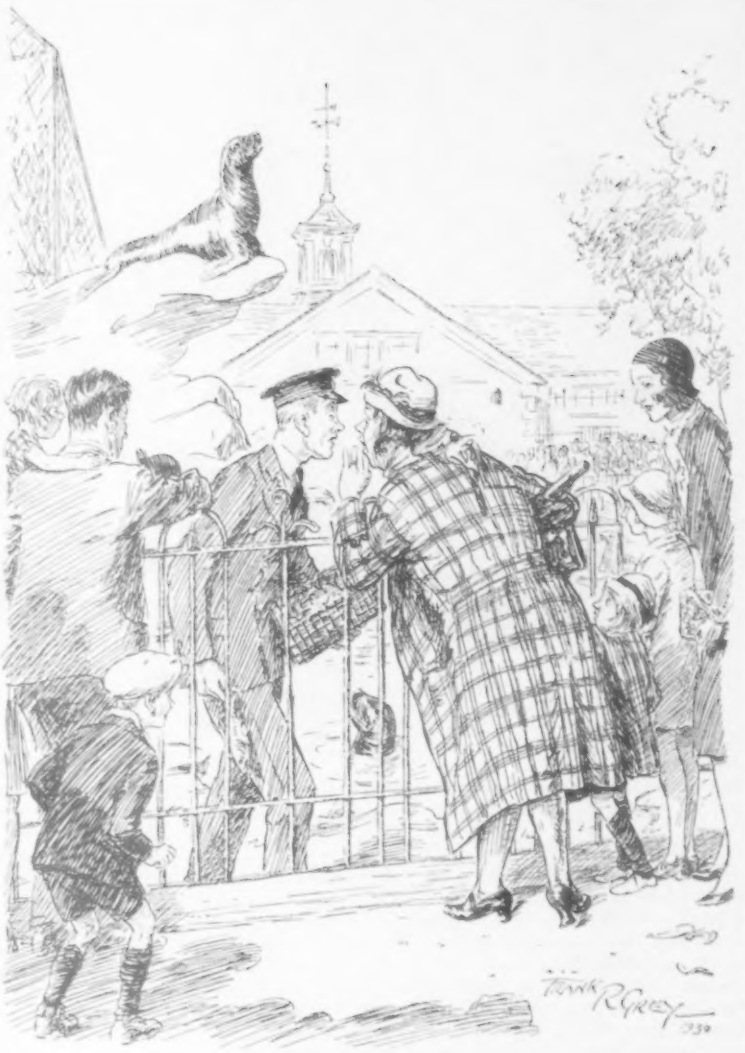
"*Dulcedinis aliquid*," he began, "*et desiderii magnitudo in duplici simulacro invenientur.* To the acute observer of animal life it will be plain that there is, even in a few apparently identical graminivorous mammals of the ovine species, a certain difference not only structural and bodily, but also facial. Clearly to the hero of this poem there were aspects now of the one sheep, now of the other, that reminded him the more poignantly from moment to moment of the far-off friend whose name and identity he had forgotten, yet whose presence under that pitiless sun which has burnt so long over the Pyramids and the Sphinx, over countless deities and dynasties, still haunted him continually. He was thus obliged to keep them both. If he forwent one sheep the ineluctable beauty of the romance was in part destroyed."

We closed the evening session upon these solemn words. EVOE.

"—— HOTEL, OSTEND.
Wines — Beers — Snakes."
Hotel Advertisement.

We shall bring our eel-charming friend to put a spell on the asparagus.

A correspondent asks whether—following a recent pronouncement by the B.B.C.—the late Master E. Ross, a statue of whom is to be placed in Piccadilly Circus, was of Scottish descent.



"Lidy" (to Keeper, feeding sea-lions at Zoo). "LUMME! THAT REMINDS ME; IT'S EARLY CLOSING. COULD YER LET ME 'AVE A BIT O' FISH CHEAP FOR ME OLE MAN'S TEA?"

MARMALADE.

I COUNT the morning well begun
Not by the rising of the sun
Nor yet by mine, nor by a shave,
Nor by a bath-song loud and brave,
Nor coffee hot and strong and sweet,
With eggs-and-bacon hard to beat;
Nor by the paper nor the post,
But, oh, with marmalade on toast!
The human spirit's not arrayed
For toil without its marmalade;
I cannot praise the man enough
Who first inspired, produced the stuff;
But will no genius yet be born
To rear a rose without its thorn—
Teach peel and sugar to express
Their virtues purged of stickiness?
No other stickiness pervades
Environment like marmalade's;
Its stubborn yet elusive trace
Will reach the most unlikely place,
And often when long hours have passed
Since marmalade you tasted last
Some reminiscence will appear
Upon your elbow or your ear.
This curse no mortal man defeats,
However daintily he eats.
One hope alone I can suggest
To eaters equally distressed
By this malicious aftermath—
Let marmalade precede the bath!

W. K. H.



The Optimist. "WELL, LADS, OUR LUCK'S IN. THIS BOAT WAS BUILT TO CARRY THIRTY-TWO PEOPLE, AN' THERE'S ONLY SEVEN OF US IN IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is a woman's side of the Great War which so far as I know has hitherto gone unrepresented, though its capacity for bringing out the typically womanly qualities of loyalty and endurance is undeniable. The English wife of the imprisoned C.O., of the interned or actively pugnacious alien enemy, endured perhaps the most unspectacular but by no means the least agonising of the War's many martyrdoms; and in any complete indictment of the degradation of national character induced by war the treatment of these entirely innocent, and for the most part entirely helpless, sufferers should be remembered. Readers of *Mrs. Fischer's War* (JARROLD'S, 7/6) will undoubtedly remember it, for this "broad, just and tolerant" book—to quote Mr. GALSWORTHY'S discerning and enthusiastic little preface—gives an unforgettable picture of the English wife married to a German combatant. *Carl*, ironically enough, was never intended for a combatant. He had quitted an uncongenial Germany before the age for military service and had reached a serene middle-age in London, with a spontaneously English wife, *Janet*, and a deliberately English son, *John*, when the Serajevo bomb was thrown and Europe began to range herself under national sub-divisions. How *Carl* chose Germany and *John* England, inevitably and yet voluntarily too; and how *Janet*, rent piecemeal between them, her heart "half in field-grey, half in khaki," became first a pariah and then a solitary, let Mrs. HENRIETTA LESLIE explain in her own way. Her narrative is plain to the verge of Puritanism; but her theme needs no embroidery—its sincerity of texture is sufficient.

It is pleasant, perhaps because it is rare, to meet with a novel the characters of which seem to live in a more noble, or at least less sordid, world than that in which most of us have our being. In *Italian Adventure* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) Miss ISABEL C. CLARKE tells us how young *Prince Aldo Delfino* hears a crash at the gates of his villa near Milan and, rushing to the scene, finds a burning motor-car and a beautiful lady, bleeding and senseless, "lying with upturned face in the stream," from which he promptly rescues her. She, of course, when she recovers, has lost her memory of everything save that she is married and belongs to the Roman Church, and the *Prince* equally of course loves her at sight and is tempted to oppose anything that threatens to restore her to her family. But Fate and his strong-minded aunt, *Lady Quain*, are too much for him, and *Katharine Burt* goes back to England—but as a charming young widow. So, when each has made sure that the few words of love spoken before they knew of her freedom hold good, all is well. *Katharine* is lovely and the Italian scenery is lovely and the atmosphere of wealth and ease which surrounds everyone is lovely too—perhaps it is only reading it in England in the rain which has made it seem not much like real life!

Admirers of *H.M.I.*—the original volume in which Mr. E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY collected the droll and pleasant memories of his school inspectorship—will welcome its successor, *H.M.I.'s Notebook* (LANE, 7/6). As a matter of fact no notebook existed before the compilation of this one. A career conducive to the acquisition of good stories, a memory to retain and a genial talent for imparting them—these are the adequate inspiration of the volume in hand. Your school-inspector gets exceptional chances of shooting

over the covers of other raconteurs. It was said, I believe, of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR that he loved the tall deer as though he were its father; and something of the same sort might be remarked of Mr. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY'S parsons, doctors, dons, golfers, fishermen and climbers with regard to the tall story. Each class contributes its quota; and personally I give the palm to the parsons. The best piece of repartee in the book and its best epigram are of ecclesiastical origin; though one bright sally here assigned to a vicar confronted with a lunatic belongs, I believe, to GEORGE II. confronted with General WOLFE. Mr. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY, however, is the last man to resent a change of ascription. One of his soundest chapters discusses the dubious affiliation orders so lavishly dealt out to possible sires of good stories. This chapter and that on "Dialect" are both happy excursions conducted by an enthusiast; and the same may be said of the author's holiday reminiscences of memorable places and the memorable people he met in them.

If you have any sort of doubt
Of how Society jazzed about
A century and more ago,
And if you're curious to know
Of people who were all the rage
In opera and on the stage
In Paris, Naples, Venice, Rome
And other places nearer home,
You'd better read what S. M. ELLIS'S
Volume, *The Life of Michael Kelly*, says.

Here (with GOLLANCZ'S help) you look
At CATALANI, HAYDN, GLUCK;
Observe how Mrs. BILLINGTON
And other ladies carried on;
See KEMBLE, SHERIDAN or KEAN
Up-stage or round behind the scene,
All with authenticated quotes
And full explanatory notes—
A marvel of research. In fact
I've seldom come across so packed
A tome as this, which you can get
At five-and-twenty shillings net.



Gloomy Diner. "WHICH OF YOUR BEASTLY WINES WILL INDUCE OBLIVION?"

The strange and illogical world which is the proud creation of the American film-producer has long been asking for the comprehensive satire to which Mr. ELMER RICE ably subjects it in *A Voyage to Purilia* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). If the title has a special meaning it is lost on me; but Purilia is a planet on which live the oddly constituted characters which the earthly producer would have us swallow. We are hurled to it in the first chapter in an aeroplane whose rapidity would blanch the cheeks of even Mr. WELLS or Miss JOHNSON. The Purilian atmosphere is impregnated with a faint bouquet as of roses, and at all times the rhythmic pulsations of jazz-music are audible above the sounds of the earthquakes, storms, magazine-explosions and architectural collapses which, not to speak of revolver-shots and falling crockery, all go to intensify Purilian life. The inhabitants, or, if you like it better, the inmates, are divided into five classes, which correspond roughly to the Guileless Maiden, the Yearning Mother, the Blackguard, the Clean-limbed Boy, and the Constitutionally Unfortunate or Funny Man. They are all incorrigibly poor or inexplicably rich, and though their queer existence is spent either in desperate elusion or relentless chase few are ever actually caught, and death is almost unknown. Mr. RICE has got hold of an excellent idea of which he makes the most, and although his book is primarily funny it analyses the ideals of American film-production in a way which by no means flatters them.

Professor STEPHEN LEACOCK, a writer competent to declare a universal ignorance, is driven to admit—what many of us have long suspected—that "Economics is not the name of a science but of a problem." In his latest study

towards Imperial development, *Economic Prosperity in the British Empire* (CONSTABLE, 7/6), he rather suggests that the whole world, and particularly the British part of it, is engaged in some way that no one can quite discover in putting the economic cart before the horse, or there could never continue to be almost illimitable stretches of glorious country within the Empire calling for the work of development while millions of persons at home go unemployed. He demonstrates once again that, despite the gloomy followers of MALTHUS, the Anglo-Saxon population of the Empire could be multiplied at least by ten, and feeling the thrill of the desire to get forward with the work he wrestles bravely with the difficult business of setting the horse back between the shafts. Whether his method, which includes the building of a tariff wall round the Empire, is a clear and reasonable solution, or merely a repetition of a dangerous fallacy, it is of course the weary task of the experts, the politicians and the journalists to decide, and in mercy let a patient public know. Mr. LEACOCK'S proposals, controversial and otherwise, are not only pertinent to the problems of the day but very striking in the strength of their suggestion that those same cruel problems may eventually come to be associated with the triumphant development of the Dominions.



Conscientious Visitor. "AS IT'S SO NEAR THE END OF THE SEASON, DO YOU THINK WE MIGHT TAKE A LITTLE SAND FOR OUR RHODODENDRON?"

Great as have been recent developments in the matter of air transport, it is to-day, as much as ever it was, true that upon the Navy (which may be taken as including all branches of the sea services), "under the good Providence of God, the safety, honour and welfare of the realm do chiefly depend." Mr. GEOFFREY PARRATT, in the preface to his excellent popular history of *The Royal Navy: The Sure Shield of the Empire* (THE SHELDON PRESS, 7/6 net), justly observes that, however sincere may be the desire of nations and individuals for peace, it is impossible to count on "the continuance always, everywhere and by everybody of peaceful methods and policy"; and his book is intended to bring home to some of the present generation the true meaning of British sea-power. The volume includes a brief account of Naval history up to the birth of the modern warship, a description of the development of the fighting ship and her armament, and a *résumé* of the Navy's work in the War; and there is also a chapter on modern battle-fleet tactics calculated to enable the lay reader to follow intelligently the course of events—so often misunderstood—at the battle of Jutland. Mr. PARRATT has carried out his work with admirable lucidity, and Vice-Admiral HARPER contributes a foreword in the course of which he pays a whole-hearted tribute to Admiral JELLICOE, "the great little Admiral . . . to whom the nation owes a debt of gratitude which can only inadequately be expressed." The illustrations are well chosen and effectively reproduced.

A "COUNTRY VICAR," in *Cricket Memories* (METHUEN, 7/6), gives an agreeable entertainment to those of us who love cricket as played on village greens, and also provides a fund of information for anyone who wishes to refresh his memory of historic games. But these accurate and pleasant reminiscences will, I prophesy, be received with an especially warm welcome by those who were brought up under the shelter of W. G.'s beard. "GRACE," our "COUNTRY VICAR" states, "was and is the greatest cricketer of all time," and I doubt if even worshippers of modern idols will dare to contradict him. Mr. P. F. WARNER, who wisely accepted these "Memories" for *The Cricketer*, has written an Introduction and says that in this book you will find "the best spirit of cricket. . . . and a vivid picture of the personalities of the game during the last forty years." And while you are on your discoveries you will also have opportunity to look at most excellent photographs of men whose fame as bowlers or batsmen will be handed down from generation to generation.

To lovers of dog-stories *Lad of Sunnybank* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) needs no introduction, for they will already be acquainted with Mr. ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE'S tales about that "grand old collie," *Sunnybank Lad*, and be more than ready to accompany him in further adventures. But to those to whom *Lad* is still a stranger, let me say that his home was in America and that he was a dog who retained his natural tendency to behave like a dog, even though he was often more human than many human beings. Mr. TERHUNE evidently loves dogs as thoroughly as he hates reckless motorists. "One-hundred-and-twenty-thousand Americans," he says, "lost their lives in the world war. One-hundred-and-ninety-thousand Americans during the past ten years have been killed by motor-cars." But his attacks upon mad motorists are merely asides. *Lad* is the hero of these tales and right worthily does he fill the *rôle*.

The Lion and the Lamb (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) leads me seriously to think that the "Prince of Story-Tellers," Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, is beginning to falter under the weight of the title that has been imposed upon him. These adventures of *Lord Newberry*, who before succeeding to the peerage had been a burglar, are admittedly exciting, but they are also of a kind that taxed my powers of belief to breaking-point; and it is time for gangs of criminals who are directed by a master-mind to be given a rest in sensational fiction. As one of Mr. OPPENHEIM'S admirers I claim the right to express my dissatisfaction with a story that lacks the qualities which have made his books so easy and pleasant to read. And when *The Lion and the Lamb* is reprinted I hope that a ludicrous mistake on page 273 will be corrected. A man who tries to "smorth back a very refractory head of air" is simply wasting his time.

Mr. Punch welcomes *At the Sign of the Dog and Gun*, a collection of shooting memories by P. R. CHALMERS, which is illustrated by V. R. BALFOUR-BROWNE and published by PHILIP ALLAN at 12/6. It contains a series of sporting essays interspersed with many verses which have already appeared in these pages over the signature P.R.C.. It is a book which should appeal widely to all country-lovers, whatever their recreation.

CHARIVARIA.

THE island of Capraria, in the Tuscan Archipelago, is observed to be increasing in size; but it is not thought that this manifestation of Italian expansion is sufficient to warrant a French protest to Signor MUSSOLINI.

* * *

A recent prediction that the world would end has not materialised. It is now thought to have been a ruse to get the last Test Match finished.

* * *

The announcement, on the eve of the meetings of the British Association, that women would reveal the secrets of science caused little surprise. Women never could keep a secret.

* * *

A paragraphist urges Mr. ALEXANDER to acquire the popularity of a LANSBURY, either by abolishing the Royal Yacht Squadron's privilege of flying the White Ensign or by extending it to every yacht club in the kingdom. Our feeling is that it should be withheld from unattached owners of craft on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens.

* * *

Now that we know the Romans played football it is easy to see that the three parts into which all Gaul was divided were the First, Second and Third Divisions of the Cis-Alpine League.

* * *

An animal trainer at Dayton, Ohio, has been married in a tiger's cage; but the average bridegroom will fail to see that this is a greater test of courage than being married in a church.

* * *

We are still waiting to know whether the United Empire Party propose to put a tax on imported foreign footballers so as to keep up the transfer-fees of the home variety.

* * *

Much is heard of the epidemic of broken engagements, but we rarely see an announcement to the effect that a divorce arranged will not take place.

* * *

The International Arthurian Congress is uncertain of the existence of KING ARTHUR. In our humble opinion KING ARTHUR had probably no premonition of the existence of the I.A.C.

* * *

Sportsmen will be glad to know that one news agency is arranging to give the half-time results of the Chinese civil war.

* * *

Lord ROTHERMERE was a passenger in the Scottish express which crashed into the stop-blocks at Euston Station. His lordship never did have much respect for old buffers.

* * *

The Lea Bridge Gasworks' gasometer has been painted a shade of green that blends with the surrounding scenes. Gasometer lovers think this is better than removing the surrounding scenery.



Vicar's Daughter. "WELL, HENRY, THE DOCTOR SAID YOU WERE 'MUCH BETTER.'"

Surly Old Rustic. "DID 'E? THEN 'E SAID IT WI'OUT MY PERMISSION."

Mr. HENRY L. MENCKEN, the famous American writer, who used to believe in American independence, is going to get married.

* * *

"Mr. J. Winkworth, of Didcot, Berks, took from his allotment a 52-inch-long parsnip," says a news item. A new Ordnance Survey map of the locality is being prepared.

* * *

It is stated that there are three million golfers in this country. Most of them usually appear to be watching at the first tee when we drive off.

* * *

A bather in Frensham Pond, Surrey, is said to have been mistaken for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Bathers, however, regard a certain amount of risk as incidental to a dip.

* * *

The recent disclosure that caddies had been drawing the dole under false pretences is calculated to have the effect of putting temperamental golfers off their game.

* * *

A smart Frenchwoman has had the initials of her four successive husbands painted on her finger-nails. An objection to the adoption of this fashion by Hollywood is that no woman has more than ten fingers.

* * *

A man escaped from a prison at Lille by squeezing through the bars of his cell window. Judging by his method of egress he is probably a flat burglar.

* * *

On reading of a golfer who hit his ball into a stream and killed a fish, we feel bound to point out the danger of allowing golf- and fish-stories to overlap.

* * *

Watford water, according to a news item, is so chalky as to be mistaken for milk. But not by local dairymen.

* * *

"Who Invented the Boomerang?" asks a headline. A disappointed journalist says that he might easily have hit on the idea himself.

* * *

Policemen, says a contemporary, have mostly an ear for music. All policemen of course know how to come in on their beat.

* * *

A well-known professor is shortly to publish a modern dictionary. Will it include a few tiny swear-words for miniature golfers?

* * *

A gossip-writer says he is going away for a month's holiday. So celebrities *do* have a close season.

* * *

At Malvern Mr. G. B. SHAW gave exhibitions of diving, swimming and life-saving. The Swan of Avon never did.

* * *

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT says he writes for money, like SHAKESPEARE. Does he really write like SHAKESPEARE?

A Glimpse of the Impossible.

"77 JOURS DE SÉCHERESSE AUX ETATS-UNIS."
Constantinople Paper.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

(By Our Topographical Expert.)

PARK LANE.

THIS is the season when all Londoners, unless broke, leave it. Conversely, at this time people come to London from all parts to see it. And when they have viewed the Houses of Parliament and the Tower and a few other landmarks they come to look at Park Lane, that famous thoroughfare facing Hyde Park, where so many celebrities live. Most of the residents will be away, as they are all rich people, but we can at least see their houses. Let us start at the fountain and work towards the Marble Arch, or we can begin from the Marble Arch, past the flats, towards the fountain; it doesn't really matter which.

The first house we see is inhabited by EDGAR WALLACE, the writer of crime stories. Notice the worn steps leading up to the front-door. Their condition is due to the countless criminals calling on the novelist, either to solicit a small loan or correct his proof-sheets. His evening-class on Deportment and Crime Detection for Scotland Yard Inspector Detectives is held twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday.

That bulge on the outside wall indicates the library, which is getting rather congested owing to a hobby of the author to collect his own works. The walls are giving all round, and the room so full that visitors have to interview him from the threshold. The "classes" are held in the drawing-room. The other WALLACES all live with him: WALLACE the dramatist, WALLACE the racing-expert, WALLACE the short-story writer and WALLACE the writer of "specials." There is also a pseudo-WALLACE in shot-proof underwear, who receives callers suspected of being Chicago gunmen or European desperadoes. This man has to be replaced about twice a year, but the original suit of underwear is still in use.

Next door, if we are lucky, we will see Mr. LANSBURY gazing out of the window in the direction of his beloved Lido. He has recently moved in so as to be near Hyde Park. His library is full of designs for steam-roundabouts, switchbacks and cokernut-shies, which he hopes shortly to erect on the banks of the Serpentine. It contains also a relic of his revolutionary days, a guillotine of his own invention, designed to cut off the heads of Dukes and other aristocrats.

His next-door neighbour is BERNARD SHAW. The one at the Adelphi is merely an understudy placed there to draw off the Colonials and foreign tourists who come to see him—this explains the poor quality of the recent interviews published—his residence in Park Lane is due to his desire to be near the birds of Hyde Park. SHAW has a passion for small birds. His long beard is a standing or rather waving invitation to tits and wrens to build their nests there; but so far no couples have been sufficiently brave to try it. They say as a site there is too much talk going on in the vicinity.

We come now to Lord DERBY and the AGA KHAN, who live in adjoining houses. They are great friends, and lean out of their respective bedroom-windows every morning during the racing season to shout tips at each other. WALLACE, the racing-expert, picks these up by means of a microphone one of his criminal *protégés* has placed under their windows and makes use of them in his articles.

JAMES DOUGLAS has lately moved into the next house, and in the front-room on the left composes his uplifting articles; straw is laid down on the road outside while he writes, and mechanical nightingales and larks are turned on to sing, thus creating an atmosphere of peace and joy.

The adjoining house would have been occupied by CHESTERTON, but he and the landlord came to loggerheads regarding an inn sign representing George and the Dragon which the gifted author wished to hang over the front-door; he had also planned a beer-garden and an Olde Englishe Faire at the back. BELLOC was intending to recite songs giving his well-known views on English politics at these fairs. But negotiations were broken off and the house will probably be taken by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, who is thinking of turning it into a small super-Ritz, with himself as *maître d'hôtel*; the hotel will be of a magnificence which only he can describe, and only authentic millionaires admitted as guests.

History as She is Made.

"Selborne Horticultural Society did more than maintain its reputation at the annual show held in the park of The Wakes, made historic by Gilbert White, the naturalist (by kind permission of Mrs. Bibby), on Wednesday."—*Hampshire Paper.*

The Woolworth Habit.

"The jewellery is the property of Miss ——, and includes valuable presents which she received on the occasion of her recent 21st. birthday."—*West-Country Paper.*

"The visitors were admitted free to Messrs. ——'s amusement park, where a special entertainment was given by the lino-tamer in the zoo."—*Lincolnshire Paper.*

We wish he would come and make ours in the bathroom lie down.

ODE TO A FAST FRIEND.

HAUL out into the golden West
Presently, bearing me on thy breast,
Thou admirable train,
So strong and so superbly knit,
Starting from Paddington at 5.15,
If that was it,
The shining moment halcyon and
serene
When thou art wont to quit
(In any case perhaps it would be best
To look thee up again).
Haul out and going fast and free
By punctual care despatched
Through Reading and through Swindon
run,
Thy heart with trembling sympathy
astir,
Thy safety-handles latched,
To Exeter,
Long since below the wide, the Atlantic
sea
Having sent down the sun.
Meantime within thy dining-car
attached
(Till Bristol) is a place reserved for
one,
This will be I or me.
I am away, away! I do not mind
If London Bridge, if London, left be-
hind
During the next few weeks,
Most fatuous haunt of men
In foolish cliques,
Burn down;
It can be built again, a better town
(More like the sort of thing so well
designed
By WREN),
And far less full of miserable freaks.
But thou, ingenuous locomotive, thou
Whose nostrils smell the moorland
breeze
And all the scents between,
And by-the-by
I see that I
Was wrong in calling thee the 5.15.
Thou art 6.30 now
(That gives me time to go and get my
keys),
Forsake with me, my friend, the sordid
scene.
The curtain rises on the final act.
Now let us take the plunge.
Neat is the folded shirt, the folded
vest
Inside the suit-case; all, ay, all are
packed;
Pyjamas, tooth-brush, sponge,
Each lies within its little nest.
Avaunt thee, London, till I come again!
Languish alone, distressed!
But thou, O train,
Under the afternoon, the night, the
stars,
With all thy First and Third Class
sleeping-cars,
Haul out into the West. EVOE.



NOT IN OUR TIME.

UNSATISFIED INFANT. "WOULDN'T IT BE LOVELY IF THE SEA CAME RIGHT OVER EVERYTHING, NANNY?"

NURSE. "I USED TO THINK SO A FEW YEARS AGO, BUT I'M NOT SO SURE TO-DAY."



First Holiday-maker (*just arrived*). "THE TALL ONE'S RATHER NICE. I'D LIKE TO MEET 'IM.'
Second Holiday-maker (*of a week's standing*). "LUMMY! *'Oo* WOULDN'T?"

REALLY BETTER CRICKET.

ANOTHER Cricket Season has come and gone, but the Better Cricket experts are still locked in newspaper battle. It is a desperate business, this armchair cricket. Suggestions fly like middle-stumps; there is frantic hitting all round the column. Many an expert buckles to his writing-pads and seizes his fountain-pen, only to be caught by a slip in next day's edition. Many an expert sends down a real twister only to see it hit for six into the next paragraph. Many an expert walks boldly out to the typewriter, only to be stumped before he has compiled a dozen lines. Gallons of ink are spilt more in anger than in sorrow, and yet not one Better or Brighter Cricket expert has put his finger on the real defect.

It is this. Cricket to-day is far too much like cricket, and not enough like other sports. For cricket as a sport is not bright. How can it help itself? It is a game (for there are some who would call it so) in which at any given moment at least seventeen, if not more, out of twenty-two players are doing absolutely nothing whatsoever; moreover, half of these either have been or will be doing nothing whatever for about two hours. It is a game in which forty per cent of the players merely stand still in a field, except for looking alert every two minutes and taking a stroll every eight minutes, with possibly a brief sprint every half-hour. It is a game in which another forty per cent merely sit idly in a pavilion, except at one point for a smart walk, a brief moment as the cynosure of every eye (if I may coin a phrase) and all too soon another smart walk. It is a game for four which takes twenty-two to play it and four more to help them. It is a game of leisurely intervals; intervals for batsmen to walk out or back, for fielders to walk across and back, intervals for turf-patting, for poor light, for impending rain, for present rain, for past rain, for lunch, even for tea. It is a game—good Heavens! *can* it be a game?

Yet cricket persists. In spite of the noble efforts made at our public schools to inculcate a proper loathing for it by compelling small boys to spend anything up to twelve hours a week every summer doing absolutely nothing and calling it a jolly game of cricket, it is still rampant. Matches break out everywhere. There are even spectators at these, but this is because the British public will watch anything. When one has counted, as I recently did, some twenty seven people watching one man with a hammer doing practically nothing in a London thoroughfare, one can understand the superior attraction of watching no fewer than fifteen men, two of them with bats, doing practically nothing in a green field—especially when one is given a seat in the sun to watch them doing it.

Nor does cricket show any signs of improvement; rather has it deteriorated; it is getting more dull every day. In the old days it was a game and it was cheerful. It was played in top-hats, which of course helped. As long ago as 1598 an Italian-English dictionary ("*A Worlde of Wordes most Copious and Exact*") defined the word "*squillare*" as "to play cricket-a-wicket and be merry." Nowadays they aren't merry; I even doubt if they play good "cricket-a-wicket"; they are far too subtle. Bowlers devote their energies not to getting the batsman out but to cleverly letting him get himself out; batsmen in return concentrate not on making runs but on staying stolidly at the wicket—except for the lunch and tea intervals and the intervals for protesting about the light or the pitch or the position of the bowling-screen.

Men actually play for a draw, which is the last stage of boredom for onlookers. It may not be long before two sides refuse to meet "because they are friends and don't wish to play against one another," as TILDEN and COEN (the darlings!) did the other day in a tennis final at Cannes. So they shared the prize, wept on each other's necks and left the furious spectators asking for their money back.

A spirit of cautious skill is infesting what should be a game. Very soon it will get like chess or billiards, an affair of mathematics. One side will resign on losing a good player; or runs will be a matter of trigonometry or dynamics rather than of human endurance. Already there are too many boundaries and other labour-saving devices. Time was when a good batsman could run out two fours and a six in three balls and yet come up, blown but smiling, to have a smack at the next one. If he couldn't run his own runs, he felt he didn't deserve to have them. To-day it is better play to leave most balls alone till you see a chance to get a boundary; thus you conserve your energy, for real runs are so tiring. It won't make for a good game, but you are more likely to *win*.

It has been left to the Solomon Islanders to preserve the spirit of the English national sport. Down there four innings have to be over in two-and-a-half-hours, and there are no boundaries or lost-ball rules. Only the other day a good scoring hit landed the ball in an unclimbable palm-tree which had to be cut down before the indefatigable batsmen could be stopped running. On another occasion fifty-six was scored from a hit into the sea, square-leg refusing to go and field it and being ultimately chucked in by mid-on, mid-wicket, the captain of the side and an umpire.

No, the way to brighten cricket is to make it less like itself and more like other games by incorporating some of the more exciting features from base-ball, Rugby, tennis and so on. Here are a few alternative suggestions:—

All runs to be *run*, and the batsman while running may be put out by a fielder hitting either his wicket or *him* with the ball.

Have both sides in the field at once and the batsman's side to be allowed to obstruct the fielders in the performance of their duty.

Make them all play without intervals till one side or other has won. (Torches to be allowed after dark, but it will be found that most games will finish in time for tea.)

Do away with overs and have a bowler perpetually ready for action at each end, the batsman of course to be correspondingly ready.

Huff any batsman and remove him from the field if he doesn't make so many runs per over.

Or why not take a leaf from America's treatment of the liquor question and revive KING EDWARD IV.'s old law, which said that anybody caught playing cricket was liable to two years' imprisonment and a ten-pound fine, while his implements were to be burnt. In any liberty-loving nation *that* ought to make a cricket-match really bright and popular.

A. A.



Visitor (fiercely). "WHAT'S THE GOUT LIKE HERE?"

Happy Phrases for the Etymologist.

"THE CHAUFFEUR'S DRINK-MONEY IS NOT ENCLOSED WITHIN THE PRIZE."
Notice in Coach from Munich to Oberammergau.

The New Antiquity.

"YE OLDE GARAGE."
Village Sign.

How to Knock the Corners off Smith Minor.

"THE KIND OUTLAW.
A TALE THAT IS TOLD TO POLISH BOYS AND GIRLS."
Heading in Daily Paper.

"TURKEY Carpet for Sale good condition the property of a lady too large for her rooms."—*Advt. in Tonbridge Paper.*

Why not try a larger pair of boots?

"As fascinating as a doll's house is the small lodge in the Westminster School praying fields. . . ."—*Weekly Paper.*

After that, who dare breathe a word against the religious tone of our public schools?

FIDGET GOLF.

Now that the school holidays are nearly over and many of the little ones have returned home for a few days before leaving us, it is important to find something to interest and amuse them during the evening hours.

No entertainment is so suitable for this purpose as the

FIDGET GOLF-COURSE,

which with a little care and ingenuity can be constructed on the drawing-room floor of an average-sized London flat. Not more than four or five holes are necessary. They can be prepared after a few hours' labour, with little or no cost and with a trifling application of taste and skill.

Cut a few neat round apertures, darlings, in the Aubusson carpet with a pair of ordinary scissors, the pieces removed to be about three-and-a-half inches in diameter. Scoop out the floor-boards below to the depth of six inches with a hammer and chisel, and sink in the space thus cleared by excavation a coffee or cocoa tin of suitable size. Through the base of this a hole should be driven for the

FLAG-PIN.

A silk umbrella stripped of its ribs and cover and with the handle sawn off comes in usefully here, and the flag itself may be a strip of cretonne from the sofa or a piece of silk from a peignoir.

If the pile of the carpet proves too thick for putting on it can be shaved to the required smoothness with any good safety-razor.

We now come to the

HAZARDS AND BUNKERS.

Window-boxes placed here and there make excellent traps for the insufficiently lofted ball, and much merriment will be caused when the competitor lodges his first shot in such a position that it needs to be played out from mother's pet antirrhinum. The gramophone and the portable wireless set make equally good carries, or the ball may be played over an ormolu clock or between the legs of a Ming camel.

On the whole, pottery and porcelain are not to be recommended, for if broken by one competitor they cannot always be replaced for his opponent by an obstacle presenting exactly the same difficulty to negotiate. Better are the cushion and the pouf, a bronze or an alabaster statuette, or a couple of framed-prints, laid back-to-back on the principle of a card-house.

Another very ingenious hazard can be made out of a number of sheets of music gummed together at the ends and rolled in such a way as to form a pipe or tube through which the ball has to be propelled on its way to the green.

Or the top of father's tall-hat can be knocked out and the hat itself laid on its side and fastened to the floor by a stout screw.



Modern Sculptor. "WHAT A MASTERPIECE! WHAT STRENGTH AND FEELING! WHAT SUBTLE CHARACTERISATION AND TENSE ACTION!"
Onlooker. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT THAT'S THE NINTH HOLE OF OUR NEW MINIATURE GOLF-COURSE."

There should be at least one

SPINNEY HOLE,

where palms, aspidistras, etc., have to be carried from the tee with a lofted club, and one

WATER HAZARD.

It is not easy to introduce this pleasant obstacle into the scheme of the drawing-room golf-course, but a very thick band of glue or treacle, or even face-cream, smeared across the carpet makes a reliable substitute, being certain to trap any ball not raised from the ground.

Some are in favour of sand-bunkers, but I do not recommend it as the sand is likely to be scattered about after each stroke and cannot easily be replaced.

There remains the problem of

TEES.

To vary the height of these makes the game far more amusing. Thus the first may be on the top of the grand piano, the second any large vellum-bound volume laid on the floor, the third the centre of the divan, and so on.

Coolness and nerve will be found essential for accurate play on a course such as I have described, the more so if a gramophone record be set going and the wireless turned on while the gramophone and the wireless hazards are being attempted. Even a grown-up scratch golfer has been found at fault with his tee shot from the escritoire when *The Ride of the Valkyries* or *The Volga Boat Song* is at full blast underneath.

A home golf-course containing many of the features I have mentioned constructed by some dear friends of mine who had borrowed a flat for the last two weeks of the holidays proved a *succès fou* with the younger members of the family, though it was a mistake, as I think now, to have to play through the ring of the cage containing the two budgerigars when driving from the third tee. The fastening happened to be unstable, and the nuisance of replacing the little creatures with the help of a step-ladder was greater than the fun they provided.

As for the complaints made by the occupier of the flat when he returned, they merely prove how slow a novel idea is in being assimilated by our insular stick-in-the-muds. It is idle to adopt an ostrichlike policy with regard to fidget golf. It may have come to us from America, but it has come to stay.

EVOE.

Another Glimpse of the Verities.

"The height at which the housebreaker works varies according to the building on which he is engaged."—*Daily Paper.*

"The Money market yesterday . . . . Very little was done in shorts."—*Evening Paper.*

But then the Stock Exchange always was a bit sticky about its dress.

"THE PRESENTS.

. . . bride's mother and father to bride, cheque and grandfather . . ."

Hertfordshire Paper.

No gold is going to persuade us to take on any of the skeletons at our wedding-breakfast.

AN INVITATION TO THE SHOW

(To be held in the village of Little Wimperton).

HAVE you got a baby,
A real live baby?
Have you got a baby
For the village Baby-Show?

If you've got a short one,
A thin one, a fat one,
If you've got a knobby one,
A round one, a flat one,
Do bring your baby
To the Baby-Show.
If you've got a red one,
A white one, a pink one,
If you've got a black one
That doesn't do to think on,
Do bring your baby
To the Baby-Show.

The judge is a doctor
In white spats and spectacles;
He comes to the Baby-Show
With weighing receptacles.
He's not really fierce
Though he has a lot of frowns on.
He doesn't like babies
Who have a lot of gowns on;
They make funny noises
When he strips them and pokes them;
He lays them out flat
And pats them and strokes them.

Bill looks funny
When he hasn't any clothes on;
Mary's got a little mouth
And hardly any nose on;
Peter's got a spot
And it's looking rather bad;
Ma says, "It's a pity,
But he's just like Dad!"
Henry's like a tub—
He's red and very chubby;
Like Peter he's the image of
His mother's only hubby.
John gets thinner
And he ought to put on fat,
But "'Cushy-cream,' the doctor says,
"Will soon stop that.
Give it every morning
And you'll soon begin to see
He's just the same as Henry:
'Tweedledum and tweedledee."

Jim's got a tooth
(A clean brand-new one),
It's only there for looking at
And not for him to chew on.
Tim's not pretty
And he nearly always cries,
But still he's the apple
Of his Mammy's eyes.
Rosie is a "little duck,"
Her mother's only daughter;
She doesn't do the things she ought
But those she shouldn't oughter.

Doris is a norphan
And she lives on a dummy;
She cries all night
With a pain in her tummy.
(Auntie says it's awful
When they haven't got a mummy.)

So *do* bring your baby,
Any sort of baby—
Do bring your baby
And see if it wins.
There's a special prize for triplets
And another one for twins.



"WOT YER STOPPING FOR, MISS?"
"WELL, I NOTICED YOU BENT YOUR KNEES AN' STRAIGHTENED 'EM AGAIN. WHAT SIGNAL WAS *THAT*?"

Another Mot Juste.

"'Singing,' he said, 'like laughter, is contagious.'"—*Daily Paper.*

"Man, young, exp. all-round eel and pie bus."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

It sounds to us like the mechanisation of the cat's-meat barrow.

"What are the exact words of this?—
The Australians came down like a wolf on the fold."—*Query in Sunday Paper.*

Like a kangaroo on the crease, it should be.

"A motor-car driven by —— ——, is alleged to have collided with a flat cat in Wellington Street, Newcastle."
Newcastle Paper.

Isn't this rather putting the cat before its hearse?

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

MY DEAR ROONA.—The reason why I have not written to you lately is that I have been an exile myself. I have been in France, where the weather was no better than in England and conversation more difficult. Also I was unsuccessful in finding any hotel where the charges had not been adjusted to meet the English exchange.

Directly I returned to England the summer really began—as a matter of fact it was on the very day—and it has been fine ever since, thus bringing home to millions of the world's workers that we came back too soon. I had always suspected this.

Since I was far away in France I could not see the last Test Match. Perhaps it was as well, for it was a disaster for us—not to beaten, but to be beaten so badly. I am now hoping to live for another cricket season so that I can see our own county matches at full strength, uncomplicated by Dominion invaders, and the game left alone (if that is a possible ideal) by the Press. I hope too that by next May *The Times* will have come to the decision that there is no disgrace to an amateur cricketer in being referred to by his surname only. The present tradition, as you have perhaps noticed, forces the chronicler of the match to call a professional by his last name only, but at each reference to give the amateur all his initials. Personally I hate class-distinction in cricket, and I think of all cricketers and talk of all cricketers as if they were gentlemen; and I wish everyone would do the same.

The Times comes naturally enough to lawn-tennis players and to golfers, and when TILDEN smashes a ball with unusual force or WETHERED drives with peculiar accuracy we are told so without initials. It is not W. T. TILDEN or R. H. WETHERED who does the heroic thing, but TILDEN or WETHERED. Just as it should be. Yet if HOBBS and his captain are in together the report states that after HOBBS had hit two boundaries P. G. H. FENDER, not to be outdone, hit three. The more initials there are the more maddening do these accounts become. Take, for instance, a Gentlemen and Players match, when R. E. S. WYATT, after being bowled by TATE, was succeeded by A. P. F. CHAPMAN. A. P. F. CHAPMAN began slowly. After an over or two A. P. F. CHAPMAN opened his shoulders and hit LARWOOD twice to the ropes. Rarely has A. P. F. CHAPMAN slashed to more purpose. On his being joined by M. J. C. ALLOM the runs came freely; but I. A. R. PEEBLES failed to score. This was unfortunate for I. A. R. PEEBLES. M. J. C. ALLOM was not out. And so on. What I want to know is, who would be affronted if FENDER were called FENDER, CHAPMAN, CHAPMAN, or ALLOM, ALLOM—those cricketers or the readers of *The Times*?

All that is needed for this stilted practice to cease is for a few cricket stars with five or even six initials to arise. Thus: Unhappily A. B. C. D. Smith was in form and the Blankshire wickets fell rapidly. The rot was stayed by E. F. G. H. I. J. Brown, who sat on his splice until caught in the gully (they say things like that) by the Dark Blue recruit, K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. Robinson. It was, as it happened, K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. Robinson's day, for he caught no fewer than three of the Blankshire men. Never can a young amateur have had a more gratifying first match than K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. Robinson.

I returned to London to find it possessed of a very interesting cinema novelty. The Avenue Pavilion has now been turned into a living newspaper, so to speak. Instead of the ordinary talkie there are a series of sessions, lasting each an hour, at very low prices, where scenes and incidents from all parts of the world are presented. The audience both see and hear. The following extracts from last week's programme will give you a notion of the width of the net with which these enterprising people fish:—Heat-wave in Hyde Park, Indian Riots, Football's Start, Boys' Golf Championship, Cowal Highland Gathering, Eiffel Tower Girls, Motor-Cycle Race at Arpajon, Underwear Fashions, Dancing in Hungary, Movietone in Mongolia, Fiji Traffic Cop, Wine-Tasting in Australia, World's Largest Lumbering Camp, Negro Baptism and *Shamrock V*.

Two pretty afterthoughts, as they may be called, await your consideration when next you come to London. One is a memorial to CHARLES LAMB in the Inner Temple garden, that green, green spot. For too long the Benchers withheld any recognition of the honour done them when the author of *Elia* chose Crown Office Row, facing the garden, as his birthplace. But a short time ago a tablet was set up on the house, No. 2. This has now been followed by a statue of a boy at the edge of a fish-pond, on the lawn of the garden, near enough the Embankment for the unprivileged, peering through the railing, to see. He is a pretty boy, clasping a book, on the open page of which you may read these words from a famous essay: "Lawyers were children once..." We owe the idea of the memorial to the imagination of the Master of the Garden and the actual workmanship to Miss MARGARET WRIGHTSON. At first I thought the boy might be meant to be the youthful ELIA himself; but the very marked want of aquilinity in the nose and the fact that he is reading something written by himself thirty or more years later made that impossible.

Two children—barristers' sons, I assumed—were sailing a tiny boat in the pond on the day of my visit: doomed, I suppose, to grow into lawyers and, like mine (confound him!), to be out of London in August and September just when I am needing him.

The other afterthought is also in a green space, but less an abode of peace: the playground in Kensington Gardens. Here you will find a very remarkable thing: the huge and misshapen bole of a dead tree rising from the ground among the living elms. At a glance it is no more than that; but, approaching it and scrutinising it closely, you are aware that it is a very home of fantasy, for out of every knot-hole peeps an elf, coloured to the life; owls, wood-peckers, blue-tits perch where they can; gnomes sprawl and climb; and at the roots are fox-cubs and rabbits. How many of these woodland or fairyland figures Mr. IVOR INNES, the artist, has been able to carve I could not say, but every moment I discovered something new, not the least attractive of the goblins being a student or sage in his little library, where he keeps four tomes on the shelf, peruses one, and will, when all of us have been locked out and his mind can work undisturbed, dip a mammoth quill into an outsize inkpot and set down his gnomic philosophy. Yours, E. V. L.

Our Redundant Experts.

"Wanted, Operator-Manager, for Cinema, in Sussex, with knowledge of Gas Engines and Talkies."—*Advt. in Cinema Trade Paper.*

"Lady Wishes to Dispose of Coats, Frocks, also infants."—*Advt. in Birmingham Paper.*

We refuse to be sold pups of this kind.

"Wanted, a nice little GIRL aged 5-7 to SHARE HOME and LESSONS with another quite nice little girl, who lives in quite a nice home in the country."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

What *could* be naicer?

"The Telephone Call Office affords the opportunity of calling up the Police, the Doctor . . . and other persons with whom immediate communication is required from time to time. . . .

Telephone Facilities: Week-days, 9 a.m. to 1.0 p.m. and 3.0 p.m. to 7.0 p.m. Sundays, no attendance."

Post Office Pamphlet issued in Norfolk.

Murderers, burglars and incipient invalids would do well to memorise these hours.

WHAT DID THEY SAY?

[MISS AMY JOHNSON and MISS MARJORIE FOSTER, King's Prizewinner at Bisley, were introduced recently, at a public ceremony in brilliant weather, by the Mayor of a provincial town. "Each congratulated the other," said the local paper; "it would be interesting to know what was said between them;" and, later, "Miss Johnson provided a feminine touch by running her fingers through her shingled locks."

In the following lines it is suggested that the feminine touch may also have crept into what was said between them.]

THE sun contrived to wax hot
As the Mayor pursued his high lot.
Both sparkled, and with good excuse,
For they'd come out to introduce
Miss FOSTER, woman crack-shot,
To Miss AMY JOHNSON, pilot.

They did. "Congratulations,"
The report observed, "were mutual.
What did they say?" And we must look
For just what lines the pow-wow took
To our imaginations;
And I hope that mine will suit you all.

"Miss FOSTER," started AMY,
"I am very pleased to meet you.
The people's cheers are meant for you,
I have no doubt; perhaps a few
Are gathered to survey me,
But the mass are here to greet you."

"Miss JOHNSON," said Miss FOSTER,
"You are talking through your bonnet.
I bet the people think, and say,
That, standing here with you to-day,
I am a gross impostor,
And I'd stake a trifle on it."

"Tut, tut," replied Miss A. J.,
"How I'd love to score a bull's-eye!
For shooting straight is quite as rare
As travelling by means of air
Like any hawk or stray jay."
And the pilot heaved a full sigh.

Miss FOSTER answered, "Thank you,
But I still maintain that this course
Excites the public fancy less,
And that for your unique success
Above myself they rank you.
What about a change of discourse?"

"With pleasure," said Miss JOHNSON.
"I was just about observing
The Mayor's attractions; with his grand
Official robes and badges and
His brush of August bronze on,
His allure is quite unnerving."



"THEY WERE WORKING ON THIS BUILDING WHEN I WAS HERE A YEAR AGO."
"OH, THAT WAS PULLED DOWN LAST MONTH; THIS IS A *NEW* BUILDING."

"It is," responded MARJORIE.
"When perched on civic platforms
Our civic dignitaries are
Divine, I think; they're lovelier far
Than other men, and larger; I
Adore their pretty fat forms."

"I love your hair," said "JOHNNY."
And the crack-shot answered, "Go on.
It's not what I should call a hit.
Your shingle, dear, is lovely; it
Adorns the ceremony.
What a wealth of curls!" And so on.

To what was said the papers
Didn't help in putting us wise.
As I remarked in opening;
So we'll suppose, amid the ring
Of worshippers and gapers,
Womanlike they chatted thuswise.

C. B

BOMBSHELL IN FLEET STREET.

It was very hot. The sub-editor read gloomily. And he had the strange sensation that it had all happened before. He read:—

"Miss Mavis Bird, a young chorus-girl, took the part of *Marie* in *Love's Lure* at short notice last night, owing to the indisposition of Miss Lily Lake. Miss Bird, whose parents reside at Balham, scored a veritable triumph, the audience calling for her again and again. Miss Lake, who will be indisposed for a week or two, has sent Miss Bird a telegram congratulating her on her success."

The sub-editor groaned. He took his pencil and wrote:—

"CHORUS-GIRL'S TRIUMPH.

LONDON SINGER SNATCHES OPPORTUNITY."

Then he groaned again.

"Short notice!" he groaned. "Don't they have any understudy rehearsals?" It was very hot. The sub-editor pined for beer and beaches. The news of the day repelled him. Also he loved Miss Lily Lake.

He telephoned here and there. And at last he took his pencil again. With a new light in his face he wrote the following surprising words:—

"UNDERSTUDY FAILS.

BALHAM GIRL'S POOR SINGING.

Miss Mavis Bird, a chorus-girl, took the part of *Marie* in *Love's Lure* last night, but not at short notice, as reported in all our contemporaries. *Love's Lure* has been running for ten months, and two days after the opening night the stage-manager summoned the usual understudy-rehearsal. The part of *Marie* was assigned to Miss Bird, and she has been rehearsing it ever since. An ambitious girl, she has not been content with rehearsing, but has made it her practice, whenever possible, to sit in the wings (where she is sometimes joined by Mr. Poot, the comic lead) and study the methods of Miss Lake. Moreover it has been known for some time that Miss Bird and her friends among the Chorus hold a very low opinion of Miss Lake's capacity and charm; and one or two of them have been heard to express surprise at the large salary which Miss Lake receives.

It was expected therefore, when Miss Bird was at last given her chance, that a performance out of the ordinary would be seen. In such a case the understudy has everything to gain and little to lose; she begins with the sympathy of the audience and of her colleagues, some of whom, after a long run, may be tired of the principal's performance or jealous of her success. The principal, by art or experiment, has made her own creative contribution to the part, has found where the 'laughs' lie in the author's lines and added laughs of her own. The understudy has to bring little but a capacity for imitation; the part is ready-made for her and she has only to carry it with an air. And if in addition she can show the smallest signs of individual distinction she is likely to be hailed as a 'discovery.'

In the present case, it appears, expectations were cruelly disappointed. Miss Bird was nervous and once or twice forgot her lines. Both her singing and her dialogue were flat. Lines which on the lips of Miss Lake caused hearty laughter were now received in silence. So marked was Miss Bird's incapacity to hit a high note truly that Mr. Sopp, the tenor lead, declined to sing two of the love-duets, and the conductor was compelled to cut the numbers out. The audience, perceiving Miss Bird's distress, gave her a generous cheer at the close of the performance; but long before that several well-dressed parties had left their boxes.

The circumstances of Miss Lake's indisposition are not as stated by our contemporaries. Miss Lake is not in fact indisposed. A quarter-of-an-hour before the curtain rose an old friend of Miss Lake's presented himself at the stage-door but was refused admission to her dressing-room, according to the rule of the theatre that no visitors must enter the dressing-rooms before the fall of the final curtain. Miss Lake sent for the stage-manager and insisted that this childish rule should be suspended to meet the wishes of a leading lady. The stage-manager declined. Miss Lake said that if her friend could not call on her she would not perform that night. The stage-manager was adamant; Miss Lake was as good as her word; and Miss Bird was instructed to play the part.

Miss Lake will perform as usual this evening; the management have increased her salary, and the company have earnestly expressed the hope that she will never be 'indisposed' again. A new understudy has been selected."

The sub-editor read his work happily and sent it to the printers. He then wrote a letter tendering his resignation, and with a smile on his lips went out into the night. A. P. H.



Neighbour. "HOW WAS YOUR POTATO CROP THIS YEAR, MR. PETTIGREW?"
Mr. Pettigrew. "OH, NOT TOO BAD, MR. URQUHART. SOME WERE AS BIG AS MARBLES, SOME AS BIG AS PEAS AND THE OTHERS WERE RATHER SMALL ONES."

How Not To Treat Gold Fish.

"£400 HERRING SHOT."
Daily Paper.

"The background of charming scenery painted by Mr. Lyons Wilson was pleasing both to eye and ear."—*North-Country Paper.*
We like the chatty style of decoration.

"THE ROMANCE OF THE NAVY.
THREE MEMORABLE ENGAGEMENTS."
Daily Paper.

The one with Señorita Armada was broken off during one of the usual storms.

TWO SIDES TO WINIFRED.



AT THE OFFICE THEY WERE ENCHANTED WITH WINIFRED'S SEASIDE SNAPSHOTS—



WHICH—



ALL—



SHOWED HER—



DELIGHTFULLY—



IN HER ELEMENT;









BUT THEN SHE KEPT BACK THE ONES WHERE SHE WAS DIVING.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE SAVAGE.

ONCE there was an explorer called Stanley Higginface who was very interested in different kinds of savages and generally got on quite well with them. But once when he came across some that he rather liked the look of he was quite shocked to find that they were cannibals and were expecting to eat him. At least he thought they were, because the chief savage pinched him all over and then rubbed his own stomach and pointed with his finger to his mouth and laughed, and all the other savages rubbed their stomachs and laughed too, so that was the idea Stanley Higginface got in his mind, especially when they lit a fire and put a large iron pot filled with water on it, which they must have stolen from somewhere as it was the only one they had and they couldn't have made it themselves.

Well Stanley Higginface was always cool in the presence of danger because it wasn't much use being anything else, so he laughed too and slapped the chief savage on the back, but he was rather sorry he had done that because the chief savage slapped him back, and all the other savages did it too, and they could slap much harder than he could because they were stronger, and they all laughed very loud. And Stanley Higginface laughed too as long as he had any breath to laugh with though he wasn't really amused, but he wanted to keep them in a good humour.

Well it was a good thing he did that, because the chief savage took a fancy to him and had dinner put back for half-an-hour so that he could have a nice talk with him. And Stanley Higginface didn't know his language but he knew others something like it, and it was one of those languages which don't have grammar or syntax or anything like that, but if you want to say a thing you just say it. So he soon picked it up and he amused the chief savage very much by telling him about *Mr. Pickwick* drinking too much milk punch, and the savage didn't understand quite all of it but he wanted to know about milk punch, and Stanley Higginface said well if you come back to England with me you shall have some of it to drink.

Well by this time the chief savage had taken such a fancy to him that he would have gone anywhere with him, and he sent some of his savages out to kill a hippopotamus to eat instead of him, and he told his twenty-four wives to pack him his best nose-rings and a change of feathers and said that he should be away for a few days and if they didn't behave themselves he would club them on the head when he came back and marry some new ones. And Stanley Higginface didn't tell him that he might be away for more than a few days because he thought he could easily get rid of him when once they had started.

But he couldn't get rid of him without shooting him with his revolver, and he didn't want to do that because the savage had become so attached to him just like a dog. So he took him to England with him and by the time they got there the savage didn't want to leave him any more. And he made him have his hair cut and leave off his feathers and nose-rings, and he bought him a suit of dark clothes so that he looked almost respectable.



"GRINNED AT HER AND PINCHED HER GENTLY ON THE ARM."

Well at first his landlady said she wouldn't have anything to do with a heathen like that and she wasn't going to have him sleeping in one of her nice beds. But the savage was quite satisfied to sleep on the floor outside Stanley Higginface's door, and one night when a burglar tried to get in bit him hard on the leg, and he ran screaming out of the house and said he had got hydrophobia. And after that the landlady quite approved of the savage and saved up bones for him to gnaw, because she wasn't very well educated and thought he must be like a dog in everything as he slept on the bare floor and bit people he didn't like on the leg.

And the savage did gnaw the bones because they generally had a little meat on them and he liked that. So the landlady was more muddled than ever in her mind about the difference between dogs and savages and called him Fido. And he didn't mind that either but grinned at her and pinched her gently on the arm. And if she had known that he was thinking what a lot of her there would be to eat she would have had a fit, but she thought he was only showing affection for her and she patted him on the head and said good Fido.

Well that was all very well but Stanley Higginface was educating the savage all the time, and he had taught him to speak quite good English by making him listen to the B.B.C. And he taught him about interesting things like architecture, and the savage could soon tell the difference between Gothic and Queen Anne, and he learnt about other things like geology, and soon he was better educated than the landlady. So he began rather to despise her, and once when he asked her if she knew the difference between eocene and plastocene, and she said it's all the same to me Fido and wanted to pat his head, he was so exasperated that he bit a fairly large piece out of her hand.

Well of course the landlady was upset at that and she wanted the savage put out of the way, and she said it could be easily done with prussic acid and she wouldn't mind doing it herself. But Stanley Higginface said that would be murder and he couldn't countenance it. And she said well then you must keep him on the chain, but he said he couldn't keep a nice well-educated savage on the chain, but he would talk to him and see that he behaved properly in the future, and he would pay her five pounds for having her hand bitten if she would overlook it this time and let the savage stay.

So it was arranged like that and the savage said he was sorry and wouldn't do it again, but he said that the land-

lady was such an ignorant old thing that he really couldn't go on living in the same house with her, all she was good for would be to eat, though he fancied she would be rather too much flavoured with tea-leaves, and he asked Stanley Higginface if he would countenance him clubbing her on the head and cooking her.

And Stanley Higginface was quite shocked at that, and he said I am afraid I shall never civilize you properly, I think the best thing will be for you to go back to your two-dozen wives, you must be missing them by this time.

And he said well I am rather, at least some of them, and I can club any of the others on the head if I want to without anybody making a fuss about it, if you will give me a good book on comic sections to take back with me I can have a good laugh and go on with my education at the same time.

And Stanley Higginface was quite glad to get rid of him, because he said you couldn't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. A. M.

"The bride carried a shower bouquet of Harem lilies."—*Plymouth Paper.*

And the sheikh, we understand, wore spats.

HOLIDAY.

SKIES that were shining bluely,
A sea in whose embrace
One lapped the body coolly,
While breathing through the face,
Sands where the sun could burn one
A comely brown (and "learn" one
From time to time to turn one-
self for another place):

Good greens well swept and rollen,
Fairways, with noble lies
On which the ball seemed swollen
To twice its natural size,
So admirably grassy
As to inspire one's brassie
To something really classy
In reckless enterprise:

Through England's fairest beauties
To drive as fancy led
By orchards where the fruit is
Just putting on its red,
Then, having soothed the inner
Man with a first-class dinner,
To rise from bridge a winner,
And so, in peace, to bed.

Then life was one long blessing;
Then one could go quite strong;
Now, in an office, messing
About with work, I long
For skies expanding bluely,
For waves that lapped one coolly;

* * * * *

Mind, you become unruly;
My stormy mind, you're wrong.

The links that memory praises
Displayed not once or twice
A wind that blew to blazes
Our customary slice;
That sea, to present seeming
So mild, so warm and gleaming,
Could sometimes send one screaming
For medical advice.

There was a tragic juncture
Which you might well recall,
When I was at a puncture
And hail began to fall;
And if you think that frightful
Rounder who had the spiteful
Whistle next door delightful,
You didn't then; that's all.

No, lumping things together,
You were at times inclined
To damn the sea, the weather,
And everything combined.
Now, when you can't get at it,
Of course you turn and pat it,
Which is just like you, drat it:
Don't be an ass my mind.

DUM-DUM.



"WAS YOUR LAST MISTRESS SURPRISED WHEN YOU LEFT?"
"SHE 'AD A BIT OF A SHOCK. WE 'APPENED TO 'AVE WORDS WHEN I WAS USIN' THE ELECTRIC IRON."



MANNERS AND MODES.

SUN-BATHING BY SECTIONS.

MAGNETIC NORTH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Insidiously, like a craving for gin and bitters, a belief has taken shape in this country that the South is superior to the North, and that the people of the South are more cultured, quicker-witted and more generous than their more northerly compatriots.

Exactly whence this extraordinary belief sprang is not known, but by now it seems to have become a generally accepted fact; and it is this calm acceptance which is itself so surprising. One would have thought that the inhabitants of our more northerly counties would have had something to say in contradiction of so monstrous a claim. Not a bit of it. They are agreed that "Up North the people really *are*—if you know what I mean."

I, however, was not satisfied, and so, by patient research and that genuine thirst for knowledge which is inseparable from the best *littérateurs*, I set to work to solve the mystery. I now have the honour to divulge the solution, Sir, in your columns. It is quite simple.

There is no North.

At the very beginning of my research I asked a London friend of mine to tell me exactly where the North was. He replied that it began about Rergby. Patient questioning proved that the poor fellow meant Rugby.

At Rugby I was informed that the North started at Derby, and at Derby I was assured that it began at Newcastle.

A gentleman in the main street of Newcastle told me, rather pityingly, that Newcastle wasn't really Up North, but that Glasgow was Northerly. At this I took courage, for it seemed that the farther North I travelled the warmer, so to speak, I got.

"Would you," I asked my Newcastle friend, "say that the South started at Rugby?"

"Roogby?" he repeated in surprise. "Ah never heered of it."

"Oh, come," I expostulated—"Rugby. You know—the place where WILLIAM WEBB ELLIS 'took the ball in his arms and ran with it.'"

"If he did that," replied my friend severely, "it were a foul. And talking of dirty play——"

I left him hurriedly and travelled into Yorkshire and Lancashire.

"They say," I remarked carelessly, "that the South is superior to the North."

"Tell 'em," they replied grimly, "to have a look at the County Championship tables for the last few years."

"So *you* don't consider yourselves Southerners," I asked quickly, and with almost indecorous haste they agreed that they did not.

"And so," I breathed contentedly, "you are North."

"North!" they repeated in horror. "Why, North's up Durham way."

By this time my blood was up. I would, I decided, have no more shilly-shallying. I toured up to John o' Groats and found there a taciturn man mending a fishing-net.

"Tell me," I begged—"is this the North?"

For a moment he hesitated, then he removed a wad of tobacco from his mouth and shook his head.

"Not?" I pleaded, heart-broken.

He jerked his thumb seawards.

"Awa' beyant," he said.

And there, Sir, you have the solution of the mystery. The North has gone permanently West.

Do not, I beg, try to thank me. I am only too happy to have been so helpful.

Yours very sincerely,

ALGERNON CAULIFLOWER.

"RUGGER TEST.

New Zealand defeated Great Britain in the third test match at Auckland to-day by 15 pints to 10."—*South-Country Paper.*

It sounds as though our three-quart-ers had let us down.



THE DAWN OF A DOUBT.

BRITANNIA (*as Mrs. Micawber*). "I AM ALMOST BEGINNING TO THINK THAT THE DAY IS NOT VERY FAR DISTANT WHEN IT MAY BECOME NECESSARY FOR ME—THOUGH WITH EXTREME RELUCTANCE—TO DESERT MR. MICAWBER."



A RARE SPECIMEN OF THE GREAT SPOTTED BUN-SNATCHER ON ITS WAY TO THE ROYAL ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT.

THIS article has no connection with the novel of the same name, except in so far as the title provides a useful mnemonic as to how to deal with our wireless when there is a storm approaching, or when an aimlessness of aunts and a chuntering of uncles burst gleefully into the studio at 5.15. By moving a rather handsome porcelain-mounted switch to the left we can protect ourselves against such uncalled-for occurrences.

Much ink has flowed since the coming of wireless in the estimation of the changes which the invention has brought about in our daily life, but I have not noticed an article on the revision which it has necessitated in the method of dealing with thunder-storms at night.

The procedure before wireless happened was merely to go to the brats' bedroom to see whether they were all right. There a little confidence was to be gained amid the pudder of the elements by secretly admiring, though outwardly deprecating, the way in which they were heaving themselves up by the metal bed-rails to get a better view of the lightning through the open windows. The programme was then completed by a tour round the house for the purpose of shutting windows.

Nowadays there is a fresh and dangerous complication. At the first roll of thunder Freda wakes up and says, "Did you disconnect the wireless?" This is a most unnecessary question, because disconnecting the wireless acts on the same principle as taking an umbrella out for a walk. It prevents thunder-storms as surely as the latter expedient ensures a rainless day. If the thing had been disconnected there would have been no storm.

On the way downstairs three thoughts occur:—

(1) Wouldn't it really be worth while to let the wireless get struck and buy a better one with the insurance money?

(2) Does it hurt to be electrocuted in pyjamas? And will Freda get my insurance all right?

(3) "Handling a wireless-set which was struck by lightning during a thunder-storm which raged over the Midlands during the night of Monday last, Philip Apricot (32) was reduced to a cinder weighing 2 lb. 11 oz. The charred leaves a widow and two children."

As the door of the Electrocution Chamber is reached the various methods of combating a heavy wireless-set hurtling across the room come under review. Would it be better to try to meet it head-on; or to stand aside and kick it as it goes past?

At length, tying a handkerchief round the lower part of the face as a protection against fumes—there always seem to be fumes in do's of this sort—you enter, stumbling over the shoes which you left about before retiring. This is fortunate, as it happens, because it reminds you that they have rubber soles, and that rubber is a non-conductor. So, with the hands suitably shod, you approach the switch—"Thunder on the left," remember—and bat it one or two with the agile motion of a cat investigating a hedgehog until it is in the required position.

Then, praying that that last flash did not expose you—a masked figure in pyjamas, accoutred as to the hands in golf-shoes—to the gaze of anyone who may have been standing in the road outside at 3 A.M., you go back to bed, determined to switch the thing off properly every night in future.

And so you do—until the night of the next storm.

1066 AND ALL THAT.

[*Being extracts from a forthcoming History of England* (*Absit Oman*).]

CÆSAR INVADES BRITAIN.

THE first date in English History is 55 B.C., in which year JULIUS CÆSAR (the memorable Roman Emperor) landed, like all other successful invaders of these islands, at Thanet. This was in the olden days when the Romans were top nation on account of their classical education, etc.

JULIUS CÆSAR advanced very energetically, throwing his cavalry several thousands of paces over the River Flumen; but the Ancient Britons, though all well over military age, painted themselves true blue, or *woad*, and fought as heroically under their dashing queen, BOADICEA, as they did later in thin red lines under their good queen, VICTORIA.

JULIUS CÆSAR was therefore compelled to invade Britain again the following year (54 B.C., not 56, owing to the peculiar Roman method of counting), and having defeated the Ancient Britons by unfair means, such as battering-rams, tortoises, hippocausts, centipedes, axes and bundles, set the memorable Latin sentence, "*Veni, Vidi, Vici*," which the Romans, who were all very well educated, construed correctly.

The Britons, however, who of course still used the old pronunciation, understanding him to have called them "Weeny, Weedy and Weaky," lost heart and gave up the struggle, thinking that he had already divided them all into three parts and had thus won the war.

The Roman Conquest was, however, a *Good Thing*, since the Britons were only natives at that time.

THE ROMAN OCCUPATION.

For some reason the Romans neglected to overrun the country with fire and the sword, though they had both of these; in fact after the Conquest they did not mingle with the Britons at all, but lived a semi-detached life in villas. They occupied their time for two or three hundred years in building Roman roads and having Roman baths. The Roman roads ran absolutely straight in all directions and all led to Rome.

The Romans also built a wall between England and Scotland to keep out the savage Picts and Scots. This wall was the work of the memorable Roman Emperor BALBUS and was thus called HADRIAN'S Wall. The Picts, or painted men,* were so called to distinguish them from the Britons. (*Vide supra, Woad.*)

BRITAIN CONQUERED AGAIN.

The withdrawal of the Roman legions to take part in GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* left Britain defenceless and subjected to that long succession of Waves of which history is chiefly composed. While the Roman Empire was overrun by Waves not only of Ostrogoths, Visigoths and even Goths but also of Vandals (who destroyed works of art) and Huns (who destroyed everything), Britain was attacked by Waves of Picts (and, of course, Scots), who had recently learnt how to climb the wall, and of Angles, Saxons and Jutes, who, landing at Thanet, soon overran the country with fire (and, of course, the sword).



THE ROMAN OCCUPATION.

IMPORTANT NOTE.

The Scots (originally Irish, but by now Scotch) were at this time inhabiting Ireland, having driven the Irish (Picts) out of Scotland; while the Picts (originally Scots) were now Irish (living in brackets) and *vice versa*. It is essential to keep these distinctions clearly in mind.

HUMILIATION OF THE BRITONS.

The brutal Saxon invaders drove the Britons westward into Wales and compelled them to become Welsh; it is now considered doubtful whether this was a *Good Thing*. The country became almost entirely inhabited by Saxons and was therefore renamed England and thus (naturally) soon became C. of E. This was a *Good Thing*, because previously the Saxons had worshipped some dreadful gods of their own called Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

* * * * *

ETHELRED THE UNREADY. A WEAK KING.

ETHELRED THE UNREADY was the first Weak King of England. He was called the Unready because he was never ready when the Danes were. Rather than wait for him the Danes used to fine him large sums called Danegeld for not being ready. But though they were always ready the Danes had very bad memories and often used to forget that they had been paid the Danegeld and come back for it almost before they had sailed away. By that time ETHELRED was always unready again.

Finally, ETHELRED was taken completely unawares by his own death and was succeeded by CANUTE.

CANUTE, AN EXPERIMENTAL KING.

This memorable monarch, having set out from Norway to collect some Danegeld, landed by mistake at Thanet and thus became King. He began by being a Bad King on the advice of his Courtiers, who informed him (owing to a misunderstanding of the Rule Britannia) that the King of England was entitled to sit in the sea without getting wet. But having proved that they were wrong he decided to take his own advice in future and became a Good King and C. of E., and ceased to be memorable.

After CANUTE there were no more aquatic kings till WILLIAM IV.

CANUTE had two sons, Halfacanute and Partacanute, and two other offspring, Rathacanute and Hardlicanute, whom however he would never acknowledge, denying to the last that he was their Fathacanute.

* * * * *

TEST PAPER.

UP TO 1066.

1. Discuss, in Latin or Gothic (*but not both*), whether the Northumbrian Bishops were more schismatical than the Cumbrian Abbots. (Be bright.)

2. Which came first, A.D. or B.C.? (Be careful.)

3. Has it never occurred to you that the Romans *counted backwards?* (Be honest.)

4. How angry would you be if it was suggested—

(*a*) That the XIth Chap. of the *Consolations of Boethius* was an interpolated palimpsest?

* *E.g.* The Black Watch, the Red Comyn and Douglases of all colours.

(*b*) That an Eisteddfod was an agricultural implement?

5. Have you the faintest recollection of—

(*a*) Ethelbreth?

(*b*) Athelthral?

(*c*) Thruthelthrolth?

6. What *have* you the faintest recollection of?

7. Estimate the average age of

(*a*) The Ancient Britons.

(*b*) Ealdormen.

(*c*) Old King Cole.

8. Why do you know nothing at all about

(*a*) The Laws of Infangthief and Egg-seisin?

(*b*) Saint Pancras?

N.B.—Do not attempt to answer more than one question at a time.

WILLIAM I. A CONQUERING KING.

In the year 1066 occurred the other memorable date in English History, viz., *William the Conqueror, Ten sixty-six*. This is also called *The Battle of Hastings*, and was when WILLIAM I. (1066) conquered England at the Battle of Senlac (*Ten sixty-six*).

The Norman Conquest was a *Good Thing*, as from this time onwards England stopped being conquered and thus was able to become top nation.

DOOMSDAY BOOK.

WILLIAM invented a system according to which everybody had to belong to somebody else, and everybody else to the King. This was called the Feudile System, and in order to prove that it was true he wrote a book called the *Doomsday Book*, which contained an inventory of all the Possessions of all his subjects. After reading the book through carefully WILLIAM agreed with it and signed it, indicating to everybody that the Possessions mentioned in it were now his.

Although WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR (1066) was a very strong King he was eventually stumbled to death by a horse and was succeeded by his son RUFUS.

* * * * *

HENRY I. A TRAGIC KING.

HENRY I. was famous for his handwriting and was therefore generally called Henry Beau-geste. He was extremely fond of his son WILLIAM, who was, however, drowned. HENRY tried to console himself for his loss by eating a surfeit of palfreys. This was a *Bad Thing* since he died of it and, in fact, *never smiled again*.

HENRY II. A JUST KING.

HENRY II. was a great Lawgiver, and it was he who laid down the great Legal Principle that everything is either legal or (preferably) illegal. He also made another very just arrangement about trials.

Before HENRY II.'s time there were two kinds of legal trial: (*a*) the Ideal and (*b*) the Combat. The Ideal form of trial consisted in making a man plunge his head in boiling ploughshares in order to see whether he had committed a crime or not. According to HENRY'S reformed system a man was tried first by a jury of his equals and only had to plunge his head into the ploughshares afterwards (in order to confirm the jury's opinion that he was either innocent or had committed the crime).

This was obviously a much *Better Thing*.

The Combat was a system by which in civil cases the litigants decided their dispute by mortal combat, after which the defeated party was allowed to fly the country. But HENRY altered all this and declared that a Grand Jury must decide first what the parties were fighting about—a reform which naturally gave rise to grave discontent among the Barons, who believed in the Combat, the whole Combat and nothing but the Combat.

(To be continued.)



Retired Provision Merchant (who has made his money in poultry and provisions, pointing to heraldic eagles). "LOOK 'ERE, MR. SMITH, THEM 'EVS MUST COME DOWN; I'VE FINISHED WITH POULTRY."

Sidelights on the American Digestive System.

"——'s Insulation Company has secured an order from America for sufficient magnesia and asbestos insulation to cover 150 miles of steam pies."—*Daily Paper.*

"MAKE A FLOWER TALK is a nart which is our business."

Florist's Advt. in Biarritz Paper.

For ourselves we are content with nart for nart's sake.



Small Boy (caught stealing apples, to farmer). "HOW MUCH DO YOU CHARGE FOR APPLES?"

HER'S AND IT'S

My friend Poker, who has just published a novel, wants me to make an explanation to the public.

"You may have noticed," said Poker, "that in my new book——"

"Haven't read it," I confessed; "I've been expelled from my library for not paying my subscription. I thought perhaps you might——"

"Oh!" said Poker. "Well, in my new book, when you buy it, you will see that I have written 'her's' with an apostrophe—'that hat of her's,' for example—and also 'their's' and 'your's' where everybody else writes 'theirs' and 'yours' without an apostrophe."

"Why did you do this awful thing?"

"I'll tell you. Several reviewers have commented on it. Many strangers have written to me about it, more in sorrow than in anger. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT wrote, 'Albeit I do not know why he writes "her's," "your's," "it's," etc.' (Albeit, by the way, I do not know why Mr. BENNETT uses an expression like 'albeit.') One or two learned men kindly supposed that I was attempting to begin a revolution in spelling; others tartly remarked that, if that was the idea, I had better leave the good old English possessive alone.

"The plain truth is that the thing happened by accident. I was wearily correcting proofs one day, growing more and more angry with the 'Printer's Reader,' who had, I thought, made many unnecessary and maddening amendments to my script. Two characters, poor 'working-girls,' had to say that they went to a hotel, and *twice* the Reader had altered 'a' to 'an,' making a pedant of the proletariat. When I spoke of a '27' bus he scratched out '27' and wrote 'twenty-seven' in letters. And when I spoke of Barnes Bridge he added an apostrophe and a 's'—or is it *an* 's'?—to Barnes and made it Barnes's Bridge!

"That Reader would leave nothing alone. I could have killed the fellow. I had sent him two abusive telegrams. And while in this mood I came across the phrase, 'that hat of hers.' And it looked all wrong. You know the sensation—suddenly some quite familiar common word, which you have used since childhood, looks all wrong. You can scarcely believe that there *is* such a word; and, if there is, you are quite sure it's not spelt like *that*. Well, when I saw 'that hat of hers' looking all wrong I thought at once that that darned Reader had been up to his tricks again. Of *course* it ought to be 'her's'——"

"But it *was* hers," I said, beginning to lose interest in the tale.

"Her's with an apostrophe, I mean. If it had been 'that hat of Mary's' there would have been an apostrophe, wouldn't there?"

I lit another pipe but made no reply.

"Well, wouldn't there?"

"Wouldn't there what?"

"Wouldn't there be an apostrophe before the 's' if it was Mary's?"

"Mary's apostrophe?"

"No; Mary's *hat!*"

"Dare say there would."

"Well, what's the difference between 'her' and 'Mary'?"

"Can't say."

"Well," continued Poker, "I turned back the pages I had corrected and found any number of 'hers' and 'theirs' and 'yours.' And they all looked wrong. So I went right through the book and popped in an apostrophe in every case."

"Jolly good," I murmured sleepily.

"Yes, but everybody says it's *wrong*," said Poker angrily.

"So it is."

"Well, I don't believe it is."

"I thought you said you did it by accident."

"Yes. But now I've gone into the matter I believe I was *right* by accident. You went to a good Public School, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And took a First at Oxford?"

"Yes."

"Well, did you ever learn any English grammar?"

"No."

"Nor did I. But the last few days I've been buying grammar-books, and they all say that the apostrophe must not be used with the possessive 'hers.' But none of them says *why*. Now, *my* theory is—— Are you listening?"

"More or less."

"Well, my theory is that it's just a piece of laziness which has been erected into a rule. We all write 'couldn't' as one word now. But GEORGE MEREDITH kept the two words separate—'could n't.' We all write 'can't' with one apostrophe after the 'n.' But LEWIS CARROLL gave it two—one after the 'a' and one after the 'n.' Nowadays we're less precise or more in a hurry; but if I wrote 'could n't' and 'ca'n't' people wouldn't say I was being precise; they'd say I was attempting a revolutionary experiment."

"Nobody," I said, "would care two hoots."

"Well, that's where you're wrong. You've no idea how many people there are who have the time and do trouble to write letters about these things. Quite right too, if they know what they're writing about. In this case I'm not so sure that they do. I believe we began to leave out the apostrophe in 'her's' because it was easier and quicker; and, now that it's become a habit we pretend that it's always been a rule. You see, we're not logical about it. If you say 'the hat is anyone's' or 'the hat is someone else's' you don't leave out the apostrophe. Why should you leave it out if it's 'her's' or 'it's'?"

"Can't say. What about 'yours' and 'theirs'?"

"Well, they *look* different—but are they?"

"Don't know."

"Nor do I. I don't pretend to. Thank Heaven I'm an English gentleman and never learned any grammar. And I don't mind being lectured as long as the other people *really* know; but do they?"

"Don't know."

"The whole thing is very worrying," said Poker. "I've just been through my book and taken out all the apostrophes in case there's another edition. So if you want to have a record of my 'revolutionary experiment' you'd better hurry up and get a first edition."

"I thought perhaps you might lend——"

"And while I was doing it," continued Poker hastily, "I found that I hadn't even been logical myself; for I'd left 'its' without an apostrophe!"

"Good heavens!"

"What I thought was this," said Poker, "you might get somebody who *really* knows to make an authoritative pronouncement about it. We might have a correspondence in the papers."

"We might," I said, and fell into a dreamless sleep. A. P. H.



"I ALWAYS THINK DEAR BASIL HAS SUCH A DELICIOUS TOUCH ON THE GRAMOPHONE."

A SPRAY OF HEATHER.

SOMEONE sent me heather,
A little purple spray,
And swift we went together
Upon a holiday,
To watch September weaving
Upon her magic loom
A wonder past believing
Of rosy-tinted bloom.

It took me where the splendour
Sweeps over hilly crowns,
And where with glory tender
It cradles little towns;
By moor and mountain ranging
We saw its colours burn,
And where the woods are changing
And where the brackens turn.

Oh, here within my fingers
I hold a fairy key;
No more my fancy lingers
Or struggles to be free,
But out by dawn and gloaming,
In sunlight or in rain,
At will we wander roaming
The heather-wilds again.

"BLATANT BLOUSE SALE SCANDAL."
Poster of Weekly Paper.

We know the sort of garment they are trying to describe.

"He is proud of a cumulus which local antiquarians say was the burial place of Queen Boadicea."—*Daily Paper.*

It seems hard that after such a long time the gallant old lady should still be under a cloud.

IN THE BATHROOM.

A GEYSER is a lovesome thing, God wot!
  Shining like gold
  it turns the cold
spring-water from the distant hills
(or effluent of beet-sugar mills)
into a noble fountain, steaming hot.

Geysers must never be fixed
without a vent-pipe
communicating with chimney or
outside of bathroom.

The word itself gives scope to Every-
  man:
  it is not said,
  like "green" or "red,"
in just one simple cast-iron way;
people pronounce it as they may,
or will (*pace* the B.B.C.) or can.
But

Geysers must never be fixed
without a vent-pipe
communicating with chimney or
outside of bathroom.

Another sort of geyser can be found
  in lands volcanic.
  Surely satanic
in origin these; for, not content
to give hot water, they also vent
mud and a nasty smell, with
  thunderous sound—
and besides

Geysers should never be
fixed
without a vent-pipe
communicating with
chimney or
outside of bathroom.

For all-round use I like our
  native kind;
  easy to control,
  it will even roll
the tennis-lawn if filled with
  bricks,
or the gardener-handyman
  can fix
it as a sundial in the patch
  behind,
always remembering that

Geysers must never be
fixed
without a vent-pipe
communicating with
chimney or
outside of bathroom.

Great Scott!
I nearly forgot.
Gas must be turned off
before entering bath.
Splash!

Too Late For Bromley.

"Egg (Foul) per score . . 1 3 0"
Advt. in Calcutta Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"ELDORADO" (DALY'S).

THE new musical play at Daly's seems to be even more elaborate than

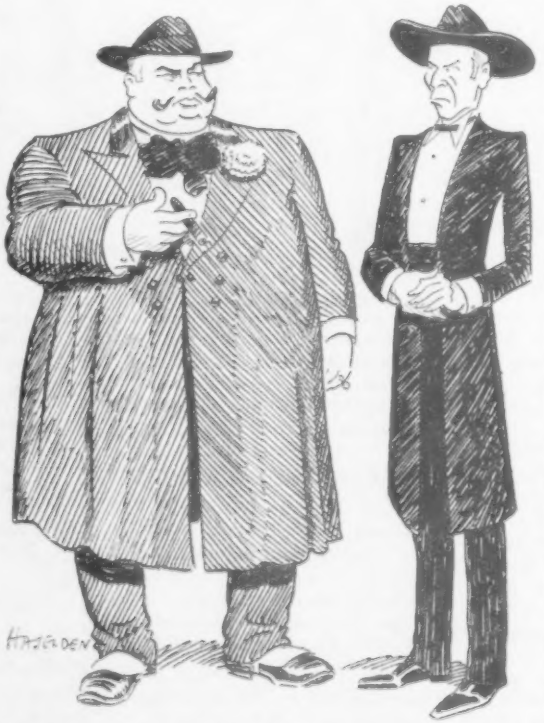


"BUZZIN' AROUND."
Señorita May de Arredondo MISS MIMI CRAWFORD.

usual. The programme tells us of an Originator—Mr. ERNEST TRIMMINGHAM; and two Book-makers, Messrs. GERALD ROBINSON and GUS DALE; three Makers of Lyrics, Messrs GERALD ROBINSON, G. RUTHLAND CLAPHAM and JULIAN FRANK; a Reviser and Adder of Lyrics, Mr. PERCY GREENBANK; a Book-producer, Mr. OSCAR ASCHE; a Stager of Musical Numbers, Ensembles and Dances, Mr. EDWARD ROYCE; a Maker of the Music, Mr. G. RUTHLAND CLAPHAM; three Additional Music-makers, Messrs. CHARLES J. MOORE, JULIAN FRANK and DONOVAN MEHER; an Orchestrator and Conductor of the Music, Mr. ARTHUR WOOD; a cast of fixed stars and planets, fourteen in all; two principal dancers; seventeen Ladies of the Singing Ensemble; eighteen Gentlemen of the Singing Ensemble; sixteen Ladies of the Dancing Ensemble; and, finally, two Presenters, Messrs. ERNEST COLLINS and JOSEPH FENSTON.

Touching origination, I do not suppose it would be claimed that Mr. TRIMMINGHAM originated the triple-phased course of the love of *Señorita Elvira de Urquiza* (Miss DESIRÉE ELLINGER) and *Senhor José de Barros* (Mr. DONALD MATHER)—insensate attraction (Act I.), inexplicable misunderstanding (Act II.) and (for Art is long and Life brief) hasty reunion (Act III.); or the interwoven vagaries of the pursuers, defenders, ravishers and recoverers of a diamond of unparalleled beauty and magnificence. This triple-phased rómance (accent now in the best musical-comedy circles placed invariably on the first syllable) and double-stranded adventure must date from days of old, when young men and maidens sang, danced and dithered to the soft strains of shawm and sackbut. The implacable feud between the fathers of the lovers—the gaunt *Señor Pedro Urquiza* (Mr. GEORGE IDE) and the gorgeously rotund *Senhor Alcido de Barros* (Mr. OSCAR ASCHE), with the fire-eating little die-hard, *General Juan Fernandez de Arredondo* (Mr. ROBERT NAINBY), who keeps the quarrel alive, provides a pleasant and reasonably novel embroidery.

The personal triumph of the comic detective (Mr. JERRY VERNO) is not perhaps so much due to anything he is given to say as to the adroit easy way he says or hints it; and when in the course of his odd professional duties he assumes the disguise of a mantilla-ed,



BATTLING MONTAGU AND CRASHING CAPULET.
Senhor Alcido de Barros . . . MR. OSCAR ASCHE.
Señor Pedro Urquiza . . . . MR. GEORGE IDE.

high-combed lady of Cuba and takes the pretty young women of Rio into his confidence in the wittily-written topical song, "Aren't We Little Devils?" he provides us with quite the best turn of the evening. I should put next to it the too short dance of Señor (or possibly *Senhor*) RAMON CORTEZ in the same Act. In this Act also, against an excellently fabricated scene—*Don José's* house outside Rio—there is a quick tangoish dance by some charming young ladies "of the dancing ensemble," with partners drawn from the singing gentlemen's group, which was prettily contrived and executed.

Miss DESIRÉE ELLINGER'S vivacity and star-bright eyes made their effect, and her pretty voice was admirable till overloaded with emotion. As not the simplest among us takes the passion seriously, would it not be better to let us have the voice unspoiled? Graceful versatile Miss MIMI CRAWFORD had much too little to do for my taste—nothing much more than one brilliant dance with Mr. ERIC COXON. Mr. MARK DALY'S closely-observed and tactful study of a gentleman consistently "sozzled" was varied by a grotesque dance shared by the vigorous and masterful Miss MAI BACON.

The guild of lyric makers and repairers might reasonably protest against the persistent mangling of the rhythm of their lines, which was more manifest than usual—that is saying a good deal—in this affair. Such clumsinesses are no more forgivable or less painful than faltering steps in the dance. . . . On the whole, I suppose, a vintage of average quality and promise. T.

"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE" (SAVOY).

It is pleasant to welcome Sir JOHN MARTIN HARVEY again to London and to note how lightly the hand of time deals with him. He has chosen Mr. SHAW'S agreeable jest, *The Devil's Disciple*, for his opening venture.

One seems to remember Mr. SHAW'S having confessed, or boasted, that his method of writing a play was not to make a plan but to set down the first thing that came into his clever head and add to it the second and so forth, thus letting the affair worry itself out to a conclusion. Hence an effect of unexpectedness so superior to the orderly procedure of the well-made play. Here what seemed to open somewhat in the manner of a tract, to persuade us that only the ungodly have any real notion of Christian charity—a gloomy opening with trimmings of rather heavy humour—ends as a farcical melodrama, seasoned of course with a nimbler wit and a more likely and malicious characterisation than generally goes to the making of that commodity. "Whimsical" would be a fairer word than "farcical"; "melodrama" is Mr. SHAW'S own label.

Certainly this little travesty of events in a New Hampshire township in the year 1777 gets better and better as it proceeds, save for a few awkward moments towards the close. As in the more usual forms of this *genre* the serious emotions cling a little round its neck, to its evident embarrassment, though the author is adroit or perverse enough to prevent his hero from being trapped into sentiment by his emotional heroine.

Richard Dudgeon, the hero, smuggler



THE DEPUTY VICTIM.

Sir JOHN MARTIN HARVEY (as Richard Dudgeon, *recalling* Sidney Carton *days).* "THIS IS A CHANGE FROM THE GUILLOTINE, ANYHOW."

and clergy-baiter, professed disciple of the Devil and friend of children tortured in the name of virtue and religion, has just returned from seeing his uncle hanged by KING GEORGE'S red-coats as an example. He brings back the news that a victim is to be found nearer home—some rebel or alleged rebel of light and leading. *Richard* suffers himself to be arrested in place of the friendly and liberal-minded minister, *Anderson*, who was the actually prescribed victim, not for love of *Anderson's* wife (though she is a little inclined to that view), but because he finds he can no other. It is not to be supposed that he does not laugh at himself for his heroic folly. And at any rate he wants to make it clear that this is not a piece of Sidney Cartonism, but the sort of sporting recklessness which you may reasonably expect from a disciple of the Devil.

Mr. SHAW'S aim is of course never surer than when the cokernut is the soldier—any soldier, but British for preference. And the liveliness of our entertainment is definitely increased by the unlikely court-martial, with the hanging major and his blank sense of duty and discipline. Puckishly at this stage the author takes a soldier ally, "*Gentlemanly Johnny*"—*General Burgoyne*—perhaps because the original BURGOYNE was a fellow-dramatist—and of this character, by the way, Mr. CHARLES CARSON makes one of the happiest hits of the evening. *Burgoyne* is so manifestly a Shavian.

The mechanism of the affair is ingenious and plausible—even on reflection; and the joke wears well.

Sir JOHN MARTIN HARVEY seemed to me to open upon a rather too hearty and swaggering a manner. I think thereby, and by the consequent and perhaps (with the striking of such a keynote) necessary broadening of the effects, something of the author's special quality of mischief was lost. The grand (or hearty) manner, an excellent thing in itself, leans a little heavily on Mr. SHAW'S light and crazy structure. However, *Richard* improved to a man of spirit and wit and made a likeable hero.

Miss MARY RORKE'S sombre study of the fanatical old mother—her bitterness due, as the author takes pains to suggest, not to religious conviction but to her having married the wrong man—while the piece was still in its heavy mood, was genuinely impressive. The author, having had his mind changed for him by his running pen, promptly killed the old woman and relieved Miss RORKE and himself of an otherwise inevitable embarrassment.

Mr. EDMUND GWENN (the minister), a charmingly human presentation, Mr. JOHN GARSIDE (the Major), and Miss MARGARET WEBSTER (the minister's wife) helped to make a really enjoyable evening. The setting had no Art nonsense about it and was none the less satisfactory on that account.

Naturally the opponents of the Devil and his disciple and of the American malcontents had a better case than Mr. SHAW troubled to put. But that was only to be expected. And after all a joke's a joke. T.

"The young ducklings hatched in Lincoln's Inn have now grown to full size. The mother, however, has taken flight after an attempt to place a ring on her leg."
Daily Paper.

A better mother would have put up with this piece of prudery for the sake of their future.

MY PROXY.

THE prospectus-time dreams of the Half-baked Brick and Tile Company have dissolved like mist, and the directors, shorn of their illusions and quite a lot of my money, now come forward, belatedly practical, with counsels of reconstruction. Among the directors recommended as competent to act as proxy for me at the approaching Extraordinary General Meeting is Brigadier-General Sir Single Padd, with whom, as a lance-corporal, I soldiered in the Great War.

Idly I note from the proxy-postcard that the Brigadier lives at Rhodings Parva, and there comes to my mind the parallel of an eagle nesting in a bird-sanctuary. The name of his abode is "Chillianwallah." I hope it is not necessary to remark that the Brigadier did not get this battle-honour with me. Probably it was his grandfather or his great-uncle who had happy recollections of that scrap—the Padds as a family have always thought peace worth fighting for—in the spacious days when men were men and elephants were tanks. I think the Brigadier would have been unable to find a suitable name for his house from any of our shows, for our fights usually centred round some prosaic map reference; even the Brigadier would see that there was something incongruous in calling a homestead, say, J 10 beer 14 Lodge.

Although the collapse of the Half-baked Brick and Tile Company hits me where it hurts me very much, nevertheless it gives me an enjoyable thrill as one of his old lance-corporals to be in the position to say whether or not I think Brigadier-General Sir Single Padd is a suitable person to represent me. If I choose to scratch out his name he has no appeal against the implied opprobrium, yet not so long ago he could have had me shot for less. As a matter of *esprit de corps* I suppose I ought to put myself in the hands of the Brigadier, but this is a business matter and I must ask myself, Is Sir Single Padd worthy of me? Looking back, I remember him chiefly as a man too morbidly preoccupied with trifles: one cigarette-end lying about in a thousand-acre camp area would start him in eruption, and once at an inspection he picked me out from a whole brigade as carrying my rifle like an umbrella.

The Half-baked Brick and Tile Company seem to have discovered Sir Single Padd's main virtue—a talent for never being late on parade. The curt proxy-postcard invites me to appoint George Henry James; or, failing him, D'Arcy Vavasour; or, failing him, the Brigadier. Obviously, what this wishes to imply is, "George is a good fellow but erratic—as likely as not he will forget all about our meeting; while as for D'Arcy, if the day is fine, he would be quite capable of leaving the Half-baked Brick and Tile shareholders in the lurch to go up-river with a girl. But you may count absolutely on the Brigadier: he may not be brilliant, but if he is warned to parade at the Extraordinary General Meeting he will be there."

I concur. But is punctuality enough in a proxy? In this business I must guard against allowing myself to be swayed by the sentimental feelings of a lance-corporal towards his brigadier. I must do my duty by my fellow-shareholders. To be quite frank, I have a suspicion that the Brigadier, by perhaps his insistence on dressing the Company's stocks of bricks by the right or by his incessant tile inspections, and almost certainly by his brusqueness to intending customers, may have helped considerably to bring our £1 shares down from 2*s.* 6*d.* premium to 1½*d.* sellers. And, after all, he did say that I held my rifle like an umbrella. I think I ought to strike him out very firmly from the *B* in Brigadier to the second *d* in Padd.

Yet, am I sure that I have grasped the true underlying meaning of that postcard? I notice that they have put the Brigadier as last choice, and on a re-reading this seems to be the correct paraphrase: "George is a splendid company director and would make a really capital proxy; so too for that matter would D'Arcy. But if neither of them can turn up to our little Extraordinary General Meeting, will the Brigadier do?"

I think this covert sneer is in the worst possible taste, for if Sir Single Padd had managed our brigade as these people have managed the Half-baked Brick and Tile Company we should have been about as effective as a sick parade. And if that is their attitude, then out comes George and out comes D'Arcy. Both as a shareholder and as a lance-corporal I will have the Brigadier.

I must make a point of going to the meeting. It will be nice to see the Brigadier again, no doubt carrying his umbrella like a sword. And besides, if I can sit where he cannot quell me with his eye, I should rather like to exercise my inalienable right as a shareholder to raise the ineffectual cry of "Shame!"

SOME BALLIOL PEOPLE.

THE oracle (anonymous) who nightly
The Evening Standard's diary adorns,
As universal in his scope as WHITELEY—
Treading at times on *Mrs. Grundy's* corns,
Musing, by turns sardonical and sprightly,
On modes and manners that he mocks or mourns,
Doubling the *rôles* of GALLIO and GAMALIEL—
Has lately turned his searchlight upon Balliol.

His survey, though acute, is incomplete,
For in it have I found no single word
Of the young men who sat at JOWETT'S feet—
JOWETT, who chirped like a cherubic bird,
Lured brains and blood to Learning's ancient seat,
Fostered their gifts and their ambitions stirred—
With what results, if you should haply ask,
Consult the quatrains of the Balliol Masque.

Nor does he mention, in his brief review
Of Balliol manners in the days of yore,
The group of Wykehamists and Etonians who
Enriched the decade cent'ring in '04,
Read hard, but riotously revelled too,
And mostly fell like heroes in the War;
While now he owns that neither "blood" nor dandy
Thrive 'neath the democratic rule of "Sandy."

No more the abode of keen irreverent wits
Who had no fear of either man or devil,
Balliol no longer gives the bourgeois fits
By daring satire or unseemly revel,
But all are agelasts, and none permits
His lukewarm spirit to desert the level
Of calm and self-sufficing ataraxy,
Or scale some transcendental Cotopaxi.

Severe the critic, yet he merits warm
Praise for the unerring aim with which he looses
His shafts against the modern Balliol norm—
Men who are neither rowdies nor recluses
But in their outlook strangely uniform—
A breed, in fine, which plenteously produces
The stuff of which in politics and trade
The Lindsay-Wolseys of to-day are made.

The Red-Hot Poker-Player.

"Jack Diamond singed numerous autographs and spent a good deal of his time playing poker."—*Manchester Paper.*



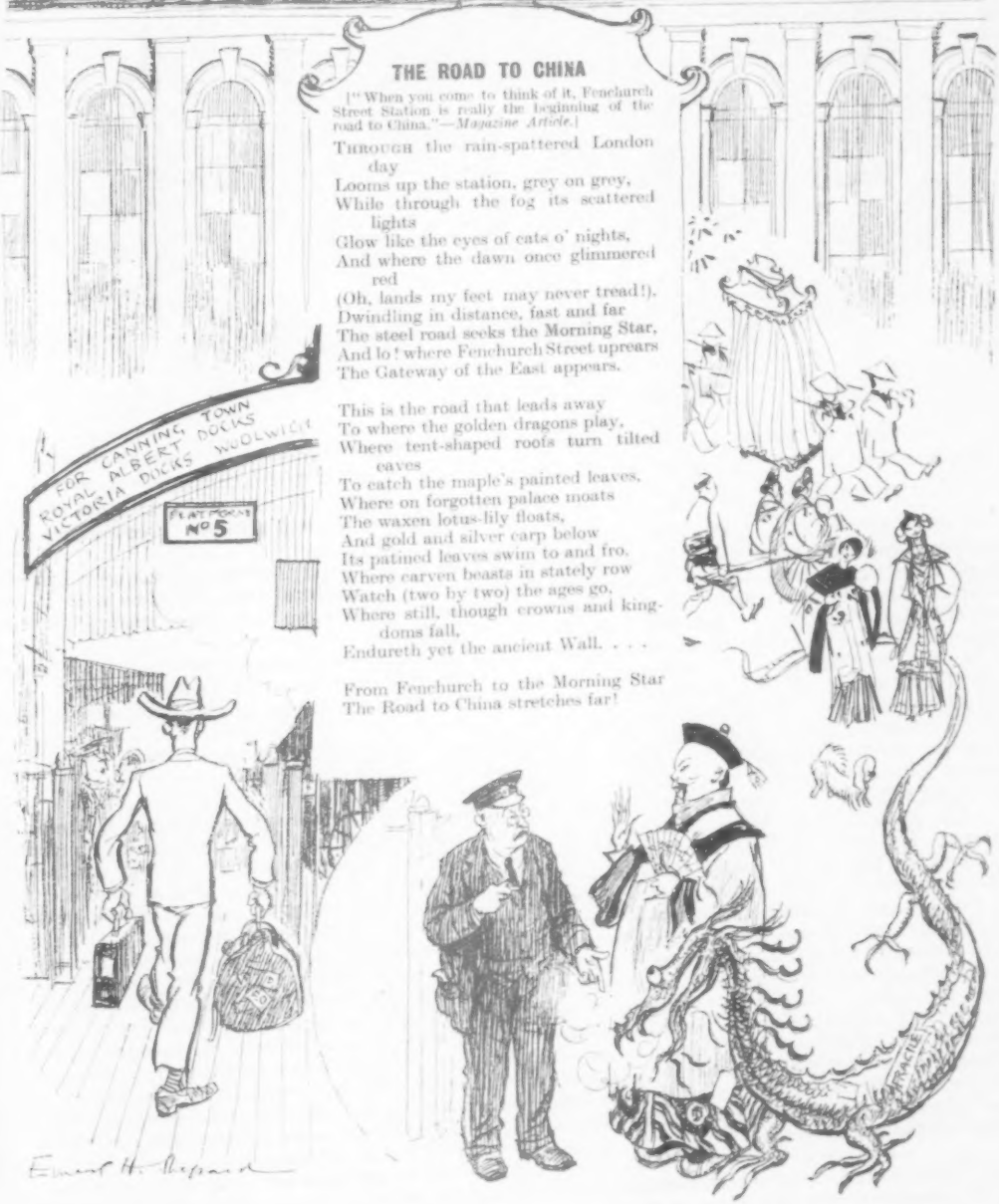
THE ROAD TO CHINA

["When you come to think of it, Fenchurch Street Station is really the beginning of the road to China."—*Magazine Article.*]

THROUGH the rain-spattered London day
Looms up the station, grey on grey,
While through the fog its scattered lights
Glow like the eyes of cats o' nights,
And where the dawn once glimmered red
(Oh, lands my feet may never tread!),
Dwindling in distance, fast and far
The steel road seeks the Morning Star,
And lo! where Fenchurch Street uprears
The Gateway of the East appears.

This is the road that leads away
To where the golden dragons play,
Where tent-shaped roofs turn tilted eaves
To catch the maple's painted leaves,
Where on forgotten palace moats
The waxen lotus-lily floats,
And gold and silver carp below
Its patined leaves swim to and fro,
Where carven beasts in stately row
Watch (two by two) the ages go,
Where still, though crowns and kingdoms fall,
Endureth yet the ancient Wall. . . .

From Fenchurch to the Morning Star
The Road to China stretches far!





General Bangstick. "DON'T PLAY CARDS? THEN, SIR, WHAT THE DEVIL DID YOU JOIN THIS CLUB FOR?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE historical novelist has never lacked detractors. Even in his simple Elizabethan youth he was jeered at by the pamphleteers as "fain to retaile the cinders of Troy and the shivers of broken truncheons." But there will always, thank Heaven, be those for whom such *débris* has its glamour, and Mr. A. T. SHEPPARD is one of them. He has written, in *The Art and Practice of Historical Fiction* (TOULMIN, 12/6), not a treatise but a well-informed piece of apologetic. And though I never quite succeeded in guessing under what particular chapter-heading I was about to find the enlightenment I sought, I found considerably more than I had any right to expect before I reached the last page. The age of SCOTT is the high-water mark of the historical novel—for popularity if not for accomplishment; and a discerning consideration of origins leads up to "The King of the Romantics." The ebb has great names of its own; and a chapter on the historical short story adds considerably to their number and weight. Mr. SHEPPARD admits that historical fiction is not in a great way at present; and his hopes for the future are founded less on the success—for reasons other than historical—of such importations as *Jew Süss* than on the better teaching of history in our schools. His technical advice is usually sound and his estimates are refreshingly his own. He has a timely good word for CHARLOTTE YONGE as a novelist; and a timely bad one—perhaps too often reiterated—for Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT as a critic.

"*I'm Alone*," from JONATHAN CAPE at ten-and-sixpence net,
Is the life, by himself, of a rolling stone in elements dry and wet.
Full many a yarn he has to tell of venturings near and far,
Of shooting lions and fighting Boers and dredgering under the CZAR,
Of loot and liquor and fisticuffs and war upon land and sea,
With a trip up north to Hudson Bay by way of variety;
Finishing up with some lively times among hijackers and crooks,
And the loss of his schooner, whose name, you'll recall, is precisely the same as his book's.
The result is a story as good of its sort as any I've recently read,
Though Captain JACK RANDELL'S trumpeter, I regret to announce, is dead.

I did not like the outward appearance of *Young Man of Manhattan* (CASSELL), 7/6), which displays a young man standing in a negligent attitude on the sky-line of New York. Nor was I much better pleased when I opened the volume and discovered that this was intended to represent *Toby McLean*, popular sports' reporter. Strangely enough, novels which take a journalist for their hero usually fail to satisfy me. But having said this much let me hasten to add that Miss KATHARINE BRUSH (assuming the lady to be unmarried) has made a remarkably good story out of *Mr. McLean's* marriage with his co-reporter, sweet *Ann Vaughn*. Her plot is as simple as may be—a romantic love affair, marriage, a more or less unnecessary misunderstanding, the obvious and inevitable reconciliation. Precisely, in fact, the sort of story that thrilled our grandmothers. But it is extraordinarily well handled and in the most modern manner with characters that are no doubt exactly what one would find in the higher circles of New York sporting journalism. (What a contrast to the drab lives of their London brothers we find in these pages!)

Possibly Miss BRUSH has laid on the colour here a trifle thickly, but she has made her story move. The publisher has chosen the adjective "vivid," and I endorse it. As to the author's knowledge of sports' reporting, ball-games, the ways of sub-editors and so forth, I can only characterise it as uncanny. *Young Man of Manhattan* should do well if only because it makes an agreeable change from the long, serious and rather sordid American novel which we have seen so much of lately.

"The Koreans clamour for freedom," says Mr. H. B. DRAKE, "as children clamour for a world without grown-ups." In *Korea of the Japanese* (LANE, 12/6) he has nothing but praise for the efficiency of the suzerain Power, striving and spending to introduce the westernisation of Japan into a country of laughter-loving Oriental ineffectives. Their good taste may at times be rather worse than questionable and they have a nasty way of arresting persons suspected of "dangerous thought," but the Japanese do believe in things like water supply and education and they plant millions of trees on the fantastically-contoured mountains that the Koreans contentedly stripped bare. Mr. DRAKE, who taught English to Korean undergraduates while seeing many things more than they realised and while plotting, one would fain believe, more romances of the East in his own Stevensonian manner, loves the country and its people, its cold and its heat, its light heart and its occasional fury. In his quite fascinating volume the incredible English translations of his students figure with the incredible flavour of the national pickle and studies of the ways of European hermits buried in the oblivious East share his pages with yarns of his scrambles in the spirit-haunted ravines of the Diamond Mountains. His disparagement of certain aspects—but of certain aspects only—of mission work in Korea strikes one as not altogether fair, where no reply can be made; but this is the only possible complaint against a book that is extraordinarily easy to read.



The Lady of the House. "AH, YES; IT'S THE OLD, OLD STORY OF 'A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.'"
Mendicant. "MADAM, HAVE YOU OBSERVED MY CHIN?"

Miss PHYLLIS BENTLEY'S past novels have been praised by the critics with their usual subtlety of innuendo. But her talent as exhibited in *Trio* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) strikes me as consisting in a heaven-sent zest for story-telling coupled with an exceptional insight into character and a still more exceptional bias for or against the children of her own imagination. This last is, I think, a North country trait—you find it in Mrs. GASKELL and super-abundantly in the BRONTËS. It is the essence of good make-believe and accounts for the extreme readableness of Miss BENTLEY'S opening chapters, which, recounting as they do the relations of three little girls at a genteel West-Riding boarding-school, stand in need of all the drive their narrator can put into them if they are to avoid the mawkish and namby-pamby. Undoubtedly the youthful *Lena*, *Rachel* and *Esmé* dodge this difficulty; and when they emerge on the adult life of "Hudley" their accommodations with their extremely unaccommodating elders and perhaps excessively accommodating lovers are full of interest and entertainment. *Lena's* is the star part. Her step-father, a local mill-owner, having married his house-keeper and adopted his housekeeper's daughter, that daughter's position has its ambiguities—even its cruelties. But there is no doubt of the kindliness of her creator's ultimate intentions towards *Lena*. They are, perhaps, rather ruthlessly fulfilled; but the method by which the more fortunate members of the trio ultimately

subserve the ends of their less happy companion is good sound melodrama if a trifle lacking in delicacy.

In *A Note in Music* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), Miss ROSAMOND LEHMANN sets her stage with effective simplicity. The scene is a northern town, and in it dwell two couples who to the outer eye are of the provinces provincial. But the incompetent and dowdy *Grace* is a creature of unfulfilled yearnings, and her lively and popular friend *Norah* is haunted by the memory of a shattered romance; while *Gerald*, *Norah's* husband, is all complexes and inhibitions, and even *Grace's Tom* is not quite the coarse-grained commonplace fellow he appears. Upon this quartet impinge *Hugh Miller* and his sister *Clare*, who, if they are not technically bright young people, are both bright and young and unprovincial. Their effect, on *Grace* and *Gerald* especially, is disturbing, but to the detriment of the book's sustained interest the promised drama is not organically developed. There is no real crisis and no *dénoûment*, which may be like life but does not make for a good story. Miss LEHMANN exhibits each of her characters in their separate private agonies and strives conscientiously—rather too conscientiously and with varying degrees of success—to make clear their innermost reality, but she hardly attempts to compose a coherent group of them. As for *Pansy*, a sort of semi-attached *septimum quid*, she is a conventional figure and seems only dragged in because no modern novel is complete without a member of her profession. Miss LEHMANN should put her sympathetic and delicate talent to more satisfying uses than this.



Fair Motorist. "MY DEAR, WHAT A FLIMSY WALL!"

If it is true, as I am told, that Mr. J. KEITH WINTER is still in residence at Oxford, he is all the more deserving of congratulation on the production of a first novel of peculiar promise. Though it may sound an easy thing to say, *Other Man's Saucer* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) comes nearer to *The Constant Nymph* as a study in adolescent psychology than anything I have read since that book was published. *Mrs. Latimer*, a widow with literary aspirations and vague ideas as to how to bring up her five children, wisely leaves them to do it for themselves. They have their adored Marathon, a rambling country house, in which to run wild; and there, in the holidays, they produce their own plays, go birds'-nesting, browse amongst their mother's books, eat large and irregular and tremendously conversational meals, and develop an exclusive civilisation of their own. All other children, with one exception, they feel to be "not one of them." With the eldest boy *Shaw*, who is Mr. WINTER'S chief interest, we pass on to a public school, and then to Oxford. *Shaw's* reactions to the hearty and the beastly sides of undergraduate life are excellently drawn, and though we may revolt against his Machiavellian philosophy of letting down the other man first, he is always a credible and interesting character. Mr. WINTER dissects abnormality with a steady hand, and I recommend his novel as a most original piece of work.

One of the conditions under which *Peter Coppinger*, a miserably-paid clerk, inherited *Foxgrove Court* was that he should maintain the aviary attached to it and devote himself to "ornithological studies." And, as you will find in Mr. ERNEST BRAMAH'S amusing comedy, *A Little Flutter* (CASSELL, 7/6), *Peter*, who detested birds, had considerable difficulty in carrying out this condition. Indeed, when he heard that the "last surviving specimen of that remarkable bird, the Patagonian Groo-Groo," was to be added to the aviary, he was inclined to think that he had been happier as a clerk than as a budding ornithologist. Nor was this to be wondered at, for the Groo-Groo was announced to be a "fighting female" of over five feet in height. Mr. BRAMAH, as readers of his *Kai Lung* books know, has a delightful sense of humour, and in this story he is consistently amusing. You may think that the use which he makes of the "fighting female" is extremely illegal, but at the same time you will have to admit that it is diverting.

I am adding Mr. A. D. DIVINE'S name to my small list of authors who can tell a story of adventure on the high seas with zest and conviction. In *Sea Loot* (METHUEN, 7/6) Mr. DIVINE has allowed a not altogether unamiable band of pirates to purloin a Chilean destroyer, and then has sent them forth on a voyage that fully justifies the title which he has chosen for his tale. Without doubt the crew of this destroyer were looters; they held up liners and played havoc with the eighth commandment, but they retained a definite code of honour, and when a mysterious black yacht appeared on the scenes and committed outrageous crimes the Looters saw to it that vengeance was paid. A brisk and breezy yarn and told by a writer with a real knowledge of sailors and the sea.

Mr. Punch desires to express his very sincere regret at an inadvertent mistake in the review which he published last week of Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM'S new book, *The Lion and the Lamb*. In quoting a certain sentence he made it contain two misprints. There was in fact only one.

"Mr. Milner with his wife can claim to be something of a pioneer in the direction of educating tipsy children."—*Surrey Paper.*
We shouldn't have thought it was worth it.

"Mr. and Mrs. E. ——, 1830 silver spoons."
List of Wedding Presents in Local Paper.
Hung in rows of fifty they make the kitchen-garden an impossible landing-ground for sparrows.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is claimed that Southend mud is more radio-active than the best German or Italian muds. Yet there is little local support for the idea of changing its name to Southend-on-the-Radio-Active-Mud.

* * *

Postmen are to have trousers creased down the front, but it is not anticipated that dogs will notice the difference.

* * *

Correspondents of a morning paper support the suggestion that owls ventriloquise. It is a disquieting thought that the poet GRAY may have been deceived in locating one of these birds in the famous "ivy-mantled tower."

* * *

A daily paper contradicts the report that upon reaching the age of seventy Mr. BEN TILLETT has been asked to resign from the Dockers Union. The idea of arranging a farewell strike has therefore been abandoned.

* * *

In his discourse, delivered before the British Association, on the modification of the shape of bananas, Dr. A. W. HILL held out no hope of a solution of the problem of producing the banana with the non-skid skin.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the increase of smoking on the London stage. It is a great day in the life of a modern theatrical aspirant when he or she is promoted to a smoking-part.

* * *

A medical writer explains the causes of yawning, but he doesn't mention that it is frequently the result of reading medical articles.

* * *

Sir HENRY LYTTON has been playing in a theatrical cricket-match. He is of course a famous *Point*.

* * *

A dietist alleges that people who eat a great deal of vegetable food have coarse features. Vegetarians retort that carnivores are not necessarily oil-paintings.

* * *

The employment of tanks in the Alps in the course of the recent French Army manœuvres is regarded by military experts as a marked improvement upon the methods of HANNIBAL.

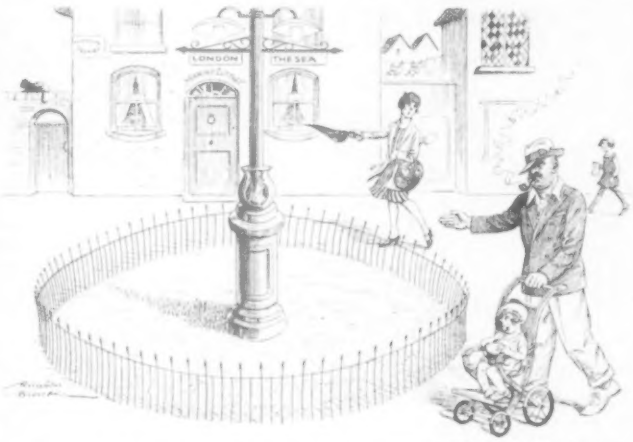
In conferring the Freedom of Scarborough upon the Chairman of the Selection Committee, the municipal authorities are understood to have been actuated by the desire to signify their satisfaction that no better teams could have been chosen to lose the Ashes.

* * *

With reference to the capture of gigantic tunny off the Yorkshire coast it is pointed out that this fish is known by various names in different seas. Some British anglers maintain that it is identical with the whopper.

* * *

On reading that fifty-one Red Indians, under the leadership of Chief BACON RIND, are to take part in a "talkie" we can only express our conviction that they wouldn't have done it under the leadership of *Hiawatha*.



Wife of absent-minded London Bus-driver (on holiday). "'ERE'S OUR LODGIN'S, ALBERT. WHERE EVER *ARE* YOU GYRATIN' TO?"

The book of a recently-produced musical comedy was described as being the last word in puerility. This is the sort of rash claim that puts our librettists on their mettle.

* * *

A headmistress tells of a boy of thirteen who admits that it is his ambition to become Prime Minister. As yet, however, he has not received a summons from Lord ROTHERMERE.

* * *

A doctor writes that in the Highlands whiskey is sometimes poured in the boots to ward off the effects of a chill. We have often wondered what Scotsmen did with the stuff.

* * *

A magistrate suggests that a husband and wife should take it in turns to agree with one another. One chronic husband writes to say that if ever his wife agreed with him he would assume he was in the wrong.

A Highgate dentist has won a newspaper prize as an amateur photographer. It would be interesting to know how a dentist ever gets a person to look pleasant.

* * *

According to a dress-expert the new fashions in clothes have caused women to reveal more femininity. It seems that bit by bit our women are losing their manhood.

* * *

We hear that a book on the Chinese war is being written. That ought to teach China to have a war.

* * *

A fire-brigade recently answered an urgent call to rescue a cat which had its head stuck in a salmon-tin. The call, of course, could not be regarded as a false alarm as the animal really was much perturbed.

* * *

There has been a marked increase in the birth-rate in Italy. This just shows the wonderful spirit of the Italians in not being afraid to be born in that country.

* * *

A doctor mentions the peculiar case of a man who goes to sleep with his gloves on. But what about our heavy-weight boxers?

* * *

A man at Stratford who threw a tapioca pudding at his wife forgot to ascribe his downfall to the films.

* * *

We hear that one of the hazards at the midget golf-course at the Auditorium in Chicago is a machine-gun barrage.

* * *

IN view of the fact that twenty-nine deaths last year were due to falling out of bed, we are having ours fitted with four-wheel brakes.

* * *

An American scientist has invented an apparatus with which he claims to be able to prevent rain. There should be a brilliant future for anyone who can keep America dry.

* * *

The latest Channel-swimmer carried a message from the Mayor of BOULOGNE to the Mayor of DOVER. We understand that the postal authorities are not unduly worried about this competition.

* * *

Scotland Yard announces that cab-drivers may not refuse fares at railway-stations. Ours never do.

SOCIALISM AND SOCIETY.

"LORD ——'S ST. LEGER TIP."
Headline in "The Daily Herald."

I HEAR of some who love to see,
Snapped in the Photographic Press,
Objects that rouse strange moods in me
From dull despair to sharp distress;
Their dearest joy it is to grow
Familiar with the names and faces
Of such as run a charity show
Or figure at the races.

Gross bodies, turned to raw beef-steak,
Grilling beside the tepid foam,
Butchered, on Lido's plage, to make
A holiday for those at home;
The female cowboy, posed or shot;
Pyjamas, hinting impropriety—
Weekly the suburbs dote on what
They take to be "Society."

Not so the man immersed in toil,
Or who, reluctant, draws the dole:
Such wasters cause his blood to boil,
Such parasites affront his soul;
And yet those gems of graphic print
Have for our friend their useful facet:
His Party counts them worth the Mint
As Labour's leading asset.

In this belief I'd often said
How much these pictures I deplored,
Till in *The Herald's* page I read
A racing wrinkle by a Lord!
O organ of the Great Unsmart,
Can you, the plutocrat's pure critic,
Be something of a snob at heart
And slightly parasitic? O. S.

TURISMO AND THE TOURIST.

WHEN Antonio, the head porter, bade me good morning with a sweep of his cap which created a miniature sirocco in the vicinity, I knew that he had some scheme in his mind. When he remarked later that it was a beautiful daytime, I knew what the scheme was.

For I am more or less familiar with the habits and customs of this South Italian town, and I know that, on all fine daytimes and some wet, the whole of the indigenous population bends its energies to compelling strangers to visit the Certosa, about five miles distant. The compulsion is mental, spiritual and physical. They begin with suggestion and advice, go on to infer that there is something disgraceful about not visiting the Certosa and, if you are still recalcitrant, I should not like to guarantee that you won't be bundled into a carriage with a Fascist on the box and taken there by force.

The townsmen thoroughly understand that it is no use having a local lion like the Certosa if strangers do not inspect it. When you buy cigarettes at any Monopolio, the licensee asks you whether you have seen the Certosa and, if not, when you propose doing so. The police official looks at your passport very dubiously until you tell him that you are rather in a hurry, as the carriage is waiting to convey you to the Certosa. He then stamps your passport at once and personally conducts you downstairs, possibly from excess of politeness, but conceivably to make sure of your intentions.

It is generally agreed that the Certosa constitutes a full day's expedition. The orthodox programme is to start at ten, visit the Certosa, lunch at the Aquila Nera on the spot, saunter round the neighbouring walled village and drive back in the late afternoon. Any other procedure is stoutly resisted. No carriage will take you to the Certosa in the afternoon. It may begin to do so, but before you have gone far on your way the harness will drop off or the horse will go lame. The resources of Italy are mobilised for Turismo, and even the horses and their harness are in the conspiracy.

There is no way out of it. Once you are in this town you must hire your carriage for the full day, you must inspect the Certosa and you must lunch at the Aquila Nera. Hurried tourists have sometimes thought they could deal with this town, including the Certosa, by staying a night either at the Europa or at the Vittoria. But the proprietors of those hotels, Cav. Vitelli and Sgr. Scamporino, though keen competitors, are at one on this point, that guests stay at least two nights or not at all. These gentlemen are also reputed to be interested in the Aquila Nera, where you pay a stiff price for spaghetti and veal, accompanied by any brand of wine you choose; you can get anything from Grignolino to Gonzaga in bottles with soiled labels but bright new capsules, and if they all taste of Sicily that is merely because you are of a suspicious nature.

At the Certosa you are shown round the decaying church and the decayed cloisters by a man dressed in a real Dominican robe; he sells you a bottle of the local liqueur and invites your attention to the alms-box—a gesture expensive for you, this last, for his eyes remain glued on the box's aperture. Altogether it is a dull and impoverishing day.

Motorists have occasionally started, in spite of warnings, for the Certosa in their own cars, only to be forced by accidents to leave them at a garage on the edge of the town and proceed by hired carriage. There is a tradition too that one man, an Englishman, actually walked there. He had to start before dawn and leave the town in the opposite direction. Even then he had to be driven back in a carriage which had been specially sent after him.

I decided that on this occasion I would not revisit the Certosa. But I clearly recognised that this evasion could not be achieved off my own bat, so I consulted Luigi, the cabman who owns me during my stay. Luigi told me quite frankly that if I followed the ordinary course I should have to pay him the authorised fare, thirty lire, plus five lire, the tip approved by his syndicate. Of this sum ten would be paid over to Antonio as commission, which would leave him twenty-five lire for the day. Considering the price of corn there would be very little profit over the journey.

I then offered him twenty lire not to take me to the Certosa. He could disburse the expected ten and still have ten lire to spend in the wineshop. His horse while resting would naturally need less corn.

Luigi rejected my proposal, pointing out that if he performed the journey he would receive a further three lire from the Aquila Nera and one lira from the alleged Dominican for introducing a client.

I thereupon increased my offer to twenty-four lire.

After some pondering, Luigi said that he would need to inform the Fascists, through Annibale the watchmaker, that the journey had actually been made, and Annibale would require five lire for this service.

I accordingly raised the amount to twenty-nine lire.

Luigi next explained that Sgr. Scamporino would make difficulties if I remained at the Vittoria for lunch, instead of presenting myself at the Aquila Nera. This, however, might be met by an extra *douceur* to Antonio, who, after all, paid his employer a nice price for his job of head porter. There was a danger too that Domenico, the second porter, would scent something irregular. He had better receive three lire to allay suspicion, or possibly four, since he had to give Antonio a quarter of all he received. Then there was Pietro, the third porter. . . .

So now I have paid fifty lire not to see the great sight. It is generally understood that I have been to the Certosa and need no longer be molested. I have bought the freedom of the town. I have done my share towards supporting Italy's chief industry, and, if I am short of money, I can always borrow some from Antonio.

E. P. W.

"Two Lodges, three Cottages, Stabling for 17 and two Flats."
Advt. in West-Country Paper.
We prefer not to be one of these last.



THE COLLABORATORS.

Voice, from below, of Mr. MACDONALD, who is trying to save something out of the wreck of the good ship "Industry." "I HOPE YOU'RE GOING TO MAINTAIN THE SUPPLY OF AIR."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "I'M DOING MY BEST, BUT YOUR FRIEND HERE KEEPS STANDING ON THE PIPE."

[It is reported that a resolution is to be tabled at the coming Socialist Conference protesting against a working agreement with the Liberals.]



Daughter of House (bursting in on parents). "HELLO, PEOPLE! I'VE JUST GOT ENGAGED TO THIS. THOSE IN FAVOUR SIGNIFY IN THE USUAL WAY."

SKY PILOTAGE.

"EVERYBODY aft to church, Sir," reported the Commander.

"Thank you, Commander," said the Captain.

But he was not really in the least grateful. Fate had placed him, of all men, in command of a ship which carried no chaplain. This necessitated his reading prayers on the quarter-deck every morning and conducting a full-length service every Sunday. He had never got used to doing either.

"And you won't forget to give out my banns of marriage, will you, Sir?" continued the Commander anxiously.

"No, no; of course not," replied the Captain.

In the effort of finding the correct Order of Service the previous Sunday he had omitted to mention to the ship's company, who were the "parish" within the meaning of the Act, that the Commander was going to get married at last.

"I think that you have to read them out at the place where the sermon would be in a proper church," suggested the Commander helpfully.

"I don't know where that is," replied the Captain miserably. "No, I'll kick off with them; then there'll be no risk of leaving them out in the heat of the service."

"Very good, Sir," said the Commander and led the way.

* * * * *

"I publish the Banns of Marriage between——"

"Lumme!" observed Pincher Martin to his pal on a back bench of "church," "the Bloke's getting spliced. Pore gal!"

"——If any of you know cause or just impediment——"

"I wonder," mused Pincher, "what would 'appen to a cove what impedimented the Commander of 'is ship when 'e was wishful to get spliced—cause or no cause."

"——ye are to declare it," concluded the Captain, and the ship's company sucked their teeth in respectful chorus.

With a sigh the Captain opened the Service Prayer-Book at the first place into which he had inserted a slip of paper and read from the top of the page:—

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed and doeth that which is lawful and right——"

But not even the Naval Discipline Act could control the mirth which such an unfortunate sequence of announcements induced.

"Dearly beloved brethren," went on the Captain rapidly, lifting his eyes momentarily from the book to glare angrily at his said "dearly beloved."

The congregation subsided into subordination and the "Minister," determined to take no further risks, read the rest of the service, paragraph by paragraph as printed in the book, in a loud and commanding voice.

"Pipe down," he ordered at last and put on his cap pugnaciously to indicate that he had reverted to the rank of Post-Captain, R.N., from that of Acting-Parson.

"Unrig Church," said the Commander when the wail of the boatswain's pipe had died down.

"I'm always sorry," observed Pincher Martin as he lent a hand to dismantle the wash-deck buckets and mess-stools which are the ingredients of Naval "Church"—"I'm always sorry when Church in this 'ere ship is over. The owner 'e 'as a wonderful knack of puttin' in little tiddly bits of 'is own what makes it more novel and interesting."

"'E should study the roobrick," said a messmate darkly.

"What the 'ell's that?" asked Pincher irreverently.

"Ah!" replied the other still more darkly, "Bert knows." He jerked his head towards another A.B., who nodded.

* * * * *

"These two men, Sir," said the Master-at-Arms ushering two sanctimonious sailors before the Captain the following morning, "wish to state a grievance."

"Well," said the Captain, "what is it?"

The bare toes of the aggrieved ones waggled uneasily.

"Come on. Out with it," said the Captain.

"Well, Sir," said one of the men sheepishly, "it's with reference to Church yesterday forenoon."

The Captain's face darkened. "What about it?" he asked brusquely.

"The forgiveness of sins, Sir, as you might say," was the unexpected reply.

"What d' you mean?"

"Well, Sir, with all doo respect, you ain't entitled to——"

A small vein on the Captain's forehead started to pulsate sinisterly.

"What am I not entitled to do?" he asked with fearful calm.

"You ain't entitled to forgive sins, Sir."

The Master-at-Arms drew his breath in sharply. Never in the whole course of his professional career had he heard it suggested that a post-captain, who was entitled to inflict summarily ninety days' detention, was not also empowered to forgive.

"What sins have I forgiven?" asked the Captain soberly, restraining a strong impulse to smile.

"Well, Sir, in a manner of speaking, the 'ole lot. If you recall, Sir, after you 'd put over the Commander's banns o' marriage and passed the remark about wicked men turnin' away from wickedness, you read the bit about us being your dearly beloved, and then we all said this 'ere and you read out that there."

From behind his back the speaker produced a Prayer-Book open at the Order for Morning Prayer and pointed with a horny finger at the General Confession and Absolution.

"Yes," agreed the Captain after studying the book for a moment, "you are quite right. I did."

"Yes, Sir. And what me and my mate 'ere wished to indicate was—not meaning no 'arm, Sir—that only an ordained priest or a bishop may read that there Absolution."

"What makes you think that?" said the Captain.

"It's in the drill, printed on top, Sir."

The Captain examined the rubric.

"You are perfectly correct," he said at last. "Let me see——," he glanced at the Master-at-Arms. "Yes—er—Request Granted."

The Master-at-Arms looked puzzled.

"Beg pardon, Sir," he murmured, "did you say 'request granted'?"

"I did," replied the Captain in a tone of finality.

"Ay, ay, Sir," said the Master-at-Arms tolerantly, and then turning to the miserable request-men made the official announcement of the Captain's decision in a voice of thunder: "REQUEST GRANTED—NOT ABSOLVED—ABOUT TURN—QUICK MARCH!"



Small Girl. "UNCLE, CAN I HAVE SOMETHING TO SIT ON? I'M NOT TALL ENOUGH FOR MY STRAW."

LYCIDAS IN LONDON.

DESCENDING from the latest pattern bus
He does not hesitate or make a fuss,
But that one-handed engine by the door
Stands ready to "Strike once" and strike no more.

What our Footballers are Wearing.

"Brighton will be unchanged for their home match with Southend to-morrow."
Evening Paper.

Lord BADEN-POWELL is referred to as "Kent's greatest freeman." But what about "TICH"?

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

I.

Sunday.—This Diary is going to be pretty frank. I shall spare no one, even if they have to use blanks when it is published. Councillor —— and others will have to look out.

It was one of the nieces, Margery, I think, who told me I ought to keep a diary. She may have been laughing at me, one never knows with those young women, but there is something in it. What with Council matters and my Societies, and now the Licensing Commission, I meet a lot of important people who say a lot of important things. It is a pity they should be lost. Besides, there are things going on behind the scenes in Burbleton which ought to come out one day. I have a good mind to begin with what happened at the Entertainments Committee on Friday. But I have chosen to start the Diary on Sunday, and I must play fair.

That reminds me, I saw Councillor —— in close conversation with Mrs. —— on the Parade to-day. They were sitting in those deck-chairs with canopies which I have always fought against, so it was difficult to hear what was said. But I distinctly caught my own name and that of Councillor —— and ——. It only goes to show that —— was right the other day when he said that —— and —— are getting hold of —— with the view of combining against —— and the Mayor's lot. After ——'s behaviour I should not wonder if they were successful. However, we shall see on Friday when the park seats come up. I wonder if ——'s ears are burning. My goodness, what would he not give to get hold of this Diary!

The flat is nearly ready, and soon I shall be dividing my time between Burbleton and London. "A flat in London"—how dashing it sounds! Some of the Council are green with envy. —— said that if *he* comes into money he will leave Burbleton altogether. And a good riddance. There—I am being pussy again! How these things slip out, pen in hand. It will be a relief not to have to rush for the 5.20 after the L.C. meetings. I cannot stand the betting-talk on that train. Mrs. Busy raised her eyebrows when I told her the flat was in Bloomsbury. I asked her if there was anything against the neighbourhood, and she said that Mrs. —— lived there. I admit that I should have thought twice about it if I had known that, but I suppose one can keep oneself to oneself even in a small Borough.

Monday.—Rather a tiresome afternoon yesterday. I was taking a turn on the Parade, keeping an eye on the bathers, when whom should I meet but that strange fellow, Haddock, who was Member here for a few months. Pleasant mannered, but seems to have no balance. He had with him a Frenchman, whose name I forget. The Frenchman annoyed me by addressing me most of the time in English. I flatter myself that I am as good at languages as any foreigner. The only French he addressed to me was a series of exclamations such as "*Formidable!*" which he employed to excess.



Wife. "WE'LL WAIT HERE A MINUTE WHILE HENRY LOOKS FOR A SHORTER WAY DOWN."

They carried bath-towels, and Haddock said to the Frenchman foolishly, "*C'est M. le Councillor Dough, qui est Roi de la Plage.*" Why he could not say simply that I was Chairman of the Entertainments Committee I do *not* know. However, the Frenchman seemed impressed; he took off his hat, bowed and said, "*Formidable!*" I felt very foolish and frowned at Haddock; any of the Council might have been passing. His only response was to ask me to show off my beach to the Frenchman. (Why "*my*" beach?) I took them down to the new Corporation cabins by the flagstaff, where the queue was not very long. Haddock said rudely that he was not going to stand in a —— queue for anyone. The Frenchman said politely that he would willingly undress on the beach. I explained gently (in French) that that was *défendu*. Haddock said that they had put their swimming costumes on under their clothes (which must be very uncomfortable) and could manage very well. I then reminded him that mackintosh-bathing was not permitted. The Frenchman said, "*Le bain au mackintosh? Mais qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*" I explained, and he said, "*Formidable!* It is forbid?" I answered in the French affirmative, and he said, "*Extraordinaire!*" I am sure I do not know why.

What happened then was really very provoking. Haddock without another word led his friend onto the beach and sat down. Thinking that they had given up the idea of their swim, I sat down beside them, though the pebbles were damp, for I was anxious to do the honours of the place to the foreigner. What was my horror when Haddock suddenly began to take off his clothes! And this Monsieur Formidable followed suit.

I have never felt so hot. What was I to do? It seemed rude to get up and leave the stranger. I care nothing for Haddock's feelings (if he *has* any); I itched to slap him sharply on the back (which he was now exposing to the whole beach) and summon an inspector, but I did not care to make a scene before the foreigner. On the other hand, in my position, I could not sit there and see the Bathing By-Laws flouted. I did not know who might be sitting on the beach behind us. I felt as if "Chairman of the Entertainments Committee" were printed on my back.

I have always found it a good rule when I am in a passion to count five before I speak. I counted five slowly, and then I said calmly, "Haddock, you know the rules." But by this time the wretched fellow had already taken off his —— and the mischief was done. I could not complain of his swimming-costume, except that it was bright blue; I have always said that men should swim in black, and the Corporation costumes of course are black. That however is hardly the point. The law had been broken. Yet without another word the man ran down to the sea, making, I thought, a rude gesture with his bare feet. To the Frenchman



American Delinquent (on conclusion of severe lecture). "WAL, JUDGE, YOU SURE SPILT A BEAKFUL."

I said courteously, "*Prenez garde, Monsieur,*" and I glanced significantly at a beach inspector whom I saw approaching. The Frenchman replied, "Have no fear, *Monsieur.* I swim like a duck. *Extraordinaire!*" And before I could explain the misunderstanding he too had run off.

I took particular note of Haddock's behaviour in the water. There seems to be no end to his audacity. In less than two minutes he and the Frenchman were larking about with two young women, with whom I am positive they were not acquainted. Haddock was teaching one of them to swim. He seems to have no sense of fitness whatever.

When they came out I would not speak to them. The Frenchman appeared delighted with our water, and lay on his back, ejaculating continually, "*Formidable! Délicieux! Extraordinaire!*" Haddock, to my disgust, pulled down the top of his costume and exposed the *whole* of his chest to the sun. This time I counted ten. I then said, "Haddock, you are, I believe, a barrister-at-law. You should know better than to defy the law. Moreover, one of the inspectors has his eye on you. Pull up your costume, there's a good chap."

He replied, "What is the matter with my chest? There is no hair on it."

The Frenchman laughed strangely and said, "*Formidable!*"

"Hair or no hair," I said, "sun-bathing, as you call it, is not permitted on this beach."

Haddock said, "My father never wore anything but drawers."

"What your father did," I said, "and what you may do are two different things."

He said, "But my father was a Victorian."

Reasoned argument is wasted on such a man. All this time I could not understand why the inspector did not act. It occurred to me that he might be embarrassed by my presence. I stood up and said stiffly, "Haddock, is not all this rather un-English?"

Then I could have bitten my tongue out. I had forgotten the Frenchman. Not for the world would I wittingly have said anything so wounding. I *literally* perspired.

However, the thing was said. I walked away and sat down near the Gaters' tent to watch the course of events. Sure enough the beach inspector approached Haddock and spoke to him, but, instead of at once pulling up his costume, Haddock began to argue. I could only hear stray words, some nonsense about high-water-mark and the Town Police Clauses Act, and of course a good deal of formidabling from the Frenchman. Every minute I expected to see the inspector go for the police, and rather than witness a scene I was preparing to tell him to let the fellow off with a caution. In a minute, though, to my surprise, they were all laughing together in the friendliest manner, and once or twice I saw them looking slyly in my direction. Eventually Haddock resumed his "sun-bath" as before. I can only suppose that he made out to the inspector that he had my authority for his behaviour. In any case discipline has been undermined and my position has been made very difficult. Seeing what had passed, one of the Gater children ostentatiously drew down the top of his costume and exposed his little chest to the sun. And I could say nothing! I left the beach disgusted. Shall speak to that inspector.

Tuesday.—Met Haddock and his precious foreigner again to-day. They actually invited me to spend next week-end with them at *Dieppe.* Haddock said, "We'll show you how to run the seaside." Will he, indeed? But the extraordinary thing is that in a sort of bravado I have accepted! Well, we shall see. The Frenchman said "*Formidable.*"

A. P. H.

Fashion Notes as We have Never Dared to Write them.

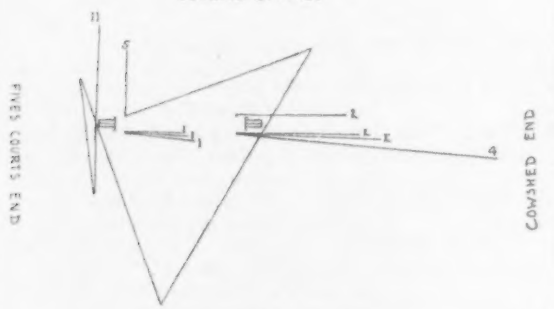
"CHANGING HOLIDAY TASTES.
Shorter Stays and Lower Altitudes."
Sunday Paper.

MORE DIAGRAMS.

NOTHING I have seen in the papers during the past season has impressed me so much as those jolly little diagrams in the cricketing pages, showing in visual form how BOY BRADMAN made his 334, or the strokes that gave CHILDE CHAPMAN his 121. You know the diagrams I mean; they have a couple of points to represent the wickets, and the course and direction of the scoring strokes are indicated by lines drawn out from these points. The thing generally looks like a part of a lace-making machine, particularly if LAD HOBBS has been hitting all round the field.

The idea of this attracted me strongly, and I have spent much of my valuable time and paper in constructing a diagram of my own highest innings. Twenty-nine was the total, and I made it in the semi-final of the Downingham (Under Sixteen Years) House Matches—Firfield *v.* Highcroft. I may say too it was a world record. It was the first twenty-nine ever made by a batsman going in fourth wicket down in Under Sixteen House Cricket during the first week of July since the previous year. Unfortunately, since the daily Press of that era was not what it is now, the only reference to my feat to appear in print was a curt "*Apple, Major* . . . . 29" in a back page of the school magazine; and the expected headline, "BRAT APPLE'S NEW RECORD," never saw the light of day.

DIAGRAM A.



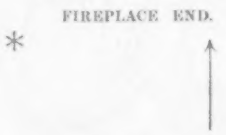
BRAT APPLE. — 29.

A few explanatory notes are necessary to appreciate the above diagram. The three short singles from the Fives Courts End were off the slow bowler and were forced in masterly fashion by Brat Apple, who at an earlier stage of his cricketing career was an absolute dab at tip-and-run. The fine hook to square leg hit the umpire in the chest, and Apple achieved five runs before the ball could be sorted out from a mass of sweaters. These runs were indeed welcome, as Apple's last three partners at the wicket had been dismissed for 0 (run out). The marvellous on-drive for 11 has seldom been equalled even in Under Sixteen cricket. It was originally called for two, but a series of over-throws, culminating at the square-leg boundary, resulted in the magnificent total of eleven, which to Brat Apple in those days was an innings in itself.

Later, at the Cowshed End, Brat Apple found himself undesignedly facing the fast bowler. Though he immediately secured a well-placed two, past slip, off the fingers of his batting-glove, it was a tactical error, because it not only left him again at the dangerous Cowshed End, but it completely gave away his state of mind to the opposing fast bowler, who proceeded to take full advantage of it. The unfortunate Brat Apple, after scoring a brace of two's which might more truthfully have been termed leg-byes, was unable to avoid scoring a four in the same fashion and retired hurt. An epic innings!

Undoubtedly you will agree—if you have by any chance been reading this—that diagrams like the above give an enormous importance to any game, and there is no reason why the idea should be confined to cricket. So I have translated into geometry a few other outstanding crises of my sports life. Here, for instance, is a diagram of the masterly move by which I won the Chattenden Chess Tournament in 1920.

DIAGRAM B.



The move in question was a straightforward attack by a rook (up to then skilfully concealed by my sleeve) and it swooped almost the full length of the board. The thing like a star, by the way, I have just put in to give you an idea of the terrific effect it had on my opponent's king; it records his tentative and unavailing moves to escape the inevitable checkmate.

The next I have inserted rather from sentimental reasons than as a record of prowess.

DIAGRAM C.



It shows the course of the first drive I ever made at the commencement of my golfing career. "A" indicates the start of the drive; while its termination is marked by "A."

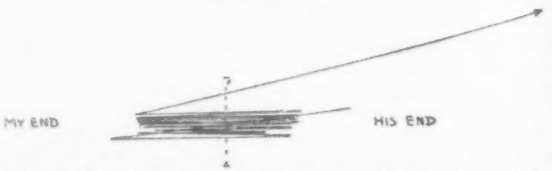
DIAGRAM D.



This looks like R100 running into a cloud that was more solid than she thought, but really shows the way in which I won the Summer Visitors' Sunday Bowls Tourney (Gents' Singles) at Seaview Boarding House in August, 1923. The cracks in the cloud, so to speak, are merely the result of my last forceful shot which "fired" all the other "woods" into the shrubbery and the chicken-run and one into the conservatory, leaving me lying alone by the jack, which I must admit had a more startled expression than I have seen on the face of any jack before or since.

And finally here is a diagram (which I am presenting to Hammerblow Lawn Tennis Club):—

DIAGRAM E.



It shows the strokes in a famous two-minute rally, at the end of which I simultaneously lost my temper and the Singles Cup at Slapton-on-Sea last year. A. A.

Official Neroism.

"When the fife brigade arrived, within a minute or two of the alarm, the fire was at its height."—*Evening Paper.*



Gentleman who has arrived late for Concert. "WHAT IS THE ORCHESTRA PLAYING NOW?"
Attendant. "THE NINTH SYMPHONY, SIR."
Gentleman. "GOOD LORD! HAVE I MISSED EIGHT OF 'EM?"

MOUNTAIN MUSIC.

TILL now, when I have fought my yearly Iliad
And fain would flee from London's sounds and sights,
I've found a balm surpassing that of Gilead
In hearkening to the music of the heights.

I have been soothed to hear the cow-bells calling
Across the Alpine pastures all day long,
The running waters and the torrents falling,
Likewise the local yodeller going strong.

It did me good to hear, when on my morning
Saunter, the jays a-chatter mid the pines,
Or (higher up) the marmot's whistled warning;
Such were the sounds I loved; but there are signs

That now the mountains have a meaner music;
Into my bliss a bombshell has been hurled;
For, making me (and peradventure you) sick,
They've caught the infection of a blatant world.

I'm nervous since some gramophone offender
(And may his shadow lessen on the grass!)
Loosed off the latest jazz to mar the splendour
High up upon the Great St. Bernard Pass.

". . . a generation ago, when the first few weeks in September afforded an opportunity for some showmanship in the matter of what is no longer, thank goodness, called the 'succulent bivavle.'"
Evening Paper.

Except in those emotional exchanges which at times follow on the fifth cocktail.



MANHOOD'S REPLY TO POKE BONNETS AND FLOUNCES.

KING'S ENGLISH.

Medlicott has imposed upon himself the task of making English people speak English correctly. It is a big job and one which only a man who does not mind irritating other people could hope to accomplish. His methods are perhaps best shown by a typical example. The other day he received a letter from a philanthropist asking him to give a sovereign to enable some kiddies to have a happy day at the seaside. The word "kiddies," meaning children, often comes into appeals of this kind, and it is clearly intended by some suggestion of playfulness to touch your heart and make you more disposed to send a sovereign. There is about it a geniality which anyone except Medlicott would recognise and appreciate. He, however, wrote back to say that he did not approve of young goats being sent to the seaside; he was not sure that it was good for them, and if it was he did not see why young sheep should not also have a treat. The philanthropist replied that he was sorry he had been misunderstood, but was unfortunate enough to add that he was pleading the cause of the bairns. If he had only even then called them "children" it would have been all right, but he rushed on his doom. Of course Medlicott inquired whether, as bairns was not an English word, the use of it meant that the happy day in question would be restricted to children of Scottish parentage. As far as I remember the philanthropist then gave it up in despair.

This summer, in pursuit of his campaign, Medlicott involved himself in a controversy which, though it is old and familiar, appeared to possess for him the interest of novelty. In our neighbourhood we play, and have played for many years, a game which we are accustomed to call tennis. I daresay you know it. We mark out with white lines a court on the lawn, stretch a net across and hit balls over the net to each other. This brief description will enable you to recognise the game. We have tennis parties, to which we are invited or invite our acquaintances. We all of us understand what Mrs. Fletcher means when she telephones to ask if we will come up for some tennis to-morrow afternoon, and Medlicott understands, or did understand, as well as anybody else.

But when he was in London this spring he was taken by a friend to Queen's Club to watch a tennis match which was played in a covered court. It was different from any game Medlicott had ever seen, and he said at first that it ought not to be called tennis, because it wasn't tennis. His companion pointed out that not only was this game tennis, but that it has been called tennis ever since the days of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, who had played it at Hampton Court, and that it must on no account be confused with the modern game of lawn-tennis. Medlicott was impressed by this statement and saw that it was not always as easy as he had thought to call things by their proper names. He learnt some of the curious terms that were used at tennis and returned home full of enthusiasm.

When he told me about it I took the view that the mistake, if it was one, was too old to correct. "After all," I said, "our game is tennis of a kind. It may be lawn-tennis, but still it is tennis."

"Yes, but you have got to define it," he said. "A crow is a bird, but a scare-crow is something to drive away birds. If you said you had seen a crow in a field, meaning a scare-crow, people would think you had seen a bird. You see how confusing it would be."

His first effort was made in the office

of the house-agent, where a bright young fellow received us with great courtesy and asked us what kind of desirable residence we desired, as they had all sorts on their hands.

"You are advertising Number 7, Acacia Road, I see," Medlicott began, producing a newspaper and pointing to a paragraph. "Here it is: 'Semi-detached; every modern convenience; garden, with full-sized tennis-court.'"

"Yes, Sir," replied the young man. "A most attractive house. I can make you out an order to view."

"The tennis-court interests me specially," said Medlicott. "You are quite certain that there is a tennis-court?"

"So we are informed," said the agent. "I believe that Colonel Playfair had a court made for his daughters, who were fond of the game—as I daresay you are, Sir," he added pleasantly.

"I have never played," Medlicott answered, "but I should like to learn, and this struck me as a good chance of getting a house with a tennis-court. You know that there are only about twenty private courts in England."

The young man accepted this information with some surprise. "Indeed, Sir?" he said. "I should have thought there were seven or eight in Acacia Road alone."

"You describe this court as full-sized," pursued Medlicott. "Does that mean as measured from the foot of the pent-house wall? And could you tell me the width of the dedans opening?"

The agent smiled placidly. "I shall have to refer you to the late occupier for those particulars," he replied. "I am not enough of an expert to say."

This modest rejoinder was rather disappointing to Medlicott, who told me afterwards that he had several other questions in his mind. The young man went on to observe that a personal inspection of the house and garden was open to Medlicott, and that if the tennis-court was found to be unsuitable it would be a pity. His own games, he added, were cricket and hockey. So it seemed a waste of time to press the point. In fact the whole interview was not much use because, as I said to Medlicott, while most of us know what we mean when we speak of tennis, even if we ought to call it lawn-tennis, the house-agent did not seem to know anything about any kind of tennis, so that there was no particular object in reforming him.

It was with some satisfaction that a day or two later I read a note from Medlicott asking me to come and play tennis on Saturday afternoon. He had evidently seen the absurdity of his ways because, as you notice, he did not call the game lawn-tennis, but had dropped back into our usual vocabulary. I might have known Medlicott better than that.



Keen Amateur Yachtsman (on tardy arrival of cabin-boy-cum-general-mate). "CURSE YOU, FOR TWO PINS I'D HANG YOU FROM THE YARD-ARM!"

I was in high spirits as I left the office, for the afternoon was glorious, and I anticipated some pleasant exercise with a congenial party of friends. The smooth lawn and the sunshine, the welcome shade of the elms, the exciting rallies and well-fought games, the cooling drinks—I could picture it all. I changed into flannels and took my racquet.

Medlicott was alone in the smoking-room. He was in his ordinary clothes and was reading a book. "Here I am," I said. "Go on and change at once. Who is coming?"

"I'm ready," he replied. "I don't think I need change, but I may take my coat off if I get hot."

He led the way, not into the garden but into the dining-room, which with all the windows shut was hot and stuffy. "Come on," he said, pointing to the table, across which a little net was stretched.

"But you asked me to play tennis," I protested.

"Well, this is tennis."

"No, it isn't. It's ping-pong, and I can't stay in all the afternoon——"

He interrupted me. "It is table-tennis," he said, "and you told me that it was not necessary to specify any particular kind of tennis. According to your theory table-tennis has as much right to call itself tennis as lawn-tennis has."

That was not really my theory at all, but I thought I had better humour him. "I expected we were going to play lawn-tennis," I said feebly.

"That's better," he replied. "Then I'll go and change. I have as a matter of fact invited two or three other people. I asked them to come in and play lawn-tennis." A. C.

1066 AND ALL THAT.

[Being extracts from a forthcoming History of England. (Absit OMAN.)]

RICHARD I. A WILD KING.

RICHARD I. was a hairy King with a Lion's Heart; he went roaring about the Desert making ferocious attacks on the Saladins and the Paladins, and was thus a very romantic King. Whenever he returned to England he always set out again immediately for the Mediterranean and was therefore known as Richard Gare de Lyon. In spite of which the Crusaders under RICHARD never got Jerusalem back; this was undoubtedly due to the treacherous behaviour of the Saladins, who used to fire on the Red Cross which the Crusaders wore on their chests in battle.

THE STORY OF BLONDIN.

RICHARD is also famous for having a minstrel boy (or Touralour) called BLONDIN, who searched for him under the walls of all the dungeons in Europe. This was when RICHARD had been caught by the blind King of Bohemia during a game of Blind King's Bluff and sold to the Holy Roman Terror. BLONDIN eventually found him by singing the memorable song (or "touralay") called "O Richard et mon Droit" ("Are you right there, Richard?"), which RICHARD himself had composed. RICHARD roared the chorus so that BLONDIN knew which dungeon he was in, and thus the King easily escaped and returned to the Crusades, where he died soon after of a surfeit of Saladins.

MAGNA CHARTER.

In the reign of JOHN occurred the memorable Charter, known as Magna Charter on account of the Latin *Magna* (great) and Charter (a Charter); this was the first of the famous Charters and Garters of the Realm and was invented by the Barons on a desert island in the Thames. By congregating there, armed to the teeth, the Barons compelled JOHN to sign the Magna Charter, which said:—

(1) That no one was to be put to death, save for some reason (except the Common People).

(2) That everyone should be free (except the Common People).

(3) That everything should be of the same weight and measure throughout the Realm (except the Common People).

(4) That the Courts should be stationary, instead of following the very tiresome mediæval official known as the *King's Person* all over the country.

(5) That "no person should be fined to his utter ruin" (except the King's Person).

(6) That the Barons should not be tried, except by a special jury of other Barons who would understand.

Magna Charter was therefore the chief cause of Democracy in England, and thus a *Good Thing* for everyone (except the Common People).

After this KING JOHN hadn't a leg to stand on, and was therefore known as "John Lackshanks."



"ROBIN HOOD SPENT HIS TIME SHOOTING AT THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM."

* * * * *

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN.

Shortly after this the memorable hero Robin Hood flourished in a romantic manner. Having been unjustly accused by two policemen in Richmond Park, he was condemned to be an Outdoor and went and lived with a band of Merrie Men in Greenwood Forest, near Sherborne. Amongst his Merrie Men were Will Scarlet (*The Scarlet Pimpernel*), Black Beauty, White Melville, Little Red Riding Hood (probably an outdaughter of his) and the famous Friar Puck, who used to sit in a cowslip and suck bees, thus becoming so fat that he declared he could put his girdle round the earth.

Robin Hood was a miraculous shot with the longbow, and it is said that he could split a hare at four hundred paces and a Sheriff at eight hundred. He therefore spent his time blowing a horn and shooting at the Sheriff of Nottingham (who was an outwit). He always used to sound his horn first, particularly when shooting round a corner; this showed his sportsmanship and also enabled him to shoot the Sheriff running, which was more difficult.

Robin Hood was also very good at Socialism and often took money away from rich clergyman and gave it to the poor, who loved him for his generosity. He died very romantically. Having taken some medicine and feeling his strength going, he blew a dying blast on his horn and with his dying breath fired a last shot out of his bedroom window and hit the Sheriff of Nottingham again.

* * * *

EDWARD III. A ROMANTIC KING.

EDWARD III. had a very romantic reign which he began by inventing a law called the Gallic Law, according to which he was King of France and could therefore make war on it whenever he felt inclined.

In order to placate EDWARD, the French King sent him a box of new tennis-balls. When the parcel was opened the Prince of Wales, who was present, mottoed to himself memorably (in Bohemian), "*Ich Dien*," which means "My serve," and immediately invaded France with an army of archers. This prince was the memorable All-Black Prince and the war was called the Hundred Years War, because the troops signed on for a hundred years or the duration.

ROYAL TACT.

EDWARD III. had very good manners. One day at a royal dance he noticed some men-about-court mocking a lady whose garter had come off. Whereupon, to put her at her ease, he stopped the dance and, having replaced the garter with a romantic gesture, gave the ill-mannered courtiers the Order of the Bath. (This was an extreme form of torture in the Middle Ages.)

RICHARD II. AN UNBALANCED KING.

RICHARD II. was only a boy at his accession. One day, however, suspecting that he was now twenty-one, he asked his uncle and, on learning that he was, mounted the throne himself and

tried first being a Good King and then being a Bad King, without enjoying either very much. Then, being told that he was unbalanced, he got off the throne again in despair, exclaiming gloomily: "For God's sake let me sit on the ground and tell bad stories about cabbages and things." Whereupon his cousin LANCASTER (*alias* BOLINGBROKE, etc.) quickly mounted the throne and said he was HENRY IV. Part I.

RICHARD was thus abdicated and was led to the Tower and subsequently to Pontefract Castle, where he died of mysterious circumstances, probably a surfeit of Pumfreys (pronounced Pontefracts).

APPENDIX.

THE PEASANT REVOLTS.

I. Objects:—

(*a*) To obtain a free pardon for having revolted.

(*b*) To find out which was the gentleman when ADAM delved and EVE span. (The answer was, of course, ADAM, but the mystics of the Church had concealed this dangerous knowledge.)

(*c*) To find out who was King and which of them was the Leader of the Rebellion.

(*d*) To abolish the Villain.

The Peasant Revolts were therefore purely educational movements and were thus easily suppressed.

II. How Quelled:—

(*a*) The peasants were met at Smithfield by the King who,

(*b*) Riding forward alone on a white horse, answered Object (*c*) by announcing (1) "I am your King" and (2) "I will be your Leader."

(*c*) The real leader was then slain quickly by one of the Barons.

(*d*) A free pardon was granted to the peasants [*see* Object (*a*)].

(*e*) All were then put to death on the ground that they were villains [*see* Object (*d*)].

The Peasant Revolts were thus clearly romantic episodes and a *Good Thing*, and the clergy were enabled to prevent the peasants finding out the answer to Object (*b*).

HENRY IV. A SPLIT KING.

When HENRY IV. Part I. came to the throne the Barons immediately flung their gloves on the floor in order to prove—

(1) That RICHARD II. was not yet dead.

(2) That HENRY had murdered him.

HENRY very gallantly replied to this challenge by exhibiting RICHARD II.'s head in St. Paul's Cathedral, thus proving that he was innocent. Finding, however, that he was not being memorable, he abdicated in favour of HENRY IV. Part II.

RENEWED EDUCATIONAL FERMENT.

HENRY IV. Part II. is chiefly memorable for capturing the Scottish Prince JAMES and having him carefully educated for nineteen years. But, when he found that JAMES was still Scotch, HENRY IV. Part II. lost interest in education and died.

(*To be continued.*)

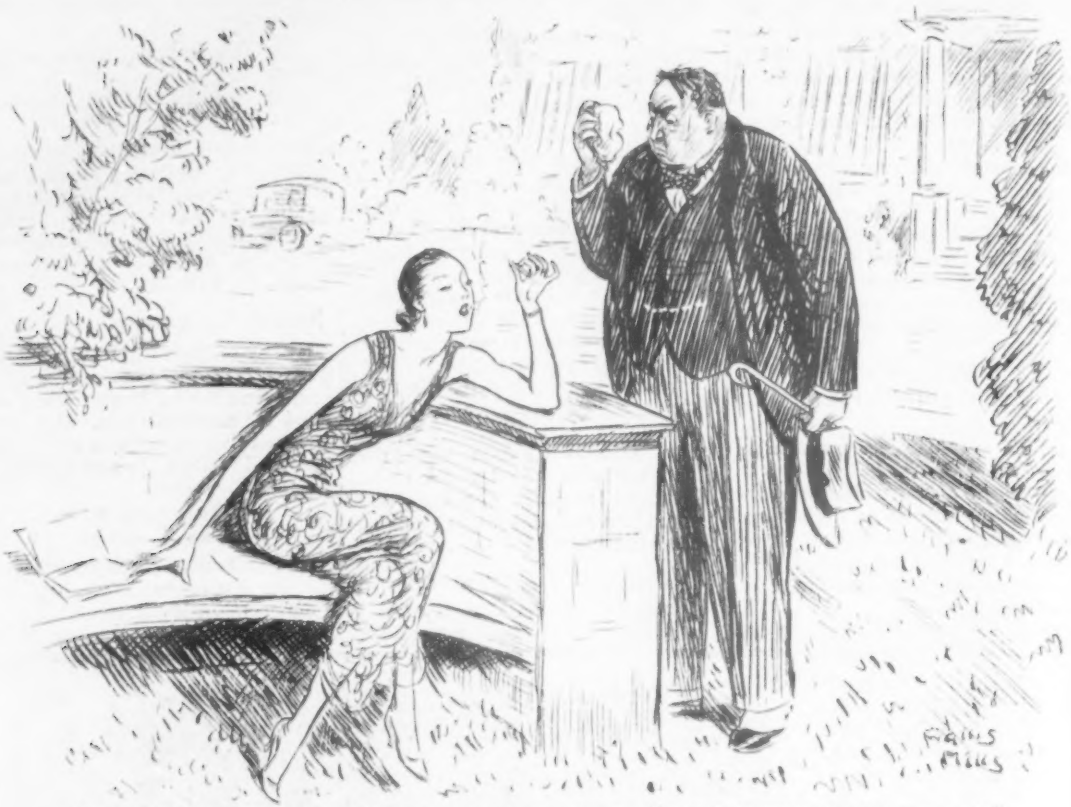
Our Frank Contemporaries.

"WHAT WE THINK.
CONFUSED THINKING."
Headlines in Evening Paper.



OUR VANDALS IN THE COUNTRY.

The Lady. "I 'OPE WE SHALL BE ABLE TO LOCATE THIS LITTLE BEAUTY-SPOT WHEN WE COME THIS WAY NEXT WEEK."



Husband. "I'M GOING TO SACK THAT CONFOUNDED CHAUFFEUR. HE NEARLY KILLED ME AGAIN TO-DAY."
Wife. "OH, DARLING, GIVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE."

IN VICTORY DEFEAT.

A GOLF IDYLL.

THERE are who cherish roses—
  Gifts of an ancient flame—
Who hold them to their noses
  And sigh like What's-his-name;
A glove, perhaps, or something,
  A long Victorian curl,
That whispers, though a dumb thing,
  Of some long-vanished girl.

I, who can show no favour,
  Who lack the airy trick
By which the merest shaver,
  With any luck, can click—
I, who was ne'er a laddie
  For maidens 'neath the moon,
Own, though the meanest caddie
  Detests the thing, a spoon.

Its head is worn and clumsy;
  Its shaft is bent and sere;
From Dornoch down to Romsey
  You would not find its peer;
It brings the glint of humour
  To many a waggish eye,
This token of a bloomer
  Made in the days gone by.

It was a medal morning;
  How many years ago
I couldn't, without warning,
  Guess within five or so;
But just before I started
  I'd asked her to be mine,
And drove off broken-hearted
  At hearing her decline.

I won that competition,
  Nothing could put me off;
It was an exhibition
  Of pure and perfect golf;
I left the tragic seventh
  Done in an (eagle) three,
And at the short eleventh
  I holed out from the tee.

So rare was my achievement,
  So startling my success,
That maybe my bereavement,
  Viewed from the bar, seemed less;
And, knowing girls were reckoned
  Fickle and ill-controlled,
I gave her chance the second
  In words of burning gold.

I wrote that I adored her,
  And, being deeply stirred,
Entreated, nay, implored her
  Not to give me the bird.

Hers always most sincerely.
  And that same afternoon
I got her answer—merely
  A new, but ribald, spoon.

A tale of simple passion,
  It tells you why and how,
Though stark and out of fashion,
  That spoon is with me now.
Call me, perhaps, romantic;
  But when one's in the scrub
Or flat lies drive one frantic,
  It's such a darned good club.

DUM-DUM.

"FAREWELL TO ST. KILDA.

. . . The adults conversed in their native tongue (Gaelic), but they were too absorbed in their own thoughts to be either capable or willing to say much.

bmmbzdjt.SjWYcIutll rah maf ham hmh."—*North-Country Paper.*

These islanders are eloquent, if brief.

"If you are troubled with Rats, Moles, Cockroaches, Bugs, Moth, or other Vermin or Inspect Pests, write the —— Co., Ltd."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We shall certainly take this course if inconvenienced as above. We hate to be inspected by a Pest.



THE INNOCENCE OF ARTHUR.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS (*courteously*). "SO YOU WON'T WANT THIS PAIL OF WHITEWASH AFTER ALL?"

MR. HENDERSON. "VERY KIND OF YOU TO SAY SO. THE LILY, OF COURSE, NEEDS NO PAINTING."



Ardent Philologist (*on ground*). "PRITHEE, BEFORE THOU GOEST ANY FARTHER WITH THIS COWARDLY ONSET, CANST TELL ME THE PRECISE DERIVATION OF THE WORD 'SWASHBUCKLER'?"

THE MAN WHO SAW RED.

(*After Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.*)

THE architecture of the room was modern. That is to say that the doorway was pseudo-Egyptian, the frieze that ran round the walls was pseudo-Assyrian, and the evil and misshapen torso of a woman which stood on the mantelpiece was pseudo-Sumerian. At one side stood a bookcase filled with modern books. The books were so modern that they dealt exclusively with sins as old as CAIN'S and with lusts as old as SOLOMON'S. The centre of the room was occupied by a large desk which glinted with the lustrous purple sheen of mahogany. Actually it was of deal, and a cheap deal at that. Indeed its present owner described it as a very bad deal.

In furnishing, then, the room was theatrical. But it was also evil, in the simple and elemental fashion in which an octopus or a Bolshevik is evil. It was in fact theatrical in the rather terrifying way in which an operating-theatre is theatrical. And the man, whom we may call the operator, was seated at the desk. He was twisted like a hawthorn-tree. That does not mean that fantastic flowers sprouted from his head or that he had thorns amid his hair. It merely means that he was not straight. Even his eyes were crooked. And from his chin descended a tangled column of blood-red beard.

Into this thick forest of sanguine foliage gazed a little man who might have been a Protestant or a clerk in one of the more than usually successful and corrupt business-houses. He was like a rabbit hypnotised by a serpent. This was remarkable because he was undeniably as mad as a March hare, and the man to whom he was talking was equally undeniably an adder. He was even at that moment adding up twopence-halfpenny and half-a-crown, which was the cost of a cup of tea and a man's soul.

The man whom we have called the operator was not mad; he was merely evil, with an air of antique and satanic sin. He was also a psychologist and, one might say, an impostor. The little man was his patient, though at the moment he was extremely impatient.

"Do not suppress your desires," the evil psychologist was saying in a soft croon. "Nature's desires are always beautiful. When next you feel the desire for murder, you must kill—kill and let kill. That sounds funny to you? That is merely because it is true. The cosmic (as I have frequently observed elsewhere) is always comic. It is true and it is funny. In this case it is killingly funny."

As he said these words he drew from his pocket a heavy service revolver, and his eyes blazed liked two leprous beacons as he passed it to the little man. "That revolver," he said with the terrible logic of Hell, "can kill a man and can save your soul. Good afternoon;" and he pocketed the mad man's three guineas.

Ten minutes later, as the little man, who was mad only in the sense in which anyone who goes to a psychologist is mad, was walking down the street he saw an unusual sight. A tall clean-shaven man, so tall indeed that, seen over a hump in the road, he seemed to rise above the housetops and walk among the clouds, and so clean-shaven that his face shone like burnished armour, was running behind him shouting out, "Fry your face, fathead!" and "Boil your head, fishface!" and other remarks of a personal and culinary nature. He was waving his arms as he shouted and it seemed that he should be brandishing a sword above his head. Actually he was. But it was a sword-stick.

"Fry your face!" the tall mad man called out again. And the short mad man realised with mounting anger that he was calling it at him.

At the end of the road stood a park. The autumn sun was gilding the grass with a gold that no Jew ever lusted after in his unclean cellar. The two mad men reached the park in long strides. "You'd crack a mirror if you



Superior Hairdresser. "'OW ABOUT 'AVIN' ONE OF OUR PERMANENT BILLOWS, SIR?'

looked at it," the tall mad man suddenly shouted with terrible intensity, bending down over the little man like a heron stabbing at a fish.

That was too much for the short man. His lust for blood returned. He drew his revolver and fired point-blank at the other. There was a slight and silly click; and he found the weapon wrenched from his hand. Before his eyes gleamed the cold sanity of naked steel. The sword-stick was no longer a stick.

Then the remarkable thing happened. For the tall man suddenly thrust his sword, not deep into the breast of his adversary, but deep into the breast of the ground. He thrust it in so deep in fact that the crook-handle looked merely like a little innocent croquet-hoop. Then he placed his hand on the shoulder of the other. And the short man found himself for a second time looking into the squinting eyes of the psychologist.

The tall man drew a yard of blood-red beard from his pocket and waved it above his head like a splendid scarlet pennon. "Most men," he said, "wear a beard to disguise themselves. I remove one to disguise myself. The revolver I gave you was also a disguise. It was in fact a sham. It was not even my property. It was a stage property. I hired it for half-a-crown and to you it is worth a kingdom. When you met me as a psychologist you forgot that I might also be a priest. You should never forget things. You might even forget yourself one day, and that would be bad manners. What I am going to do is not bad manners but bad business. I bought your soul for three guineas. Now I return it to you. Here is the money"—he handed the little man three pieces of paper and three pieces of silver—"and your soul, I fancy, is already yours."

Then, arm-in-arm, the tall evil man who was no longer evil and the short mad man who was no longer mad discussed the long and the short of a great many things as they walked into the golden splendour of the sunset. And as they walked into the mist they seemed to grow larger and glow with a strange and Oriental glory, until at last they stood like two pagan gods brooding over London from the steep and sacred slopes of Parliament Hill. And the shoulders of the smaller god were heaving convulsively as though to restrain a hot cataract of tears.

How U.S.A. Began.

"The MacMasters have spread over Northern Ireland, the British Dominions, and the Accidental Commonwealth."
North Ireland Paper.

"NORTH BERKS AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

£500 in Prizes will be offered for Hunters, Driving and Jumping Competitions, Shirt and Cart Horses. . . ."—*Wiltshire Paper.*

Shirt horses should always be distinguished from cart horses. Nobody ever put his shirt on the latter.

LONDON BOUND.

(*A Thought by the Side of the Silver Serpentine.*)

A FERVID sunshine beats
On the oily London streets
And it 's very far from them I 'd like to be,
Where my matutinal kippers
Once were jolly little nippers
Playing round the toes of trippers
In the sea.

There on every open reach
Of the seaweed-scented beach
Perambulate the couples, he and she,
And long lines of lucky fellows
Are grilled to browns and yellows
While the west wind blows the bellows
By the sea.

But Messrs. Dash and Dash
Are so sparing of their cash
That, alas, I cannot raise the £ *s. d.*,
So where our thoughtful ædile
Has provided for my need I 'll
Plunge and, wading through the weed, I 'll
Dream it 's sea.

"BAD WEATHER HOLDS UP BALLOON ASCENT."
Morning Paper Heading.

In other words, it kept it down.

"AMERICAN TARIFF COMMISSION.
No Hope of Reduction in New Chairman."
Manchester Paper.

Has he tried the orange-juice shrink?

THE VARIOUS.

"Major Jones-Jones and party of six guns, shooting over Pluncarty Moor, had a bag of 154: 60 brace of grouse, 12½ brace of snipe, 8 hares and 1 various."

People who make a regular daily habit of browsing over the grouse reports may be accustomed to coming across a "various" occasionally, but for myself I didn't know the thing existed, and it gave me something of the same feeling that I got when I saw my first axolotl.

I dismissed the idea of a misprint because it didn't look like one. Then I thought it might be a comparatively rare hybrid of some kind—something, perhaps, that was not entirely a rabbit, nor exclusively a hare, nor undeniably a guinea-pig. Such an animal, if it happened to occur, might be summed up briefly as a various. But I didn't like that explanation. It was more courteous to the various to give it the honour and glory of being a distinct species all by itself. That being granted, it wasn't very difficult to reconstruct the incident.

Major Jones-Jones and the six guns were trudging monotonously over the heather, dispassionately shooting grouse and snipe and hares. They had been doing this sort of thing, or sitting in the butts, for days and days and, in spite of the keen hill air and the hearty meals at more or less regular intervals, I have an idea they were beginning to wish something unusual would happen.

Suddenly in the heather not five yards in front of Major Jones-Jones there was a peculiar sound—half-grunt, half-hiccough.

"*What,*" said Major Jones-Jones, "*was that?*"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a rustle ahead, and in sight of the bulging eyes of Major Jones-Jones and all the guns there started up from the heather a glorious conglomeration of feathers and whiskers and fur—in short, a magnificent various in full plumage. There it stood blinking at them distrustfully.

"Good heavens!" said an astonished gun, "it's a blinking various."

For a moment the entire party was nonplussed. They couldn't remember whether or not it was the close season for various (or variouses). The opportunity, however, was too good to lose. A various is a various. Legally or illegally the various had to be bagged—although not of course standing still.

"Shoo!" said Major Jones-Jones.

The various fled.

Major Jones-Jones and his six guns, having got their target on the move, fired simultaneously. Under ordinary circumstances they would never have dreamed of doing such a thing, but they were rather excited. Anyway it was all the better for the various.

It was a splendid specimen, long in the snout and deep in the midriff. It was the first various Major Jones-Jones had ever shot. It was the first they had all shot. The house-party stayed up unusually late that night on the strength of it, and it was only under great pressure that one of the guns was prevailed upon not to say anything about it to the newspapers beyond the mere inclusion in the bag of one various.

* * * * *

I thought myself that I had reconstructed the whole story quite satisfactorily, but unfortunately I met the gun who sent in that report and I asked him what the various actually was.

"I forget," he said. "It was just a sundry."

"A *what?*"

"A sundry. A rabbit or something else not worth mentioning."

"So," I said, feeling cheated, "anything insignificant is just a various or a sundry."

"Yes; that's more or less the idea."

"I suppose if you potted a pheasant before the first of October that would be counted as a various or a sundry."

"Don't be silly."

Still, I must confess I felt rather annoyed about it. I consider it an exceedingly low practice to substitute an adjective for a noun. It would have served them right if some newspaper, not knowing what a various was, had made a feature of the story with a big heading: "Mystery Animal Shot in Scotland."



VERY MINIATURE GOLF: AN AFTER-DINNER ROUND.

Idylls of the Sea.

"Sir Galahad met with a very sad end. He was bit to death by an addick."
Schoolboy's Answer.

AT THE PLAY.

"STREET SCENE" (GLOBE).

MR. ELMER RICE'S *Street Scene*—selected and adroitly interwoven incidents in the life of a "Walk-up" Apartment (or, as we should, I suppose, say, tenement) House in a mean street in New York—definitely communicates to us that sense of suppressed excitement which it is the supreme function of the serious theatre to create—an excitement independent of romantic or horrifying incident in the story and due rather to an impression one has of being privileged to peep through a parted curtain into an unknown world and see it with eyes from which the scales have been removed—with an effect of revelation. There is indeed a horrifying climax, but I am not sure that the dramatic intensity of the whole did not begin to fail (if it failed at all) just at that moment. The impressive thing was the seemingly effortless way in which the pattern of this section of life was built up stroke by stroke.

Mr. ELMER RICE has evidently reached another stage in his pilgrimage of experiment—a transition stage between expressionistic symbolism and selective realism. It might perhaps not unfairly be said that he is still more interested in type than individual, and here particularly in the street as an institution or microcosm rather than in the individual people that inhabit it. But this is little more than an academic criticism. If Mr. RICE breaks a classic and fundamental rule he breaks it triumphantly. Out of the crowded squalor flashes a swift flame of beauty. The heart of the beholder is wrung with pity, his mind impressed with the conviction of human dignity and courage in adversity. This is to succeed with a tragic theme treat it how you will and break however so many of the accepted rules.

And though, with something like sixty characters to deal with in two short hours and a half, many can be little more than wraiths—"an ice man, a letter-carrier, a milkman," etc., etc., etc.—we can remind ourselves that there have always been first and second murderers and the like; or we can perhaps with even more point assume that these undeveloped characters of our author are merely his chorus, labelled a little more precisely and given some sort of independent life, and so fit him into the classic frame—a well-meaning attempt which I should imagine he would view, hands firmly in pockets, with a supreme Transatlantic indifference.



LOVE FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW.

Samuel Kaplan . . MR. LEONARD SACHS.
Rose Maurrant . . . MISS ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE.



MATRIMONIAL PRIVACY IN THE STREET.

Frank Maurrant . . . MR. DAVID LANDAU.
Anna Maurrant . . . MISS MARY SERVOSS.

His protagonists, at any rate, are vivid enough to dwell in the memory as individuals. There is the honest orthodox self-respecting wage-earner, *Frank Maurrant*, too much the possessive bullying male, and his shrinking wife, *Anna*, cast in a much more sensitive mould, hungry for a little tenderness and finding it, to the scandal of prying ugly-minded neighbours, with the furtive *Steve*, who passes like an embarrassed shadow under the eyes of his lover's neighbours and husband on the chance of a few moments of stolen happiness. There is the *Maurrants'* lovely young daughter, *Rose*, her mother's child without her mother's weakness, tempted to escape from the unbearable ugliness and cruelty of the mean street to an unloved pursuer, but drawn to the sensitive ineffective young Jew, poet and lawyer-to-be, *Sam Kaplan*, son of the glib doctrinaire Marxian, whose harangues so infuriate the truculent individualist, *Maurrant*.

A sweltering heat emphasises to an intolerable degree the lack of comfort and of privacy, heightens the sense of impending catastrophe and technically affords the author adequate excuse for interviews and exchanges otherwise unlikely on the crowded pavement. The scene, elaborately built up with impressive realism (even the asphalt-paving is by the Limmer and Trinidad Lake Asphalt Co. Ltd.!), shows us basement, ground floor and first and second floors (English reckoning). Leaning from the windows, drifting or scurrying in and out of the crowded warren, gossiping on the steps, casually strolling by, the other fifty-five or so characters pass in review, each (or perhaps more accurately, most) contributing some relevant comment or reaction to the main theme—the self-righteous prurient chief gossip and mischief-maker of the apartment, her drunken husband, her brutalised thug of a son, her harlot-in-the-making of a daughter; the old Jew's daughter, *Shirley*, resolute to save her brother's career and detach him from the gentle puzzled *Rose;* the generous optimistic uxorious wop, *Fiorentino*, and his good-hearted *Greta*; the faded little rabbit of a woman who is looking after her old mother; the agitated young clerk whose wife is expecting her first; and many more.

If the native talent and training of the principals and semi-principals had

been of a lower grade or their drilling (the author was his own producer) less painstaking and effective, raw patches might have shown through. There were no perceptible raw patches. Of the individual performances one is content to eschew qualifications and praise unreservedly the *Anna* of Miss MARY SERVOSS, Miss MARY GREW'S *Shirley*, Miss ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE'S genuinely moving *Rose*, Miss MILLICENT GREEN'S reckless little *Mae Jones*—a quite faultless and more positively a brilliantly observed and forcible performance—Miss MARGARET MOFFAT'S *Miss Jones*, and the not less distinguished playing of the men, Messrs. DAVID LANDAU, DOUGLAS JEFFRIES, EDGAR K. BRUCE, ABRAHAM SOFAER, CHARLES FARRELL, CAMPBELL LOGAN and STANLEY VILVEN. Nobody, positively nobody, should miss seeing this affair. It has a universal appeal. T.

"CHARLOT'S MASQUERADE" (CAMBRIDGE).

The architects of the new little theatre in Seven Dials, Messrs. WIMPERIS, SIMPSON and GUTHRIE, and whoever had the wit to commission and pass their admirable plans, are to be heartily congratulated. It is by no means to the designers' discredit that they have not disdained to learn from Continental experiments, while it is definitely to their credit that they have not allowed themselves to be seduced by modernity for modernity's sake. The plan is soundly determined by function; the stage is entirely visible from all seats; the conduits for filling and emptying the building are adequate; the acoustics excellent. An austere simplicity of broad unfretted surfaces and sweeping curves is mitigated but not destroyed by M. SERGE CHERMAYEFF'S applied metallic foils. There is moreover sufficient room to get to and from one's seat without making enemies; room also for long limbs; the seat itself can be settled into without elaborate catch-as-catch-can tactics; nor does it emit loud protesting noises or catapult the feather-weight maid into the void. In a word, intelligence and discretion have been displayed here and in other little ways.

As to the show itself it suffers perhaps by comparison with high standards already established. Mr. CHARLOT himself has definitely helped to make these standards; so too Mr. RONALD JEANS, and Miss BEATRICE LILLIE, the leading lady, happily returned to the scene of former triumphs. One imagines that no really successful revue can be achieved without many adjustments and second thoughts, and here, I think, the directing hand has been less ruthless in excision and revision than achieved standards demand.

Perhaps the only item which went with a real bang was the third part of a flippant trilogy, "The New Education," in which the effects of negro contacts (chiefly spirituals, *vid* Miss EDNA THOMAS, Mr. PAUL ROBESON and others) upon the Mayfair scene



AN UNBROKEN BUTTERFLY ON WHEELS.
Miss BEATRICE LILLIE.

are shown. Mr. JEANS has here given of his best and Mr. WILLIAM WALKER had made excellent fun of the stolen and skilfully patched music.

The company included (besides Miss BEATRICE LILLIE, with her attractive grimaces, pertnesses, assumed awkwardnesses and excellent gifts of mimicry) Miss CONSTANCE CARPENTER, who can adroitly mix sentiment with humour; Miss FLORENCE DESMOND, who delighted us with a clever portrait of Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S face, a perhaps relatively easy game, but Miss DESMOND gave it a high finish; Miss BETTY FRANKISS, who, from a sample of her talent in a congenial scene, "Chic Technique," might have been more used with advantage to the show; Mr. J. H. ROBERTS, with his easy quiet humour and the something more in reserve which was brought forward in a long sentimental monologue, "He Dines Alone" (with the ghosts of his wife and two friends), in which he held our interest; Mr. HENRY KENDALL, with his bubbling high spirits; and Mr. PATRICK WADDINGTON, with his air of intimacy, lithe figure, excellent voice (for this kind of thing) and admirable clearness of enunciation, scoring easily (with Miss CARPENTER) in "I Fell For You."

Mr. ANTON DOLIN, with never a smile to modify the solemnity of his highly conscientious work—he was at his best in "Manhattan Serenade"—and Miss DORA VADIMOVA, who broke into an exquisite light passage in the "Snowdrop" ballet, which gave us a better notion of her quality than other rather too formal and stereotyped effects, were the solo dancers.

Mr. PHILIP LORNER, the more serious of the singers, has a true and pleasant voice, a little affected, it seemed, by the current nasal quality of the talkies.

Mr. JEANS made good fun of general newspaper nonsense, pretentiousness and banalities in "Amazing Disclosures." Miss LILLIE introduced a good joke, "Hollywood"—as we think it is and as it really is. Mr. J. H. ROBERTS threw a well-aimed brick, made by Mr. NEWMAN LEVI, against barristers.

The ambitious "Masque of the Red Death" failed, I think, of its intended effect of doomfulness, being in particular unduly restless in movement and much too crudely lighted. I think, if the key were changed, something good might be made of it. One was too distracted to give a serious ear to Mr. CYRIL SCOTT'S music. The "Snowdrop" ballet was well enough—not, I think, very much more than that. I was much cheered by a brisk little affair in which Miss BETTY FRANKISS led the fourteen young ladies of the Chorus. That modern offspring of the dickey, the dancing white waistcoat, was their sole upper garment and revealed, as it was meant to reveal, as charming a team of backs as one might hope to meet outside a Mahomedan paradise. T.

"Motor Car Engineer (thoroughly practical), with literary flare for compiling highly technical specifications for cars and lorries."
Advt. in Motoring Paper.

Only real scorchers need apply.

AT THE PICTURES.

TWO BRITISH PRODUCTIONS.

WHEN I learned that the talkies had marked down *The School for Scandal* for their own I had misgivings. Now that I have seen the Albion version I am depressed. As a story for those who do not know the play it may do, but in the version that is now to be seen at the Plaza the underlining of the original dialogue is hardly less than painful. It is only fair to say that this underlining is the defect of most stage revivals too, but the salvoes of laughter with which actors in a theatre greet the sallies of their fellow scandal-mongers are mere giggles compared with those of the screen. Laughter on the other side of the footlights is usually a mistake, but never more so than in *The School for Scandal*.

Another defect of this talkie is the congestion of the scenes, which throws the characters too close together. These defects however are trifling in comparison with the error of casting a relatively young and vigorous man like Mr. BASIL GILL as *Sir Peter*. *Sir Peter* should be old and shaky or nothing; he should be querulous, testy, almost senile, or the author's plan is reduced to absurdity. But not only is the *Sir Peter* of this film a fine, big, almost ardent gentleman, even though he makes himself up for bedtime exactly



Mr. IAN FLEMING (Joseph Surface) to Miss MADELEINE CARROLL (Lady Teazle). "LUCKY FOR OUR INTRIGUE THAT NO ONE HERE SEEMS TO NOTICE US."

like DANTE, but the insistence upon his uxoriousness becomes frankly uncomfortable.

With the liberties that have been taken with the text I have less of a quarrel. I don't mind seeing *Lady Teazle* as a simple girl in her country garden being wooed by *Sir Peter*; I don't mind hearing their marriage-bells; I don't too much resent the pictures of geese that are shown now and then to mimic the tones of *Lady Sneerwell* and her friends, although they seemed a little crude; but I was horrified to see how near both *Sir Peter* and *Charles* got to the very



Shade of SHERIDAN (viewing Lady Teazle's legs). "EGAD, SO THIS IS MY WORK!"

inadequate screen behind which *Lady Teazle* was precariously hiding. And *Joseph* struck me as the most self-conscious hypocrite ever portrayed. If it is for the satisfaction of the talkie-fan that such changes are made, would it not be better to leave the classics alone?

Miss MADELEINE CARROLL'S *Lady Teazle* is charming, although it was not like her to allow *Joseph* to flirt so patently with her on a staircase in the very thick of the *Backbite-Candour* crew. Here again the crippling congestion of the production comes in.

Mr. HENRY HEWITT is traditionally gay and irresponsible as *Charles Surface*, but, for one so hard up, he distressed us by his entire want of seriousness as an auctioneer, and he made a curious change in his most famous remark. It is the rule on the stage for *Charles*, when saying to *Joseph*, "I should then borrow a little of your morality," to stress the "your." But Mr. HEWITT stresses the "morality," and thus seems to me both to lose a point and to spoil the rhythm of the sentence. Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, as *Uncle Oliver*, not only gives his identity away even more flagrantly than his stage predecessors have done, but is the least convincing moneylender conceivable; while for some unfathomable reason *Moses* is not played as a Jew. If he resembles anything it is a Lutheran pastor.

With no other wish than to be entertained, I was disappointed by the screen version of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE'S musical comedy, *The Yellow Mask*, a British International Pictures production, and I hope this is not the film which the author (not unaccompanied by cigarette in holder) was seen personally superintending in one of the movie news-pictures a few months ago. I can't believe that the talkie version could satisfy him. I would go farther and say that had he been there he would have decided suddenly and wisely to scrap both the music and the comedy and to concentrate on Chinese turpitude. Mr. LUPINO LANE never becomes really funny, is never up to his true form, and therefore might go, particularly as, when all painted up as the god in the shrine, by winking and blinking and actually saying, "Thank you very much," he destroys, for the sake of the cheapest laugh ever drawn from a cinema theatre's gallery, whatever illusion has been attempted. He had indeed begun without much respect for probability by entering the play, at the Tower of London, with a double somersault. Double somersaults are not in themselves to be altogether deprecated, but when executed at the Tower of London by special reporters on daily papers they seem out of place and cause



Mr. LUPINO LANE. "IT'S A BIT HARD BEING COMIC RELIEF IN A THRILLER *POUR RIRE!*"

one to suspect a want of seriousness or lack of good material. Perhaps it was Mr. LUPINO LANE'S presence which embarrassed Mr. MILES MALLESON, who had been brought in to write the dialogue; why, I cannot think, for Mr. WALLACE'S has never lacked purpose and vigour.

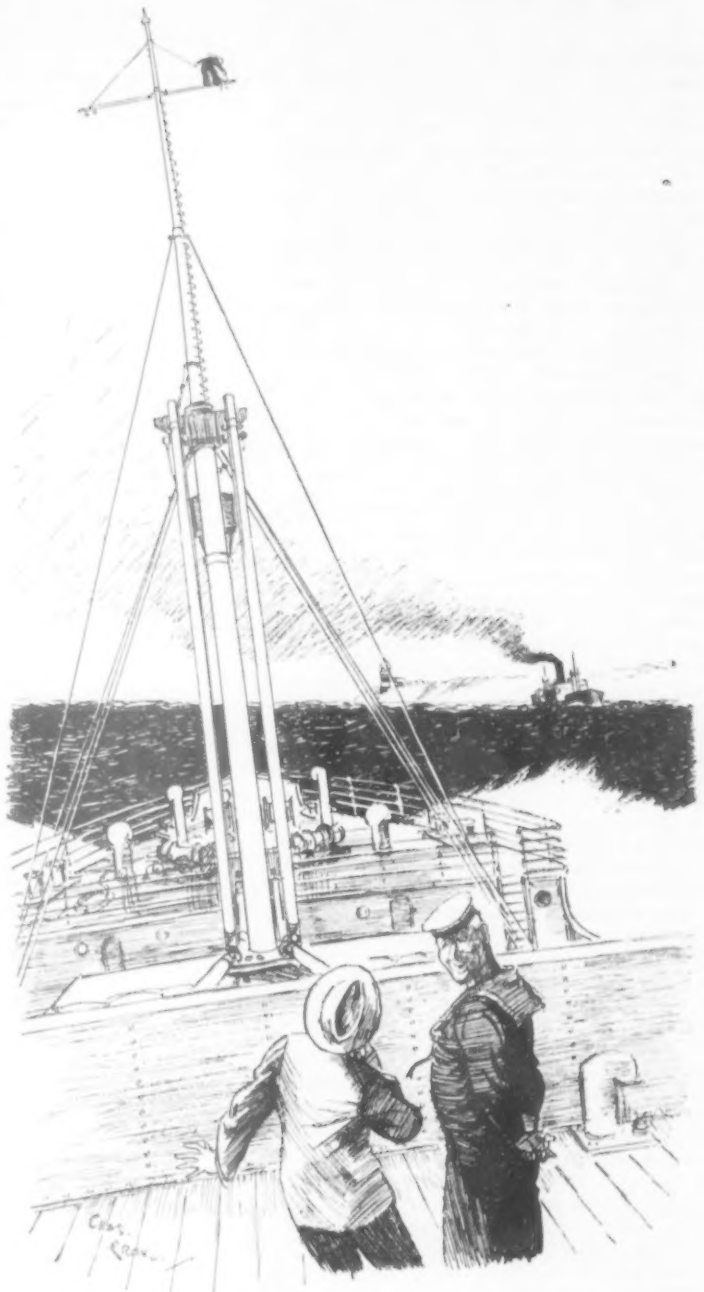
A lot of money has been spent in making *The Yellow Mask* film, but I fear that much of it has been wasted, and wholly because there is once again the fatal effort to do two things at once. The wicked ambassador's villainies are too grim for Mr. LUPINO LANE; Mr. LUPINO LANE is too somersaulty for the wicked ambassador's villainies.

If there were programmes at the Regal I could tell you who the wicked ambassador was. All I can say is that he acted with the necessary cool malignity. The unfortunate girl who fell into his clutches did all she could to make her plight sympathetic, and when the torturers' lashes fell on her lover's back and shoulders she registered full horror and repulsion. I wish I could give her name too. Mr. LUPINO LANE'S associate in humour, who struck me as being a very capable comédienne, must also remain anonymous. E. V. L.

HIAWATHA IN OXFORD CIRCUS.

(*With acknowledgments to* LONGFELLOW.)

Hiawatha looked around him,
Gazed and looked all round about him,
While he heard the traffic's tumult,
Heard the tumult of the traffic.
And his face was calm and peaceful,
Though his heart beat fast within him.
As he stood and gazed in wonder
Came a man of vulgar habit,
And he pushed poor Hiawatha,
Saying, "Lumme, mate, look slippy!"
Hiawatha turned to face him,
But the vulgar man had vanished
As the snow when sunshine melts it.
And his face was calm and peaceful,
Though his heart beat fast within him.
"*Ev'ning Standard*," sang the newsboys,
Sang it to the throng which passed there.
Hiawatha loved to hear them,
Loved to hear their chant of ev'ning
And to see their waving placards;
For his face was calm and peaceful
Though his heart beat fast within him.
Suddenly he turned and saw there
In the middle of the pavement
Men who bore in front, behind them,
Boards on which was writ this legend—
Writ in large and glaring letters:
"Come and see the latest talkie,
Red-Hot Babies, at the Umpire."
Hiawatha wept within him,
Wept to think of roasting infants;
But his face was calm and peaceful
Though his heart beat fast within him.



Passenger. "IT MAKES ME POSITIVELY ILL TO EVEN LOOK AT THAT MAN UP THERE."

Quartermaster. "AN' WHAT MAKES IT REALLY INTERESTING, SIR, IS THAT THE SAME BLOKE WENT SICK YESTERDAY WITH NEURASTHENIA."

The Importance of Adjacence in Advertising.

"Owner, small yacht, seeks Amateur Hands."

"Manicurist visits by appointment."

Consecutive Advts. in Daily Paper.

"An Ambulance Tent will be provided in a position near the Luncheon and Buffet Marquees."—*Programme of Southport Flower-Show.*

How admirable to have these affairs organised by men of the world!

". . . it was argued that the new exchange would tend to obviate this system of sharks feathering their nests at the expense of seaside residents."—*Liverpool Paper.*

A very pleasing glimpse of the domestic arrangements of the Plagiostomi.

THE NEW DIVINING.

I SUPPOSE that the fellow who invented the compass must have felt a certain elation about his achievement. I should imagine that he expected his friends to rally round with a congratulatory chaplet of privet or a young palm-tree or a magnum of sack or whatever was customary in his country. When those of them who were sailors discovered that the thing really worked I expect they behaved decently enough, for it must have made a far finer and better thing of their lives to know for certain which way was north.

I wish I knew what to think about my friend Leonard. Last night he came and sat down beside me at the club, wearing a look at once so expectant and so thirsty that I ordered two more or less bottomless sherries and stood by for the worst, for I know only too well that he never assumes that look without cause. Last time it meant the completion of a magnetic putter which automatically (except in severe thunderstorms) was to face in a dead-line towards the hole; the time before that it was a clockwork cocktail-shaker, which might have worked if Death hadn't stalked it down with Vermouth on the Hairspring (a more general complaint, I am told, than even Harley Street suspects); and the time before that—I forget—it may have been his electric Police-Trap Detector, or again it may not. You will have guessed that Leonard is either a dangerous lunatic or an unsuccessful inventor. I regard him as both.

Under the influence of the sherry he began to enlarge last night upon the sacred duty of the inventor towards his fellow-men, and knowing to my cost that he was about to touch feelingly upon the unsubstantial nature of the rewards of genius I cut him short. With a gesture which for its dignity I shall not soon forget, he then produced from his pocket a small instrument and handed it reverently to me.

It was like a pocket-compass, save that the dial had no markings. The little blue needle which shivered in its middle pointed unswervingly at the bust of the Admiral which dominated the corner of the lounge.

"North?" I asked.

"Nelson," Leonard answered. "But the needle conveys a much weightier message than that. Try again."

"I don't know," I said; "it's pointing to the dining-room at the moment, but then so many things may be on that line. Clacton Town Hall, the heaviest man in Bootle, Lord ROTHERMERE. . . ."

Then Leonard told me. It pointed to the nearest fount of draught bitter beer. It took no cognisance of the bottled sort. Its taste was unerring.

"I call it," he said, "the Beer-index. Next month it will be on the market. If you'd like to give it a few preliminary words in the Press I'm quite agreeable."

After that I felt that it was his turn to order two pale and almost bottomless Amontillados. Before I left him he jotted down a few particulars on the back of an envelope. The public may as well have them, as it were, straight from the ass's pencil, and they will be of the greatest assistance to me in finishing this article:—

(1) The Beer-index is a thing of beauty and should make an ideal gift for a man with a discerning thirst.

(2) While naturally of use to parched strangers in big cities, it is primarily intended to solve for the walking-tourist what usually resolves itself into the question of the day. It eliminates the sort of conversation which is all too common in the great unhopped spaces: "Which is nearer, the 'Lion' at Little Footle or the 'Lamb' at Upper Squiffleby, or do you think there's one just over that hillock?"

(3) In view of the fact that most country publicans seem to regard the licensing regulations as a not unhumorous piece of obsolescence, the Beer-index is designed to work equally well by day or night; but

(4) It is unaffected by private cellars, the proximity of breweries or by passing beer-drays. It avoids all such tantalisations with super-teetotal skill and only leads its fortunate owner to havens where the nectar is publicly on tap.

(5) On the *de luxe* model a secondary needle will be fitted which will without hesitation pick out from any number of men the most enthusiastic amateur of the beverage, with whom, on the strength of this introduction, one can get on with the good work.

(6) It should be of inestimable value (Leonard thinks) to temperance orators in quest of a deplorable example.

Leonard admitted that the first time he tried it out, in the East End of London, the needle spun round seventy-nine times and then seized up on its spindle; but, after looking at a large-scale map of the district, he says that he was reassured to find that the radii of the same number of public-houses in the neighbourhood intersected just where he had been standing.

I left him in the smoking-room last night, his Beer-index in his hand and his face suffused with the rapturous glow which good men sometimes wear.

ERIC.

THE TRIUMPHS OF TAXIDERMY.

[A group of five gorillas, surrounded by the tropical foliage of the Congo, is being mounted at the National History Museum, South Kensington, to form a "jungle tableau" similar to the elephant group in an arcade of the main hall.]

O HUGE and sinister ape,
Monster in human shape,
Who from the Cameroon to Congo
Art known familiarly as Pongo,
Hardest of all the Simians to tame
From Egypt to the Cape,
From Table Mountain to Melilla—
How fitting is thy grim and ancient name,
That has come down to us
From HANNO'S *Periplus*,
The log of his adventurous flotilla—
Gorilla!

Though feeding chiefly upon fruit,
You make night hideous with your awful hoot;
You have not learned to smoke the mild cheroot,
The product of Manilla.
You would not grace a Woman's Institute
Or feel at home in a suburban villa,
The pet of Miss Priscilla.
I cannot see you ever reconciled
To permanent exile from your wooded wild
At Peebles or Porthcawl or Parknasilla,
Or, as a sedulous ape, well primed with tips,
Competing for the open scholarships
At the foundation of Queen Devorguilla.

I have no wish to eye you
Alive and face to face, like PAUL DU CHAILLU,
Who roamed the jungle on your track
Some seventy-odd years back,
And when he brought his trophies to our isles
Was greeted with derisive smiles,
Incredulous and crass,
By the great British Ass.
I much prefer to see you stuffed
With tusks complete and every hairy tuft,
Fearsome and terrible to view as Scylla,
Yet harmless as the meek chinchilla,
Gorilla!

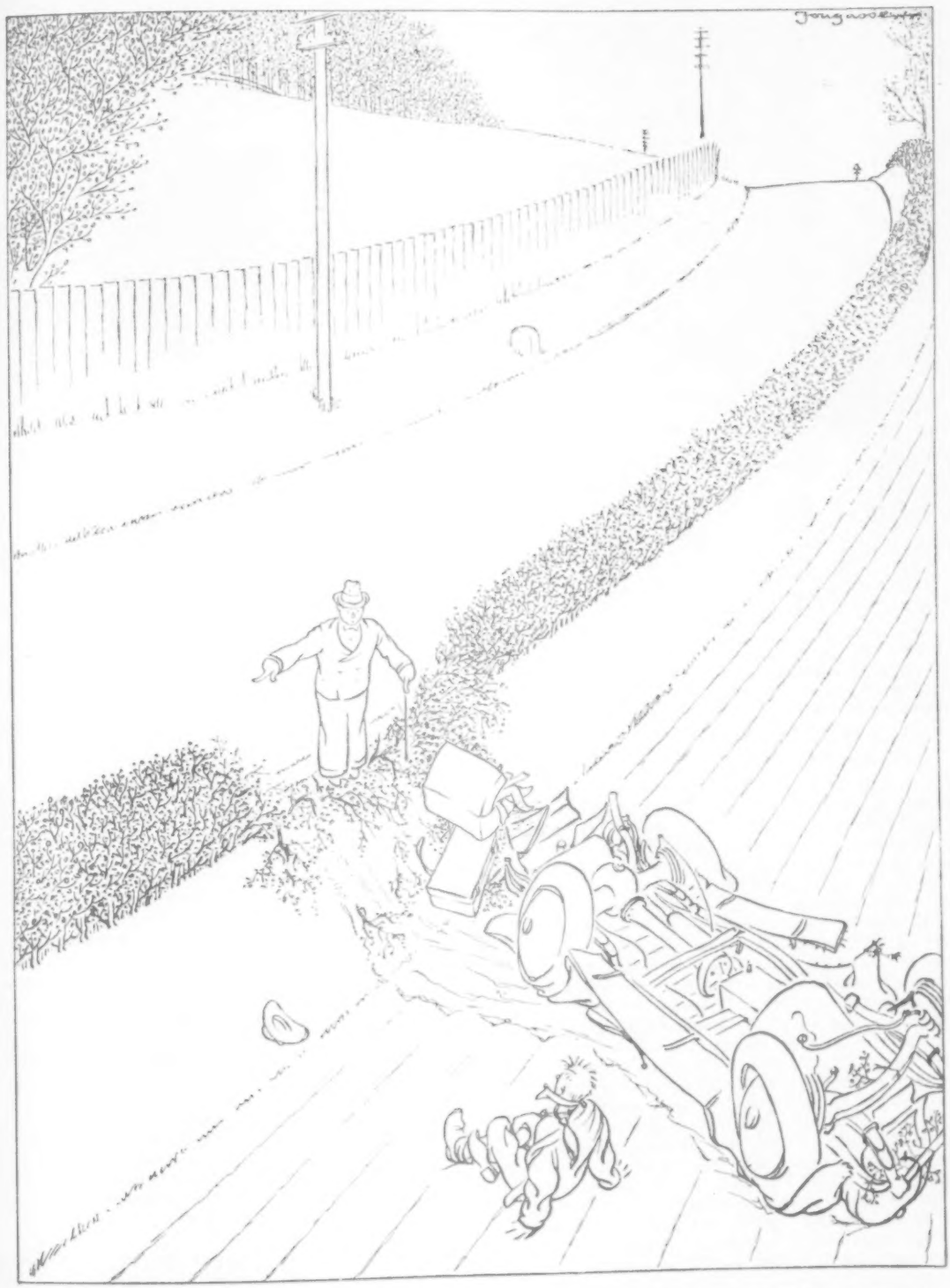
C. L. G.

"THREE YEARS' WAIT FOR BRIDE."
Morning Paper Headline.

We admire the bridegroom's patience while deploring the sad unpunctuality of the lady.

"From out of this confusion the name of Chateaubriand emerged like a Titian from among the minnows."—*East Anglian Paper.*

Or, for that matter, like a Whistler from among the anchovies.



"I SAY, YOU KNOW, IF YOU'D ONLY GONE ON ANOTHER FIFTY YARDS THERE'S A GATE."



GROUSE-DRIVING TO DATE.

SILAS B. BOOSTENHEIMER INTRODUCES THE AUTO-BUTT, FULLY EQUIPPED WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE AND COMFORT. GUARANTEED TO CONVEY YOU DIRECT FROM YOUR DOOR TO YOUR DRIVE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF it is true, as I think OSCAR WILDE suggested, that imaginary characters have a way of subsequently assuming flesh, then Miss ROSE MACAULAY, as a humorist, strikes me as exhibiting a pretty close affinity to the incorrigible *Auberon Quin* of Mr. CHESTERTON'S first novel. *Auberon's* turn of mind, you remember, suggested an extremely sophisticated handling of the extreme of unsophistication. If he saw a sea-shell it reminded him (if I remember rightly) of a hansom-cab. Miss MACAULAY'S sense of humour is obviously in the *Quin* tradition; but what in *Quin* was a wayward virtuosity is with her deliberated and systematized into an almost Prussian formula. *Staying with Relations* (COLLINS, 7/6), in spite of its delightful title and attractive opening, suffers more from its author's ruthless tendency to the belittlement of human values than any of her novels except *Told by an Idiot*. The same old devices are employed for debasing the coinage; and when all that should be silver is clipped out of recognition accounts are neatly and efficiently rendered in bright new copper. There is something very coppery indeed about the house-party at the Hacienda del Capitan, a Maya-Hispano palace in a Guatemalan forest. This comprises the widow of an oil king, her second husband—an English judge—her two children, her three step-children, her son-in-law and her niece *Catherine*, an English novelist. I would willingly re-read *Staying with Relations* for its scenery; but the intellectual confusion to which *Catherine* is reduced merely inspired me with uneasy pity for a predestined victim.

Many moral deductions, none of them particularly edifying, might probably be drawn from FLOYD DELL'S latest study in sex reaction, *Souvenir* (JARROLDS, 7/6). Personally I am not quite clear what these may be and am prepared to accept as the best part of the author's honesty that they are left, where nothing else is left, to the imagination. The writer has achieved a novel in which the only bit of vigorous action is a bout of fisticuffs that the American conscience finds it necessary to stop before it is well begun, and which is constructed of a maximum number of those nasty situations the American conscience is supposed to be interested in studying in the name of analytical psychology, considering that all may be excused if only it is enough talked about. Well, it is enough talked about here; by the father making acquaintance after ten years with the son whose mother divorced him, by the son who "invents a purely personal morality and finds it damned complicated," by the girl cousin who seeks education of their mutual complexes in the society of the son, by the step-mother, who approves the entire proceedings—and of course by all their friends. One has become accustomed to a certain element of mawkishness in American virtue, but this tepid sweet-stuff that encourages simple promiscuity under a pretence of modern science makes one sigh for the brisk villainy of a living *D'Artagnan*.

Miss O. DOUGLAS has chosen a disarming title for her latest book, *The Day of Small Things* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). Once again we are in Kirkmeikle and allowed to enjoy the society of *Lady Jane Rutherfurd* and her dear *Nicole* and share their enjoyment of that of *Mrs.*

Heggie, Mrs. (now *Lady*) *Jackson* and other friends and acquaintances old and new. Two of our girl-friends get married before the story ends, and *Nicole* again refuses her faithful *John Dalrymple* for the sake of that *Simon Beckett* whom, in spite of his death in an Everest Expedition, I cannot help hoping to find restored to us again in each new novel by Miss DOUGLAS. And that is all the story. It gave me the feeling that I was visiting in some pleasant house where I had often stayed before; but the visit was as unexciting as such visits often are. Yet the charm of Miss DOUGLAS's writing persists and in this at least it resembles that of her brother, Mr. JOHN BUCHAN; though his art is concerned with large interests, such as international politics, newspaper proprietors and Rugby football, while hers is content to be engrossed with "the day of small things."

Here's a book that costs a guinea,
  Which most gladly you'll afford
For a GOLLANCZ piccaninny,
  If by Captain KINGDON WARD,
Who has gone (like *Mr. Bunting*)
  Hunting buds and blooms becurled,
And he calls his job *Plant Hunting*
  On the Edge of the World.

Come and climb the Eastern ramparts—
  Himalaya heavenward stands;
Come and camp in very damp parts
  In the Burmese Oberlands;
Come and meet the morning's pickets
  When the mist is cold as clam;
Come to rhododendron thickets
  In the Alps of Assam.

Here's a book above the level,
  As is Himalaya's self;
Let me tell—but why the devil?
  Just you take it off your shelf
And let flowers and high adventure
  Fill a humdrum Autumn night
While they equally content your
  Taste for "someone who can write."



Nice old Aunt. "AND HAS MY LITTLE THEOPHILUS HURTED HIS POOR LICKLE LEGSY-PEGSY?"

Theophilus. "YES, BUT FORTUNATELY THE ABRASION IS MERELY CUTANEOUS."

Being a dachshund-fan to the point of idolatry—I cannot so much as pick up a new biography of MATTHEW ARNOLD without looking about for a new portrait of *Geist*—I enjoyed every word of Princess LICHNOWSKY's charming and capricious little book of meditations and memories, most of which centre round or start from a dog of this breed. "Take big things easily and little things carefully" is the motto of *On the Leash* (CAPE, 7/6); and of all the little things taken carefully by the whimsical and witty authoress, the *joli basset* of the day—and there have been at least four *jolis bassets*—holds pride of place. Princess LICHNOWSKY is a philosopher as well as a dog-lover. You find her analysing jealousy with PAUL CAMBON and probing with a fine blend of interest and disinterestedness the problems of her friends. Her little hounds are studied as well as loved. She has fathomed the source of that beauty of expression which is almost every dog's dower. Unlike the morbid dog-lover she has an eye for other folk's pets; and the *Gribou* of the little girl on the Riviera, who had *seulement un petit bout de queue*, is as carefully commemorated as her own *Käfi* or *Pippi*. *Newt the Second* is the hero of the book, a glossy black fellow with unreasonably long ears. But the most devoted of biographers will infallibly reveal himself; and *Newt's* owner, in London, Berlin, Carlsbad, Venice and Cap d'Ail, assumes in the end the primacy of place she has so gracefully disclaimed.

Mr. THOMAS WOLFE has published his first novel and, like some other beginners in the fearful trade of fiction, has tried to put everything into it. Consequently *Look Homeward, Angel* (HEINEMANN, 10/6), is perhaps three times the length of the ordinary commercial novel—a size to appal any but the most hardened reviewer. Mere bulk is, I admit, something: it often impresses the reader in spite of himself, and possibly if this book had been half its size the chorus of

praise that has greeted it might not have swelled to its present volume. I do not say that the praise is wholly undeserved. Mr. WOLFE has built up his characters so thoroughly that we feel by the end that we have got to know them quite as intimately as we could desire. For, like so many American writers who deal with the small country town, he has a tendency to accentuate the squalid side of life. And the *Gant* family are not exactly the pleasantest of companions. The father is an elderly reprobate, a Rabelaisian eater, drinker and lover, who has somehow become a popular figure in the growing town of Altamont, Tennessee. We are invited to watch him and his wife *Eliza*, that persistent absorber of real estate, grow old there, bringing up a family of seven children, and especially *Eugene*, the youngest, in whose story the author is clearly drawing his own boyhood. He omits little; here and there he writes like a tortured soul pouring out tortured and magniloquent prose. There are fine passages, striking and original phrases —too many of them. Mr. WOLFE is decidedly worth watching, but he must learn to prune his luxuriance.

Born and reared within Jerusalem's walls, Dr. ROSEN'S *Oriental Memories* (METHUEN, 15/-) reach back to a time in which the Holy City still presented from afar off the same appearance as in the days of the Crusaders. Small wonder that a boy brought up amidst such surroundings should have chosen the mysterious East, which called to him from the very doorstep of his home, as the scene of his life's work. Still less cause for wonder that he should never have regretted a choice which for forty years led him through the highways and byways of Persia and Syria and Mesopotamia. Much of the fascination of the East as well as something of its more sinister aspect has found its way into these pages and into the delightful sketches which accompany them. Knowing Dr. ROSEN'S fame as an Orientalist and a diplomat (was he not Foreign Minister in Germany when CURZON was head of the Foreign Office?), I had half expected—shall I say feared?—to find his memory stored exclusively with the details of high politics and the genealogies of Persian kings. Hence I was agreeably surprised to find myself chuckling over the many good stories he has to tell. Dr. ROSEN is scrupulously fair in his criticisms of the many English diplomats and travellers who crossed his path, while his command of English is so good as not to deserve the apology he makes for it.

In *Facets* (BENN, 7/6) Miss I. R. G. HART grinds and polishes her chosen stone with a patient admirable skill. I find myself wondering whether the stone itself was worth all the labour. The beautiful and eccentric *Alba Nott*, late *Blessington, née Walters*, cables to her husband that on no account must the pictures by which she had made her assured name be exhibited at the Rumbleton Artists' Association Memorial Show. Why? These pictures, in a modernist mood, which some called hideous daubs and others works of genius, she had, without previous training or inclination, suddenly painted to please her late husband in his last illness—or so the story goes. Is it true? The author ferrets out and examines everybody's opinions, touching in some skilful portraits of her own by the way, and finally solves the problem by a written confession from *Alba*. The publishers adroitly suggest that there is a murder mystery behind all this. There isn't. I say this because the kind of reader who would be most attracted by that promise would be the least likely to appreciate *Facets*

With reason I suspected that *Geoffrey Merivale*, who arrived at Melbourne in 1852, was destined to play the leading part in *The Golden Plague* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6). Without delay he took part in a ferocious rough-and-tumble, and as—directly it was over—he remarked, "I was endeavouring to recover my breath, when he took advantage of the momentary lapse of attention on my part, and made his escape," the thought occurred to me that his conversation might be a shade too pedantic for my taste. Happily, however, *Merivale* is only a minor figure in this "Romance of the Roaring 'Fifties." Mr. WILFRED C. BUSSE has a stirring and adventurous story of gold, and those who seek it, to tell, and his principal hunters, whether virtuous or villainous, are far indeed from any trace of pedantry.



Writer of innumerable Thrillers. "I'M NOT REALLY BOTHERED ABOUT ALL THE STUFF YOU'RE TAKING AWAY. WHAT GETS ME DOWN IS THAT IT'S SUCH A ROTTEN STALE PLOT."

High as the rate of mortality is in the sensational fiction of today, one might expect it at least to be maintained in a tale which has been given the lethal title of *Diamonds of Death* (LONGMANS, 7/6). So I was surprised, although by no means disappointed, to find that Miss HILDA WILLETT tells her story without undue effusion of gore. These diamonds, however, played their part in providing considerable pain for *Myrra Senacle* and *Barry Venne*, and acute anxiety for their respective lovers, *Jeram Ashways* and *Alix Jannaway*. I remember that Miss WILLETT, in *Tragedy in Pewsey Chart*, showed herself an admirable conductor of a chase, and here again she gives her followers a really good hunting run before her exceptionally infamous gang of villains are traced to their lair. A very readable yarn.

Our Stunted Stately Homes.

"BIJOU BARONIAL HALLS AT ——. PRICE £1010. £50 DOWN."
Evening Paper.

"Another celebrity at North Berwick, Lady —— —— is frequently to be seen playing golf or exercising her two huge Alsatian puppies, her niece, Lady —— ——, and her great-niece, Miss —— ——."—*Gossiper in Daily Paper.*

We know these energetic aunts.

CHARIVARIA.

ANOTHER aviator has been flying over Chicago for several days without coming down. We don't blame him.

* * *

A solicitor has pointed out that the penalty for pulling a railway-carriage communication-cord is the same in Scotland as in England. It is felt that if the Scottish railways would only reduce the amount of the fine they might do more business.

* * *

A Doncaster woman told the local magistrate that she had been married seven years and that her husband had thrashed her regularly every third week. In many neighbourhoods every sixth week is considered often enough.

* * *

The sixteen-year-old twins who gave up their attempt to swim the Channel when it became dark say that their mother told them to come out of the water. Perhaps she felt it was getting near their bedtime.

* * *

Night battles have taken place in the Chinese civil war, and combatants on both sides complain of feeling good for nothing next day.

* * *

We are told of a potential heavy-weight champion pugilist in the Midlands who eats his mother's pies. Without experience of his mother's pies we cannot accept this as convincing evidence of his prowess.

* * *

In accordance with a New York movement to cure business depression by means of a form of Coué-ism, thousands of men are wearing a little blue button inscribed, "Business is Good." We are not told whether it is extensively worn by bootleggers.

* * *

"Bishop to play for Chelsea" was a recent football headline. In our opinion the participation of the Higher Clergy should add to the dignity of the game.

* * *

Dr. FOSDICK, the most eloquent preacher in America, has expressed his strong disapproval of people who straggle into church just before the sermon. Many preachers take a still graver view of people who straggle out of church just before the sermon.

* * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL relates that after leaving the Army he thought of going to Oxford, but was deterred by the prospect of entrance examinations. Oxonians who are jealous for the lustre of the University will deplore that the authorities had not the foresight to waive these formalities.

* * *

DARWIN'S grandfather is the subject of a new book whose publication will revive regrets that the famous scientist's descent cannot be traced far enough back to substantiate his theory of evolution.

* * *

"Lilliput" Golf is one of the names given to the miniature game. An indispensable club is of course the lilli-putter.



BAD FOR THE BEAVER.

Expert in Dam-building. "WELL, I'M DAMMED!"

"I ran into Mr. J. H. THOMAS last evening at Victoria Station," says a gossip-writer. As an ex-railwayman, Mr. THOMAS would no doubt support the suggestion that Cabinet Ministers should be provided with buffers.

* * *

A Cavalry General is quoted as declaring that he was paid exactly tenpence for two-hundred-and-twenty pounds of plums, and that he saw them on sale at eightpence a pound in the fruiterers' shops next day. This sort of thing is calculated to contribute to an atmosphere of unrest in the Service clubs.

* * *

A photographer has succeeded in getting a "close-up" of the shy okapi by disguising himself as a wart-hog; but we doubt whether the adoption of this device by some Press camera-men would deceive celebrities.

* * *

An octogenarian lady informs a morning paper that a fierce thunderstorm is her keenest delight. Still, what pleases one octogenarian lady may easily give annoyance to another.

* * *

One of the exhibits at the forthcoming Radio Show is a five-hundred-guinea wireless-set, so delicately modulated that its loud-speaker can be reduced to a whisper. It is certainly a good idea.

* * *

The experience of a party of tourists whose luggage was destroyed by lions in the Krüger Game Reserve is a reminder that these creatures are destructive.

* * *

In the South of England lawn-tennis championships the age at which a player becomes a veteran is forty-five. This raises the interesting question at what age does a woman become forty-five.

* * *

In a dog-race for Great Danes at Ripley in Surrey points were given for immobility. It is said that when a really Great Dane chases cats he always walks.

* * *

We understand that a return match is to be arranged for RICE and MASON, the lightweight boxers, as soon as a suitable restaurant can be found.

* * *

It is stated that the new golf-course to be opened in the Midlands will be advertised as the largest miniature golf-course in the country.

* * *

Men who went on strike at Coventry the other day in sympathy with girl-strikers have now returned to work in sympathy with themselves.

* * *

In the sound-proof house at the Building Exhibition there is a bathroom with silent fittings. It would be interesting to know how the noises given off by incipient bassos are absorbed.

* * *

A Trade journal considers that our fruit-growers are too slow in their methods and just fail to hit the mark. Smith minor, who raided an orchard last week, disagrees with this view.

* * *

A newspaper correspondent recalls how an eighteenth-century scientist invented a clock which struck when spoken to. We had a cook like that.

THE PROPHET'S OWN COUNTRY.

[Lord BEAVERBROOK addresses his native land on the raising of her tariff wall against British goods.]

O Canada! my Canada!
I had a lovely dream;
I looked to you to pull me through
My Pan-Imperial scheme;
I was convinced that you'd agree,
If only for the love of me,
And so my stunt would prove to be
A simply perfect scream.

O Canada! my Canada!
You've raised your tariff wall;
You found it there and didn't care
But built it twice as tall;
I counted on my kinsmen's aid
To run the van of my crusade,
And now I'm very much afraid
The thing won't move at all.

O Canada! *my* Canada!
This is a Brutus stroke;
Your own dear MAX had planned a tax
To please his own dear folk;
He meant his food to cost him more,
But you have been and banged the door,
And oh! the patriot heart of poor
Old BEAVERBROOK is broke. O. S.

THE ECONOMICS OF MUSHROOMS.

THE mushroom season is now at its height in our village. That is to say, the entire kiddage of the neighbourhood gets up at earliest sparrow-chirp and puts in a good couple of hours before its breakfast in likely mushroom fields. Later on there will be a timid knock at the back-door and "Please, muvver says she sent you these mushrooms if you'd like to 'ave them."

You are, I hope, human; of course you would. You take the basket and in your coarse businesslike fashion ask, "How much?" At this the simple country kid blushes, hangs its head and lisps "Nuffin'." If you are new to the business you think, "How sweet and unspoilt these villagers are! Apparently the thought of selling doesn't enter their heads." Out loud you say incredulously: "Do you mean it's a present?"

The kid timidly sucks its teeth with an affirmative sound. You feel you cannot possibly permit this munificence, so you continue: "But I must give you *something* for them; why, there are nearly two pounds! Didn't your mother tell you to say *any* price?"

The kid blushes deeper, hangs its head lower, traces a pattern with its foot and then breathes shyly: "Please, muvver says, 'jes' what you like,' please."

Reflecting that the price of mushrooms is generally about half-a-crown a pound, you give her two bob for the basketful and make it all right with your conscience for the other three bob by a pat on the head. The little animal trots happily off, and some days later you learn that one *never* pays more than sixpence a pound in the village for mushrooms—at which price indeed the village shop can generally procure you as many as you care to order. In other words, the simple country kids are not so darn simple.

Of course you can deliver a nasty counter-stroke by accepting the basket at its face value as a present and paying only the pat on the head. In which case you get a dirty look from the simple country kid and no more mushrooms. But the usual course to adopt is to weigh them accurately and pay out at sixpence per pound. This pleases everyone, for the kid would only get a fourpenny rate from the village shop; and it is certainly nicer for you to have them brought to your door.

Some indeed are not so favoured. The Big House opposite, for instance, rarely gets a chance to buy mushrooms. In a way one can understand why. I suppose even a simple country kid must somehow see the incongruity of walking through the old gate-house, past a four-car garage, up half-a-mile of drive, skirting acres of lawn, flower-bed and tennis-court, with a basket of mushrooms clutched to its heart, in order to tap timidly on a very large door and say, "Please, muvver says she sent you these mushrooms, if you'd like to 'ave them." The result is that unless the Lady of the Big House remembers to inquire at the village shop, she never knows when the mushroom season has set in.

I met her the other day and she mentioned something about the mushrooms being apparently a bit late this year. This was quite a new idea to me, as I suppose it would be to anyone who had had mushrooms for breakfast every day that week, and had discovered only that morning an unexpected reluctance in tackling a third helping. Indeed I rather felt that I had been living on mushrooms since Christmas. I told her this and added that we had that day actually turned away one two-pounder kid and a pair of one-pounder kids from our door.

"Why didn't you send them along to me?" she cried reproachfully. "We *never* get children offering us 'mushrooms from muvver.' I'd just love it if they did."

I pointed out that her gate-house, garage, half-mile of drive and lawns were to blame. Whereupon she asked me if next time I turned away country kids I would definitely instruct them to go along to her. I pointed out that, not living in a cottage, she would probably have to pay as much as ninepence a pound. She blenched, but said she liked mushrooms so much she would pay even that. We parted, I under a terrible vow to send round to her the very next convoy of mushrooms that dropped anchor at my back-door. I felt it was pretty generous of me, but unaccountably I wasn't feeling quite so keen about mushrooms as I had been some days before.

I kept my word. The next morning a couple of one-pounder kids and a fine two-pounder were duly despatched. Unfortunately they failed to fetch up. It appeared later that they had been unscrupulously boarded in the village street by two privateers in succession—Colonel Blood-Bayonet in the first instance and old Miss Fyshe in the second—with the result that their priceless cargoes had been bought out of hand.

I explained this to the Lady of the Big House and we agreed that we must try to avoid this risk of piracy on the high streets. Would I, she asked, be so kind as to buy on her behalf any further unwanted mushrooms that were offered me, and thus skilfully evade the high-handed cutting-out expeditions of Colonel Blood-Bayonet, old Miss Fyshe and other unprincipled scourges of the village commerce routes.

I promised, and next afternoon, as it happened, a four-pounder kid rolled up, preceded by a two-pounder, and, just as I was leaving hot-foot for the Big House, another four-pounder arrived.

Laden down with mushrooms, I set out and arrived safely. But I never presented the bill (for five bob), for, having that morning seen the Lady of the Big House returning from a personal mushrooming expedition in her own famous lower meadows with but two small mushrooms (one probably a puff-ball) and three-quarters of a large white fungus trodden on by a cow, I asked the kids for the first time where they got their early-morning mush-rooms. And the simple country kids with one voice replied, "From the Big 'Ouse's lower medders."

The Lady of the Big House was peculiarly grateful for my "present" and insisted on giving me some eggs from the Home Farm in exchange. So next morning I ate her health—in fried eggs and her own mushrooms. A. A.

"FAIRY-FED PORK."
Butcher's Advt.

"*Titania* is my fancy," as BACON said.



MUSSOLINISMUS.

IL DUCE (*taking the salute of the German National Fascists*). "BRAVO! YOU WILL BE WANTING A DICTATOR. UNFORTUNATELY EVEN I CANNOT BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE."



Novice (sweetly, to partner in foursome). "I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T LEFT YOU A VERY GOOD LIE."

THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

"EXERCISES WITH TROOPS."

THE annual "Exercises with Troops" represent the high-water mark of military dislocation. Officers and men of all ages and ranks are withdrawn from their customary duties and compelled for a brief season to follow outdoor pursuits. The routine of the army is severely shaken. Clerks, batmen, Quartermasters' assistants, cooks, storekeepers and fatigue-men of all kinds emerge as fully-equipped combatants. Offices and orderly-rooms are deserted and much important correspondence remains unanswered. Threats and reminders from the Humorous Branches are treated with a measure of disregard which would at any other time of the year lead to severe reprisals. Cobwebs appear in the waste-paper baskets, and it is a long time before the army is itself again.

The "exercise" season is sandwiched between the end of the tattoo period and the opening of the football season. Any attempt to encroach upon either of these firmly-established observances would lead to civil war, or even to a Question in the House. It is unlikely, however, that anything so regrettable will really occur, because it is only necessary to exercise a little discretion in the selection of the dates. When the weather is too cold for tattoos and the ground is still too hard for football nobody can reasonably object to giving up a few nights to sleeping in the fresh air.

The term "Exercise with Troops" is used to distinguish the affair from the more popular "Exercise without Troops." It does not imply that the troops are to be given plenty of exercise, although in fact it is usually found possible to arrange for this.

The procedure is extremely simple. The rival Commanders are sent to places in opposite corners of the map and are told to be good and not look. *Mars est celare Martem.* Each is then given a General Idea, which is really a short account of the war to date. It is couched in concise military language, devoid of heroics and love-interest. As a war book it is valueless; not a publisher or a film-producer in the country would accept the rights as a gift. But it serves its purpose.

After the General Idea has been sufficiently digested a bomb-shell is dropped into each of the opposing Headquarters in the form of a Special Idea, which usually calls for instant action. Each side would be saved a great deal of trouble if it knew what was contained in the other's Special Idea, but it is seldom possible to find out. The inventors of Special Ideas are usually too highly paid to be approachable, while no true Blue Staff Officer would divulge his Special Idea to a Redlander, even if they had been at school together.

The psychologist would derive no little value from studying the effect of a Special Idea on different people. As soon as it arrives it is eagerly read by all the Staff Officers concerned, who then give their Commander the benefit of their immense powers of inference and deduction. One draws his attention to the speed of the enemy's mobilisation, another to the supply of his man-power. Others attach importance to the position of the Fleet, the weight of the armoured cars, the horse-power of the mechanised cavalry, and other significant details. When all have had their say and adduced cogent reasons both for and against every possible course of action, the Commander calls for his map and Appreciates the Situation.

Difficult as it is in some situations for him to find anything to appreciate, a Commander of experience need never be unduly exercised (with or without troops). If his appreciation were ever committed to paper it would read like this:—

(1) *My object*:—

To produce a good battle

(*a*) on the only piece of Government land on the map (O.P.G.L.M.),

(*b*) in full view of the Foreign Attachés and Press Representatives (F.A. and P.R.).

(2) *Considerations which affect the attainment of my object:*—
(i) the position of the O.P.G.L.M.
(ii) the time of arrival of the F.A. and P.R.

(3) *Course open to both sides:*—
To occupy the O.P.G.L.M.
Whoever occupies it first will have to defend it; the other will have to attack.

(4) *Plan:*—
To occupy the O.P.G.L.M. at once and let the other fellow do the attacking.

THE TWO CUPIDS.

[A well-known favourite has disappeared from the Zoological Gardens, for Cupid, the old camel, has been pensioned off.]

SAID Cupid from the Zoo
To Cupid from the Circus,
"Yes, I have felt it too,
The way they overwork us;
I never did revolt,
Though it was in my marrow,
But now I've shot my bolt
And you have shot your arrow.

"Our troubles were the same,
'Twas traffic in both cases;
My back it overcame,
It shifted your whole basis;
They put you on the shelf
To let you think it over,
And I'm to rest myself
And end my life in clover."

"Camel," the god replied,
"I fear you are mistaken;
Your place can be supplied,
My throne remains unshaken;
I'm grieved that you must go,
For yours was surely some back,
But as for me, you know,
I mean to stage a come-back.

"To Piccadilly nights
My lovers shall restore me,
And in among the lights
Look upward and adore me;
There, deathless and divine,
Enthroned above the flowers,
Young Love once more will shine
Amid his crystal showers."

One Last Noun of Assemblage.

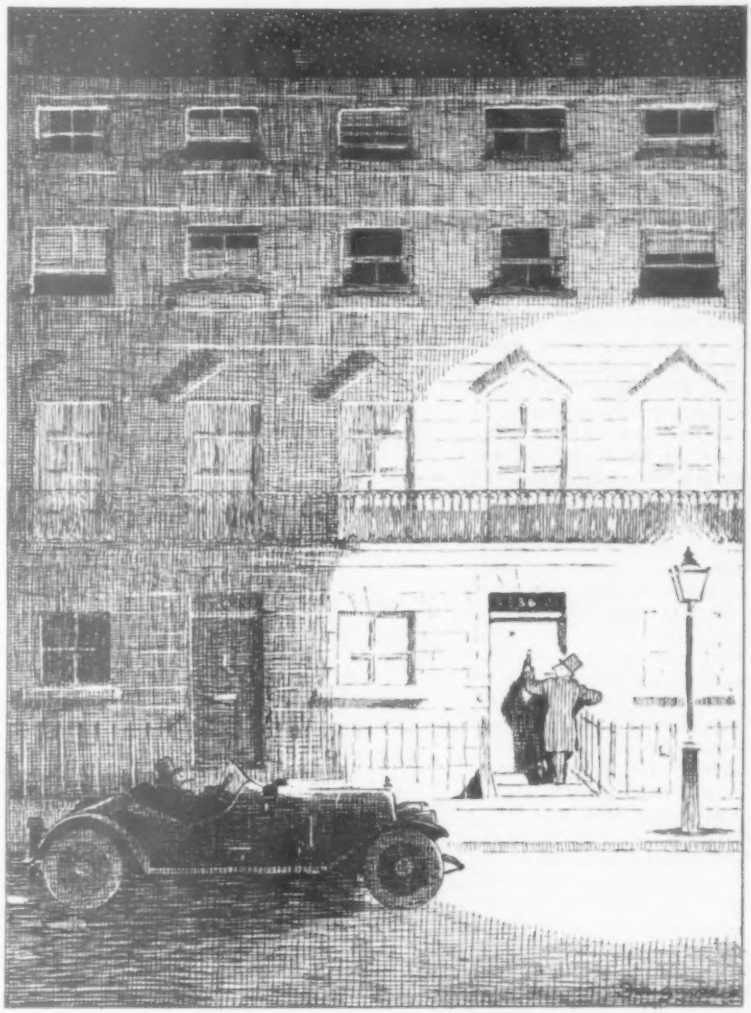
"Large contingencies of Boy Scouts arrived during the week-end."—*Welsh Paper.*

"Additional charge for meals served on the floor . . Lire 5,—"
From Advt. of Italian Hotel.

Signor MUSSOLINI discourages individualism.

"SUSSEX, nr. Rye, nicely secluded, old-fashioned Farmhouse, suitable for conversation."—*Advt. in Sunday Paper.*

What a pity it isn't half-way between Churt and Lossiemouth!



PLEASURES OF A QUIET STREET.

"JUST KEEP ON BLOWING THE HORN, OLD BOY, AND SEE IF THEY'VE GONE TO BED."

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

II.

Tuesday.—Well, who would have thought it? I have spent a week-end at Dieppe with those two wild fellows Haddock and Monsieur Formidable (I shall *never* remember his real name), and I live to tell the tale.

Why did I go? Well, I discussed it with two or three of the Council, and most of them seemed in favour. The Mayor said that as Chairman of Entertainments I might pick up a few hints for Burbleton. Mrs. Busy said that with all this talk about foreign seaside places and the Continental Sunday it would be a good thing to find out the truth. Masters said, "That's right. Go everywhere, do everything," and made a face behind Mrs. Busy's back; I do not know what he meant.

Haddock said that *his* idea was "to complete my education," which was not very polite; I suppose I finished my schooling some fifteen years before he began his. However, everyone seemed to look upon the trip as a sort of Mission, and in that spirit I went.

Well, I went everywhere, as Masters said, though I am glad to say I did not do everything, and very glad I am to be safe home at Burbleton. I am convinced that woman meant mischief. But I am going too fast.

I felt a little squeamish on the boat, nothing more, and if Haddock had not made me take that brandy I believe I should not have been sick at all. I am an excellent sailor, provided I may sit

perfectly still and close the eyes; but they pestered me down to the smoking-room, and it was all up. I was particularly annoyed because on deck I had been sitting next to an interesting American woman who is over here for the White Wings Movement. She told me that her husband, who is Mayor of a place called Themistocles, has invented a non-alcoholic substitute for wine. I thought this might interest the Frenchman, who came up just then, but all he said, as usual, was "*Formidable!*"

We went to a small hotel in a charming square, somewhat disfigured by a public convenience. The charge was forty-five francs with *pension*. I calculate that about six francs go to a shilling, so that was reasonable enough. All the time one is doing these little sums in one's head. Everything seems very cheap when you buy it, but one has a tendency to buy more, so it comes to the same thing.

My bedroom was on the second-floor, facing onto a narrow side-street. While I was changing my collar for dinner I had my first shock. Suddenly the face of a woman appeared in my window, I could not imagine how. She said, "*Pip-oh!*" and, I think, smiled at me, but it was dusk. However, there I was in my shirt-sleeves and I do believe that I blushed. Suddenly I realised that she must be leaning out of the window of the room next-door, a very perilous position. I put on my coat and said, "*Ma foi, Madame, vous allez casser* your neck!" In my excitement I could not remember the French for "neck." But she seemed to understand and withdrew. Haddock said she was probably a drug-fiend and meant no harm. "That may be," I said, "but I shall close the shutters to-night." A nice sort of person to have next-door! And there is only a thin partition between the rooms. The strange thing was that the face of the woman seemed somehow familiar.

At dinner I took a little red wine to please the others, and afterwards we went to the Casino. I have never gambled and I did not mean to begin now. But Haddock insisted on giving me some counters to play with, and since it was not my own money there seemed no harm. Haddock told me that the "odds" at this game, which is called *boule*, are very unfair, and one must not hope to win large sums. I said, "Nobody *should* win large sums. As for the 'odds,' I know my way about."

I sat down at the 1-franc table and staked a franc on the 7. One has a sort of instinct in these things. Immediately *le sept* (7) was called. I had won seven francs—more than a shilling. But to my disgust a rather corpulent Frenchwoman coolly picked up my winnings and walked away. I called out sharply, "*Madame!*" and was about to follow her, but I reflected that I owed it to the Council not to risk a scene in such a place. However, it required all my phlegm to prevent me from giving the croupier a piece of my mind. It made things no better to see that the drug-woman had sat down opposite and was looking at me strangely.

I did not stake for a throw or two, and then I put two francs on the 5. At once *le cinq* (5) was called. The thing is quite simple if you give your mind to it. This time I took good care to secure my money. I enjoyed my triumph for a few minutes, and then I risked five francs on one of the side-compartments. *Rouge* was called and I had doubled my stake. Well, I had won nineteen francs, and I was not going to be caught by any trickery with the "odds." I left the table. I fancied that the croupier threw me a cross glance, but if he thought that he had caught a "mug" he was very much mistaken. I went over to Haddock, who was at rather a flashy table, and without a word I handed him my winnings. He seemed surprised, but did not thank me.

Haddock was gambling recklessly and losing. I could have helped him but he would not trust to my instinct. Twice, when I whispered to him the winning number, he flung five or ten francs on the wrong one and lost it. I was a little surprised to see my American friend on the boat sitting at the same table. Studying, I suppose, like myself.

Eventually the Frenchman led me away to the dancing-hall and insisted on my taking a champagne cocktail. I said, "*Quelle idée!* (What an idea!)" I do not think my lips have touched champagne since the Armistice. However the fellow was so pressing that I told him to order what he would. I sipped the beverage for courtesy's sake and found it less unpleasant than I had expected. The Frenchman was very affable and talkative. I watched the dancers and suddenly I found that in pure absence of mind I had emptied my glass. I felt very confused by my mistake, especially as I saw the French drug-woman looking at me again in that odd way. Evidently she had followed me. The Frenchman said, "*Formidable!*" and something about froth-blowers. Then Haddock came up and ordered some more of the horrid stuff. Afterwards, I believe, we went to a "Café" Dancing, but the unaccustomed air had made me very sleepy and I soon turned in.

I did not know the whereabouts of an English church, so lay in bed rather late on Sunday morning, I fear. Haddock came into my room and insisted that I had danced with the French woman at the Café, but that man will say anything for effect. Certainly I remember nothing about it. In any case I do not dance.

I think I must have eaten something which disagreed with me, possibly the *moules* (mussels). However, by twelve I was quite ready for a stroll. I was struck at once by the *pagan* look of the town, a *band* playing outside the



Piper (to man about to toss the caber). "THANKS BE TO GUIDNESS THERE'S TWA THREE THINGS YET THE LASSIES CANNA BEAT US AT!"

Casino, people sitting at cafés drinking *beer*, and bathing in full swing. People seem to do exactly as they like. I said so to Haddock. He said, "Pagan be ——! They've all been to church, which is more than you have."

"That," I said, "is rather unworthy." It is no use arguing with the man.

We found M. Formidable swilling *bocks* on the Casino terrace. (I was certainly surprised to hear that *he* had been to church, or Mass, as they call it.) "You could not do this," I said whimsically, "at Burbleton." He said, "*Pourquoi pas, Monsieur?*"

I realised that it is impossible to explain these things to a Frenchman, so I shrugged my shoulders. But I said to Haddock ironically, "I suppose you would like to see the taverns open all day in Burbleton?"

He said, "*Pourquoi pas?* Have you seen anyone drunk in Dieppe?"

"No," I said. "But that is not the point."

"What is the point, then?" he said.

When people snap at me like that I become confused, but I have written down the exact words, and I shall be interested to hear how Mrs. Busy would have answered him.

In the afternoon the two bathed from the beach, among the *ouvriers* (workmen). There was a great crowd and everyone dressed and undressed in the open, which seemed to give Haddock great satisfaction, I suppose because of the snubbing he got at Burbleton. He said, "Well, do you see anything shocking?" "No," I said, "but I see the thin end of the wedge." Rather a smart one, I thought. But he replied, "Then it cannot have gone very far." I wonder what Mrs. Busy would have said to that. I abandoned badinage and said, "Well, we are not going to have this sort of thing at Burbleton." He said, "You are."

"Contradiction," I retorted, "is not argument."

When we said good-night in the corridor he said, "Well, I hope you have enjoyed your Continental Sunday," and, as a guest, I was forced to say Yes. Then he asked again, "Have you seen anything improper yet, anything improper, immoral or indecent?"

"I have seen several postcards——" I began; but at that moment the drug-woman passed us, and there was no doubt about it, she made a sort of *wink* at me.

"*There!*" I said to Haddock when she had gone—"*that* could never have happened in a Burbleton hotel."

For once he had no answer, and I shut my door. That, after all, is "the point." The French and the English are different and that is all about it.



Counsel. "YOU SAY IT WAS A SPOTTED DOG. WAS IT SPOTTED ALL OVER?"
Witness. "DON'T BE SILLY! IF HE'D 'A-BEEN SPOTTED ALL OVER, HE'D 'A-BEEN ALL ONE COLOUR."

Wednesday.—The most extraordinary thing has happened. I have seen the French drug-fiend here in Burbleton. And she is not French at all, but a respectable young woman behind the counter at Bootle's. I spoke to her, and it seems that one of her girl-friends had been occupying my room and had changed it without telling her. She looked at me at the Casino, expecting me to recognise her. Well, I am glad that I have to think no evil of the girl. The question now is, What does she think of *me*? I wish now that I had not gone to that Café. A. P. H.

"THRILLING RESCUE BY DRAINPIPE."
Provincial Paper.

Many a chivalrous heart beats in the sub-soil.

Flagrant Contempt of Court.

"Fines amounting in all to £11 10s. were imposed upon several Glasgow men, who admitted charges of illegal fishing at the J.P. Court to-day."—*Scottish Paper.*

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Art Gallery at Birkenhead from October 11 to November 8; at Norwich from November 22 to December 27; at Reading from January 3 to January 31, 1931; at Lincoln from February 14 to March 14; at Wolverhampton from March 28 to May 9; and at Blackpool from May 23 to July 4.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

[It is stated that the proprietor of a Highland hotel intends that next year his waiters shall wear the kilt. What their nationality will be is not known.]

PATRIOTS, this must be prevented!
  Spread your standard to the breeze!
Will the clans behold, contented,
  Kilts above pale servile knees?
Must they see them—oh, how hateful!—
  Hang from feeble foreign hips
Bent, obsequiously grateful,
  For the full-fed Southron's tips?

Slogans to the kilt are suited,
  Stirring fury, fire and fear,
Not smooth alien accents, muted,
  Murmuring mildly, "Thick or clear?"
Nor would Scotland much abate her
  Indignation and distress
If the Gael should act as waiter
  In his noble native dress.

Shall the strength that swung the claymore
  Tickle tourists from the States—
Just to make them pleased to pay more—
  Juggling with a pile of plates?
Scotland, ask your spirit whether
  To this task the kilt shall stoop,
And the step that strode the heather
  Bring the Sassenach his soup.

W. K. H.

EXCELSIOR: THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

THIS is a dangerous season. Let all men (especially uncles) beware. Let them benefit by my experience. Once again I have walked unsuspecting into the cunningly-baited trap.

"Dear Henry," wrote Pamela's mother, "what ages it is since we have seen you. Why don't you come down and spend a few days with us in this delightful September weather? Bring your golf-clubs, of course." Then came the real bait. "Pamela is dying to see you. You know how the child dotes on you, and she has only a week more holiday."

I ought to have been warned in time. That week, that fatal last week of the summer holidays! A year ago, I now recall, it was merely a General Knowledge paper. I rather distinguished myself over that. My mind is a storehouse of unreliable information, and my profession has given me a fatal plausibility. Both Pamela and Pamela's mother had listened open-mouthed as I rattled off item after item. I was careful not to inquire about the results.

The year before that, Pamela was in the Kindergarten (or its modern equivalent). The poor mite was given the fantastic task of constructing a model of Saint BENEDICT in his hermit's cell. Both she and her mother were on the verge of a nervous breakdown when I arrived. But in the end we had great fun over old BENEDICT. I had a vague idea that the sainted man was a great lover of animals; if it wasn't BENEDICT it was someone else. Having stimulated our imaginations with a visit to the Zoo, we peopled the monk's cell with a truly noble menagerie of animals, including a most realistic stuffed rat. I was told by Pamela's mother that the unfortunate schoolmistress nearly fainted away when the lid of the cell (a large soap-box) was lifted by the enraptured Pamela, to display the Saint seated amongst his revolting pets. But that is ancient history, and anyway the woman deserved it.

"Pamela has to write a poem," announced Pamela's mother as I sank into an armchair after an excellent dinner. "I do hope you are going to help her again."

The duplicity of women! I ought to have smelt the conspiracy a mile off.

"You know what it is," she continued apologetically. "The great idea nowadays is to let children express themselves."

I expressed myself fluently but without avail.

The next day was wet, and at ten-thirty precisely Pamela presented herself with a large exercise-book and a bright smile.

"It's awful rot, Uncle Harry," she said. "I've got to write a foul poem about the country or something."

So that's how children "express themselves" nowadays!

"I see," I said. "Have you any ideas about it?"

She stood on one foot for an embarrassed moment. "I'd like it to be like 'Excelsior,'" she suggested timidly.

Who was I to check the creative impulse? "How many verses ought there to be?" I asked.

"Oh, four will do. That's what Miss Murray said."

"Very well. You shall write the first two lines of each verse and I'll write the next two, and then we'll stick on 'Excelsior' at the end."

"What will the first verse be about?" she asked.

"A skylark," I replied.

Pamela's opening two lines, after fifteen minutes' concentrated thought, were highly creditable:—

"It was the early dawn, and hark!
I thought I heard a little lark."

I added:—

"Mother's voice goes very high,
But oh! the skylark in the sky!
Excelsior!"

"Capital!" I said. "Now for verse two—about a pig-sty."

Pamela, warming up, soon produced

"I went to see a little pig,
And with his nose he loved to dig."

All Pamela's birds and beasts are agreeably diminutive.

I added:—

"Stilton cheese is sometimes high,
But oh! the pig within his sty!
Excelsior!"

"A little coarse," I commented, "but the country has its earthy side and we can't neglect that. Now for a touch of spirituality. Verse three—the village church."

A difficult subject, but Pamela stuck to it nobly. Eventually she showed me

"The village church is rather nice,
I've been to see it once or twice."

The exigencies of rhyme had caused a slight reflection on her religious upbringing, which is really excellent. I remembered the Anglo-Catholic tendencies of the Vicar, and added:—

"Proudly soars the splendid spire,
But oh! I think the parson's higher!
Excelsior!"

So far so good, but anything after the village church would be rather an anticlimax. We were still thinking when Pamela's mother came in.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that the poem's rather a bother. It's all the fault of the Higher Education."

The Higher Education!

"Put in something nice" she suggested, "about going back to school. Miss Murray would like that."

Pamela was not enthusiastic, but we set to work. Pamela's school is called St. Margaret's High School. She produced this grudging and dubious tribute:—

"St. Margaret's is nice and slack,
I really don't mind going back."

I added:—

"It's called a high school, I know why,
The education there—my eye!
Excelsior!"

Pamela was delighted with the poem. She knows it off by heart. I hope Miss Murray will enjoy it.

The Ubiquitous Policewoman.

"She Sheriffs of 23 counties to-day joined a concerted drive against the Twentieth century rustlers operating on a large scale."
American Paper.

"Under Servants.—Lady wishes to place in London area tall girl 14."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

It would be funnier to try it on a short girl, who couldn't climb out.

"Morris —— , Butcher. Kills himself at 9 o'clock every day."
Notice outside Jaffa shop.

He doesn't seem to be very good at his job.



Mother (to small boy who has been to new school for the first day). "HOW DID YOU GET ON, ALFRED?"
Alfred (a veteran film-fan). "I HATE IT, MUMMY, AND I DON'T WANT TO GO AGAIN. TEACHER PUT ME IN THE FRONT ROW, AND I'M NOT GOING TO SIT IN THE FOURPENNIES."

THE MECHANICAL HIGHBROW.

[A writer in a contemporary recently asked us not to distress ourselves vainly about the "scars across the face of England" and our "disappearing landmarks," but allow facts of the day to express themselves in terms of their own beauty.]

Oh, say not the charms of the country are fled;
Though Nature be under our ban
Regard in their proper perspective instead
The remarkable efforts of Man.

The pump whose appearance you frankly revile,
Though dear to the motorist's heart,
May prove, if you ponder its *motif* awhile,
An exalted example of art.

The bungaloid growth which to-day you condemn
In your highly æsthetical haste
To-morrow perchance you may judge as a gem;
Even pearls are a matter of taste.

Consider the pylon's Olympian lines;
Pronounce them a blot if you please;
But I bid you reflect if a cluster of pines
Can compare in expression with these.

The station for wireless that startles the view
Base war on the landscape may wage,
Yet stands as a witness for dullards like you
Of a rather miraculous age.

Then take my advice as you go on your way:
To the present be wisely resigned
And regard the mechanical modes of the day
With a purely mechanical mind.

A. K.



Cheapjack. "WHAT! NONE OF YOU GOING TO BUY THIS HANDSOME ORNAMENT? I'LL HAVE IT MYSELF THEN."
Little Girl (who has been on the spot all the afternoon). "BUT YOU'VE GOT FOUR OF THOSE ALREADY."

"CALLED AWAY":

OR, THE EXPOSURE OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

"Fosby, old chap," I said, "I have enjoyed my time in your company immensely. I hope and believe we shall meet again shortly."

Saxophonic strains were heralding in dance No. 5. I put my glass down on the revolving bookcase—we were in Fosby's study—and, descending the stairs, made across the ball-room floor on the bearing of a dinky shingle named Miss Brown.

"My dance, I think," I said.

"Paul Jones?" asked Miss Brown, looking up at me.

"No," I said. "This is dance No. 5. I expect it's No. 6 you have with Mr. Jones."

Miss Brown smiled.

"Look at your programme," I said rather sternly. "You can't play about with a contract in writing, you know."

She referred to her contract in writing.

"Mr. Bunting?" she asked.

"Mr. Claude Bunting," I replied.

"Then this is our dance," said Miss Brown brightly; "but we can't dance it together because it's a Paul Jones."

Miss Brown and I sat out dance No. 5. She told me that the Paul Jones was a community dance, and that she had left college only a few months previously and was young and inexperienced.

"And what do you propose to do?" I said. "Medicine? The Bar? Politics?"

"No," said Miss Brown; "not yet anyway. I'm going to start by writing my autobiography."

"Don't think me rude," I said, "but aren't you a trifle young to take that course?"

"No," said Miss Brown. "Autobiographers are getting younger and younger every day, you know. Several people as young as thirty have written their lives recently, and one at the age of twenty-two. If I wrote mine I believe it would be a record."

"A record for the old country," I murmured. "By Jove! there's something in that. The Americans have been getting them all lately; they ran away with another one—the breath-holding, I think it was—the other day."

"They did," said Miss Brown bitterly. "Besides, apart from a possible record, it stands to reason that the earlier one's age the fresher in one's mind are the secrets and confidences of one's youth and schooldays; and it's these that the public like to read, and to learn all the little ways in which parents go wrong—where they fail to grasp their offspring's psychology and probably by their ignorant treatment upset that offspring's mental equilibrium for life."

"Good Heavens!" I said. "Do parents do that sort of thing?"

"Rather," said Miss Brown. "You can't have read any modern young autobiographers."

"No," I said; "but I read the autobiography of an elderly lady right through recently, and I certainly got the impression that it would have been better if she had written it before reaching the age of thirty."

"I expect it would," said Miss Brown. "And I don't see why parents should be spared publicity, do you?"

"You'll probably laugh at me," I said, "but I must admit a rude uncultured partiality for parents. I am convinced that they mean well. At any rate they do not, like some others I know, pretend to a respectability that is not theirs."

"What others?" demanded Miss Brown.

I glanced over my shoulder. "Just before this dance" I said, lowering my voice, "there were two young doctors closeted in Mr. Fosby's study."

"Poor Mr. Fosby!" said Miss Brown. "That explains why he hasn't appeared to-night. Is he bad?"

"He is not bad," I said. "Those two young doctors were closeted with Mr. Fosby in a strictly unprofessional capacity. They were partaking of refreshment. I was there having a chat with Fosby."

"I quite understand," said Miss Brown.

"Now please follow me closely," I said. "Before going up to have that chat with Fosby I had heard somebody in the ballroom say, 'Do you know where Dr. So-and-so is?' and the reply was, 'He told me he had been called away.'"

"Whew!" said Miss Brown.

"Whew indeed," I said. "I had before that examined the cards of three or four of my partners, and I am satisfied that there are only two doctors here to-night. Therefore one of those partaking of refreshment must have been Dr. So-and-so."

"I knew it," said Miss Brown. "For years I have wondered at the frequency with which doctors are called away from private dances. I shall expose Dr. So-and-so and the whole medical profession in my autobiography."

"It is your duty," I said. "But the saxophone starts again. I must away. I have the next dance with—" (I consulted my programme) "—with Mr. Fosby. Another chat. But we should meet again. Can you give me a dance later on?"

"I'm afraid I can't. I'm full up."

She studied her programme carefully and then laughed. "There's just one chance," she said. "I have No. 15 with a Dr. Stone. You won't have seen his name on your partners' programmes as he's only just arrived. Well, if he happened to be called away, I'd have that one to spare."

"Thank you," I said. "I'll see what can be done." And I left her.

That was the last I saw of Miss Brown. Dr. Stone did not happen to be called away. He might have been, perhaps, with Fosby's assistance, had he not turned out on inquiry to be an elderly Doctor of Divinity. In fact I was driven to the conclusion that Miss Brown had not been quite straight with me in the matter. And at times I have even thought it possible that she did not mean all she said about the autobiography.

On the whole I should be sorry if I knew this to be the case. True, the reputation of the parents, towards whom, as I have said, I have an old-fashioned leaning, would be saved. I should be glad of this, even at the risk of their offsprings' psychology remaining ungrasped. But then the medical profession would escape, and will any reasonable man deny that they deserve instant exposure?

C. B.



THE SUNBATHERS.

"WELL, ANYHOW, JOHN, WE'RE ALL READY WHEN THE SUN *does* COME OUT."

The Artistic Chi-ike.

"NEAT WAVE AND HAIL."
Irish Paper.

"Eric sat with his hat across one eye and one leg crossed upon the other."
Magazine Story.

Eric ought to get a competent mechanic to run over his joints with a spanner.

If ADAM had lived from his day to ours, says an American newspaper, and had received one hundred pounds daily during the intervening six thousand years, he would have about half ROCKEFELLER'S wealth.

Not if EVE had got at it.

1066 AND ALL THAT.

[Being extracts from a forthcoming History of England. (Absit Oman.)]

HENRY V. AN IDEAL KING.

On the death of HENRY IV. Part II., his son, Prince HAL, who had won all English hearts by his youthful pranks (such as trying on the crown while his father lay dying, and hitting a very old man called Judge GASCOIGNE), determined to justify public expectation by becoming the *Ideal English King*. He therefore decided on an immediate appearance in the Hundred Years War, making a declaration that all the treaties with France were to be regarded as dull and void.

Conditions in France were favourable to HENRY since the French King, being mad, had entrusted the command of the army to an elderly constable. After capturing some breeches at Harfleur (more than once) HENRY was held up on the road to Calais by the constable, whom he defeated at the utterly memorable battle of Agincourt (French Poitiers). He thus became ruler of Anjou, Menjou, Poilou, Maine, Touraine, Againe and Againe, and, realising that he was now too famous to live long, expired at the ideal moment.

HENRY VI. A VERY SMALL KING.

The next King, HENRY VI., was only one year old and was thus rather a weak King. When he grew up, however, he was such a Good Man that he was considered a saint, or alternatively (especially by the Barons) an imbecile.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

Noticing suddenly that the Middle Ages were coming to an end, the Barons now made a stupendous effort to revive the old amenities of Sackage, Carnage and Wreckage and so stave off the TUDORS for a time. They achieved this by a very clever plan, known as the Wars of the Roses (because the Barons all picked different coloured roses in order to see which side they were on).

WARWICK THE KINGMAKER.

One of the rules in the Wars of the Roses was that nobody was ever really King but that EDMUND MORTIMER ought to be: any Baron who wished to be considered King was allowed to apply at WARWICK the Kingmaker's where he was made to fill up a a form, answering the following questions:—

(1) Are you EDMUND MORTIMER? If not, have you got him?

(2) Have you ever been King before? If so, state how many times; also whether deposed, beheaded or died of surfeit.

(3) Are you prepared to marry MARGARET of Angoulême? If ISABELLA of Hainault preferred, give reasons. (Candidates are advised not to attempt both ladies.)

(4) Have you had the Black Death?

(5) What have you done with your mother?



MORTON'S FORK.

(6) Do you intend to be—

(*a*) A Good King.

(*b*) A Bad King.

(*c*) A Weak King.

(Candidates must not attempt more than one section.)

(7) How do you propose to die? (Give your answer in BLOCK CAPITALS.)

N.B.—Do not on any account attempt to write on both sides of the paper at once.

* * * * *

CAUSE OF THE TUDORS.

During the Wars of the Roses the Kings became less and less memorable (sometimes even getting in the wrong order), until one of them, finding that his name was CLARENCE, had himself drowned in a spot of Malmsey wine; while the last of all even wanted to exchange his kingdom for a horse. It was therefore decided, since the STUARTS were not ready yet, to have some Welsh Kings called TUDORS (on account of their descent from OWEN GLENDOWER) who, it was hoped, would be more memorable.

The first of these Welsh Kings was HENRY VII., who defeated all other Kings and took away their roses. After the battle the crown was found hanging up in a hawthorn tree on top of a hill. This is memorable as being the only occasion on which the crown has been found after a battle hanging up in a hawthorn-tree on top of a hill.

HENRY VII.'S STATECRAFT.

HENRY VII. was a miser and very good at statecraft. He invented some extremely clever policies such as the one called Morton's Fork. This was an enormous prong with which his minister MORTON visited the rich citizens (or burglars, as they were called). If the citizen said he was poor, MORTON drove his fork in a certain distance and promised not to take it out until the citizen paid a large sum of money to the King. As soon as this was forthcoming MORTON dismissed him, at the same time shouting "Fork Out" so that HENRY would know the statecraft had been successful. If the burglar said he was quite rich MORTON did the same thing. It was thus a very clever policy and always succeeded, except when MORTON put the fork in too far.

LAMBERT SIMNEL AND PERKIN WARBECK.

English History has always been subject to Waves of Pretenders. These have usually come in small Waves of two—an Old Pretender and a Young Pretender.

Two Pretenders who now arose were LAMBERT SIMNEL and PERKIN WARBECK, and they succeeded in confusing the issue absolutely by being so similar that some historians suggest they were really the same person (*i.e.*, the Earl of Warbeck).

LAMBERT SIMNEL, the Young Pretender, was really (probably) himself, but cleverly pretended to be the Earl of Warbeck. HENRY VII. therefore ordered him to be led through the streets of London to prove that he really was.

PERKIN WARBECK, the older and

more confusing Pretender, insisted that he was himself, thus causing complete dissension till HENRY VII. had him led through the streets of London to prove that he was really LAMBERT SIMNEL.

TEST PAPER.

1215 TO END OF HENRY VII.

1. Contract, Expand and Explode—
   (*a*) The Charters and Garters of the Realm.
   (*b*) The Old Suspender.

2. How did any one of the following differ from any other?—
   (*a*) HENRY IV. Part I.
   (*b*) HENRY IV. Part II.

3. "The end of the closing of the second stage of the Treaty of Bretigny marks the opening of a new phase in the first stage of the termination of the Hundred Years War." (Refute.)

4. "Know ye not Agincourt? (Confess.)

5. Do not draw a map of the Battle of Bannockburn, but write not more than three lines on the advantages and disadvantages of the inductive historical method with special relation to ecclesiastical litigation in the earlier Lancastrian epochs.

6. Describe in excessive detail—
   (*a*) The advantages of the Black Death.
   (*b*) The fate of the Duke of CLARENCE.
   (*c*) A Surfeit.

N.B.—Candidates should write on at least one side of the paper.

BLUFF KING HAL.

HENRY VIII. was a strong King with a very strong sense of humour and VIII wives.

In his youth HENRY was fond of playing tennis, and after his accession is believed never to have lost a set. He also invented a game called "*Bluff King Hal*," which he invited his ministers to play with him. The players were blindfolded and knelt down with their heads on a block of wood; they then guessed whom the King would marry next.

Cardinal WOLSEY, the friend of CROMWELL (not to be confused with CROMWELL), after winning on points, was disqualified by the King (who always acted as umpire) and lost. In the opinion of SHAKESPEARE (the memorable playwriter and Top Poet) his unexpected defeat was due to his failure to fling away ambition.

THE RESTORATION.

HENRY wanted the POPE to give him a divorce from his first wife, KATHERINE. He wanted this because—

(*a*) He had married her a very long time ago.

(*b*) When she had a baby it turned out to be Broody Mary, and HENRY wanted a boy.

(*c*) He thought it would be a *Good Thing*.

The POPE, however, refused, and seceded with all his followers from the Church of England. This was called the Restoration.

(*To be continued.*)

An Impending Sore Throat.

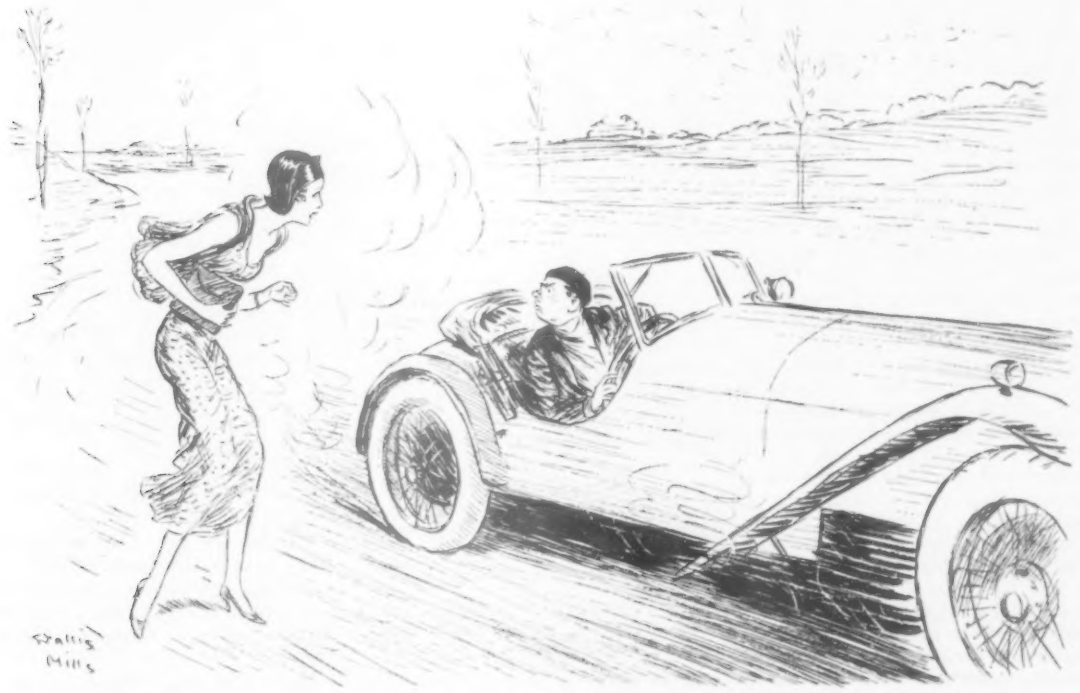
"The local Congregational Church will celebrate their harvest festival to-morrow. The Rev. J. —— (pastor) will occupy the pulpit for the day."—*Devon Paper.*

'BURGLARS HAUL AT HISTORIC MANSION." *Evening Paper.*

They would probably find one of our new Arterial Bungalows more tractable.

"—— HOTEL. THIRST CLASS." *Pamphlet.*

We shall split the difference and call it second.



Girl (who has signalled to driver of high-powered sports-car). "I WONDER IF YOU'D BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GIVE ME A LIFT? THE ONLY THING IS I'M IN A DREADFUL HURRY."



LA CULTURE PHYSIQUE.

A FREE ENTERTAINMENT PROVIDED EVERY MORNING TO VISITORS ON THE SANDS AT DINARD.

AT MUSQUASH MANSIONS.

IT is a strange thing that people who live in upper flats should all have heavy dragging feet, and people who live in lower ones hypersensitive nerves. To those of us who live in between it seems wickedly unfair. No one, for instance, warned us when we moved into Musquash Mansions that the couple who were to live above our heads would stamp about all the evening in clogs on the bare boards and then start shifting furniture at midnight.

Of course I may be wrong about the clogs. But the sound of furniture being shifted is unmistakable. The only time we mentioned it, however, they denied it altogether and swore that they had spent the whole evening quietly reading and had then crept off to bed at 10.30. In the face of deliberate untruthfulness what is one to do?

Then, again, who would have imagined that dropping a teaspoon—I am convinced that that was all it was—would have been sufficient to provoke an hysterical outburst from the nest of neurotics underneath? According to them we had been hurling the occasional furniture and bric-à-brac about for hours. In vain did we assure them that we had been sitting placidly drinking tea. Some people can't recognise the truth when it is told them.

It's a funny thing, but the people underneath solemnly believe us to be all the things that the people overhead really are—clumsy, elephantine, inconsiderate and so on.

And the miserable hypochondriac from the ground-floor flat has now had the impudence to write to us about what he calls noise and we call nerves. The rather pathetic little human document ran as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—Please do not think me unreasonable when I complain about the noise that comes from your flat. I suffered considerably from loss of sleep on the night of your last party. There is also a mysterious clicking noise like an enormous typewriter that worries me.

Yours very truly, ?

The surname was illegible. But I risked something at last and replied in a nice friendly spirit:—

DEAR SIR,—Of course I don't think you in the least degree unreasonable. I agree with you entirely about the party. We also suffered from loss of sleep. But what is one to do when people simply *won't* go? About the mysterious clicking noise. You are right again; it is an enormous typewriter.

Yours very truly, N. FOOTLE.

The correspondence lapsed for a little, and then this came:—

DEAR SIR,—I have lived in these flats for twenty-one years and have never had to complain before last week. I am sorry to say there has been no sign of improvement. My wife, who is an invalid and cannot go out, complains bitterly of noises within. There is also a great deal of unnecessary disturbance in the bathroom.

Yours faithfully, E. MUGSTER (not *Gangster*, as you addressed me previously).

I could see just how things were. Those twenty-one years of small dark rooms and inefficient hall-porterage would have made a saint pernicketty. Obviously the man needed cheering. I replied:—

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you on your twenty-first anniversary in Musquash Mansions. What



INDISCRIMINATE DOPE.

THE HORSE (*addressing John Bull*). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. THIS ISN'T MEANT TO MAKE ME TRY ANY HARDER. IT'S JUST A COMFORTING DRUG."

JOHN BULL. "IF THIS GOES ON, SOMEBODY WILL HAVE TO BE WARNED OFF THE COURSE."

[It is widely recognised that the serious increase in the number of the unemployed cannot be entirely explained by "world causes," but is due in part to the Government's method of administration, which encourages abuse of the dole by those who are not honestly seeking work.]

changes you must have seen! Permit me to say, too, how sorry I am to hear of your wife's complaint. As to the disturbance in the bathroom, surely that is a matter for individual taste. I suppose you know the one about the old Scotch lady who used to take a hot bath every six months, whether she needed it or not? It is a favourite story in my family. If we become acquainted you will doubtless hear it often.

Yours very truly, N. FOOTLE.

P.S.—I am sorry about the name. We tossed up. My wife thought it was "Songster."

As you see, I was doing all I could to keep things on a pleasant footing. I did not want to be pointed out as the cuckoo in Musquash Mansions, so to speak. And everything was quietening down nicely when the Mugster cat, a large dissolute animal, crawled onto our balcony and died there. It made the neurotics look pretty small having to send the maid up to collect it, and we gave another party whilst the game was still in our favour. Then the Mugster temper flared up again.

DEAR SIR,—May I inform you that, due to some excessive vibration from above, a large portion of plaster fell from the ceiling onto my wife's head. It is now in pieces on the carpet. I am writing to the landlord by this post.

Yours faithfully, E. MUGSTER.

Obviously a stern course was needed. I did not want to be the other kind of cuckoo either. My answer showed all the old Footle spirit of defiance:—

DEAR SIR,—You need not have written to inform me of the fall of ceiling, which must have been in bad repair. The crash disturbed us, and we had already written to the landlord to complain when your letter arrived. What is it that is in pieces on the carpet? Your letter does not make it clear

Yours faithfully, N. FOOTLE.

Then old Mugster became positively offensive. He even rang me up at the office. And to soothe him I sent him this little note:—

DEAR SIR,—I am afraid you misunderstood me over the telephone. I said nothing insulting about your wife. I merely referred to the accident, which was, I understood, due to a fall of plaster.

Yours faithfully, N. FOOTLE.

Then this came:—

DEAR SIR,—I heard distinctly what you said about my wife. The word was not "plaster." I have forwarded your explanation to my solicitors, from whom you may expect to hear in due course.

Yours faithfully, E. MUGSTER.



LUNACY EXPERTS STUDYING THE HABITS OF BATS IN A BELFRY.

And I sent this:—

DEAR SIR,—After consideration I have written to the R.S.P.C.A. My wife points out that cats do not go next-door to die unless they have been unhappy at home.

Yours faithfully, N. FOOTLE.

That is how we stood when Musquash Mansions were burgled. Starting with the clog-dancing couple and working systematically through the Footles down to the Mugsters, a burglar cleared up everything of value.

It is perfectly amazing how a burglary revives the dying brotherhood of man.

That evening the clog-dancers came down and the Mugsters came up, and were entertained, together with two policemen (large size) and a sergeant, and the porter from Musquash Mansions (whom we all suspected), in the small Footle flat. Then about a fortnight later old Mugster and I walked round to the police-station like two friends to attempt to identify the Mugster trinkets and the Footle heirlooms.

Neither of us now knows quite what to do. I am expecting to hear from his solicitor, and old Mugster is expecting to hear from the R.S.P.C.A. In the meantime the Mugsters did not turn a hair when our window-cleaner stood his ladder in their window-box. And we creep about with cushions tied round our feet so as not to disturb poor old Mrs. Mugster.

But the noise from the clog-dancing couple is still appalling. I sometimes wonder if that isn't what the Mugsters used to hear.

"The week has brought two unusual names into prominence—President Uriburu who is under greater obligations to the letter *u* than most of us. . . ."—*Sunday Paper.*

We feel ourselves indebted to it for exactly half of us.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

ONCE when Herbert Waybill was having his holiday at Seawater-on-Sea he saw a girl called Marjorie Looper on the pier, and he didn't know what her name was then but he liked the look of her so much that he had a good mind to fall in love with her at first sight. But he thought he had better not do that until he had seen her again, because he had done some falling in love at first sight before, and what he told his friend Percy Permit was that there was no money in it, and Percy Permit said no it is like backing an outsider with a spavin. And they didn't mean anything obnoxious by talking like that about girls, they only did it because they thought it was rather grand, and Herbert Waybill was rather under the influence of Percy Permit.

Well the next morning Marjorie Looper came tripping on to the pier with her friend Dolly Swallow, and she really looked very sweet with bare legs and a frock made out of a chintz curtain, at least it looked like that but it suited her. And Dolly Swallow had on pink pyjamas with large yellow and black spots and high-heeled shoes and a floppy hat, like they wear at the Lido, at least she thought they did though she had never been there, but they didn't go about in things like that at Seawater-on-Sea, so everybody turned their heads to look at her and said they were sure she must be on the stage, which was what she wanted them to say though she only said sign please in a shop. And Marjorie Looper was in the same shop and she didn't much care for going about with Dolly Swallow because she thought she made herself too conspicuous, but she was kind-hearted and didn't want to offend her, and besides Dolly Swallow said to her I shan't go about with you long dear because looking like this I am sure to pick up a feller.

Well Herbert Waybill and Percy Permit were on the pier smoking cigarettes and talking in rather loud voices about Goodwood though they didn't know where it was but they had seen something about it in the newspaper. And when Percy Permit saw Dolly Swallow in her pyjamas he said this is a bit of OK, I'm on. And he put his hat a little more sideways and followed her. And Herbert Waybill went with him because he had made up his mind to fall in love with Marjorie Looper now, as he thought she looked so sweet and innocent beside Dolly Swallow. And he wasn't really fast like Percy Permit because he had been brought up at his mother's knee, and he had gone to evening classes before he had made friends with Percy Permit and been led astray. But he had not been led very far astray yet because he was rather tired of Percy Permit who was always wanting to borrow money off him, and he wanted to save up his money and get married and live in a nice little house at Harrow with a garden where he could grow zinnias.



"THE TWO GIRLS STOPPED BEFORE ONE OF THOSE AUTOMATIC MACHINES."

Well the two girls stopped before one of those automatic machines where you put in a penny and a hand goes whirling round and if it stops at the right place you get back twopence, but it generally doesn't. And Dolly Swallow looked out of the corner of her eye and saw Percy Permit behind her and she said in a loud voice oh I wish I had a penny, it is so silly of them not to give you pockets in these Lido costumes.

So Percy stepped forward and raised his hat and said pardon me for addressing you Miss, and she said granted I'm sure. And he said allow me to provide you with a copper for insertion, and held out a penny. And she said oh I couldn't possibly take money from a gentleman, and he said I am not a gentleman I am a nobleman in disguise. And they all laughed at that so the ice was broken, and it had never been very thick, so the end of it was that Percy Permit went off with Dolly Swallow, and he didn't mind people turning their heads to look at her, he rather liked it, and Herbert Waybill was left with Marjorie Looper after they had been properly introduced, at least not quite properly because the other two did it, but they didn't mind that as people didn't go in for being too formal at Seawater-on-Sea.

Well Herbert Waybill didn't want Marjorie Looper to think he was really fast like Percy Permit, so he told her that he only went about with him because they were in the same office, and she said she didn't approve of everything that Dolly Swallow did and she wished she would keep her pyjamas to sleep in. And then they found out that they both had quite quiet tastes, like reading books sometimes if they were interesting enough, and it turned out that they had both been to the Tower of London, so they had plenty to talk about, and when it was time to go home to dinner they arranged to meet in the afternoon but without Percy Permit and Dolly Swallow.

So the course of true love ran smooth and the very next day they got engaged. And Percy Permit and Dolly Swallow were already engaged, and Percy Permit borrowed six-and-ninepence off Herbert Waybill to buy a ring for her, but it was arranged that if they got tired of each other before the end of their fortnight's holiday she would give it him back, because he said he had given engagement-rings to so many girls and hadn't got them back, so it was best to be on the safe side, and she said she had so many of them already that she could easily spare this one if things didn't turn out OK.

But Marjorie Looper wouldn't let Herbert Waybill give her an engagement ring yet, she said she couldn't be properly engaged to him until he had seen her mother, who was very particular about all that. So she took him to see her, and Mrs. Looper was a very genteel woman and she said to Herbert Waybill I shouldn't think of letting Marjorie marry anybody who was at all common, my mother was a Bunder-Whipple.

Well at first Herbert Waybill didn't know what a bunderwhipple was, but

she went on talking about how grand her family was and it turned out that that was the name of her grandfather who had lived in Essex and gone in for hunting, at least she said he had. And she said I suppose Marjorie has told you that she is employed in an emporium, I should have preferred her to stay at home and learn French and callisthenics, but all the titled ladies I know go in for shops now so I gave way. But when she is married I should insist that she lived at home like a lady and kept a servant, though just at first I shouldn't mind a woman coming in to do the rough work if it didn't run to a whole-time domestic, may I ask what figure you represent on the pay-sheet, Mr. Waybill?

Well when he told her she said it wasn't nearly enough, and no girl with a grandmother who had been a Bunder-Whipple could possibly marry in such low circles. And he was rather depressed in his spirits at first, but Marjorie told him that he needn't mind what her mother said and if he paid her little attentions like taking her in threepennyworth of winkles to go with her tea she would soon come round. So he did that, and she did come round and grew quite fond of Herbert Waybill, and she said he reminded her of her uncle Josiah Bunder-Whipple who had once sold a horse to a lord, and the lord had taken quite a fancy to him and called him old chap.

So they got properly engaged, and Marjorie was very sweet to Herbert Waybill and said she didn't mind waiting for five years until they could afford to get married, because she loved him so much that it was worth it. But Percy Permit's engagement to Dolly Swallow only lasted five days, and then she told him that he was a common little squirt and she would look out for somebody else who had more money to flip about. And when he asked her to give him back his ring she said he could sue her for it. A. M.

Tooting Laughs Last.

"A man of 50, touring in Germany with a party from Tooting, observed when seeing the word 'Ausgang' (exist) on a station platform, 'We have already been here. I remember the name of this town.'"
Evening Paper.

We advise our contemporary to make a dash for the nearest "exist."

A Ministerial Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Another aspect in life in Whitehall to-day is the noise produced by a number of typewriters and duplicators all at work together in one room. Mr. Lansbury's view is that such noise could be prevented more effectively in the future if the new machines to be supplied are silent."—*Sunday Paper.*



Golfer (having hit it at last). "*You* DON'T SEEM VERY PLEASED."
Caddie. "NO; SHE LOVES ME NOT."

THE FACE THAT WAS LIFTED.

IT's an odd sensation to see one's own portrait displayed in a photographer's window. I halted and stepped closer. Without doubt the face belonged to me. The deep brow, the well-defined, if somewhat pertinacious, chin, the quizzical faintly provocative curve of the lips—all were unmistakable. Though, needless to say, I was well acquainted with the print, its absolute fidelity still managed to impress me. Truly a remarkable likeness.

As I stood in contemplation it dawned on me that, since receiving the proofs, I had taken almost daily stock of the contents of this window. The point puzzled me. Certainly I had not been prompted by any conscious arrogant expectancy; I am the most diffident of men. Besides, who could credit a provincial photographer with any real discrimination?

A sudden movement at my elbow caused me to glance up. Two young ladies had paused to study the exhibits. I tilted my hat, shielding my profile as best I could.

"That's the one," remarked the girl

nearest to me. "Now what do you say?"

My heart stood still. She was pointing straight at my own portrait!

Her companion gave a little cluck of delight.

"You're right, Joan," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "it's perfectly charming—just too sweet!"

"I say, I simply *must* have it!"

"But it's not like a shop: things in the window aren't for sale."

"All the same, I mean to ask," persisted Joan. "But you must come in with me."

"Of course I will," agreed the friend. "Carry on." And they entered the studio.

My head is not easily turned. Even at this moment, I am pleased to say, my thoughts were far removed from self. Indeed, I was just a little worried. Supposing these young ladies failed in their endeavour?

It would surely be a pity if such a simple whim as theirs could not be gratified. I determined, if necessary, to introduce myself to my admirer and ask for her address. It would then be simplicity itself to forward a signed copy through the post.

At this juncture I perceived that the panel at the back of the window had been opened. A hand appeared and, hovering for a moment above the central group of frames, descended on my picture. The next instant a most amazing thing occurred. My portrait was deliberately extracted from its frame and propped against a side ledge! I stood dumbfounded. The panel slid back into place. . . .

The sharp click of the studio door roused me from my abstraction.

"I somehow knew they'd let me have it," remarked the younger girl as she emerged and tucked away her purchase. "All I need now is some nice-looking face to put inside it."

Laughing witlessly, the pair linked arms and strolled off down the street.

"CAT AT ST. PAUL'S SERVICE.

"....It leaped on to the base of the marble pulpit and peered intently through the chancel rails at Dean Inge."—*Daily Paper.*

So a cat may look at an INGE.

"The Admiralty have decided that in future the cooks in H.M. ships and establishments are to be deemed part of the accountant branch. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

We should have been the last to suspect the relation which this statement would suggest.

AT THE OPERA.

"FREDERICA" (PALACE).

Frederica, the story (rearranged with romantic variations and additions by Herren HERZER and LOHNER) of GOETHE'S youthful passion for the daughter of the Pastor of Sesenheim, in Alsace, is rather more solemn a theme than is customary in what is essentially in form light opera, with comic lovers and roaring choruses of students. The patches of really serious love-making and heroic renunciation stand out perhaps a little starkly. One wonders also whether the weight of the theme hasn't a little burdened the once care-free spirit of Herr FRANZ LEHAR, which isn't, however, to say that he has not been inspired to the making of some genuinely romantic and tuneful numbers—"Wayside Rose," "Oh, Maiden, my Maiden!" "Why did you Kiss my Heart Awake?" Yet it is with a sense of relief, we think, that he lets his poet hero unburden himself in a melody of more characteristic flavour—the waltz-song, "Wonderful," at which we all rustle and sit up and murmur: "Ah, this is the expected thing."



THE SORROWS OF GOETHE.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honours more."

Goethe . . . . . MR. JOSEPH HISLOP.
Frederica . . . . . MISS LEA SEIDL.

It must be said at once that Fräulein LEA SEIDL is a really delightful and beautiful heroine, who bears herself, in gaiety and gravity, in speech and song, in such a way as to disarm our scepticism and win our enthusiastic applause.

Frederica's flippant and flirtatious sister, *Salomea*, and a comic, alternative suitor for the affections of both the girls, the theological student, *Jacob Michael Lenz*, with Chorus of untheological students, are the concessions of the serious theme to our weakness; but, as I say, the dominant motive is sad—the refusal by *Frederica* of her well-beloved in order not to jeopardise his obviously-to-be brilliant career. The heroine was put up to this by candid reports from *Goethe's* two best friends, *Lenz* and *Weyland*, *Salomea's* solemn husband, who say in effect, "A splendid fellow, *Goethe*, indeed a noble fellow, but not likely to make a satisfactory and faithful husband. Moreover, quite unable to bear the obscurity to which an early marriage will condemn him." Perhaps the more sophisticated among us cynically suspect an explanation of the parting more in keeping with the spirit of the eighteenth century, but, as the librettists have it, *Goethe* rejects the offer of the (here pre-dated) appointment at the Court of Saxe-Weimar and vehemently demands the hand of *Frederica*, only to be refused by her and to go off in reproachful dudgeon to fame and affluence with the handsome military gentleman who was the *Duke's* Ambassador.

Eight years later he rides over with his patron to the Sesenheim manse. The cherry-tree of the spring of 1771 has produced in this autumn of 1779 a magnificent crop of solid rosy apples. The gentle *Frederica* carries her grief proudly and apart, ignoring the persistent vocal invitations of the village to come and join the dance, and listens with what patience she can command to *Goethe's* soliloquy in song, for the benefit of his tame *Duke*, over the romantic past. The librettists certainly understand the psychology of the poet as egotist.

The performance was well received. Fräulein SEIDL evidently captured all hearts, though her methods are subtle rather than obviously popular—a tribute both to her and to us. Mr. JOSEPH HISLOP had a difficult task. There was not much colour in his part. He sang tunefully and effortlessly, save for one or two of those inevitable full-powered top notes which are demanded by the occasion. Love, however ecstatic, never seems to me one of those things that can be best expressed *fortissimo*. Miss VERA LENNOX (*Salomea*) and Mr. HUGHES (*Lenz*), with and without his bored pet lamb, shouldered the lighter burdens with credit, and Messrs. HARKER, the orchard-builders, let themselves go in a riot of ultra-realism which is so apt to defeat its own ends. T.

AT THE PLAY.

"HER FIRST AFFAIRE" (KINGSWAY).

Cary Maxon, the hero of this play, was a popular novelist whose fame and sales were due to the success with which he sweetened free-love philosophy with romantical jam. Far from practising what he preached, however, he lived in a seaside bungalow with *Margot*, his lawful wife, and Corona, his portable typewriter. When genius burned, *Margot* would smile to herself over her needlework while he hammered out those inflammatory romances which set the hearts of his girlish readers as well as the Thames on fire.

Every post brought letters from admirers whose handwriting, as *Margot* reminded us, never looked quite grown up and made her smile the more. She smiled with reason, for she knew her *Cary* better than he knew himself; much better than those gushing correspondents knew him; in fact, almost as well as we did who, even before he betrayed himself with quotations from his works, divined the discrepancy between his polygamous precepts and monogamous practice.



THE PREOCCUPIED MALE;
OR, "LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES."
Cary Maxon . . . MR. HENRY HEWITT.
Ann Hood . . . MISS MARGERY BINNER.

At first I feared, so slow was the action, that the authors of the piece, MERRILL ROGERS and FREDERICK JACKSON, meant seriously to sustain that attack on old-fashioned morality of which *Cary* was the discouraging mouthpiece. And when it became clear to me that their intentions were by no means serious I ratted and wished they were. For their theme, so it seemed to me, was one that called for the wit and the chill of comedy rather than the licence of raffish farce.

This clarifying (for me) of the play's intentions coincided with the arrival at the bungalow of an engaged young couple named *Brian* and *Ann*. *Ann*, already a convert to *Cary's* free-love theories—mastered by her while having her hair waved—was eager to test them with *Cary* in practice, and said so plainly. *Cary*, that sheep in sheep's clothing, smiled fatuous approval; *Margot*, knowing her sheep, was not discouraging; while *Brian*, being a decent soul and manfully inarticulate, could only tear his hair and bellow rudely at *Cary* and all his works.

From this point onwards the cards were with *Margot*, to whom fate (to say nothing of the authors) had dealt all the relevant aces. Taking *Brian* into her confidence and relying on *Ann's* insuperable innocence, she decided to teach her *Cary* a lesson and expose him for the theorist in love he was. The success of that lesson depended on *Brian's* support, eagerly given, and on the fact that zeal for freedom in love, when the zealot is a figure of fun, overlooks the prime impediment of jealousy. And that was why the smile, which soon began to bewilder *Ann* since it was shared with *Brian*, seldom left *Margot's* face. It was inspired by foresight



L'AFFAIRE SUSANNE.
Brian Cutler . . MR. JACK HOBBS.
Susanne . . . MISS ELLEN POLLOCK.

of all those humiliations which the second Act was to inflict on *Cary* when *Ann*, putting *Cary's* theories to the test, should find them and him wanting.

There is the less need for me to describe the successive and successful stages of *Margot's* counterplot in that they were traditional and that their details tended to be less edifying than impudent. Such regret as I felt that the authors should have delivered over the thesis and characters to farce was due less to the fun that this transfer kindled than to the methods by which it was fanned. The situation having been developed to a point at which all its implications were plain, demands were made on the authors to give their dialogue such lightness and wit as would lift the characters out of the threatening mire and relieve our laughter of dubious cues. Those demands were not met, but double *entente* and frank innuendo did embarrassing duty instead.

To say that one would sooner break stones by the roadside than be forced to live with the characters in a particular play, while vindicating one's fastidiousness, would be forcible rather than illuminating criticism. Yet one might say it of these characters with truth, although without prejudice to the skill with which the actors impersonated them.

I thought that Mr. HENRY HEWITT was very resourceful and amusing in his exposure of the equivocating novelist; that Miss MARGERY BINNER'S crispness of attack gave *Ann* the benefit of every doubt, and that Miss ELLEN POLLOCK was devastatingly successful as a French maid. Miss ZILLAH BATEMAN, as *Margot*, played openly for farce from the beginning, and so had little need to broaden her methods when the play got its head. Though handicapped perhaps by *Brian's* bellowing simplicity of heart, Mr. JACK HOBBS acted buoyantly both in the flannels of the sportsman he looked and in the fancy dress of a cavalier the tops of whose boots, when the fun seemed to flag, only needed pulling up to accelerate it again. Decidedly not a play for family consumption, nor yet for the playgoer who prefers the rapier of comedy to the bludgeon of farce. H.

Another Insult to Scotland.

"Mr. ——, the hero of the incident, served with the Black Watch. He has been in charge of ferocious animals for a quarter of a century."—*Provincial Paper.*

"This little book gives a general idea of the whole Globe in such a shape that it may be gone over by a junior class in one year."
Publisher's Circular.

We deprecate world-tours, round or square, for the first form.

TAR BABY'S FALL FROM GRACE.

IT was the house-boys' race in the Naval Camp sports that caused Tar Baby's downfall.

Strictly speaking, he was not a house-boy at all, being borne in the Camp "for caddying duties only," at the princely salary of one rupee a week, but ever since he had taken me under his wing he had constituted himself general factotum in the Admiral's bungalow, and he therefore considered that he was perfectly eligible to enter for the race. As he was quite a foot smaller than any of the genuine house-boys they did not raise any objection to his taking part, and consequently when he won their fury was unbounded. His victory, I regret to say, was not altogether to his credit. It was a go-as-you-please race, starting at the gate of the Naval Camp and finishing at the sports ground, which lay in a valley beyond a steep hill. The usual practice was to run round the hill, but on the morning of the race Tar Baby confided to each entrant in turn, under promise of secrecy, that his grandmother, who was reputed to be a witch, had dreamt that the winner would descend from a hill-top, so all the house-boys panted laboriously up the hill and were rewarded on their arrival at the top by the sight of my wicked little Tamil caddie, who had kept unostentatiously to the usual course, trotting unconcernedly towards the winning-post. To add to their annoyance, while they had all run clad in the ordinary "camboy," which had considerably hampered their movements, Tar Baby had appeared in running shorts, made for him by his friend Able Seaman Smivvers out of an old pair of his own. Though large and commodious (the A.B. being of generous proportions as well as habits) they were distinctly easier to run in than the long cotton skirt which the others wore.

When Tar Baby went up to receive his prize with a petty officer's discarded cap perched rakishly on his tousled black head and, saluting smartly, was greeted with a tremendous roar of applause from the assembled throng, the house-boys muttered angrily and I felt he was in for a bad time. He evidently thought so too, for when the prize-giving was over a little figure appeared beside me and a voice whispered insinuatingly, "Lady play golf now?"

I shook my head. "You're a bad boy," I said sternly, "and you deserve to be well beaten by Banda and the others. You'd better go up to the bungalow and stay there." In the bungalow he would be safe from reprisals—and he was so very small.

His teeth showed in a dazzling smile, and a few moments later I saw him plodding up the hill under the safe escort of A. B. Smivvers.

It was about an hour later when I returned to the Camp, and as I came near the bungalow I heard Tar Baby's voice loudly raised in song.

"Success seems to have gone to the little demon's head," I thought, and then, as I crossed the verandah, I stopped short with astonishment.

Lolling at ease in the Admiral's own chair, with the Admiral's own whisky-decanter and a half-empty glass on the table beside him, was Tar Baby; and Tar Baby was riotously drunk. An admiring circle of kitchen-boys scuttled away into the back regions as I approached.

"Tar Baby!" I cried, utterly shocked.

"Me no Tar Baby. Me A'm'ral," he corrected, and, staggering to his feet, he saluted me gravely and then, collapsing in a heap on the floor, he went peacefully to sleep.

He was still fast asleep when he was delivered back to his grandmother, with whom he lived; but she woke him most effectively, and next morning it was a most miserable little scrap of humanity that croaked out the usual query of "Lady play golf?"

He sighed with relief when I shook my head.

"Me glad," he said fervently. "Me got very sore head and very sore tail."

But when I told him that I was going away for a few days and that on my return I should engage a new caddie whose behaviour was beyond reproach his face fell and two big tears welled up into his eyes.

"Then all Lady's flowers die," he said tragically.

One of his self-imposed tasks was to wander round the garden every evening sprinkling my flowers with water from an absurd little green watering-can and he was quite convinced that it was by his efforts alone that the garden flourished.

"Well, I'll see," I said, relenting at the sight of his grief. "If you are a *very* good boy and look after the garden *very* well while I'm down country, perhaps I'll keep you, though I won't promise." I knew in my inmost heart that I could never really part with Tar Baby. What other caddie would ever announce "Lady win" with quite such conviction whenever and however I played? But he must be made to feel the enormity of his sins.

I was away for a fortnight, and when I returned to the hills the rains had set in with a vengeance. It had rained for three days incessantly and the whole countryside was shrouded in a thick white mist. The trees dripped desolately upon us as we drove up to the camp; our wheels splashed through miniature lakes in the road and the garden itself was completely under water.

"My poor flowers," I sighed, "they must all be washed away!"

But apparently a few had survived, for as we neared the bungalow I saw a little figure, sheltered by a huge umbrella, bending down over a partly submerged canna. He had his back to us and he was so absorbed that he never even heard our approach.

"Tar Baby!" I called, "what *are* you doing?"

Tar Baby straightened himself and, turning round, beamed at me and held up his absurd green watering-can.

"Me watering Lady's flowers like Lady told me," he said simply.



"IS THAT SOME NEW KID NEXT-DOOR?"
"YES; I EXPECT HIS PEOPLE 'LL USE THEIR PENNYWORTHS OF PLATFORM-TICKETS TO THE BITTER END."

PEEPS AT POSTERITY.

THE WALKER.

Citizen Bull patted his breast-pocket to make sure that his identity-papers were there and stepped out for a stroll.

He crept along the narrow track still reserved for pedestrians in this old-fashioned part of the town and came to the delightful old Dahlia Square. Citizen Bull here entered a tunnel (according to law) and emerged after a minute or two on the other side of the Square, thus missing some of its beauties.

The crossing of Dahlia Gardens was easier, for a high bridge had been provided. Citizen Bull was infirm and asthmatic and the steps tried him; however, he crossed Dahlia Gardens without making a nuisance of himself to any motor-car.

At the corner of Dahlia Gardens and Dahlia Terrace he was placed in a steel cylinder and shot across by pneumatic power through an underground tube.

The bridge across Dahlia Avenue was still under construction, but a steam-crane swung pedestrians across in packets of five; and after twenty minutes or so Citizen Bull secured a place in a packet.

In fact there was no trouble at all till he came to the wide and dangerous crossing at the corner of Parliament Square, where a great many arrangements had been made for the rapid passage of motor-cars, but the rapid passage of pedestrians had somehow been neglected. Now, by the Criminal Law Amendment (Pedestrians) Act of 1931 it was made a felony for any citizen to cross a road on his feet *unless* a herd of walkers numbering not less than fifty should have collected at a given point, in which case, after the firing of a gun, they might be hustled across by policemen and dogs.

About thirty pedestrians were huddled together in the queue at this point, and Citizen Bull took a place and waited patiently. Gradually the queue lengthened, and at last there were fifty walkers, patient but ashamed. The gun was charged, the pedestrian-dogs were led out, barking menacingly, and the constable in charge of the point walked down the queue, glancing at the passports and identity-papers of the citizens.

At last he came to Citizen Bull. The stern voice rang out, "Where is your Walker's Licence?"

Citizen Bull fumbled; and fumbled; and fumbled again; and fumbled and turned pale. His Walker's Licence was in his other coat at home.

"Fall out, Citizen!"

And they marched him away to the Tower.

And the other forty-nine patiently resumed their waiting postures until a fiftieth should come. A. P. H.



Yachtsman. "WHAT A FILTHY HOLE THIS IS! HORRIBLE BLACK OOZE ALL OVER THE PLACE."

Native (stung to retort). "AR, BUT WHAT A CHANCE TO FILL YER FOUNTAIN-PEN FOR NOTHINK."

"It is not at all the sort of book I should like to read in the dark."—*Reviewer's Notice.*

This leads us to wonder whether there would not be money in a phosphorescent edition of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE'S works.

Have You Got a Greasy Aura?

"Mr. Henry Ford is quoted as saying that experience is the oily thing we can take away with us when we die."

Canadian Paper.

"English weather is like Ellen Terry and Nell Gywnn and Wordsworth's Little Nell and Queen Bess and all the glorious unaccountable English women of history and literature rolled into one."

Manchester Paper.

We sometimes wonder whether DICKENS quite accounted for *Lucy Gray.*

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—If you want to buy a caravan I am told that now is the time. The high hearts that trailed forth so gaily in the late spring or early summer have been getting more and more depressed and "sacrifices" are rife. It is so every autumn, but more than usually so in this disappointing 1930. The few caravanners that are brave enough to take to the road two years running are now likely to be fewer still. This means, I suppose, that we can say of caravans as we say of yachts, that the foolish build them for the wise to acquire; but as to the wisdom of the wise I make no comment.

When the present year's harvest of new outstanding names comes to be put on record, I suppose that the list will be headed by AMY JOHNSON and DON BRADMAN. There are still three months to go, it is true, and any moment may bring forth a novelty from the ranks of sport, fraud or murder. But up to the present moment AMY and DON have it. As names they are not remarkable: they do not rank with LINDBERGH or SANTOS DUMONT or CRIPPEN, where the element of uniqueness enters; but they will serve: 1930 has been illumined by them. AMY, however, has a serious rival in Lena Goldfields. I heard a man say the other day that that was the girl he would like to marry. "She would have a good dot." "Yes," I said; "but if she refuses you what about another recent head-liner, Adelaide Waterfront?"

A propos of names, there has been some correspondence in the new and very alert *Week-End Review* about all the "Geralds" on its staff, beginning with the editor, GERALD BARRY, and continuing with GERALD GOULD and GERALD BULLETT. Someone suggests that *The Weekly Gerald* might be a better title for it. And there is in cricket a sudden plethora of "Maurices." The team we are sending to South Africa will include no fewer than four of them: MAURICE TURNBULL, MAURICE ALLOM, MAURICE LEYLAND and MAURICE TATE. They should perform an Old English dance together on the upper deck.

One of the strangest things I have seen of late is a man in a hotel lounge smoking a meerschaum pipe. The last meerschaum I had seen before this one I cannot recall, but it must be many many years ago. How carefully we used to tend them, sometimes never taking them from their case, purposely made in two halves, or holding them with wash-leather gloves, for fear of a scratch on the precious mellowing bowl. The little cutty has gone too. And now all the world smokes either briar pipes or cigarettes—chiefly cigarettes. I saw a young woman in a two-seater the other day, beside her husband, with a very young baby in her arms and a cigarette in her mouth. What a sight for Victorian eyes!

Those people who said a year or so ago that the crossword-puzzle was dead have been proved to be curiously wrong. You may not see in railway carriages so many pencils poised or at work, but addicts are not less keen than at first. The circumstance that the same words must occur again and again has had the result of intensifying the ingenuity of the clues. In fact, clue-writing has become a most elaborate art, and in this connection I will tell you of a pastime of which I believe I am the inventor. When the next new puzzle arrives, hand it over to someone else to solve before you yourself look at it at all, and then, having all the words before you, make up your own clues for each. This being done, compare your clues with those of the puzzle. I will give you an example. A word of ten letters was described in a recent puzzle—very tersely, I admit, but these puzzle-makers must get very tired—as "affirm." Rather dull. The clue which I substituted was "Neddy's unending meal." The word was "asseverate."

Let me end with a nice scrap of conversation that I heard in the train the other day. Two men were comparing notes on their holidays. One had been to the Isle of Wight and the other for the first time to France. He didn't like France too well; he didn't care much either for their wine or their beer; but their brandy, O boy! "Take my tip," he said, "don't ask for any particular make, as we do, because the best brandy over there is in bottles without any labels. It's got a very funny name, but it's the same everywhere. They call it 'feen deller mason.' Make a note of that, 'feen deller mason.' That's the stuff—and properly poured out too, not measured in a thimble, as we do it here." Yours, E. V. L.

What Our Back-Markers Have to Put up with.

"There was also keen racing at ——, where A. R. —— won the 100yds. open handicap with 87yds. start, in 9 3-5sec."
Daily Paper.

"CURES FOR RADIATORS.

I have been advised to try the advantages of a piece of chewing gum which has been successfully used by a commercial traveller."
Daily Paper.

We never handle gum which has been chewed (whether successfully or not) by a commercial traveller.

LA FEMME QUI RIT.

O LOVELY woman, in your hours of ease,
Desirous *ex hypothesi* to please,
Why do you so persistently afflict us
By regist'ring an everlasting *rictus*?

The immortal Venus, reft from Melos' isle,
Still claims our worship, though she wears no smile,
And brave Andromache, striving with her fears,
Laughed most divinely through a mist of tears.

Even the seers of Hollywood refrain,
While reeling through the illimitable inane,
From reconstructing, with "close-ups" and kisses,
Nausicaa archly giggling at Ulysses.

Rome in her grandeur, when she wisely ruled
The Western world, in self-composure schooled
Risit adorea, but her jubilation
Was never marred by noisy cachinnation.

And even HORACE, when he wished to praise
His mistress LALAGE'S enchanting ways,
Found her "sweet laughter" specially appealing,
A tribute incompatible with squealing.

But woman, mistress of the modern earth,
Now shows no happy medium in her mirth,
And only her unbridled smirks and capers
Are duly mirrored in our daily papers.

For hardly ever, on the pictured page,
The actresses and Amazons who engage
Our notice by their talents or adventures
Fail to display their coruscating dentures.

Laughter we know can drive away dull care
And even "shake the midriff of despair,"
But laughter of the brainless peacock kind
Can shatter man's unconquerable mind.

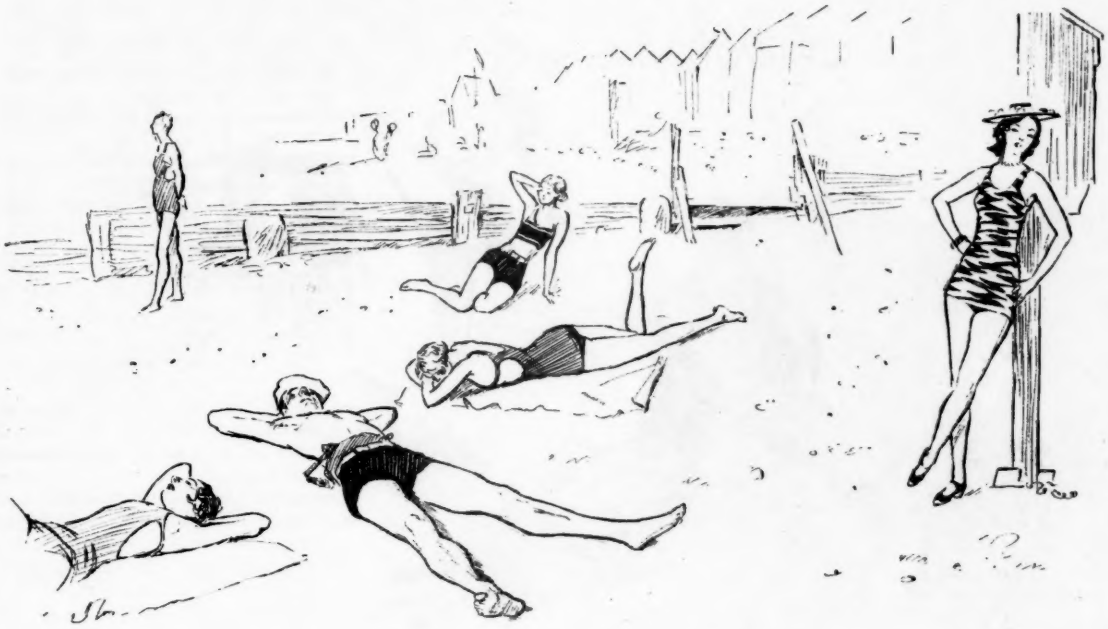
Then, lovely woman, loveliest in repose,
If you still wish to lead us by the nose,
Whether as Hausfraus or as heroines,
Spare us your devastating dental grins.

Where Our R.A.'s Work.

"The Earl of Lonsdale was last night presented with a portrait of himself painted by Sir John Lavery at a dinner given by the Race Committee of the Doncaster Corporation."—*Daily Paper.*

We gave up this pastime after confusing our palette with the *hors-d'œuvre*.

THE SKATING SEASON OPENS.



AFTER HALCYON DAYS OF ENERVATING EASE—



OH, WHAT AN INVIGORATING CHANGE!



Unlucky Pedestrian. "FIVE BOB? AN' WOT ABOUT MY BASKET O' BLACKBERRIES?"
Motorist. "BLACKBERRIES? GOODNESS! I THOUGHT IT WAS BLOOD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THOSE who imagine that, if the curtain were lifted on the inner workings of a political party, a corner of Satan's invisible world would be revealed, might do worse than allow themselves to become acquainted with the life of *Sir Robert Hudson* (CASSELL, 7/6). The suggestion is Mr. J. A. SPENDER'S and the memoir is his—an honest and charming portrait, admirably placed upon the canvas. From 1882 to 1927, HUDSON was part and parcel of the Liberal machine. He started his political career at Birmingham, under Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S redoubtable organizer, SCHNADHORST, as a lad of eighteen; at twenty-two he was assistant-secretary and had followed SCHNADHORST and other Gladstonians to London; at twenty-nine he had succeeded his chief as secretary of the National Liberal Federation and principal organizer of the Party. During the War he emerged, comparatively, into the limelight as Chairman of the Red Cross Finance Committee, and the nation became admittedly indebted to the charm, sagacity and enthusiasm of an extraordinarily disinterested manager of men. As earnest in religious as in political convictions, HUDSON had a delightful capacity for agreeing to differ from the Opposition; and the intimate Liberal circle of his chivalrous youth—ARTHUR ACLAND, TOM ELLIS, AUGUSTINE BIRRELL and his biographer—subsequently widened to admit such appreciative opponents as Lord NORTHCLIFFE. Yet he remained to the end a Liberal, most of all, perhaps, in realising when official Liberalism ceased to claim his allegiance. A man whose gifts were only given to party when that party unequivocally stood for the betterment of mankind.

It was with mixed feelings that I opened *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6). In the first place the sequel to a good book is proverbially apt to disappoint, and, in the second, suffering rather acutely from war-book weariness, I could not believe that even Mr. SIEGFRIED SASSOON'S tales of the trenches would satisfy me as his records of the hunting-field and the cricket pitch had done. On the other hand I had sufficient confidence in him to be sure that he would not really let me down. And most emphatically he did not. Though of necessity lacking the peculiar fragrance of his *Fox-Hunting Man*, this second fragment of autobiography is of equal excellence and almost equal charm. Though its author, who "joined up" with the high and gallant courage of the others, came at last to hate the War with an intensity which led him to a gesture as courageous in its way as any exploit at the Front, he writes of his experiences without bitterness and even of brass-hats and armchair patriots with mellow tolerance. Moreover, his grim tale—and it is grim enough—is often shot with gleams from the happier days, exquisite memory-pictures, and one realises that, had he not had this tale also to tell, he could not have given us his idyll of country delights. Exiled from England, he saw her and became her poet. So the sequel is also a prelude, exhibiting "the growth of a poet's mind," and that, in view of the stature of the poet, enhances the interest of a vivid, humorous and poignant narrative.

The Subtle Trail, I must confess,
Is just too subtle to be thrilling,
For murder moves me not unless
The murderer's there to do the killing;
And here the fatal deed is done
By someone who's so very distant—
Three hours at least—that I for one
Count him as almost non-existent.

The verdict's suicide (as planned);
But mental specialists attack it,
Stultify the police and hand
The telethanatist his packet;
And, if you'd penetrate the tricks
Which JOSEPH GOLLOMB plays to flout you
(*Per* HEINEMANN, at seven-and-six),
You'll have to keep your wits about you.

One of the happiest and most successful devices of the old story-teller—whose ancient tricks are after all at the bottom of every novel in the world—is the overthrow of the tyrant or the ousting of the cuckoo by the legitimate nestling. A usurper, above all a domineering and tiresome usurper, put to rout by the rightful heir—from the days of *Perseus* to those of *Prince Giglio*, how satisfactory and entertaining a theme! Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK brings out its savour to the full in *Masquerade* (COLLINS, 7/6), which for singleness of purpose and dexterity of handling I am tempted to think the best of her novels. She portrays with uncondescending sympathy poor weak *Colonel Lenham*, his second (German) wife, *Magda*, their son *David* (that unsatisfactory and incorrigible youth) and the old couple's pitiful blend of agony and relief when the scapegrace is lost sight of in America leaving a forgery, a bastard and several other mementoes of his past to be lived down in his native county. At this point the *Colonel* dies; poor *Magda* succumbs miserably to the brutality of his step-daughter and supposed heiress, *Gertrude;* and all is going as badly as possible when *David* is discovered in the course of a visit to Germany. *David* apparently has prospered in the Argentine. He is not only reformed but wealthy. Mrs. SIDGWICK narrates the reactions of the prodigal, his home circle, his old associates and a critical county with commendable gusto, and last but not least provides her handsomely refurbished plot with a wholly surprising *dénoûment*.

The somewhat shabby and disillusioned close of "glorious ELISA'S" long reign has few more characteristic figures than HENRY PERCY, ninth Earl of Northumberland. His is not an attractive personality; better educated than the *Polonius*, whom he so obviously resembles, he is infinitely drearier and more cynical. Yet his writings are passably interesting and his life extremely so; and Dr. G. B. HARRISON has done excellent service to the student of Elizabethan history by reprinting the one and recounting the other.

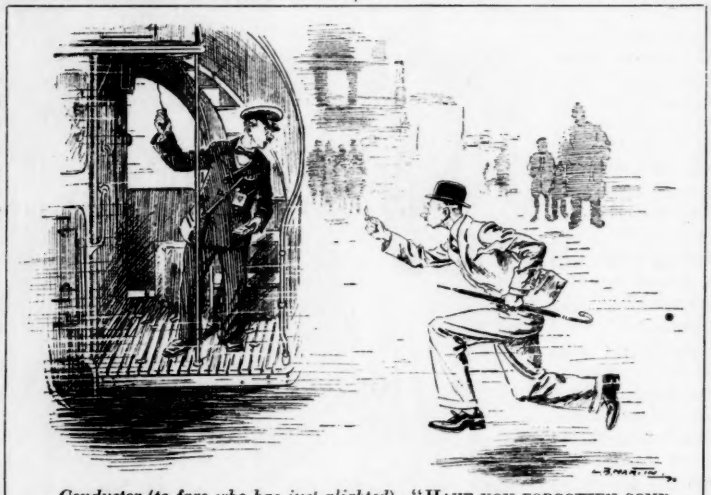


Head Clerk. "DON'T YOU EVER DARE TO CALL ME BIG BOY AGAIN! I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF YOUR FILM EXPRESSIONS."
New Office-Boy. "O.K., CHIEF."

Advice to His Son (BENN, 8/6) is a homily in the usual TEMPLE-CHESTERFIELD vein of admonition, reproduced from an MS. in the editor's possession whose authorship was formerly ascribed to Viscount CONWAY. The homily falls into two parts, dated 1595 and 1609 respectively; the former consisting largely of educational counsels, the latter of practical warnings against guardians, tenants, servants and, above all, wives. Here the writer speaks from experience, for his own wife, the widowed sister of ESSEX and "STELLA," had cause to dislike him as much as he disliked her. His biography is full of fascinating ramifications which I could have wished more fully explored. NORTHUMBERLAND was patron and friend of the little clique of Dorsetshire atheists, whose ranks included RALEIGH and his mathematical tutor, HERIOT; and the relations between this couple and the "Wizard Earl"

are available in some detail. I miss the "bedstead made of cedar from Virginia" given by RALEIGH to PERCY, and the "straw-coloured velvet saddle" bestowed by PERCY on Sir WALTER. Trifles—but such trifles would give colour to a life sadly monochromatic.

From the moment when he made his first landing near Ostend, under fire, in August, 1914, until he was entangled and nearly drowned beneath an aeroplane being towed out to sea to attack a Zeppelin four years later, Air-Commodore SAMSON was actively engaged in disregarding the consequences while annoying the enemy by a series of glorious impertinences. His epic account of his exploits, *Fights and Flights* (BENN, 21/-), is concentrated in one packed volume of five distinct parts (or cantos), for it was he who, with a queer mixed force and a skeleton formation of cars equipped with home-made armour, held the German patrols back from the Belgian coast during the first weeks of the War; and he again who commanded the air forces spotting for the Fleet at the Narrows and bombed the Turkish trenches while the whole attack upon the Dardanelles unrolled before him. And this was only the beginning. All the gaiety and not a little of the braggadocio and irresponsibility of the troubadours—or perhaps even more of *Mr. Midshipman Easy*—was in his innumerable fights, and finds its way into his pages. He would swop aeroplanes with a French colleague or annex useful transport-lorries from an innocent Infantry Division with the blandest disregard of regulations. His "zeal" must have been at times just a little distressing to higher authority, but, granting that one is willing to fall in with his humour, he is the most sporting and exhilarating of companions.



Conductor (to fare who has just alighted). "HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, SIR?"

Law-abiding Citizen. "YES; TO TEAR MY TICKET IN HALF AND LEAVE IT ON THE BUS."

The first thought that came into my head when I had finished reading *Chances* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) was, "But it's exactly like a novel!" Absurd though the thought is, it seems to me a suitable and complimentary criticism of Mr. A. HAMILTON GIBBS' book, which in spite of a threadbare plot carries the reader so far away that at the end he is almost startled to find he has been reading a novel and not living a life. *Tom* and *Jack* are devoted brothers—the former is a thruster and the latter inclined to let his chances slip. As small boys they are sent to a French school in St. Malo. They go to Oxford together, and when they come down they share rooms in London. At the beginning of the War they become brother-officers in the Royal Artillery. There follows the inevitable result of their mutual tastes: both fall in love with the same girl. From that moment and throughout the rest of the book the inevitable continues to happen with the greatest regularity and appropriateness. Diffidence and pique produce their own little dramas. *Molly*, the girl, accepts *Tom*, and later admits her love for *Jack*, leaving him to do all the heavy work in the fight between love and loyalty. This sort of thing has been written many times before, but seldom in so engaging a manner. Mr. GIBBS, like a skilled gardener, has proved that he can get the best out of any old plot, and his best is very good indeed.

Mr. W. MARGRIE has written *Roses and Kippers* (WATTS, 7/6) in passionate praise of South London as the authentic centre of the Empire, of Camberwell as the crown of South London, and of the Rosemary Street L.C.C. school as the bright particular jewel in that crown. The author has been, I hope still is, a school manager; impatient of stodginess and flummery (and perhaps also of some better things); thinks that a school is for the children rather than the children for the school, and believes that a council school can be as worthy to be loved and remembered in after-life as a so-called public school—at which of course he is a little inclined to look down his nose. Of Rosemary Street the author claims that it is the most famous of its kind in the world. I won't vouch for the accuracy of this, for the author is uncritical where his affections are engaged. One could wish that he had told his tale more simply and directly, with less hearty emphasis on humour. But charity and zeal, good sense and courage cover any little sins of manner and method. Here is manifest a fine spirit of local patriotism, expressing itself in action, which may well overshadow more pretentious and better rewarded political and social services.

Mr. ALARIC JACOB tells us that his novel of school-life, *Seventeen* (METHUEN, 7/6), is so named because it is by a seventeeen-year-old about seventeen-year-olds," and even those who dislike it intensely will admit that he shows promise of better things. It is true that this history of *Arll*, during a few terms at the public school of Furlington, is so over-clogged by a series of sentimental friendships that its atmosphere is unpleasant and its balance upset. Yet the story is a remarkable achievement for a boy of seventeen. And when Mr. JACOB is a little older I think he will have the humour to smile at his statement that "the complete ignorance of our mothers of what really goes on at a public school" is one of the marvels of the century.

Among the many detectives who have been created by novelists I can call to mind none more sound and less sensational in method than *Inspector French*. And in *Sir John Magill's Last Journey* (COLLINS, 7/6), Mr. FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS has provided his *Inspector* with a problem that requires the nicest sense of calculation for its solution. Very possibly readers of this well-contrived story will be successful in guessing by whom the murder was committed, but I feel confident that the ingenious plan which the criminals employed will remain a secret until the moment arrives for Mr. CROFTS to reveal it.

CHARIVARIA.

SUGAR is the best pick-me-up, according to a medical writer, who advocates that it should be kept in the office. This seems the best way to circumvent the inclination to slip out for a sugar.

* * *

There are stated to be only two men in the whole of the London area engaged in painting Post-Office pillar-boxes. This would appear to be the explanation of a certain sameness of technique.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the increasing number of married couples who dine out together. We see no real harm in it.

* * *

Trotting is thought likely to become more popular on the Continent than ordinary horse-racing, but in this country there is comparatively little disposition to back an also-trotted.

* * *

The author of a new novel who served for three years in the Guards is reported as saying that he would not do it again for a million pounds. Any idea the military authorities may have had of offering him this sum as an inducement should therefore be abandoned.

* * *

"Don't make a habit of playing cards or of reading the sporting columns," writes Dean INGE in *The Evening Standard*. Still, the DEAN'S articles appear only once a week.

* * *

Recent Wall Street advices indicated the operations of a bear in molasses. Bears love the stuff.

* * *

WAGNER'S operas are to be performed in Vienna as spoken plays without music. This, it is thought, will remove one of the chief objections to WAGNER.

* * *

In view of the frequency with which murders in America are committed among crowds of onlookers there is a growing feeling that these things should be done *in camera*.

* * *

Those who want to find a place where there are no motor-cars are advised to go to the beautiful island of Prinkipo. Still, Prinkipo is a long way to go for a safe stroll.

"There have been great quantities of damsons in the greengrocers' shops of late," we read. Not, as you might have supposed, in the ironmonger's.

* * *

When the curtain was about to rise for the performance of a play called *A Troubled Night* at a theatre near Besançon, a free fight took place between the actors on the stage, and the audience had their money returned. A more resourceful management would have raised the curtain.

* * *

"Wool," says Mr. J. H. THOMAS, "has always been one of the corner-stones of our trade." Even our metaphors are apt to be rather woolly.

* * *

Under a scheme of medical service described in *The Lancet*, the subscriber pays the doctor a capitation fee of threepence a week. It is interesting to compare this with the price of apples.

* * *

A gossip-writer mentions that Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN lives quite close to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. It is not known whether the ex-PREMIER charges him an entertainments tax.

* * *

Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has confided to Mr. JOHN TUSSAUD that he took up writing as an easy way to earn a living without working. This confirms the general belief that the famous playwright did it on purpose.

* * *

Mr. SHAW has been photographed walking arm-in-arm with two actresses. We have no such record of SHAKESPEARE.

* * *

The latest device consists of a net which picks up persons who are struck down by a motor-car. The use of such a gadget will of course be restricted as soon as the speed limit, recognised officially as the cause of so many accidents, is removed.

* * *

Workmen excavating for a new road on the Salève Mountain, near Geneva, recently unearthed a skeleton with a dagger wedged between the ribs. The local police suspect foul play.

* * *

A golfer at Irvine was recently seen to throw his golf-bag and seven steel-shafted clubs into a river and then enter a church. So much for the belief that golfers are beyond repentance.

* * *

A gossip-writer reminds us that there is a London journalist who looks exactly like Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. No wonder the ex-PREMIER had his hair cut short.

* * *

A Manchester saxophonist has been bound over by a magistrate to keep the peace. How can he?

* * *

During recent army manœuvres one contingent went into action playing the bagpipes. This will once again raise the question whether these weapons should be used in civilised warfare.

* * *

Owing to the lower prices for cars and the reduction in the cost of petrol, motoring is coming within the reach of more people who cannot really afford it.

* * *

A castle has been converted into a laundry. It is usual in such cases for the formidable spikes of the portcullis to be incorporated into the shirt-mangling apparatus.

* * *

A man who has recently returned from the Colonies observes that a great many Englishwomen look depressed. Perhaps they are miniature-golf-widows.

* * *

"Two bottle-nosed sharks have been caught off Minehead," says a news item. We are not sure that "bottle-nosed" isn't libellous.



Tramp (to well-equipped hunter of butterflies and beetles). "D' YER WANT A BEATER, MISTER?"

Early Slimming.

"On 28th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. ——, a bony daughter."—*South African Paper.*

HATS OFF TO THE NEW GERMANY!

[An Ode inspired by Lord ROTHERMERE's rhapsody in *The Daily Mail* on the young electorate, of both sexes, to whom he attributes the triumphs of the National Socialist Party at the recent polls.]

To Munich I am come,
Come to the very spot
Where first the Great Idea occurred, to study
The birth of a new nation
(A sort of *Putsch*, but not
So bloody).
The instant revelation
Of what it means has struck me dumb
And—mark my words—will strike creation
In the same way, when men have eyes to see
Like me.

As soon as I observed
This portent of a re-born Fatherland,
This glorious giant, clean of skin,
Tough-sinewed, steely-nerved,
And in his hefty hand
The flag of Liberty unfurled,
At once I pierced the truth
And called my private secretary in,
And "*Kolossal!*" I said
(Which is the German for "colossal");
"Behold the Age of vital Youth,
And me, its Press-apostle!
The ancient order of the senile fossil
Is dead!
Sit down and type, for I will tell the world!"

I can explain the whole position.
The young of Germany, boy and maid,
Strong in their voting power,
Have risen to chuck
Out of its smug régime the retrograde
Type of deflated politician
That leaves a virile nation's hopes unstuck.
Their BALDWINS' fated hour
Has struck.

My countless readers may recall,
From days not too remote,
How I abhorred
(And told *The Mail* to go
On saying so)
What I was pleased to term "The Flapper's Vote,"
As spelling England's certain fall.
No doubt the Teuton brand is not designed
After the British kind;
In any case
A ROTHERMERE can well afford
To readjust his face.

To this New Germany I
Herewith apply
The stamp of my approval; its success,
On which I put my sable shirt,
Becomes a cert,
Thanks to its recognition by my Press.
And would to Heaven my country had
A Lad
Like HITLER—not to make a *Putsch*,
Which might be inconvenient, but to fire
The dormant soul of those who mouch
Idly about with none to lead 'em
Or voice their inarticulate desire
For Fascist Freedom;
Someone—I can't think who,
Unless it's BEAVERBROOK;
One of the nimble Lads that know
What what exactly is;
To whom our youth could look
To down the dotard BALDWIN crew
Whose antique arteries,
Feeble and pale,
Are petering out between cracked walls that grow
Brittler and brittler.
Ever the ripe Hour makes the Man appear.
Meanwhile, because I am a seer
And bound to give a lead
To all my followers who can read,
I sound another slogan in *The Mail*:
HATS OFF TO HITLER! O. S.

MY NEW HEALTH CRAZE.

IT distresses me to think that many "back to Nature" enthusiasts, unable to afford the expense of artificial sun-bathing, must be wondering what next they can do with their tanned and blistered bodies. Are they to be doomed to pass the misty and mellow season in merely normal and unhygienic comfort? No. I have the goods ready for them.

Permit me to proffer what I hope will soon be my world-popular process of bonfire-bathing. I have long considered the possibility of utilising the autumn bonfire for some other purpose than that of burning garden rubbish and annoying the neighbours; and the other day, while I was contemplating a kipper, it came to me—the possibility, I mean.

Without being unintelligibly scientific, my idea is to stimulate the what-d'-you-call-'ems with the health-giving thingummies that lurk in wood-smoke. Poets and boy-scouts and girl-guides rave a lot about the joy of wood-smoke, and—well, just look at them. Look also at the kipper. If the curing properties of smoke can produce a thing such as a kipper, what might it not achieve with a human being? What indeed? I mean to say once it becomes possible to coagulate or, better still, molecularise the cuticular reactions, or something like that, we shall be on the brink of whatever it is we are about to discover.

Mind you, I have not been satisfied to look only at kippers and poets and boy-scouts and girl-guides. I have looked at men—gardeners and so forth—who habitually spend a lot of time with bonfires, and not one of them appeared to suffer from poor appetite, glanders or housemaid's knee. I confided my theory to my old friend, Professor Schnappschark, of the Simian Culture Society. He came and looked at one of the men and was tremendously excited. "I must make a blood test," he said. Unfortunately the man made it first.

My process of bonfire-bathing will be a very simple one. The enthusiast, clad in the remnants of his summer sun-bathing costume, or in the even more fashionable garment which I shall place on the market as soon as possible, will get his bonfire smoking well, and then proceed to suspend himself above in whatever manner he chooses. The elderly and the infirm will probably prefer a hammock, but for the young and athletic I would suggest a rope or a horizontal-bar, on which suitable exercises (which Professor Schnappschark will invent as soon as he is well enough) can be performed during the "smoking" process. A gas-mask should be worn until the bonfire-bather has become so inured to the acrid properties of the smoke that he actually enjoys them.

It would, as I have hinted, involve rather too much scientific phraseology to explain precisely the benefit which the human body would derive from being treated like a ham or a kipper. And anyhow what is wanted is not more health, but a new craze to take the place of sun-bathing when summer is over. My scheme supplies that crying need, and I am convinced that community bonfire-bathing and private "kipper parties" will be going strong this autumn, and my natty two-piece "curing costume" (with pocket for miniature cocktail flask) selling like hot cakes. It is my hope that the well-smoked back and the smutty face will be seen everywhere in Society during the coming demi-season. D. C.

The City of Dreadful Night.

"Ils ont tellement ce métier de mendiant-instrumentiste dans la peau que j'en ai vu, avec stupeur, un qui jouait du bug-pipe, à minuit, dans Kingsway désert."—*From Article on London beggars in French Paper.*

The nearest approach we know to this terrifying instrument is the slug-horn, as used in emergencies by distressed gardeners.



THE POST-BOOMSTER-GENERAL.

MR. LEES-SMITH, P.M.G. (*after getting two wrong numbers*). "I SHOULD LIKE TO REPEAT MY REASONS FOR THANKING HEAVEN THAT I AM NOT AS OTHER MEN ARE—SELF-SATISFIED INDUSTRIALS WHO HAVE DEVELOPED A HOPELESS INDIVIDUALISM. [*Is cut off. Resumes later.*] THE UNPARALLELED EFFICIENCY OF MY DEPARTMENT——"

JOHN BULL. "I CAN ONLY HEAR AN INTERMITTENT BOOMING. SORRY I'VE BEEN TROUBLED. [*Rings off.*]



Local Bigwig (calling on recent arrival in village). "I EXPECT YOU WILL WANT TO KNOW SOME PEOPLE?"
Recent Arrival. "THANKS, WE'RE QUITE HAPPY. WE USUALLY HAVE ARTIST AND WRITER FRIENDS DOWN FOR WEEK-ENDS, YOU KNOW."
Local Bigwig. "AH, VERY NICE, OF COURSE, BUT HARDLY *county*."

A CONSCIENCE CLEAR.

AN irascible man might easily have broken the electric-light bowl-fitting in the drawing-room with a poker in order to emphasise some point in a domestic dispute. I am not an irascible man. A merely careless man—and I admit that in the past I have been careless—might have done the same thing with the head of a steel-shafted driver at the top of his back-swing.

I was not in this case even careless. I had nothing in my hands but a walking-stick, and I had measured the distance, as I thought, with some exactitude. To all intents and purposes I was not in the drawing-room at all when the thing occurred. I should not have been there if my original plan had been followed, which was merely to walk out of the house with my dog and purchase a few ounces of tobacco, so that the blame, if any, attaches to those who interfered with my original design.

When I announced my purpose, I was told "Your daughter will go with you." I said I did not want my daughter. I knew that she would be doing a crossword puzzle, and she was. She was lying on the floor attempting to discover what the whirligig does ten across and I was sorry to have interrupted her in this maidenly pastime. While she was putting a hat or whatever it is they put on, I endeavoured to recapture for a moment the mimicry of a full iron shot with my walking-stick, and I was as much surprised as anyone when the thing occurred.

Looking back at it, I have no doubt that my wrists must have been slightly out of control, or that unconsciously I must have readjusted the position of the hands. Otherwise, with the event of last June still fresh in my memory, it would have been totally impossible even to touch the electric-light bowl-fitting. On that occasion I had been given a new steel-shafted driver, and I confess frankly that I was in a reckless and impulsive mood. But the catastrophe was then so immediate, so utterly overwhelming, that it had stamped itself for ever on my mind. I had scarcely drawn the club back to its full extent when there was a sound like the explosion of a large motor-tyre, and the whole carpet of the room was covered with what appeared to be fine snow. The drawing-room, in fact, resembled an old-fashioned Christmas-card. "If winter comes," I said to myself, half-stunned, "can spring be far behind?"

There was no spring, however. Nothing but summer tempest and lightning. I did all that a man can do. I hurriedly replaced the driver in my golf-bag, rang the drawing-room bell, and said to the housemaid quietly and reassuringly, "There has been a slight accident with the electric-light bowl-fitting. Would you mind clearing it away?"

She looked a little startled, probably supposing that I had been practising levitation or some other black art. No more need have been heard of the matter if female curiosity had not been so intense that I was compelled to divulge the truth, and agree readily enough to a rule that drivers were not to be admitted into the drawing-room again. Nor have they been. On that

point I have been firm as adamant. The theory that in taking a short crisp swing with a walking-stick I was exposing the new electric-light bowl-fitting to the same peril as the old is not reasonably tenable. The circumstances were wholly different, as the reader will perceive when I set them before him, and I trust to his intelligence and judgment to exonerate me.

A walking-stick is not a golf-club. There is all the difference in the world between a drive and an iron shot. Some occupation must be found to fill up the time of waiting when a young woman is putting on her out-of-door clothes. The whole affair is an instance of feminine incompetence to organise a household smoothly and without unnecessary delays. Had my original project been executed in its primal simplicity there would have been no breakage. More than that, the room is too small. I have said so repeatedly. The original architect of the house seems to have made no provision for the needs of the future and must in all fairness shoulder his share of the responsibility.

For those scientifically interested in the breaking of glassware electric-light bowl-fittings, it is worthy of note that the alabaster variety disintegrates into far fewer fragments than the frosted type and is much more easily cleared away, so that a technical trade experiment of some value has been carried out under my auspices. I would also place it on record that there is little to choose between the two articles considered as mausoleums of dead moths and flies. I was astonished at the amount of dead insect life contained in both the frosted and the alabaster bowl. On both occasions I was able to point out that these corpses should have been removed every morning when the room was dusted, and that had it not been for my action they might never have been discovered at all. Probably in houses where the electric-light bowls are beyond the reach of the ordinary well-measured golf-swing there exists a colluvies of dead flies which may become a positive menace to domestic sanitation.

Apart therefore from its industrial use, my action may prove of some service to modern châtelaines who take a pride in the *décor* of the home. Nor, I suppose, is it necessary to point out that with unemployment rampant throughout the land the more we can do to provide a little extra labour to ornamental glass-workers the better.

The more, in fact, that in the mellow light of philosophy we consider the far-reaching results arising from the fracture of the electric-light bowl-fitting, the more clearly do we see that there was little or no occasion for outcry, that the end practically justified the means, and that in no case is it my duty, as has been hastily suggested, to purchase a new one this afternoon. Probably, in the interests of art, of commerce, of sport and of hygiene, there should be a quarterly demolition of electric-light bowl-fittings by means of golf-swings in every high-class drawing-room.

When the first feeling of irritation is allayed and the facts are seen in their true perspective, this view is almost certain to prevail. Nothing else in the room seems to have been seriously damaged, and I was not cut by the falling glass. *Forsan et hæc olim*, as the great Mantuan poet wrote, *meminisse juvabit*. At any rate my share in the incident is closed. EVOE.



AT A MIDGET-GOLF RECEPTION.
THE GUEST WHO OVER-DRESSED THE PART.

Sydney Pedestrians Come Into Their Own.

"The total length of the bridge will be 3,770 feet. It provides for four electric railway lines, a broadway sufficient for six inches of traffic and two footways, each ten feet wide."—*Indian Paper.*

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

III.

Sunday.—Some people seem to think that I am the Keeper of the Borough's Conscience. I told Masters the other day that I am Chairman of Entertainments, not souls. It is nothing to do with me whether he pays for a licence for his second wireless-set or not. In any case I do not believe in wireless.

I happened to call this evening to see if we could not come to some understanding about the park seats before the meeting to-morrow. Masters greeted me in his usual blusterous fashion, in fact rather more so, for he slapped me on the back (a form of salute which I dislike intensely) and said, "Hullo, here's our Frenchman!" Since my expedition to Dieppe he has been full of sly allusions. I am rather afraid that young woman at Bootle's may have been talking. Goodness knows, there is nothing to talk about, but that does not always prevent people from talking.

I wish Masters would not address me as "Laddie." He said, "Come in, Laddie; there's a royal welcome waiting for you." He took me into the billiard-room of all places; *all* those giddy daughters were there and a number of rowdy young men. They were playing what they called "fives" on the billiard-table, which seemed to be nothing but *throwing* the balls about. Several times a ball flew off the table altogether, and once I thought a window was broken. All the time the wireless was turned on, a Harvest Festival somewhere. The bells of the village church were ringing (on the wireless), and what with that and the shrieks of the girls the noise was deafening. A nice sort of place to discuss a delicate point of local politics! Presently the bells stopped and the service began, but no one paid the least attention to it. Masters said, "What about a 'spot,' Laddie?" and told one of the girls to "shake up" a "Passion Fruit." "Shake up a Passion Fruit!" Goodness, what is our language coming to?

I said, "You know I do not take cocktails, Masters." He looked at me very knowingly and said, "Oh, don't you, Laddie? Only on the Continong, eh?" I ignored the jibe and said, "Look here—about the park seats, will you support Weed's compromise?" He said, "How would a 'spot' of Madeira go down?" Really, I wonder sometimes why Masters ever put up for the Council, to say nothing of why he was elected. However, I am putting all this down, as in later years it may prove a useful record of our life and times. Though what our posterity will think of our slang I *shudder* to think. Why "spot," for example? Why not say simply, "a glass of Madeira wine"?



Proud Owner of large marrow. "AND IT'S NEVER GIVEN ME THE SLIGHTEST TROUBLE."
Judge. "I'M AFRAID WE HAVE NO PRIZE FOR GOOD CONDUCT."

However, to do Masters justice, he listened attentively to what I had to say. But presently the sermon began on the wireless; it might have been a dog barking for all the notice that was taken of it. I did not like the idea of the Harvest Festival *leaking* into the room in that way; besides the voice was loud and raucous (I believe the set has five or six *valves*, whatever they are), and what with that and the billiard-balls I could hardly hear myself speak. I said, "Really, Masters, I think we should either listen to the Harvest Festival or disconnect it. I happen to know that it is Canon —— preaching." I must say that Masters has many of the *instincts* of decency. He said, "Sorry, Laddie; I thought it was vaudeville," and at once switched off the instrument. But I was glad that the Canon could not overhear his remark.

We had hardly begun our talk again when a ball flew off the table and I *literally* received it in the pit of the ——, quite losing my breath for a moment or two. The young woman responsible was extremely contrite and insisted on kissing the top of my head, Sunday or no. Masters made me have a second glass of Madeira, to steady me, and the game was abandoned. However, I could see that there was no chance of serious discussion and soon took myself off. By that time they had turned on the wireless service again and were playing ping-pong. A strange household. I must say that Madeira is very warming, and I have a good mind to order a bottle for the London flat. I expect I shall have to do some entertaining.

Monday.—I have just returned from the Entertainments Committee, quite done up. We sat from five till eight, when Masters said that he would dine or resign. Those wretched park seats took up nearly all the time. For the benefit of those who come after I had better explain the difficulty. Six of the twelve seats are situated in sheltered corners, surrounded by shrubberies and trees. The intention, of course, was to provide shelter from the east wind for invalids and old people. Unfortunately it seems that young couples have been caught kissing and hugging in these corners, particularly on Sundays, and Mrs. Busy has had a good many complaints from some of the older residents. Masters of course says "Let the young people have their fun;" but it is not quite so simple as that. For one thing "the young people" do not pay the rates.

The trouble is that on Sundays the two keepers cannot be watching the seats all the time, they have enough to do keeping their eye on the children, who, the minute their backs are turned, start playing with balls or paddle in the paddling-pond. I was up there yesterday myself and saw three or four children who had got in somehow with dolls' prams and animals on wheels.



The Visitor. "AND WHY SO MANY NOTICES 'FOR SALE'?"
The Native. "WELL, SIR, THEY DO SAY THERE'S A PARTY OF WEALTHY AMERICANS VISITING THE DISTRICT."

There are three possible ways out of the "quandairy," as Masters calls it. We might employ more keepers; but then we should have the Finance Committee at us again. We might take away the seats altogether; or we might cut down the trees and bushes. The last seems a little drastic, certainly, especially as there are not too many trees in the park; but Mrs. Busy was strong for it. I favoured moving the seats myself, but I was determined to stand by Mrs. Busy against Masters and Weed, if it came to it. Weed was very little use, as usual, and sniffed the whole time. Masters at last said rudely, "Use your handkerchief, man;" and for once I agreed with Masters. Weed is afraid of Masters, and, though he is anxious to keep in with Mrs. Busy since the —— episode, Masters always bullies him round in the end. I sometimes have half a suspicion that Weed *drinks*. I mentioned this to Masters on the way home. Masters said, "What if he does? Mrs. Busy *eats*." I had to laugh at that, for Mrs. Busy's fondness for cakes amd sweet things is proverbial.

Well, Weed proposed a *compromise*. The seats were to remain, *and* the trees, but we were to have a sort of *avenue* cut through the shrubberies behind, so that a keeper in the open would be able to keep an eye on the children and the seats as well. Masters flared up at that, to my surprise, for I rather thought I had brought him round to the idea yesterday; but perhaps he was not really attending. He said angrily, "What cabbage-water!" (I wish he would not bring these odd expressions into Committee.) "The only result of that would be to make the place a draught-trap and give all the old ladies bronchitis." He was so violent about it that Weed hastily withdrew his motion, and there we were again. Then we voted on Mrs. Busy's amendment, which I supported rather reluctantly, though it is quite true, as she said, that there is really no other place to *put* the seats on that side of the park, and if there are *no* seats on that side Downshire Terrace will have something to say. The voting, of course, was two against two. It is a great pity Colonel Pitt-Larrup is away, for with him we should at least have decided *something*, and he has always disliked Masters. As it was, Masters simply jumped on everything that was proposed, and Weed weakly followed suit. Mrs. Busy said to him sharply once, "It is a pity you have not daughters of your own, Mr. Weed." Masters said behind his hand, "Thank —— he has not!" And so it went on.

The more we wrangled the more hints and winks I had from Masters *à propos* of my visit to Dieppe. He will not say anything *straight out*, but the *insinuation* seems to be that after something which *I* did on the Continent I should be more ready to let our young people have what he calls their "fun." I could see that even Mrs. Busy was looking at me doubtfully, and at last I said, "Masters, will you kindly stop beating about the bush and say what you *mean*?" He replied, "All right, Laddie, I won't give a pal away," which only made things worse. I was furious. However, I counted five and I then said, "Councillor Masters, pray remember that you are addressing your Chairman." He said, "No offence, Laddie, but either I dine or I resign." And so we broke up without settling anything. How *difficult* it all is! Next Sunday I mean to go to the park and see for myself. A. P. H.

"Songs my Mother Taught me."

"Special selection of 'His Mater's Voice' GRAMOPHONE RECORDS."
From N.S.W. Sale Catalogue.

INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE.

IN our parish we were relieved to learn that the recent Bridge contest between England and America had been privately arranged and that the English four could not be said to represent the full strength of the country, a fact which accounts no doubt for the omission of some of our local champions. We also read with much interest the description of the American players' methods; and, in case another match upon more official lines should be contemplated, we submit the characters of four of our leading exponents, veiling their identity under initials.

MISS A.—Perhaps the greatest and most voluble exponent both of ordinary auction and of advanced contract. Misses nothing either in the bidding or the play of the cards for want of claiming it, and knows many rules and conventions of which none of us has ever heard. To see this gifted lady handling a small slam in spades under the impression that she is playing it in no trumps, is to see Bridge at its best and, later on, to hear assertion at its most positive.

Defects.—Some lack of care in distributing the cards, owing to rapidity of manipulation. Has been known to hold as many as fifteen cards in her own hand—a wealth of resource which gives her an undue advantage when it comes to the last tricks and her opponents are found to have no cards left while she has several. Her attitude towards this irregularity depends upon how the hand has gone: if in her favour, she maintains that it is our business to count our own cards, whereas, if she is down on her contract, she insists upon a fresh deal.

MR. B.—One of our Bridge pioneers. Joint inventor, with his wife, of the quick kick system of bidding—a system which, thanks to its simplicity, has now ousted the VANDERBILT convention. A light kick on your partner's ankle means "I haven't got much of a hand," and a heavy kick means "Don't take me out." Mr. B. at one time fancied that this convention might be amplified, and that by a number of quick kicks you might signal how many tricks you thought you could make; but his wife, whose evening shoes were less substantial, found this development too severe a strain. His play of the hand is unerring and his finessing often almost uncanny.

Defects.—Does not play so cleverly or finesse so uncannily when his adversaries conceal their cards, so that he cannot see what they have got. His acute eye is seldom at fault, but there are times when over-cautious card-holders hardly give him a fair chance.

DR. C.—A safe rather than a brilliant player. Regards the game seriously and plays it with concentration. If protracted meditation can ensure the choice of an appropriate card we are sure that, after the Doctor has drawn out and replaced in his hand all the others, that card will eventually be played. His methods are found disconcerting by those unused to them, and when he is managing the two hands the constant necessity for waking his opponents up suggests that they may have lost to some extent the thread of the game. All this is of course to his advantage.

Defects.—Would not be so valuable in a Test-rubber restricted to three or four days as in one played without a time-limit; and it might be as well to ascertain how long the American representatives are able to stay in this country before selecting him for the English team.

COLONEL D.—*A dashing and aggressive partner, who, if* not the best among London players, has certainly no superior among the survivors of the Afghan campaign of 1880. Essentially a forward bidder, he enjoys the responsibility of playing both hands, and rarely, if ever, passes a call, even when made by his partner.

Defects.—Carries this propensity at times to excess, and has a tendency to become excited in moments of stress. As a typical instance he refused on one memorable occasion to be called out of a no trump bid into spades, a suit of which his partner happened to hold nine to the ten, the unfortunate result being that, not only were several listeners deafened for life by the Colonel's persistence, but that he went four down, doubled. He finished up by throwing the score-block at his partner's head and telling him that he might mark it up if he liked. He also said that Bridge was not so good a game as Whist, and related some anecdotes of CAVENDISH. If he were chosen for a Test match it might be advisable to have the police in attendance, or at least an ambulance or two.

A. C.

THE LOCAL TENNIS TOURNEY

(Or part of it).

IT was my adversary's serve;
I steadied myself, I braced my nerve
And struck the spherule clean.
It caught the tape a resounding blow;
My heart was still for a second or so;
It fell on the side of the server, though,
And the score was "Love—15."

I smote at his next and, smiting, heard
From a man in the crowd a murmured word,
And the word I heard was "dirty."
I caught his serve on the racket's rim;
It rose like a rocket, growing dim,
And vanished between the sun and him,
And the umpire called, "Love—30."

At the next essay success was mine,
Though not the result of deep design,
Finesse or daring sortie;
He biffed at the ball; I managed to bring
My weapon to bear on the bounding thing;
He muffed the return—he'd broken a string
Of his racket. Score, "Love—40."

The struggle was stern, the pace was hot;
Re-armed, a ball like a cannon-shot
He served with a deadly aim;
I hit it a slosh (the splicey sort);
It carried the net and pulled up short
As it pitched on a ball that lay on the court,
And the umpire shouted, "Game!"

Oh, scorn not, reader; hear me yet
Before your nose in the air you set
And pass upon your journey;
If then you scoff when the story's done,
You've a heart of stone and feelings none,
For that was the only game I won
At the local Tennis Tourney.

C. B.

Situations Which Should be Easily Filled.

"Wanted Second Team Carter, used to breaking colts, and all farm machinery."—*Advt. in Hampshire Paper.*

"Mrs. —— has spent money freely in buying British bloodstock and last season paid 1,000 guineas for a Tetravice-president of an aircraft firm."—*Daily Paper.*

Undoubtedly a flier, but in our opinion he has too many vices.

"532 Gladstone (W. E.) Life of, by Lord Macaulay. *With fine photogravure portraits, eat,* First Edition. 3 vols, thick 8vo. 1903." *Bookseller's Catalogue.*

It certainly sounds a bit thick.



Mrs. Jones (to driver of motor-coach approaching destination). "CAN YOU DROP ME AT MY DOOR, DRIVER?"

Driver (unsuspecting). "CERTAINLY, LADY."

Mrs. Jones. "WELL, YOU TAKE THE SECOND TURNING ON THE LEFT AND THEN THE THIRD ON THE RIGHT OVER THE RAILWAY BRIDGE, THEN TURN TO THE RIGHT AGAIN, AND MY FLAT IS IN THE SEVENTH HOUSE ON THE LEFT PAST THE BUTCHER'S."

Driver. "WHICH FLOOR, LADY?"

CAPTAIN BAYONET'S LANGUAGE.

A HIGHLY peculiar ordeal confronts our Captain Bayonet. It seems that when a baby in India Bayonet had an ayah who was a devoted servant of the family. (You know the sort of thing: her grandfather had saved Bayonet's grandfather's life in the Mutiny and Bayonet's father had saved her father's life in the Piddegeewang campaign). She had helped bring Bayonet up, had told him (as we like to point out) how to eat porridge without the sucking noise that Lieutenant Swordfrog affects, had patted him on the head when he was good, had smacked him lower down (we also like to point out) when he was naughty, and had taught him his first speech.

Here, however, from the point of view of Bayonet's mamma, there had been a slight hitch. The ayah, her English not being of the best, had left that part of his vocal education to his parents; she herself had concentrated on the rare native dialect in which her own obscure village conducted its daily back-chat. It was called, I think, Slwuggagond (pronounced Slwuggagond, with the accent on the third *letter*).

This acquisition, beyond giving the youthful Bayonet an occasional chance of relieving his feelings by making rude and uncomprehended retorts to his

parents, was of little use to him in subsequent life. The boys at St. Kitten's (Headmaster, E. F. Otway) spoke, he found, little or no Slwuggagond; Eton had never heard of it, though that by no means proves . . . However . . .

It wasn't till he had been in the Army for some while that he heard that a benevolent War Office encouraged officers to learn foreign languages and was even reputed to go so far as to give money grants for proficiency. This last caught Bayonet's fancy and, having a spare hour on his hands one morning in the office, he looked it all up in King's Regulations.

Now the whole language-learning business is in fact one of the most striking examples of generosity of which the Army has ever been guilty. In the first place you get a day's leave in London (extensible with care and tact into a week-end) to go and prove to the authorities that you already know a little about the foreign tongue you intend to take up. You are then given no less than three months' leave (more even for Russian, Chinese, Basque, Zend, Bluph-heli and other difficult ones) to go to the country where it is spoken in order that you may learn it at first hand. And incredibly enough this "language leave" does not count as ordinary leave.

Thus you can have an officer who, after a week-end in London, spends two months in Paris learning French, one month on the Riviera studying the difference in the Southern accent, and another week in London being examined. He then, if he is skilful, gets two months' army leave to spend the grant he has obtained for becoming a French "interpreter." This is fine but demoralising. The effect on one aspiring officer in fact was such that when ultimately he returned to his regiment and got shown a job of work he sent in his papers.

After absorbing these facts, Bayonet was naturally all agog to capitalise his Slwuggagond. So he then and there applied for permission to try for an interpretership.

The War Office after some deliberation presumably decided that, with conditions in India what they were, they would be unwise to miss the chance of having a valuable officer-interpreter on hand in case of the trouble extending to—that is, into—well, in case of trouble in that part of India where Slwuggagond was spoken. Especially as there was at present no Army interpreter in that particular tongue. But, they asked, did Bayonet know any of it already?

Bayonet replied with a document written in the language in question, being fairly confident that nobody would be able to translate it. Which was just as well. Bayonet had not brushed up his stuff since he was a kid and the document was mostly the Slwuggagond for "No, I *won't* have my face washed!" or, "Ayah, you are a fat pig!" or, "I *shan't* go to bed," and other unmilitary if human assertions. On the strength of this he got his permission to "proceed" (Army slang for "go") on "language leave." It was made out, largely, for India; neither the War Office (nor Bayonet in his application) had cared to commit themselves more particularly than that.



HERR TAPPERTITLER.

A REHEARSAL FOR THE PROMISED REVOLUTION IN GERMANY.

Bayonet had a pretty good time in India. He never quite definitely found out where his language was spoken, but he managed to procure, through a man who had known his father, a personal servant from the district. From him he learnt a good deal, and pretty soon he had acquired such a command of Slwuggagond that, instead of saying bluntly, "I *shan't* go to bed!" he could remark, "By the way, I'm dining out with the Royal Bo's to-night, Mugli; I shan't be in till late." Which meant just the same, but is a far more military way of putting it.

In due course Bayonet returned and applied through the War Office to be examined in Slwuggagond so that he might be graded an interpreter (which meant little to Bayonet) and receive his financial grant (which after leave in India meant a lot).

At this the War Office discovered that they had no one capable to conduct an examination in Slwuggagond. They were not however put out, for they had a sort of mutual aid agreement with Cambridge University by which in such emergencies each could apply to the other for assistance. Often Cambridge could produce an odd professor (sometimes a very odd professor) who was an expert in the language required; often the War Office could supply an interpreter-officer to examine an enterprising University student in some obscure dialect.

This time, however, even Cambridge University was baffled. There was not even a Chair of Slwuggagond, let alone students. So they sent an inquiry round among themselves till it got into a totally different department altogether, with the result that one morning some weeks later a staff-officer in the War Office received a polite request from Cambridge saying that they were in need of the services of an examiner in the Slwuggagond dialect but were unable to find one; could the War Office, in accordance with the usual arrangement, lend them one?

The name struck a chord in the staff-officer's mind. Slwuggagond? Surely there was . . . He turned up his lists. Yes, there was a certain Captain Bayonet of the Loamshires. True he hadn't officially qualified yet, but doubtless he would do to examine some young undergraduate. . .

Well, well, you can see what happened. One bright morning Bayonet received two communications from different offices in the Battle Shack. One to report himself on the 8th inst. to the authorities at Cambridge University, where he would be required to examine a candidate in Slwuggagond. The other to proceed to Cambridge on the 8th inst. to undergo his Slwuggagond interpretership examination.

Yes, a highly peculiar ordeal confronts our Captain Bayonet. But *we* all think he'll pass. A. A.



THE LAST WASP OF SUMMER.

1066 AND ALL THAT.

[*Being extracts from a forthcoming History of England.* (*Absit* OMAN.)]

HENRY VIII.'S PLAN FAILS.

Curiously enough HENRY had all the time had an idea about a new wife for himself called ANNE, who, he thought, looked as if she would be likely to have a son. So when the divorce was all over (or nearly) he married her; but he was wrong about ANNE, because she had a girl too, in a way (*see* ELIZABETH). After this HENRY was afraid his reign would not be long enough for any more divorces, so he gave them up and executed his wives instead.* He also got less interested in his wives and gave himself up to Diplomacy, spending a great deal of his time playing tennis, etc., with the young King of France in a field called the Field of the Crock of Gold.

ELIZABETH.

EDWARD VI. and Broody MARY were the two small TUDORS who came in between the two big ones, HENRY VIII. and ELIZABETH.

Although this memorable Queen was a man, she was constantly addressed by her courtiers by various affectionate female nicknames, such as Aurora-Borealis, Ruritania, Black Beauty (or Bête Noire) and Brown Bess.

WAVE OF BEARDS.

One of the most romantic aspects of the Elizabethan age was the Wave of beards which suddenly swept across History and settled upon all the great men of the period. The most memorable of these beards was the cause of the outstanding event of the reign, which occurred in the following way:—

THE GREAT ARMADA.

The Spaniards complained that Captain F. DRAKE, the memorable England bowler (from Devon, a Minor County), had singed the King of Spain's beard (or Spanish Mane, as it was called) one day when it was in Cadiz Harbour. DRAKE replied that he was in his hammock at the time and a thousand miles away. The King of Spain, however, insisted that the beard had been spoilt and sent the Great Spanish Armada to ravage the shores of England.

The crisis was boldly faced in England, especially by Big Bess herself, who instantly put on an enormous quantity of clothing and rode about on a white horse at Tilbury—a courageous act which was warmly applauded by the English sailors.

In this striking and romantic manner the English were once more victorious.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

A great nuisance in this reign was the memorable Scottish queen, known as MARY, Queen of Hearts, on account of the large number of husbands which she obtained. Most of these she easily blew up at Holywood.

Unfortunately for MARY, Scotland was now suddenly overrun by a Wave of Synods led by Rev. JOHN KNOX. Unable to believe, on account of the number of her husbands, that MARY was a single person, he accused her of being a "monstrous regiment of women," and had her imprisoned in Loch Lomond. MARY, however, escaped and fled to England, where ELIZABETH immediately put her in quarantine on the top of an enormous Height called Wutheringay. Finding that she was good-looking and could play on the virginals, ELIZABETH recognised that MARY was too romantic not to be executed, and accordingly had that done.



"ORIGIN OF PREPARATORY SCHOOLS."

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX.

Memorable amongst the men with beards in ELIZABETH'S reign was her favourite, ESSEX. ESSEX had a secret arrangement with QUEEN ELIZABETH that he was to send her a ring whenever he was going to be executed, and she would reprieve him. But although, according to the arrangement, he tried to get into communication with the Queen, he was given the wrong number and was thus executed after all.

"God may forgive you," was Brown Bess's memorable comment to the operator, "but I never will."

* * * *

CHARLES I. AND THE CIVIL WAR.

With the ascension of CHARLES I. to the throne we come at last to the central period of English History (not to be confused with the Middle Ages of course), consisting in the extremely memorable struggle between the Cavaliers (Wrong but Romantic) and the Roundheads (Right but Repulsive).

CHARLES I. was a Cavalier King and therefore had a small pointed beard, long flowing curls, a large flowing hat and gay attire. The Roundheads, on the other hand, were clean-shaven and wore tall conical hats, white ties and sombre garments. In these circumstances a Civil War was inevitable.

At first the King was successful owing to Prince RUPERT of Hentzau, his famous cavalry leader, who was very dashing in all directions. Afterwards, many indecisive battles were fought at such places as Newbury, Edgehill, Sedgehill, Newbury, Chalgrove Field, Newbury, etc., in most of which the Cavaliers were rather victorious.

THE NEW MORAL ARMY.

The Roundheads therefore made a new plan in order to win the war after all. This was called the Self-Denying Ordnance and said that everyone had to deny everything he had done up to that date; thus the war could be started again from the beginning. When the Roundheads had done this they were called the New Moral Army and were dressed up as Ironclads and put under the command of CROMWELL, whose Christian name was OLIVER and who was therefore affectionately known as "Old Nick." CROMWELL was not only moral and completely round in the head but had a large (round) wart

* *Note.*—All except ANNE OF CLEVES, whom he had on approval from Belgium and sent back on discovering that she was really not a queen at all but a fat mare with glanders.

on the nose. He was consequently victorious in all the remaining battles, such as Newbury, Marston Moor, Edgehill (change for Chalgrove), Naseby, Newbury, etc.

Rule of the Serjeant-Majors.

In order to carry out his policy of Blood and Ironclads, Cromwell divided the country into twelve districts and set a Serjeant-Major over each of them. Nothing sickened the people of the rule of the Serjeant-Majors so much as their cruel habit of examining little boys *viva-voce*. For this purpose the unfortunate children were dressed in their most uncomfortable satins and placed on a stool. The Serjeant-Major would then ask such difficult questions as "How's your Father?" or "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?" and those who could not answer were given a cruel medicine called "Pride's Purge." (Origin of Preparatory Schools.)

The Crowning Mercy.

The Roundheads at length decided to offer Cromwell the crown. Cromwell, however, was unwilling and declared it was a Crowning Mercy when he found that it would not fit, having been designed for a Cavalier King.

Soon after Cromwell died of a surfeit of Pride, Purges, Warts and other Baubles.

Charles II. A Merry Monarch.

Charles II. was always very merry and was therefore not so much a King as a Monarch. During the Civil War he had rendered valuable assistance to his father's side by hiding in all the oak-trees he could find. He was thus very romantic and popular and was able after the death of Cromwell to descend to the throne.

Though now no longer arboreal, Charles remained very much interested in natural beauty and kept a great number of pets at his Court, including his famous King Charles's Spaniards, the most memorable of whom was Catherine of Braganza; but, although married to Catherine, Charles was even fonder of an orange-girl called Elinor Gwyn. He was thus a Bad Man.

Charles II. was famous for his wit and his inventions. Among the latter was a merry way of behaving and writing plays, called the Reformation. This was a *Good Thing* in the end as it was one of the earliest causes of Queen Victoria's determination to be virtuous.

Examples of Charles's Wit.

Most of Charles's witty remarks were of an unbridled nature and are therefore (unfortunately) not memorable.



TENSE MOMENTS IN SUBURBIA.

The Laburnums' Spot meets Bella Vista's Jimbo.

He also instituted a number of witty Acts of Parliament. Amongst these were:—

(*a*) The Act of Indemnity and Oblivion, which said that everyone had to pay an indemnity to the King and then forget that he had paid it.

(*b*) The Act of Uniformity, which said that everyone had to be the same as everyone else.

(*c*) The Five-Mile Act, which said that no schoolmasters or clergymen were to go within five miles of each other. (This was obviously a *Good Thing*.)

(*d*) The Corporation Act, which said that everyone had to be as fat as possible (except Nell Gwyn).

Quaker Oates.

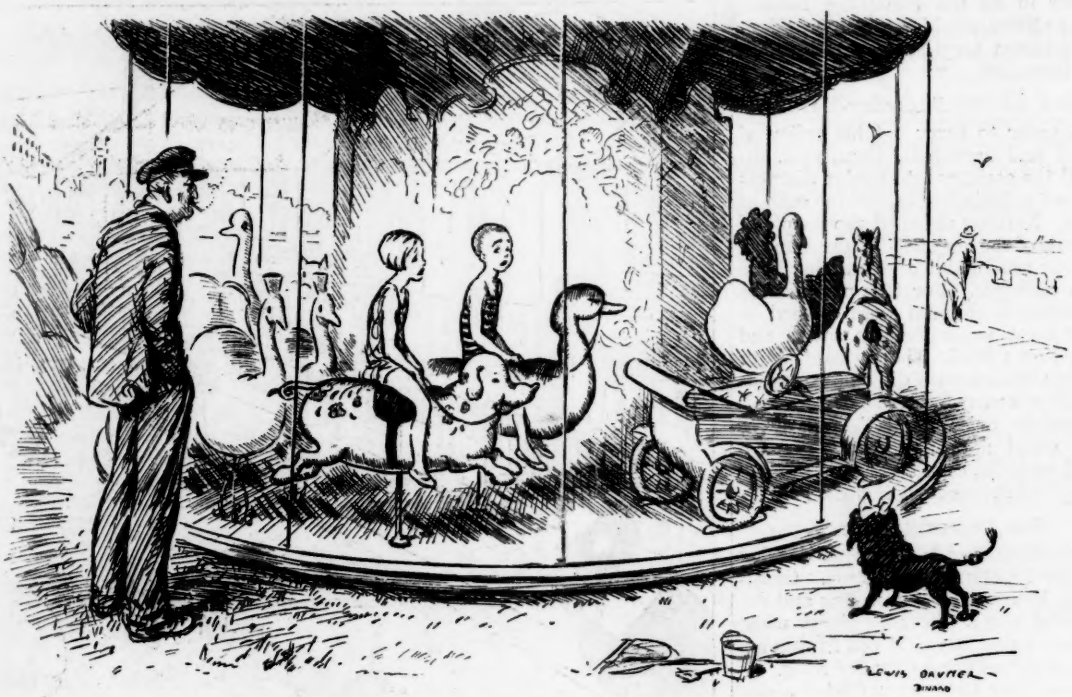
A great deal of excitement was caused in this reign by Titus Oates, the memorable Quaker, who said that a Roman Catholic plot had been made with the objects (*a*) of murdering the King, (*b*) of blowing up the people, (*c*) of restoring the Roman Catholic religion.

The King was so enraged that he immediately introduced a Disabling Act, which said that everyone except the heir to the throne was to be disabled. Later, when he had relented, he had another *Habeas Corpus* Act passed, saying that the disabled people might keep their bodies.

(*To be continued.*)

Headaches for the Church Historian.

"Relics of an ancient battle, which have been found at Caistor, near Norwich, throw unexpected light on the dates of the Roman resistance to the Anglican invasion of the East Coast of Britain."—*Daily Paper.*



FIN DE SAISON: THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

MY FIGHTING WEIGHT.

"I SHOULD like," said the doctor, prodding me affectionately in the short ribs, "a little more flesh *there*. Let me see, you go away next week, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, wincing.

"Well, fatten yourself up," he said. "Take things easy. Drink milk, eat well, get plenty of sleep, weigh yourself regularly and let me have another look at you when you come back."

On the day of my arrival at Beachville I was negotiating with one of the local banditti for the use of a small bathing-hut (he described it as a "beach bungalow" and framed his charges accordingly) when I noticed a weighing-machine close at hand. As soon as I had come to terms with the bandit, I strolled over to it, read the instructions carefully, inserted my penny and stepped on to the platform. For the next few seconds the machine was shaken with internal convulsions. Finally the red pointer came to rest; the machine then coughed in a subdued manner and produced a small card, which read as follows:—

"30 AUG 30 9 STONE 4 POUND
MADE IN ENGLAND"

But this was not all. On turning the card over I discovered that the machine had taken up psycho-analysis as a side-line (doubtless this explained the internal convulsions) and had summed me up as follows:—

"You always try to use good judgment. If you could have a little more self-confidence things would come your way more easily. Cultivate self-confidence."

I turned away sadly. The machine, I felt, was right. I was a poor thing. I did my best, but I lacked push. This, no doubt, was why I had missed that promotion earlier in the year. Nevertheless I reflected, as I made my way to the dairy in Pier Street, there is still hope for me; I always try to use good judgment and I am an Empire product.

For the next three days I slept inordinately and spent most of my waking moments at meals or in the Pier Street dairy. On the morning of the fourth day I felt more robust and consulted the machine again. The news was good:—

"3 SEP 30 9 STONE 6 POUND
MADE IN ENGLAND.

You have self-confidence, but it is all right in your case since you do not overdo it."

This was indeed all right. Not only had I gained two pounds; I had also by a happy coincidence acquired additional self-confidence. As I hurried off to the dairy I found myself laying plans for the future on a more ambitious scale than usual. Perhaps on my return I might one day contrive to introduce the subject of my prospects to the junior partner.

Four days later I approached the oracle once more, this time in a quietly self-confident manner (I did not, of course, overdo it), and invested a third penny. The report exceeded my brightest hopes:—

"7 SEP 30 9 STONE 9 POUND
MADE IN ENGLAND.

Yours is a kind and generous disposition. You have considerable self-confidence and do not find it necessary to depend on others. This is an excellent trait."

It was then I began to realise that in my case mass and merit went together. All my past efforts at self-improvement—the hours with the classics, the daily dozen on rising, the unremitting attention to the Health Hints in *The Daily Blare*—had been a mere waste of time which might have been more congenially occupied. What I really needed was good food and plenty of it. That morning, over my egg-and-milk, I decided quite definitely that I would speak to the junior partner at the first opportunity.

But the machine's final utterance, on



CONSOLATION.

SOVIET PEASANT. "I'M BEING STARVED!"

SOVIET OFFICIAL. "YES; BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT BY DUMPING YOUR FOOD ABROAD WE SHALL STARVE THE FOREIGN FARMER TOO."



COMMITTEE OF ANTI-LITTER LEAGUE IMPLORING A JOUSTING CHAMPION TO MAKE AS LITTLE MESS AS POSSIBLE AND THUS PRESERVE THE AMENITIES OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.

the eve of my departure for town, convinced me that I was not the man to be frittering my time away with a junior partner. My last card was a clarion call to action. It read:—

"13 SEP 30 9 STONE 12 POUND
MADE IN ENGLAND.

You have a strong character and are quite a fighter. You can be led but not driven. A fact some people make use of."

"Some people" shall make use of it no longer. I am now working steadily up to ten stone as a preliminary to a heart-to-heart talk with the head of the firm. If only I can make the weight, I feel confident of convincing him that the time is ripe for my advancement to a more responsible position. I shall make it clear that I am a person of vast potentialities, provided I enjoy a salary adequate to my nourishment on a generous scale. I shall be courteous, but firm and frank. So far from being driven I will not even be led.

Another Impending Libel Suit.

"Mr. —— is one of the many Scotsmen who have forged their way to the summits of the banking world."—*Evening Paper.*

Our Candid Advertisers.

"LAST WEEKS OF OUR MOTOR SALE.
Join the Ranks of Contented Purchasers.
Hundreds Already Sold in Every Direction."
Notice in Suburban Motor Depôt.

B. M. G.

[Professor PHELPS, in *Scribner's*, reminds us that some years ago "a London journalist, JAMES DOUGLAS, predicted that 'BROWNING will die, even as DONNE is dead.'"]

"BROWNING will die,
Even as DONNE is dead"—
Thus the great DOUGLAS, "true and tender" JAMES,
Whose vigilance never slumbers,
And who invariably claims
Attention by the uplift of his aims,
Forestalled the care-free verdict of the world,
And from their perches hurled
This overrated pair
Into the dismal limbo of back numbers.

In spite of which,
Out of the ditch
DONNE dares to raise his too presumptuous head,
Declining to be dead,
And is, booksellers tell us, widely read;
While publishers and commentators thrive
On new editions of this muddy mystic,
This deleterious and delirious Dean,
Who of the fount of Hippocrene
Drank in a manner most hubristic,
And does not merely threaten to revive,
But is, in fact, offensively alive!

And worse remains behind,
For, though long out of mind
Save in a slightly academic sect,
BROWNING, resurgent, ventures to reject
The verdict that pronounced his doom,
And, rising from the tomb,
May possibly enjoy a boom
Which, though of moderate dimensions, must
Fulfil the mind of DOUGLAS with disgust.

No, no,
BROWNING and DONNE Must Go,
Returning to their vault;
For Life would lose its savour and its salt
If JAMES were proved at fault,
If poets, arrogantly sacrilegious,
Rebelled against the oracular and egregious
Pontiff, whose Sunday screeds
Have superseded all official creeds,
Whose rich and purple style,
More copious than the Nile,
Calorifies the cockles of our hearts,
Consolidates the craziest apple-carts,
And heals more sufferers than the staff of Bart's.
Wherefore, begone!
BROWNING and DONNE,
And let J. D. in majesty ride on!

C. L. G.

More Perils of the Highway.

"Norbury Social Club are running Midget Golf. On main road. 18 holes 6d. You can drive as well as putt here."
Evening Paper.



Proprietor of Shooting (*inspecting game-book after being away*). "THE BOYS DIDN'T GET MANY BIRDS, BUT YOU'VE ENTERED 'VARIOUS' TOO OFTEN. I LIKE EVERYTHING PUT DOWN."

Scotch Keeper. "I COULDNA' JUIST DAE THAT. YE SEE THERE WAS A GILLIE AND TWA DOGS, NO' TO MENTION SOME SHEEP AND SANDY'S AULD COO."

PANEGYRIC ON THE POUND.

THE pound sterling is coming into its own again!

I speak not upon mine own authority, but upon that of the daily Press, and, believing the words to be true, I say:

"Hail, little pound! Let the carpet be spread upon the pavement and the awning be lifted above the porch. The seneschal shall stand at the doorway, the halberdiers be in line. Enter, little pound, into your inheritance, on soft and rustling feet! A bottle of salad-oil which in 1929 cost three-shillings-and-threepence may be bought for two-and-ninepence at this very hour. It is a wonderful thought, though I do not greatly care for bottles of salad-oil. A young grouse which was seven shillings last year is but four shillings to-day. Not the same young grouse, reader. If that was so the benefit to the consumer would be small. It is a different young grouse of whom we speak. But he has fallen, a humbled thing. If he had lived in 1929 he would have been a costlier, a prouder bird. For the pound is coming into its own again."

I could write a poem about it. In fact I *have* written a poem about it. But the work was too long to be included in this issue of *Punch*. It dealt specifically with the reduction of the prices of all commodities, from chinchilla furs to cheese, from cheese to bacon, from bacon through granulated sugar to biscuits, to cauliflowers, to eggs.

Let me quote you some of the reductions:—

Soap is a penny-ha'penny cheaper than last year—more baths for you and me, more delicious dalliance with the scented creamy lather of which you will read in the advertisement page that causes the faces of film-actresses to shine like the morning star. I think this reduction in the price of soap must be partly due to the closing of the Serpentine for bathers, since soap is not allowed in the Serpentine. Realising that now was the time to make soap popular again the soap men have combined to make a great sweep, and extend the use of soap from the faces of film actresses to the ordinary British home.

Marmalade is twopence cheaper. Beneficent healing marmalade, that prolongs breakfast-time until lunch is nearly due. The pound has come into its own again and cheaper marmalade follows joyfully in his retinue.

Carolina rice is down. It is only down a penny, but what of that? The old settlers of Carolina have gathered together and given of their best to swell the triumph-song of the returning pound.

Eggs are threepence cheaper. I must get me an egg.

All over London discerning housewives are becoming aware of the startling fall in shop-prices and bustling to the mart, picking up here a seal musquash, which has fallen from ninety-nine to thirty-nine pounds, here an American broad-tail that has dropped to ninety, here a biscuit, here a gallon of paraffin, and here a motor-tyre. Happy and industrious housewives! See them laden with their spoils as they fill the home-going motor-bus! The pound, they whisper, is coming into its own again. It is regaining its purchasing power! You still have to pay a pound for it at the bank. But its value compared with last year is one-pound-six.

Let us see what *The Economist* says. *The Economist* says that the housewife who had to spend one pound in meat and cereals last year would now have to spend only sixteen shillings. The

little mouths must still be fed with meat and cereals; but think what it all means:—

£	s.	d.
1	0	0
	16	0
	4	0

Four shillings more for literature, for the greyhounds, for the cinema!

I do not know whether boots have come down. I see nothing in the list before me about boots. It is my experience that boots pay very little attention to the *Wanderlust* and the home-coming of the pound. But can even boots fail to catch the enthusiasm which is infecting squirrel furs, which is running riot through butter and peas, which is stirring the heart of the cauliflower, which is felt in petrol, which is already sensible in soap? I think not. Boots are trembling also to take their place in the procession and welcome the young pound as he comes back into his own.

I took some young pounds from a banker yesterday. How tenderly I folded them and put them in my wallet! They were pounds of a vintage year. Every one of them held latent the power to purchase five young grouses as compared with the miserable two-and-six-seventh grouses of yesteryear. With every one of them, had I so desired, I could have challenged the nearest grocer to hand me eighty packets of lump-sugar or ninety-six new-laid eggs. A short twelve months earlier and I should have had to be content with—

	£	s.	d.	
3½d.)	1	0	0	(pounds of sugar
or		2/9	÷ 100 × 12	
			× 12 ÷ 100	

(No, not that.)

2/9 ÷ 12 × 100

Oh well, hang eggs!

Let us take a larger view of the whole business. The pound sterling is coming into its own again. It is fit that we celebrate, and celebrate mightily, his return. This very day I will gather some chosen comrades, fellows who know how to dine, and we will sit down to the following great meal, whose menu I select from the same daily paper that was the first to give me the glad news—

	s.	d.
2 lb. apricot jam	1	3
1 lb. Carolina rice		5
Bottle salad-oil	2	9
1 lb. cocoa	1	9
1 lb. bacon	1	4
1 lb. butter (New Zealand)	1	7
A young grouse	4	0
1 lb. Surrey chicken	1	10
1 lb. sugar		2½
1 lb. Californian plums	1	0
Bottle plums		10½
Biscuits, 1 lb.	1	2
Flour, 7 lb.	1	4
	19	6

A little heavy, you ask me? What of it? Last year the same meal would have cost us £1 6*s.* 1½*d.* To-day there is a flutter of flags flying. The pound sterling is coming back into his own!

EVOE.



THE NEW MOVEMENT.

Hostess. "WILL YOU TAKE THIS CHAIR, UNCLE?"
Uncle. "AS LONG AS I DON'T HAVE TO SIT ON IT, MY DEAR."

Rough on the Brats.

"FACE PROTECTION.
Soap that is a Real Antiseptic—Ideal Food for Teething Babies."
Daily Paper.

How Helen Changed Her Home-Town.

"Helen of Troy was so wonderfully beautiful that, after she had run away from Paris to Troy, her husband launched a thousand ships and besieged the city for twenty years."—*From Advt. of Beauty Specialist.*

Sub Jove Frigido.

"Sir Richard Squires, Premier of Newfoundland, and Lady Squires taken on the roof of the Savoy, where they are staying during the Imperial Conference."
Legend under portraits in Daily Paper.

Is this the way that the Mother City entertains her distinguished guests?

Big Game in Bloomsbury.

"The animal exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society held in their premises on the west side of Russell Square is always an astonishment to those who have not realised its international character."
Weekly Paper.

Fortunately for the peace of Bloomsbury, all the exhibits have been shot.

AT THE PICTURES.

SIR GERALD ON THE RUN.

IT was not until I saw *Escape* at the Marble Arch Pavilion that I realised the true function of the talkies when



CROWDED SOCIAL LIFE OF AN ESCAPED CONVICT.

No. 480 *Dartmoor* (*Sir Gerald du Maurier*). "I MUST HURRY TO CATCH THE SHINGLED LADY BEFORE SHE HAS HER MORNING BATH."

they enact stage plays. Their function is to show us what happened "OFF." If we who saw the play have any memory we can recall what happened "ON"; the talkies reveal the rest. Otherwise there would be little justification for reproducing plays at all, where the conclusion is for so many of the audience already known and the fulness and ripeness of the living representation are not recapturable. But—although my own belief is that everything done by the talkies should be specially written for them—there is no harm, even if also no real good, when a drama of the soul has its bodily "i's" and "t's" dotted and crossed; and of course, if so serious an author as Mr. GALSWORTHY doesn't mind, why should anybody else? It comes back to the spelling of the Dotheboys Hall "winder" and the cleaning of it; the play spells, the talkie cleans.

Those who saw *Escape* at whatever theatre it was performed will remember the fox-hunting hero's distaste for fox-hunting; at any rate for the kill. The first few minutes of the film version are therefore occupied with the incidents of a run with the Fitzwilliam Hounds, where again and again the fox is brought within our vision—not always being very passionately hunted, for the camera can't do everything, but doomed. Thus are we doubly assured of *Captain Matt Denant's* distaste.

Later, after the scene in Hyde Park, where, returning from Ascot, at a not too clearly-defined period of the day or night, he is accosted by a girl and with (for the movies) a curiously hesitant blow kills a policeman, he is imprisoned for five years. Here again we are offered what the stage cannot supply: the actual Princetown fortress, the moor in a mist, the potato fields, the warders, the breakaway, the alarm and the pursuit. For those who cannot visualise such things with the inward eye, these details would be right enough if *Captain Matt Denant*, who some years before had managed to evade his German guards—no easy task!—were an astuter, more resourceful fugitive. We must not, however, blame his impersonator, Sir GERALD DU MAURIER, for this, but rather the exigencies of the production. Whatever he did, wherever he hid or tried to hide, whenever he stood out on the sky-line in his tell-tale uniform, he had to do it in such a way that the camera got him. That is part of the price we pay for going to see photography.

Speaking personally, I don't want to see Sir GERALD on the run at all. He is no runner. I want to see him



"JOLLY NICE OF HER TO ALLOW ME TO SHAVE AND GIVE ME THIS RIG. NOW FOR TEA WITH GRACE AND DORA."

beautifully dressed, negligently in repose, confident, urbane and ready of speech. He scrambles without enthusiasm; he starves without conviction.

A number of "firsts" are claimed by Mr. BASIL DEAN, not the least of which is that it is his first talking picture. It is Sir GERALD'S first talking picture too. It is the first to have artistes photographed, by permission, in Hyde Park: no trifling concession! It is the first



"AND NOW FOR A SPOT WITH THE VICAR."

to have photographs taken, also by permission, in the Princetown prison, whose warders, by the way, get anything but a good advertisement. It is the first—but this is not one of Mr. BASIL DEAN'S claims, even if he is responsible—in which Miss EDNA BEST, discovering Sir GERALD in her tiny bedroom in a Devonshire fishing inn and wishing to aid him to liberty, outlines her plan in tones to be heard all over the moor, from Newton Abbot to—shall I say?—Manaton.

Mention of Miss BEST reminds me that the film version has been lavishly cast, for Miss BEST has only about three minutes in which to raise her voice; Miss MADELEINE CARROLL, as another friend of the runaway, is with us for a shorter period; Mr. GORDON HARKER has perhaps two minutes; Mr. HORACE HODGES, two; and Miss JEAN CADELL, as "a spinster," I did not identify at all. All stars! Mr. DEAN, you will realise, has spared no expense. There is even a real live trout for *Captain Matt Denant* to land. But would he, I asked myself, have done this thing? Would he not have thrown it back? Or is it that fishes are less his and Mr. GALSWORTHY'S brothers than foxes are?

E. V. L.

Hope for the Hirsute.

"A little bay rum, eau-de-Cologne or lavender water, brushed through greasy hair, removes all trace of it."—*Glasgow Paper.*

ANOTHER DOPE SCANDAL.

Poker is in trouble again. It seems that somebody has been "doping" race-horses with medicines to make them run faster. The Stewards of something or other have become very excited about it, suspended a trainer who did this thing and disqualified a horse from running.

Why this poor animal should be condemned to walk for the rest of its days is not quite clear to me. Indeed the whole thing baffles. Everybody who knows about race-horses (and everybody I meet seems to know about race-horses) tells me that everybody gives horses chemicals to make them run faster. And why not? I answer ignorantly. I thought that the whole idea of a horse-race was to make a race-horse run as fast as possible. What exactly is the objection to this method? Is it considered cruel to give the poor animal deranging medicines? None of my knowing informants has taken that line. And, if they did, one would have to ask them whether it was quite kind to beat the weary favourite with whips or goad him with sharp spurs.

What *is* the offence, then? I gather that it would be legitimate to give a race-horse a hearty meal at the psychological moment (if one could discover it), though the sole purpose would be to make him run faster than he ever ran before. One may employ a secret masseur, or rub the animal down with a patent muscle-food unknown to other owners, and still remain a respected figure of the Turf. Where exactly is the line drawn, and why? It is the old story, I suppose—food is always respectable, but a drink is the devil.

Apart from all that, the idea of these Stewards nosing about and smelling the horses' breath after every race seems to me to be an odious invasion of the private lives of our dumb animals. But let us turn to Poker's trouble.

Poker is struggling in the grip of an ethical what's-its-name. It seems that at the University Poker secured a First Class in the Honour School of History. A gruelling examination. Poker had worked hard, especially at the end; he sat up late during the examination committing to memory the dates of the Kings of England, and by the third day he was exhausted, with seven or eight papers still to come. And he could not sleep.

Poker's ghastly confession is that he then resorted to artificial stimulants. He went to a chemist and was served with strong tonics for the morning and strong sedatives for the night. On the last two days he had to keep himself going with whisky as well. But he got his First. Other students, equally exhausted and perhaps as well-informed, drooped over the final papers, unassisted by any chemist, and got mere seconds and thirds.

And now poor Poker, after these race-course revelations, is wondering what he ought to do. Should he make a clean breast of it to the University authorities, have himself disqualified and his First cancelled? Should, he said, the University admit to a lower standard of ethics than the race-course? And I answered, "Certainly not."

"But there is worse," continued Poker. "You remember the late War? And you remember that in most of the great battles our soldiers were supplied with *rum* before going over the top. But for that rum, it may be, Britain would never have won those battles. That is the thought that haunts me. *Perhaps Germany really won the War!* At night as I lie awake I seem to see the posters—

"WAR SENSATION
GREAT BRITAIN DISQUALIFIED."

Poor old Poker! A. P. H.



"By Jove, it's old Robinson, or I'm a Dutchman."
"Goeden morgen, mijnheer."

Great Expectorations.

"The skipper spat disconsolately down the engine-room ventilator and stopped the engines."—*From a Sea Story.*

"Lost, Port containing thermos flask."
Tasmanian Paper.

We dislike these fortified wines.

"We went up the main stairs, under the picture of King Lear holding in his arms the dead Ophelia."—*Evening Paper.*

Hamlet would have had something to say to this.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET" (QUEEN'S).

THE first thing to say about this production is that it is very pleasant to welcome back to the London stage, after too long an absence, Mr. RUDOLF BESIER, with his sound sense of construction, sensitive characterisation and fine seriousness. *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, the preamble to the story of one of the really beautiful romances of authentic history, was the *pièce de résistance* at the Malvern-Shavian festival, and from its reception was certain of a London trial. But theatrical London, unlike Malvern, is not of course a serious intellectual centre. There are no doubt a few people of intelligence still undebauched by films and fripperies and crooks and crimes; and these will immediately rally to the support of this play. Thereafter, I have no doubt, the excited discussion of matters which have nothing to do with the play's real dramatic excellence will ensure it a much wider audience—matters concerned with the ethics of authorship, the rights of the dead to their characters and their privacy, and with the too-much canvassed hypotheses of the Jungo-Freudians.

There also ought to be a genuine desire on the part of the young people of our time to see how much better we or, as they with some plausibility would claim, *they* have managed to arrange things nowadays; and they may learn to mitigate the contempt and disdain they now so freely bestow on us. "Poor darlings!" the least heartless among them may be moved to say, "what could you expect with such an environment? . . . Bronx or Devil's Tattoo?"

This is not to be read as an admission that we think the author has been quite fair to the ogre of Wimpole Street. Victorians can of course remember his reputation as an impossible person—tyrannical, arbitrary, immensely, portentously the early-Victorian heavy father. But not quite the monster he was explicitly represented in the original Malvern, and implicitly in this blue-pencilled London, version of the play. On the other hand we can see the dramatist's problem. How reconcile this devout Christian, devoted husband, fond father, assiduous man of business—he was all these—with this ruthless widower, spoiler of his children's happiness, the fanatical imposer of a régime of "prohibition" of anything connected with the processes responsible for the forest of olive-branches feebly blown about in the wind of his unreasonable fury in Wimpole Street. (Here it may be observed that to our youngsters the hordes of gaily-caparisoned but inconceivably poor-spirited young brothers of *Elizabeth* and the two sisters, one completely subdued, the other with the divine spark of self-respect and independence not yet entirely quenched, must seem very much like a musical-comedy Chorus; and indeed Mr. BESIER has slyly used them somewhat to this effect to mitigate the inspissated gloom of his harsh theme.)



A TANKARD OF TONIC.

Edward Moulton-Barrett . . . MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.
Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett MISS GWEN FRANGÇON DAVIES.

Our author seeks the "sufficient cause" for the grim phenomenon and is compelled to find it in the painful repressions of a man of strong passions, repressions dictated by a harsh religion which has no real help to offer in the difficult business. Then fork-expelled nature returns with seven new devils, and everything is in the fire. Hence the sadist ogre!

But we must not let this morbid aspect of the affair overshadow the romantic—the first passages of the love between two poets that lasted till the death of both—a faithfulness not incident to poets. Into the stuffy room of Wimpole Street, with its always closed windows lest the air, and drawn blinds lest the sun, prove fatal to the sofa-bound invalid, bursts the hearty, optimistic, masterful, commonsensical well-groomed author of the (admittedly incomprehensible) *Sordello*, of *Pippa*, and the *Pied Piper*, *e.t.l.* Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND is more than hearty, he is positively breezy; but breezes were wanted in Wimpole Street and they did their work. And Miss GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES is very sweet, wan, resigned, and—for an actress of such experience and gifts—inaudible.

And here is the tight-lipped *Mr. Barrett* bidding his trembling brood "Come here," "Be silent"; sending for Bibles for solemn stupid oaths of obedience to be sworn on them; forcing beakers of porter down poor *Elizabeth's* throat under pain of his displeasure; using his privileged position as uncle of an exceedingly pretty niece to frighten the child by an ugliness of approach which—the mask slipping aside for the moment—she recognises with horror. All fine material for Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE's carefully-balanced and restrained acting, with its effect of power—the fruit of balance and restraint. A very fine performance.

The playing throughout was good. The *Henrietta* of Miss MARJORIE MARS was brilliant—sensitive, spirited, well-observed. And I liked the charming little study of *Wilson*, the maid, by Miss EILEEN BELDON. One fine thing we have lost that the Victorians had: the relationship between loved and respected mistress and loved and respected maid.

This for both relevant and irrelevant, good and less good reasons is a play emphatically to see.

But please, ladies, let us remove the superfluous "r" from Bellar. T.

"FOLLOW A STAR" (WINTER GARDEN).

Mr. JACK HULBERT as producer is not merely ingenious and competent, he has some gift of getting into his shows a vitality and a movement which carry them swiftly and safely over dull patches. His assistants are drilled into a team instead of a crowd. His scenic effects are got without lavishness yet without meanness—a sound theatrical ideal.

Follow a Star has indeed fewer dull and bald streaks than any recent musical

comedy I can recall. It is probably long experience in the exigent business of revue-spinning that has developed in this lively producer an instinct for detecting the flat passage and blue-pencilling it; while obviously conscientious and persistent rehearsing prevents that impression, so common in these affairs, that the first night is a sort of scenario (tried on the first-night dog—a friendly fellow) from which the show will be gradually developed by way of trial and error, gag and accident.

The book of *Follow a Star*, by Messrs. DOUGLAS FURBER and DION TITHERADGE—experience and youth in tandem—is more than common sensible. The plot is intelligible and appropriately absurd; the love-*motif* flippant, not maudlin. Mr. TITHERADGE has, I feel sure, with difficulty prevailed upon Mr. FURBER to omit the time-honoured misunderstanding between hero and heroine. An excellent innovation. And then there is Miss SOPHIE TUCKER!

As to the story, *Timothy Boon*, a lugubrious imported British conjurer in a New York cabaret, is claimant to an ancient baronetcy. He learns of the success of his claim just after he has grievously smitten upon the head the financial backer of the cabaret and left him for dead in his dressing-room. Aided by the resourceful idiot, *Bobby Hilary* (Mr. JACK HULBERT), his pretty daughter's suitor, *Sir Timothy* and *Lady Bohun* (Miss SOPHIE TUCKER) and the daughter (Miss BETTY DAVIES) make a getaway to England and Bohun Towers. *Lord Ellin*, the super-*Bohun*, arrives to cast a critical eye on this junior branch of the family. *Sir Timothy*, solemn, blissful, awkward, aitchless, and embarrassed in general by his inferiority complex, is particularly apprehensive about the effect of his exuberant *Georgia* upon the august head of the family. He needn't have worried. Miss SOPHIE TUCKER saw to that. Her ladyship, with that heroism which distinguishes the suddenly enriched, has gone out "for a canter," or, as *Bobby Hilary*, now *Sir Timothy's* irresponsible secretary, suggests, "whatever the horse decides." The horse decides for a gallop, which ends with her ladyship literally resting upon her laurels. For *Georgia* has the sense to can the châtelaine stuff and be her simple unfettered self. As cabaret *Georgia* she is a riot.

Meanwhile arrive two blackmailing friends from New York with the news that the battered *entrepreneur* has died and, with a technique new to blackmail, loudly demanding before the whole company a cheque for ten thousand pounds. The appearance of the alleged defunct from a secret chamber behind the bookcase foils the villains and brings all to a happy ending.



FAMILY STARS.

Bobby Hilary . . . . . MR. JACK HULBERT.
"Snitch" . . . . . MR. CLAUDE HULBERT.

A mere bagatelle of a story, of course, but garnished with excellent embroideries. There was plenty of good hearty knockabout nonsense; there were abundant jokes, mostly diverting, of new and ancient vintage. The one about the man who had just been cured by an operation, the operation being the removal of a brass rail that had been pressing against his foot for years, pleased my simple mind; the translation of *hors de combat* by cavalry I made myself in the Lower Fourth, and it was of course also made by one of Dean COLET's first scholars at St. Paul's School. And there were some quite wholesome and intriguing improprieties.

Mr. JACK HULBERT's dancing has always a delightful quality of ease and apparent impromptu, and he can still invent variations; his impersonations, extravagant rather than subtle, are full of laughter-moving quirks and flourishes. Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT is an accomplished acrobat in another vein and also makes good nonsense—an interlude at the piano was particularly happy. The gloomy, weak-kneed, pompous if uncertain *Sir Timothy* suited Mr. BASCOMB's droll sad method.



SAINT SOPHIA.

"NO ONE BUT THE RIGHT MAN CAN DO ME WRONG."

Lady Bohun . . . . MISS SOPHIE TUCKER.

Mr. FREDERICK CARPENTER does more surprising tricks with his obviously artificial rubber limbs than any dancer of his sex I have seen—flights, flutterings, high kicks and splits, which must be seen to be believed. And Miss ALMA MACKAY has invented variants of cartwheels and balances of an equally incredible character. The ladies of the Chorus danced with a fine spirit and an admirable symmetry of movement and made good use of the prologue in the cabaret to present us with a display, not inartistically emphasised, of some forty or so shapely twinkling legs, so that when, in the English scenes, they were veiled by the full-length draperies of the present retrograde mode, the "mean sensual man" need not feel too deeply defrauded. As a matter of fact Mr.

GUY DE GERALD'S skill in designing these concealing draperies was such as largely to reconcile us to the attendant deprivation.

And Miss SOPHIE TUCKER? With her superb aplomb, verve, *joie de vivre*, *espièglerie*, *embonpoint* and what not; her intimate confidences and rogueries; her frank contempt for tears and slimming; her devastatingly candid advice to her sisters already quite sufficiently gifted in the persuasive arts; her muted whispers and full-throated holloas of triumph—she reduced us all to such a state of morbid enthusiasm that we were ready to follow anything. Miss IRENE RUSSELL, insufficiently employed—a thing which has happened before to this graceful lady and should be remedied by her producers—and Miss BETTY DAVIES, the pretty heroine, did well what was left for them to do. Mr. VIVIAN ELLIS can write a tune that stays pleasantly in the memory. Unanimous verdict: a very satisfactory show indeed. T.

SOCIETY GOSSIP FROM BIRD-LAND.

By OUR SPECIAL CHATTERER.*

MY readers will be interested to learn of the movements of some of their favourites now that the summer season is over.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Swallow are already thinking of leaving England; probably they will pass the autumn in the Riviera, but if the weather there proves inclement they will cross to Algiers and proceed by easy stages to South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Swift have much enjoyed their short stay in this bracing climate; they departed by air, accompanied by their children, early in August.

The House-Martyns, on the contrary, decided to remain in England, at any rate till the end of September, and perhaps on into October if the weather continues mild. Mrs. House-Martyn is, I hear, redecorating the interior of her charming stucco villa, "Under-Eaves." It is whispered that her activities are not unconnected with arrangements for the arrival of yet a third family; she is charmingly old-fashioned in her views, and has no use for the modern one-or-two-children-only household. I hear she may make the journey south in company with her cousins the Sand-Martyns, who have spent a most enjoyable summer playing at being cave-men in a romantic sand-quarry.

The Searle-Buntings are another very domesticated couple. Mrs. Searle-Bunting is a most devoted mother: three of her daughters "came out" only last week, but a few days later she started building another snug little bijou residence; except for the interior decorations it is almost completed, and here again we may soon expect a full cradle.

The cherry season is now over, and I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Black-Byrde are intending to camp out in the country until the autumn. My readers will, I know, sympathise with Mrs. Black-Byrde in her sad loss of one of her most promising children as the result of a gun accident while taking the raw-fruit cure recommended by the family doctor. This distressing fatality recalls to mind the mysterious deaths in the Bull-Finch family last spring. My readers will remember that Mrs. Bull-Finch and two of her children were found dead beneath some budding pear-trees. No explanation of this triple fatality was ever offered, but it is rumoured that by a most touching coincidence those pear-trees did not bear fruit this year.

Mr. Blackcap, whom I noticed with his two daughters taking an *al-fresco* lunch among some raspberry canes a few weeks ago, tells me that, if the weather is not too severe, he may again try wintering in Devonshire or the Cornish Riviera; he found the mild climate suited him last winter and it saves him the trouble of a cross-Channel journey. I noticed that his daughter, Miss Sylvia Atricapilla (the latter a family name) was sporting a dark béret, which reminded me of the becoming cap worn by her mother in the spring.

His relative, Mr. Chyffe-Chaffe, who, by the way, has just been made a Life Fellow of the Phylloscopical Society (which, as its name implies, devotes its energies to leaf-research), may also winter with us, but this depends chiefly upon whether he can obtain a suitable diet; his friends say that the tropical *cuisine* which he usually enjoys during the winter has made him something of a gourmet.

My old friend Wood-Pigeon has met with an unfortunate *contretemps*. The sporting rights over his charming woodland estate have lately been acquired by the Marquis Peregrine, and I understand some regrettable incidents, involving certain younger members of his family, have already occurred.

Lord and Lady Cuckoo have already left for the Continent. Lady C. has Spartan views on the bringing up of children. "I don't believe in coddling," she said to me the other day. 'I put 'em all out to nurse and let 'em fend for themselves." Her eldest son, the Honourable Jacob,* I saw the other day, accompanied by his foster-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pippitt, who were most solicitous in supplying his every want. I understand that the Pippitts' children all unfortunately died young, and that in consequence the Honourable Jacob has from infancy had the benefit of the bereaved mother's undivided attention. He will shortly follow his parents to the Continent.

* Old name for the Waxwing.

* *i.e.* "the supplanter."

SIDEWAYS.

[It has been suggested in the Daily Press that drivers should be taught never to advance when the policeman on point-duty has his back or his front to them, but only when he presents his side view; the policeman can thus control the traffic by merely making a quarter-turn, and is spared the exertion of raising his arms.]

BENEATH the glaring standard lamp
The weary policeman stands;
His outstretched arms are stiff with cramp
And numbed are both his hands.
Oh, cruel, cruel fate!
The man is far from happy;
Kind friends, we must ameliorate
His lot—and make it snappy.

Drivers, give ear to this ukase:
To make the policeman cheerier,
Never approach his patient face
Nor yet his bland posterior;
Then, to inform your wheel
Whether to speed or linger,
He merely turns upon his heel,
Nor needs to lift a finger.

See, smiling now, each idle cop,
Set free from gestures strenuous,
Grows fat and sleek and round—but stop!
The scheme is too ingenuous.
We must go back again
To all our old and tried ways:
For what is going to happen when
He "hasn't got no sideways"?

An Episcopal Spoilsport.

"The usual Pleasant Sunday Afternoon will not take place this week owing to the visit of the Bishop."—*Notice in the only shop of a hamlet in South Devon.*

Saline Amenities.

"We came down from Hautecomb to rather lower regions, and encountered a modern bath house belonging to Salin. . . . The water seemed salter than sea water, but it was delightful."

Gossip Column, Sunday Paper.

So M. Salin has not lost his savour.

"On Saturday evening, under the auspices of the Duchy Dance Orchestra, an interesting presentation was made to Mr. A—— A——, who had played the cornet for the past five months."—*West-Country Paper.*

He seems to be a bit of a stayer.

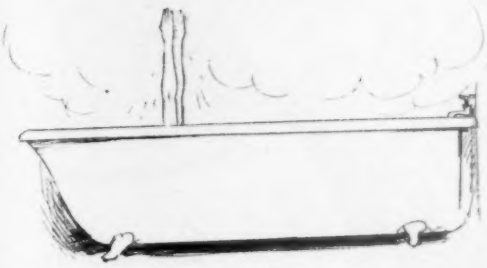
EXERCISES IN YOUR BATH—



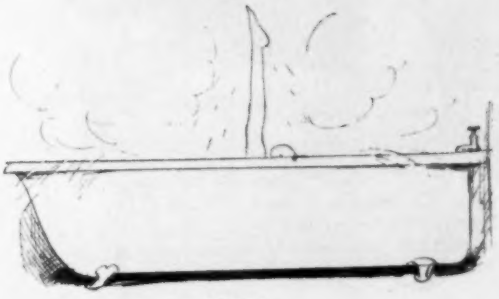
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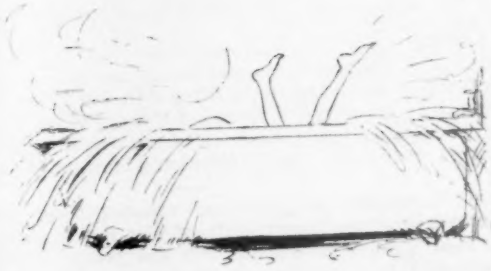
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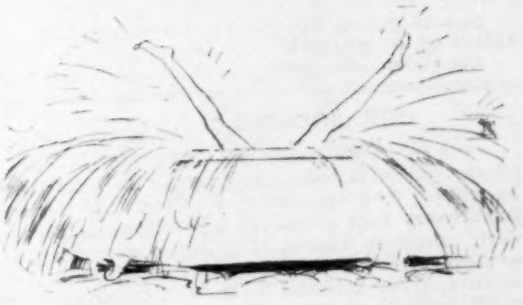


WELL—



IF NOT—





CARRIED—



TOO FAR.



Spinster Hostess. "I'M GIVING A PARTY AT THE SPLENDIFEROUS FOR MY BIRTHDAY. DO YOU THINK IT VERY EXTRAVAGANT OF ME, DARLING?"

The Visitor. "NOT REALLY, DEAREST. AFTER ALL, IT ISN'T AS IF YOU HAD A BIRTHDAY *every* YEAR, IS IT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE spectacle of a British Ambassador in Berlin practically refusing their applications for "leave" to German Ministers weary with protracted negotiations strikes one as nearly unique in history. Our Ambassador of Peace, whose third volume, *Lord D'Abernon's Diary* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 21/-), concludes his story at the point where Germany enters the League of Nations, disposed of such a combination of qualities making for persuasion that STRESEMANN and his colleagues at a critical moment consented to postpone a coveted vacation. In the result, the agreement that was to become the Locarno Pact, surviving initial hostility almost against reasonable expectation, grew to a reality more significant for peace, in Lord D'ABERNON's judgment, than any other single event since the War. Sane and imperturbable as ever, financier, sportsman, host, sometimes carrying conviction "more by vehemence than by arguments," on one notable occasion taking advantage of the silence imposed by a famous portrait-painter to make the sitter listen to his reasoning, yet more often content to allow belief to grow through the force of quiet suggestion, and above all blessed with an incomparable gift for friendship without condescension, the writer was himself almost to demonstration the principal means towards the change of attitude which crystallised in that agreement. His last volume has all the incidental charm of the other two—the forceful unstressed English, the revealing snatches of talk with War-leaders on the other side, the subtle character-sketches of principal figures of the period—and with this it carries perhaps even more of downright weight of achievement and the veritable bricks and mortar of history.

The most eupeptic of readers are perhaps getting by now rather weary of the heavy spate of War novels that has descended upon us during the last few years. But Mr. ERNEST RAYMOND may be permitted another volume. He has a way with him that compels sympathy. And he is careful too to explain that *The Jesting Army* (CASSELL, 7/6) was not written because War literature had become the fashion, but because the War happened to intrude upon a trilogy of stories, planned some time ago, which cover more or less the span of his own life. *The Jesting Army* in fact succeeds to *A Family That Was* and carries *Tony O'Grogan*, whom you may remember as a somewhat romantic youth in that volume, through Gallipoli, the preliminaries of the campaign in Palestine and a good deal of the fighting in France towards the end. Mr. RAYMOND seems to me to have done his work remarkably well, and his story gives a truer picture of the conditions in the front line than most, for he is never hysterical. His title explains itself, for he is strongly of opinion that what carried us through everything was the irresistible English habit of meeting discomfort, danger and death with a jest. The soul of the regiment, he maintains, resides, not in its band (as Mr. KIPLING once asserted), but in its Funny Man; and it was old *Joe Wylie* as much as *Colonel Tappiter*

who kept the 15th Royal West Essex from entire disintegration in the sands of Sinai and the mud of Flanders. Perhaps that remarkable padre, *Mr. Quickshaw*, had something to say in the matter as well. But all Mr. Raymond's characters are excellently drawn, and all, even the tragic *Captain Scrase*, play their part in turning defeat into final victory.

Would you read of a kitten who romped
with a ferret?
Of her mother who reared a young
rat?
Here is, finely pictured, their story of
merit
Called *Katie, my Roving Cat;*
It has ravens and rabbits—a tissue
Of pets in a farmyard, and it
At five bob is an Arrowsmith issue
From the pen of Miss Frances Pitt.

Oh, *Katie* is dryad-*cum*-Dian, she e'en
would
Steal off, as your "characters" can,
And hunt or have kittens alone in the
greenwood,
Alone with the great god Pan;
And *Katie* is tabby, her fur suit
Is short; thus she's wise—as a rule
(Miss Pitt says) a Persian who's hirsute
Is always three parts of a fool.

And *Katie* the rover is full of affection,
She always comes home in the end
To her basket, her fireside, her milk,
the protection
She finds on the lap of her friend.
But *Katie*, so roving, so loving,
Is dead, yet I'd quite understand
If Miss Pitt can still feel her come
shoving
Her wise little face in her hand.

I am not sure that another new life of *George Eliot* (Cassell, 15/-) is needed. No fresh material to speak of has turned up and we are hardly ripe to be roused from our partial inertia towards one of the most Victorian of the Victorians. Yet it is impossible to ignore the novel standpoint from which Mr. J. Lewis May approaches the authoress of *The Mill on the Floss* and *Romola*; for he assumes that George Eliot was a born genius brought to the verge of ruin by the *culture livresque*. Had Miss Mary Ann Evans, he suggests, been born in the era of college careers, she would probably have suffered shipwreck altogether. As it is, her desolating bookishness, coupled with the excessive reverence of all half-educated country-people for the urban intelligentsia, was a terrible offset to her natural intelligence. This is a point worth making at a time when the very section of the community which fought for George Eliot's "advantages" is inclined to regret their bestowal. And it is this aspect of the novelist's life, together with the inquisitions into heredity and environment it entails, that render Mr. May's book memorable. For the rest I feel he is a trifle hard on the "arrived" George Eliot, the not too considerate partner of George Henry Lewes and the wholly inadequate "mother" of his lawful wife's three sons. His study would have gained in unity, and I think in justice, had he pointed out the impossibility of combining even vicarious wifehood and motherhood with wage-earning and the service of the public.



Sailor. "That disc thing, Sir? That's to keep the rats from gettin' aboard the ship."
Civilian. "And does it?"
Sailor. "Well, I ain't sure, but it do seem to prevent 'em gettin' off."

Having backed *Old Jo* in these pages as distinctly the best thing in Mr. Robert Hichens' last batch of short stories, it is flattering as well as pleasant to find that veteran figure at the helm, so to speak, of a novel. Apart from *Old Jo*, a woman who knows her own mind and gets

her own way, there is not, I feel, much character to be characterized in *The Bracelet* (CASSELL, 7/6). There is *Brett Arden*, who puts what pep his health allows him into tennis and the subjugation of women. There are *Bettine Fayne* and *Olivia Mansfield*, his leading ladies. And there is *Anne-Marie, Bettine's* sinister Breton-Polish maid, who knows more about the loves of the Triangle than is convenient to any of its three sides. Finally there is *Old Jo*, the elderly Society paragraphist, who plies her urban trade from a country cottage *de luxe*. *Old Jo* and *Anne-Marie* are by way of being the good and bad angels of the rather insipid *Olivia*, who, having succumbed to *Arden's* advances without a husband to cloak her indiscretions, finds herself in a markedly more critical position than the compliantly married *Bettine*. The two women are friends until a pique begins over their admirer. Then a bracelet given by *Arden* to *Bettine* is supposed to be stolen by *Olivia*, and the suspected woman's action for slander brings the whole business into the open. I enjoyed the trial. It is handled with imagination and irony. It was perhaps a mistake to postpone the *dénoûment* so far beyond it.

"To Indians the last seventy years seem a vista strewn with broken promises," says Mr. EDWARD J. THOMPSON, and this statement both epitomises his historical views and influences his political conclusions. In his opinion *The Reconstruction of India* (FABER AND FABER, 10/6), is to be effected on a foundation of Dominion status, with the timber of Trust and the wattle of Hope. The structure will be ramshackle to start with, but when it settles down to the soil it will take on the semblance of a real building. The author goes further, but not much further, than the SIMON Report in his recommendations. The real value of this book lies in its frank reflective talks on Indian topics. A practised novelist engaged in opening his mind to the public is bound to be interesting. The honesty of the writer proclaims itself on every page, and his prose is often of exquisite charm, though occasionally the work betrays signs of haste. To those who find that masterpiece, Volume I. of the SIMON Report, too overwhelming, the Political Section of this book can be heartily commended. Herein a variety of matters is dealt with in crisp concise fashion, the scales being held with godlike impartiality. The Historical Section is as definitely pro-Indian as most other histories are pro-British. But the "debunking" of history can hardly be achieved in any such spirit of controversy. Mr. THOMPSON should not allow this bee to find a permanent home in his *pagri*.



Foolish Person (to returned Polar Explorer). "GET ANY DECENT SKATING UP THERE?"

In spite of some improbabilities and a slow start *The Tenant of Smugglers' Rock* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) works up into a story full enough of excursions and alarms to satisfy the most voracious readers of febrile fiction. A bold, bad baronet, *Sir Jeremy Vane*, who wanted to get rid of his wife, filled his house on the Cornish coast with guests, some of whom were present for reasons which in this type of novel are almost invariably called "sinister." Into this party *David Aird* suddenly plunged, and as suddenly fell in love with the *Vanes'* governess and became convinced that *Lady Vane's* life was in danger. Murder (*Aird* was right) and the customary search for the criminal followed, and the climax is reached when a fall of cliff completely annihilates the wicked baronet. Mr. HAROLD KENT writes with zest, but I feel constrained to warn him that even those of us who delight in "thrillers" are inclined to be restive when a super-tax is placed upon our powers of belief.

It cannot be said of Mr. ARTHUR GROOM that he fails to give his readers that due amount of emotional and athletic activity that one looks for in a novel which takes for its setting a stock-farm in one of the woollier parts of Australia. In *Merry Christmas* (MILLS AND BOON, 7/6) he handles his theme with skill and contrives to be informative about the life in small up-country towns in Australia while keeping us almost constantly on the move. *Sandy Jackson*, one of Nature's buccaneering ne'er-do-wells is the main character in the story, and despite his unkemptness he has charm and many friends, on whose romances and adventures Mr. GROOM builds up a lively plot. The best thing in the book is the account of the struggles of a motor-ambulance, on roads rendered almost impassable by rain, to reach a man who has been injured in the bush.

JAMES I. is not a king who has attracted the favourable attention of writers, and Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI, in his historical novel, *The Minion* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), presents him in anything but a pleasant light. The rise and fall of ROBERT CARR is the main theme of his tale, and, although it does not give him sufficient scope for the exercise of his skill, his history of the minion and the monarch is so well done that our interest is always held. Quite freely Mr. SABATINI shows his contempt for JAMES, but when he turns aside to lesser fry and draws the portrait of Sir THOMAS OVERBURY he is far more engaging because less prejudiced. Indeed Sir THOMAS is so admirably drawn that he wipes both favourite and patron off the stage, and stands out unquestionably as the dominant figure of the drama.

CHARIVARIA.

A POLITICAL writer says that Mr. J. H. THOMAS has the Imperial Conference well in hand. The real truth is that he is about three stories ahead.

* * *

A Brighton man has been summoned for sending an alleged letter to a tobacconist threatening to murder him. The legal position is that he cannot do it after eight o'clock at night.

* * *

"The sun came out very rarely in September," says a meteorological writer. We don't blame it, considering the weather we have been having.

* * *

With reference to Herr HITLER'S threat to tear up the Treaty of Versailles, we would urge the advisability of keeping this historical document in a place of safety.

* * *

A morning newspaper asks what is the position in the South Paddington by-election. If anybody ever finds out it would be a kind act to explain it to the Candidates concerned.

* * *

A Nature film portraying the habits of shell-fish is being shown. Caption—*Came the Prawn.*

* * *

There are several lady-dentists in London. We admire the nerve of the American visitor whose last remark before submitting to the anæsthetic was, "Step on the gas, Baby."

* * *

A gossip-writer refers to a dentist who extracted his own teeth. We wonder if he believed it when he told himself it wasn't going to hurt.

* * *

Several leading American astronomers suggest that the universe is hundreds of quadrillions of miles smaller than has been supposed. They are believed to be satisfied, however, that no such serious miscalculation has been made in estimating the dimensions of America.

* * *

ZARO AGHA, the 156-year-old Turk, has been knocked down by a motor-car in New York. He can now claim to be the world's oldest pedestrian.

* * *

In view of the reopening of the Law Courts it is rumoured that members of the Bar are taking special precautions against brief-bag-snatchers.

* * *

The behaviour of burglars at Beckenham, who drank half-a-bottle of port and afterwards wrote to the owner, saying, "You keep rotten port," is calculated to get burglars a reputation for discourtesy.

* * *

Attention is drawn to a revival of old-world wedding customs. On the other hand efforts are being made to keep divorce proceedings up to date.

* * *

The public schools are stated to be suffering from a lack of fly half-backs. So that's what is wrong with our public schools.

* * *

Shoe-leather which looks like Harris tweed is the latest idea in foot-wear. At the risk of seeming *démodés*, however, we are sticking to shoe-leather which looks like shoe-leather. There is nothing like leather (except leather).

* * *

The proposal that imported yarns shall bear an indication of origin would of course affect the "Where did you hear that?" type of story.

* * *

Golfing at Aix-les-Bains, the AGA KHAN did the seventh hole in one, thereby, it is believed, establishing the record of being the first sportsman to win the Derby and hole out in one in the same year.

* * *

Dame CLARA BUTT is reported as expressing great admiration for GANDHI, who suggested that she should sit and talk to him or meditate while he went on with his spinning. She should have sung "Land of Hope and Glory" to him.

* * *

A publishing company announces the immediate publication of a series of full-length novels at three shillings. This is a decided advance on the present-day half-crown novel at seven-and-sixpence.

* * *

Another alarming disadvantage of miniature golf is that players who make a good stroke are tempted to take the course home and show their friends how it was done.

* * *

In the opinion of a woman novelist there is no excuse for men shooting rabbits. Unless, of course, they do it in self-defence.

* * *

"Old and worn-out gramophone records make excellent fire-lighters," says a household hint. The trouble is that many people use old and worn-out gramophone records as gramophone records.

* * *

After his recent fight DAVE SHADE was kissed by his opponent; but it was then too late to claim a foul.

* * *

"People often sing when facing danger," writes a journalist. We wonder if the man we heard at a concert the other night knew just how close he was to being in peril of his life.

* * *

Mount Nebo, where MOSES had his view of the Promised Land, is for sale, but it is not anticipated that it will be allowed to leave the country.

* * *

We hear of a man who is so unlucky that even when he picked a four-leaved clover it was only to discover that she loved him not.



Nervous Lady. "I OUGHT TO WARN YOU THAT MY HUSBAND IS A PRIZE-FIGHTER."
Tramp. "LAST TIME I WAS 'ERE 'E WAS A POLICE-SERGEANT. WOT ARE YOU? A FILM-STAR?"

THE PEDESTRIAN'S CHARTER.

[Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Minister of Transport, has been taking the Press into his confidence, if not his counsels, on the subject of the regulations which he proposes to bring into force with the idea of making the highway safer for democracy.]

WE pedestrians yet alive
Bless the new rules (Mr. MORRISON'S),
And as long as we survive
Shall "remember in our orisons"
One that in his mercy said:
"I could do with fewer dead."

His are not the first decrees
In our favour promulgated;
None may knock us flat if he's
Hopelessly inebriated;
All good drivers have this motto:
"Do not drive when you are blotto."

Motorists, if they would climb
Over people, having done 'em in,
Must be sober at the time,
Otherwise the cop will run 'em in;
And to this we now may add,
They must not be raving mad.

Soon I hope to walk about
Feeling rather more eupeptic,
When a man can't lay me out
Should his state be epileptic,
Nor may claim this lethal right
If he lacks the gift of sight.

And—what makes me more secure—
Ere he puts me in the cart, he
Must on my behalf insure
As an interested party;
He must pay for my repair
Or appease my orphaned heir.

Finally, the dangers which
Cloud my daily life and dim it
Come, I hear—ay, there's the hitch—
From the present legal limit;
And my faint heart will be healed
Once that peril is repealed.

Greatly comforted by that,
I shall look for cars in plenty
Authorised to rush me at
Sixty miles instead of twenty;
No more limbs for me to mend;
Just a swift and painless end. O. S.

Nemesis in the Nursery.

"Nursery Governess wanted for October, good education for French children, seven, six and two years old—au pair or little retribution."—*Weekly Paper.*

The Fight for News.

"ELDERLY MAN RESCUED.
(From our Correspondent.)"
Daily Paper.

"—— barked his way over for a further try."—*From the Report of a Rugby match.*

Lucky that the referee didn't whistle and bring him to heel.

THE NOUN GAME.

"COME along," said Adela firmly, dispensing pencils and paper. "It's perfectly simple and it will develop your intellects."

"I thought it was supposed to be a game," muttered James, ever a mutineer. Jane and I, however, know better and sat ourselves down, radiating dutiful interest.

"Now then," continued the mother of two, "we each choose a noun in turn and all write it down. Then, when we have got enough, we each make a story, using only those nouns and no other. I am going to begin. 'Tree.'"

"'Bush,'" said James, without, in my opinion, much originality. I struck an entirely new note with "Archdeacon." So did Jane. "Death" was her contribution. Her mamma hastily counteracted this morbid tendency with "rainbow." James's next was "jawbone," mine was "bung," which was only finally established as a noun after a brisk debate between myself and my son, who maintained that it was a verb.

"'Corsage,'" observed Jane unexpectedly. I wished to veto this effort, and James wanted to know what it meant. Our taskmistress overruled us both. I was not to be prudish and nobody was to be helped. "Let them learn by their mistakes," she said inflexibly. "We've got eight now," she added. "I think that's enough, except that we ought to have a proper name. Jane shall choose it as she is the youngest."

Jane blushed. "'Albert,'" she said faintly, recalling a milkman of whom she is at the moment enamoured.

Then we all wrote feverishly for five minutes by the clock, at the end of which time I had completed the highly felicitous composition which follows:—

> "The Archdeacon sat unsteadily in the deserted bush, complacently reflecting upon his genealogical tree. The faithful Albert Death sat next to him, attired as usual in a rainbow-coloured corsage. The jawbone of each was moving rhythmically. Needless to say, the bung had been removed."

Good, I think, and pithy. The delicacy with which the preoccupations of the Archdeacon and the faithful Albert are gently hinted at is in the best tradition of literary reticence. My ingenious use of "death"—a troublesome word—was not well received. James said that it was cheating. His own story was a very robust production:—

> "'S death!' shouted gap-toothed Albert, the ferocious Barbary corsage, dealing the wretched Archdeacon a terrific bung on the jawbone. 'D'ye wish to swing from yonder rainbow-tree—or rather bush,' he added, thinking secondly."

This had serious defects, as I pointed out to James. The force of Albert's threat is considerably weakened by the curious uncertainty betrayed by the corsair—yes, that was what he was—as to the intended gibbet. "Barbary" is a noun, though used here, as I readily conceded, adjectivally. Moreover James was unable to give any more convincing particulars about the rainbow-tree than that he believed it to be occasionally found near the equator. "Thinking secondly" was his idea of "on second thoughts" without a noun, and is a dubious expression, contributing in a marked degree to the lameness of his conclusion. I need hardly add that I refused to be drawn into any further discussion on the subject of "bung."

It was like Adela to produce a moral tale. Here it is:—

> "Albert was extremely wicked and was sitting drinking in the 'Bush and Tree,' as he was wont. He had himself taken the bung out of you know what. Just then the good Archdeacon walked in, wearing a purple corsage. 'Death comes to the Archdeacon,' hiccoughed Albert and straightway despatched him with a heavy jawbone. Suddenly a brilliant rainbow appeared and in it the Archdeacon was wafted triumphantly heavenwards."

I disapproved both of the literary allusion and also of the liberty she had taken with ecclesiastical dress. Nor did I consider her method of dodging "barrel" a legitimate device. However, I suppose it might have been worse.

Lastly Jane read out this sensitive, if melancholy, tale:—

> "The funeral corsage wound slowly and solemnly past tree and bush, headed by the sorrowing Archdeacon, on and on towards the Eternal Rainbow. Albert had met his death through someone having bunged a jawbone at him."

She had been completely stumped by "bung" and had had to turn it into a verb. I think she regretted the comparative bathos in which this expedient had involved her. I thought it a pity myself, coming as it did immediately after the "Eternal Rainbow," a fine imaginative flight. As for the funeral corsage—I really do think Adela might have explained the meaning of this disastrous word.

Super Sob-Stuff.

"We guarantee our blubs of unsurpassed quality."—*Letter from Dutch Bulb Merchant.*



THE SKIPPER'S COME-BACK.

MUTINEERS (*pausing in their quarrel with one another*). "I SAY, I THOUGHT WE TOLD HIM TO WALK THE PLANK. THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO DO IT."

CAPTAIN BALDWIN. "WELL, IT'S MY WAY."

[Mr. BALDWIN has announced that he has no intention of retiring.]



The Head. "I FEEL SURE YOUR SON HAS A POLITICAL CAREER IN FRONT OF HIM."
Horrified Mother. "W-WHAT WOULD YOU ADVISE?"

STILL MORE REMINISCENCES.

(With apologies to anyone who may be even faintly concerned.)

I HAVE often been implored by publishers on bended knee to give them my reminiscences of the dear picturesque old days—the days when I was younger—the days of bustles and Piccadilly weepers and "Jimmy's"—the days when the old IRON DUKE used to be seen riding down Piccadilly from west to east, or up Piccadilly from east to west. The time of gorgeous and stuffy dinner-parties and of chaperons. The days before cocktails, before motor-cars, before revues; the time of old PARR and the younger PITT, the heyday of BYRON and JOHN BRIGHT, when SWINBURNE used to attend the delightful little gatherings at Strawberry Hill.

Hitherto I have rather held off from the notion, as there seemed to be not very much money and a great deal of work in it. But now a peculiarly tempting offer induces me to break my reticence and give you the first instalment of what is almost certain to be a feast of anecdote and fun.

The dear old days! How difficult it is even to suggest to the mind of the modern young man or woman what London looked like when the cherry-orchards came right down to the top of New Bond Street and the sound of the hunter's horn could be heard in Soho! There were mud huts all along the south side of the river where the L.C.C. buildings at present stand, and old Lord Dundreary might be seen every day cantering along Rotten Row with his slashed doublet and his eternal telescope.

Rising at eleven, I would take a gondola to my club, where we would sit ogling the orange-girls as they passed down the Strand. Luncheon was a marvellous meal. It began with beefsteak-pudding and Bismarck, which was a mixture of stout and champagne. It usually lasted till four o'clock, after which dinner would be served. Wonderful dinner-parties they were, those dinner-parties of the dead long-ago! Seventeen courses were not unusual, and there was a different wine with each. We would be allotted our chosen partner for dinner; and what a time the procession to the dining-room took in those days, when a lady's train was something like thirty yards long! Very often the soup, and even the fish, had been served to the early arrivals before the last-comers entered the room. I remember WHISTLER (or was it CARLYLE?) remarking to a young man who boasted that he had the *entrée* of all the best houses in London, "Very likely. But have you the *consommé*?"

How we all laughed!

Manners were extremely ceremonious until the ladies had left the room, now and then dropping a fan or a wimple, to be retrieved by some admiring gallant, who had to dive beneath the table to fetch it. Or sometimes they would drop a tiny shoe, and many a bewigged head would be bumped by the mahogany as the rival swains quarrelled over this trophy of the fair one's favour. But, once the dining-room door was closed, we would put our feet upon the table and drink port out of buckets, while the latest limericks were passed around. Dozens of these were invented by Lord CHESTERFIELD himself, that *beau idéal* of courtly old *viveurs*. And I recall a particular one which ran:—

"There was a young lady of Portsmouth
Who . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . ."

It was one of the best.

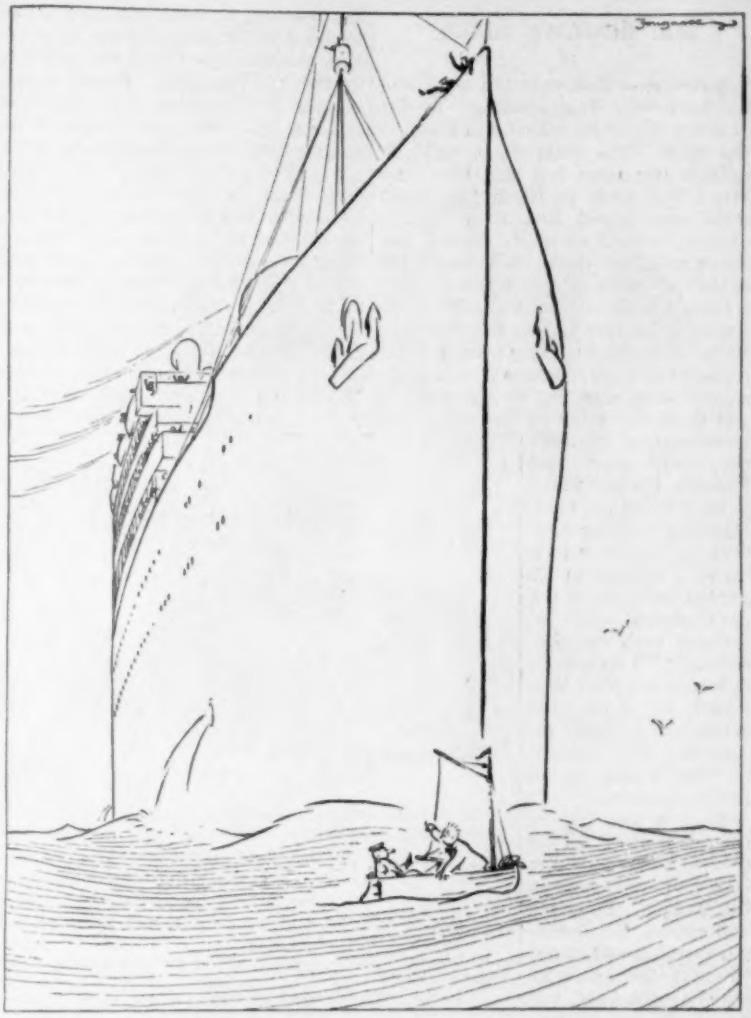
Racing was a lordlier sport in those days, when horses were horses and not

mere doped automatons. I remember how Lord X—a pseudonym which I adopt in order to avoid giving offence to his family— dropped a cool hundred thousand pounds on the chestnut filly Messalina at the first Oaks after the Reform Bill went through. He took his loss with the utmost good temper and dropped another cool hundred thousand at Ascot on a horse whose name I have forgotten. Afterwards he ran away with Lady P. (many will know whom I mean), and when she left him was reduced to drawing pictures with coloured chalk on the paving-stones outside the Travellers' Club. I see him now, a wildly picturesque figure in his wideawake hat and canary-coloured surtout; and Ruskin used to say he drew the best half-salmon in the West-End. He died through falling in front of the prow of a gondola when slightly intoxicated and was picked up by the watch.

Next to racing, musical comedy was the principal amusement of our young Mohocks. It was a sight to see the door of the Gaiety Theatre when the beauties of the Chorus came out to their litters and sedan-chairs. Dukes would stand in the front row, marquises behind them, and earls in the third rank. Each would have his valet in attendance carrying bouquets of gardenias, camellias and orchids, or caskets of pearls.

Politics were a dilettante amusement for the leisured, instead of an embittered squabble setting class against class. All the real work was done by political hostesses, who, when they found a young statesman of promise, would at the same time select an heiress and a portfolio for him. Neither parents nor Prime Ministers could resist their intrigues for fear of being struck off their visiting-lists. Often a new Cabinet would be formed in the drawing-room while the gentlemen were downstairs, and the list handed to the First Lord of the Treasury as he was being carried up to bed by his footmen—a method of procedure far preferable to the undignified form of blackmail in the popular Press, which now settles these affairs.

I remember the young Marquis of Y, well known for his habit of carrying a battle-axe and wearing spurs as he walked from the Albany to the Cocoa Tree, waking up one morning to find himself not only Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster but bridegroom-elect to the daughter of a cotton king. He lost his post as a result of the Peterloo riots, and after his divorce was eaten by tunnies in the Mediterranean. But he might have had a splendid career. Another political friend of mine was Sir Archibald Archibald, Under-Secretary to the Treasury, who was the soul of good-humour, and said that Robert Browning (or was it Oscar Wilde?) reminded him of a lace antimacassar.



"It's quite all right, my dear fellow. You see, everything has to give way to a sailing-vessel."

Divorce was very rare in those days. We used to settle our differences by duelling, and I well recollect a brisk bout of single-stick between two well-known peers at early dawn in Hyde Park where the Bird Sanctuary now stands. Blood was shed freely and the incident came to the ears of Royalty itself. The Prince Consort administered a very tactful rebuke to the two delinquents, sending each of them a marked copy of the *Idylls of the King*.

But if young men showed their passions it was not etiquette for young women to do so. Who knows what fluttered hearts beat sometimes behind those jewelled stomachers! Yet outwardly they were the acme of decorum. What a scandal Lady Lettice W—— caused when it was known that she had been seen on the knife-board of a mule-omnibus near what is now known as Lancaster Gate, but was then the Fishmongers' Hall!

But all this is a mere preliminary, and I must now pass on to my own early days at Muddlethorpe Park, where I was brought up by my aunt in almost primitive simplicity, the land being still ploughed by oxen and our table served by carp from the family fishponds or partridges killed with an arquebus which had seen service at Malplaquet.

Look out, then, for the next instalment, which will contain an account of the meeting between Count D'Orsay and Richard Cobden at Muddlethorpe Park.

Evoe.

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

IV.

Saturday.—This year the aquarium has been very disappointing. To-day at lunch one of the newts was found in the salad. The little thing could do nobody any harm, but Mrs. Busy and Weed had come to lunch (the park-seats again), and Mrs. Busy became quite hysterical about it. *Such* a fuss about nothing! Much as I admire her municipal work I would not be that woman's husband for a golden sovereign. What annoyed me was that Mrs. Puke, instead of waiting until I could replace the poor creature in the tank, rushed screaming out to the scullery and flung the salad in the sink. The newt slipped through the waste-pipe, and Heaven knows where it may turn up next. Haddock told me once that a rabbit which made a burrow in his garden came up in the next parish and interfered with the electric-light. I do not see how that can have happened, for surely the cables are properly insulated. But perhaps he was trying to be funny, as usual.

That is the last of the newts now. All the others have left the tank and are at large in the garden. I cannot understand it. "Amphibians" are supposed to enjoy the water as much as the land, but the first idea of *these* amphibians seems to be to get *out* of the tank. Next year, I have decided, I shall put a roof over it. This afternoon I planted twelve bulbs, and in doing so I dug up one of the tortoises. It seems somewhat early to hibernate, but I put it back. Nature, I suppose, knows best. Rogers came in for supper; the salad was not half bad. When we had done I told Rogers about the newt episode and he laughed.

Sunday.—Mrs. Puke was in a temper all day, as the sink is stopped up. After tea I walked up to the park to find out the truth about those wretched seats. The people seemed orderly on the whole, but all the young women are unnecessarily *gaudy* in these days, and I noticed an increase in the use of the jarring expression, "Oy!" One could see the difficulties of the keepers. Two or three children were throwing balls on the grass and, while the keeper was speaking to them, a small boy had whipped off his shoes and stockings behind the man's back and was paddling in the paddling-pool. People would not like it, I suppose, if we excluded children from the park altogether on Sundays, but that is what they deserve.

I walked quietly through the Shrubbery Walk, as they call it, halting at the corners as if to examine the flowers. At the first three seats there was nothing to complain about, nurses and prams, some rather noisy children and a *whole* family reading those everlasting detective-books. I hear there is a man called WALLACE who is quite a rage. It does not seem very healthy, all this harping on murder. Still, anything is good that keeps their minds off sex.



Diana. "DO BE A SPORT, SYLVIA, AND LET ME HAVE THIS SHOT!"
Sylvia. "CERTAINLY NOT!"
Diana. "THEN I SHALL STAND UP AND SHOUT, AND THE STAG WILL RUN AWAY."
Stalker. "DINNA FASH YERSEL'; YON BEASTIE'S A'READY AWA'."

As I approached the *fourth* seat (I have marked it on my map) I distinctly heard the words, "Give me a NOVARRO kiss, George." I waited to hear what response was made to this brazen request, but none was forthcoming. I then walked round the corner and saw that Mrs. Busy had *not* been misinformed.

It was a difficult situation for me, but I felt it my duty to teach the young couple a lesson. I suppose they did not hear me in my rubbers; at any rate the embrace was not concluded until I sat down at the other end of the seat., I looked at them severely but said nothing for a moment or two. I cannot say that they seemed much abashed. The young man allowed his arm to remain round the young woman, and her head was resting *literally* on his shoulder. I heard her say, "What a sauce!" meaning, I suppose, that her companion had been too ardent.

At last I said, not unkindly, "Can you find *no* better way of occupying a Sunday afternoon?"

The young man replied, "No, Governor."

This was not quite the answer I had expected. However, I controlled myself and I said, "It is people like you who spoil the pleasures of other people."

He said, "What the —— has it got to do with you, Governor?"

I counted five and I then said coolly, "I happen to be Chairman of the Entertainments Committee, which is reponsible for good order in the Corporation park."

When I said that the young woman raised her head and looked at me for the first time. I then recognised her as the young woman at Bootle's whom I saw at Dieppe! I was somewhat embarrassed, especially as she made a sort of meaning *grimace* at me. Our French friend, I thought to myself, would have commented "*Formidable!*" However, she made no sign to her companion, who said, "Sorry, I'm sure, Governor, but wasn't you ever gone on a girl?"

"That," I said, "is hardly the point."

But I am ashamed to say that I smiled as I said it, for I could not help thinking of the schoolmaster's daughter at ——. What was her name? Dora? No. Daisy? I am positive it was a "D." And I believe it was a flower. What talks we used to have in the wood! I remember to this day her face of pleasure when I gave her *The Swiss Family Robinson*. Now, I believe, she is married and has a ——. But I must not "maudle," as Niece Margery is always telling me. "Don't maudle!" What a word! She says it is the verb of "maudlin."

The young man was not unrespectful and told me something about himself. He works, it seems, at Coventry, and had come over for the Sunday. He wishes to marry the young woman (her name is Daffodil Hinge), but her parents disapprove and therefore he cannot see (by which, I suppose, he means *embrace*) her at her home.

"Where's a bloke to go, Governor?" he said. "There's no pictures on a Sunday evening, no nothing, only the pubs. And they're on to you like a knife in the Museum."



"I say, some lass!"
"Yes, they say she was born with a latch-key in her mouth."

I have written down his exact words. They reveal a strange state of mind. I might have pointed out that one course would be to observe the wishes of Mr. and Mrs. Hinge and not "see" their daughter at all; but I refrained, I do not quite know why. It was evident that the pair were genuinely attached to each other. Somehow Miss Hinge reminded me faintly of D——. Curious that her name should also begin with D. I wish I could remember the other name.

Oddly enough, I became so much interested in the young people's story that I almost forgot the reason I was sitting there. While we were talking pleasantly, who should come round the corner but Mrs. Busy, making, I suppose, a tour of inspection, like myself. She stopped and seemed about to speak to me, but glanced at the other two and then walked off without a word, looking very severe. For a moment I could not understand it; then I realised that the young man (I have forgotten his name) was still sitting with his arm round Miss Hinge!

"There!" I said comically. "Now you have got *me* into trouble! You really must control yourselves."

The young man then removed his arm. I gave them a little lecture and left them, promising, however, to keep a friendly eye on Miss Hinge. I am often in Bootle's.

As I turned the corner I fancied I caught the words, "Naughty old goat," but think I must have been mistaken. "Haughty old bloke," perhaps.

I came up with Mrs. Busy by the paddling-pool, but she was taciturn. I said I thought we might perhaps leave the seats as they were for the present. She said, "I do *not* agree," and flounced off. I fear we shall have trouble at the next meeting.

Tuesday.—A man came about the sink yesterday and found a *nest* of newts at the turn in the pipe. They were alive, though sluggish. I put them back in the tank and gave them some fresh weed. You would think they would prefer that to a dirty pipe. But no, this morning every one has gone again.

"Dahlia!" That was the name. I knew it was a flower. A. P. H.

The Advance of Science.

"1931 Bowlers
In 4 Dimensions."
Advt. in Sheffield Hat-shop.

A PLEA FOR SYMPATHY.

[According to the latest theory, courage and cowardice simply depend upon the flow of adrenalin from the adrenal glands.]

My Jane, you are *very* old-fashioned,
How otherwise could you be led
To pour such a flood of impassioned
Reproach on my suffering head,
Because, in the field we were crossing,
As soon as the bull came in view
I proved in my fear of his tossing
That I could run faster than you?

I grant you it would have been splendid
If you on that terrible day
By me had been duly defended,
But I was not taken that way;
The running of risk is a task you
Will find that I always abhor;
Moreover, beloved, I ask you,
Do I look like a toreador?

Although I am sorry sincerely
That such a mishap has occurred,
In calling me craven you're merely
Employing an obsolete word;
The modern reaction would be, on
Perceiving the fear in my eyes,
To sympathise gently with me on
My lack of adrenal supplies.

THE PREVALENCE OF THOUGHT.

(1960.)

THE fact can no longer be concealed. The habit of *thinking* is nowadays becoming popular among certain of the younger generation. Indeed one way and another there is a good deal of it being done this season. Several people, including even well-known leaders of society, who naturally don't need to think like some people, have been observed quite openly and definitely thinking at fashionable gatherings, while very many others who have never thought at all about anything are taking a decided interest in the movement. Indeed an educated friend of mine has been asked on several occasions recently if he'd mind doing a bit of thinking for different people—quite simple thoughts, of course—because they had been out of practice for a long time and wanted to see how it was done before they really tried it.

This noticeable recrudescence in present-day life of the so-called vice of thinking is hard to believe. Casting my mind back only two years, I recall a conversation I had on the subject with a young girl at a party. It was not a very advanced party, even though it was held in a Kensington drawing-room instead of a basement or mews, but at least it was not as old-fashioned as those of the Bright Old People. I remember we sat on chairs, instead of the floor, a proceeding which would have horrified the parents of most of those present. Many of the faster spirits too even sat in corners and talked, instead of the conventional petting and cuddling in the centre of the room.

Well, this young girl was the fastest of the lot; she didn't care how she talked, and finding herself next me she suddenly said quite candidly, "I say, do you ever think?"

"Well," I replied, blushing a little—as I said, it was two years ago and you must imagine my feelings on being openly asked that question by quite a young girl—"well, I did think once or twice, soon after I left school, before I knew any better."

"But how too positively mellow!" She lowered her voice. "I don't mind telling you I've tried it too."

We became more confidential, and I admitted to her that I still couldn't help doing a little thinking now and then. "But nothing serious," I hastened to add.

This encouraged her to further confession. She really was, for those days, a most outspoken girl.

"I have done a lot of it," she said boldly. "Sometimes as often as two and three times a day. It's fairly easy to think without my people finding out. They don't really know what I do; they're wrapped up in the futilities of their own generation—dull cocktail- and kissing-parties—*too* fly-blown, isn't it?"

"And their thoughtless practical jokes! Only the other day Aunt 'Baby' put a bomb among the presents at my cousin's wedding. Her joke missed its point, though, because it exploded prematurely and no one was hurt at all. Just a couple of detectives killed. But they're all too out-of-date for words. They'd be horrified if they were to guess that their daughter actually *thinks*."

"Oughtn't you to tell them?"

"I couldn't," the girl answered. "They're so old-fashioned, they'd never understand. Fancy my going to Mother and saying, 'Mother, I—I'm afraid I've given way to thinking a bit.' I can imagine what she'd say: 'My daughter a thinker! I can hardly believe it. I've never done such a thing in my life.' And Father would say he didn't know how he'd hold his head up again with everyone in the club whispering, 'Heard about old Smith's daughter? . . . Well, she thinks; 's a fact! First began thinking a year ago, and they tell me she's quite an habitual thinker now. Can't give it up!' Why, I'd get turned out of the house. And then what could I do? A girl finds it hard to get a job these days if she's known to think."

And the above conversation, which I have reported at length, took place only a few years ago. Even to-day there are many people who consider promiscuous thinking highly immoral. Even now the Best People don't think; it is still bad form. But, in spite of this, thinking is slowly but surely coming in. You will to-day find many decent young men and girls who are not ashamed of coming out and thinking quite openly—persons who a short while ago were looked down upon as social pariahs because they were known to be addicted to secret thinking.

It is, after all, natural for young and healthy people to think, and we must not be hypercritical about it. Free unrestrained thought at occasional moments during the day is the basis of moral culture. The pedantic suppression of the very word thinking, the treatment of thinking as the most despicable of futilities, can only lead to worse trouble; and, while I do not advocate a return to the unbridled thinking of our grandparents, I do advise aiming at that golden mean of healthy thinking at regular intervals suggested by an old poet-philosopher in the phrase: "*If* you can think and yet not think too hard . . ." A. A.

PLEASURE IN THE STRENGTH OF A HORSE.

OH! some delight in a roving ship to sail where the winds may blow them,
Some scale the clouds on wings of steel, some skim the roads below them;
We seek our dearest pleasures by many different courses;
There're some delight in ships and the sea, but my delight's in horses.

The horse above all creatures was made for love and wonder;
His feet are shod with lightning, his neck is clothed in thunder;
The fire that moves him kindled in some primeval gloaming;
He bends his shining head to the bit, but his heart goes roaming.

So give me a morning with a quiet wind blowing
And pools upon the roadway and a good soft going,
And the glow of the wayside beeches, and the sun and the rain together,
And something moving, between my knees, of blood and steel and leather.

Oh! in that dear company and in that halcyon weather
My heart, that once was heavy, grows light and free as a feather;
And, followed by the music of the hoofs' gay clatter,
I'm riding through a lotus-land where nothing seems to matter.

Give some the roaring highways where the splendid cars come streaming,
And those who so delight in ships the dark sea's desolate gleaming;
But in my heart's country are green and pleasant courses
Where brown and bay may canter by—for my delight's in horses.

HOW TO COPE WITH AN OCTOPUS.

THE other day a prima donna while bathing on the Riviera encountered an octopus. On reading of the incident many a prima donna must have asked herself what she would have done in similar circumstances, but without a hired boatman at hand to despatch it with a "spear-like instrument," an advantage enjoyed by the heroine of this adventure. Accustomed to finding herself face to face with grand opera dragons, would she have been nonplussed by an octopus?

In a situation of this kind the prima donna would do well to remember the power of music over the humbler creation. Who can say that it will not soothe even the savage breast of an octopus? One could but try. If any-



Film Fan to Film Star. "Darling, will you have me for your first husband?"

one (besides Orpheus) could charm an octopus with sweet sounds surely it would be a prima donna.

Who indeed can say that the octopus would not be inspired to join her in song? It may be that on visiting an aquarium you have never heard the octopus sing, but let me tell you that, unlike the canary, the octopus does not sing in captivity. We know that from days of old the ears of adventurous sailors have been caressed by strange sweet music, especially in Mediterranean waters. This enchantment was at one time ascribed to sirens; but scientific research has proved the siren to be a mythical creature. I will content myself with pointing out that there remains the octopus.

But, even if I am wrong and the octopus would be of little value as a companion in song, that is not to say that it would not be a desirable pet for many a prima donna. If Sarah Bernardt had her tiger, who would deny the operatic star her octopus? Not I for one. I would say to the prima donna who inadvertently treads upon a large octopus in the Mediterranean Sea, make friends with it at once. The influence of kindness upon the octopus has never yet been adequately put to the test, and you never can tell what intelligence and devotion may lie dormant within it. Consider how the ungainly sea-lion can be taught to become not merely a companion but a source of profit. So with the octopus it may be; and, if I am not mistaken, a well-trained octopus in the house, accommodated in a suitable tank, would not only amuse her in her hours of leisure but might even become a mainstay in her declining years.

Statements that Make Caledonia Stern and Wild.

"The officers and men of the King's Guards of Common Highlanders were also present."
—*Account, in Daily Paper, of the Gillies' Ball at Balmoral.*

OBSERVATION ALLEY.

[A panoramic novel, bursting with human interest. Bienemann, 2,000 pages, 25/- net, and cheap at the price.]

(With acknowledgments to Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY's new novel.)

I.

Observation Alley was a little cul-de-sac not a hundred miles from the Bank of England. People passed it every day, all kinds of people: clerks, typists, cashiers, book-keepers, office-boys, rate-collectors, postmen, gasmen, telegraph-boys and tea-shop waitresses on their way to work; all the different kinds of people in the City of London passed it every day and not more than one in a thousand ever noticed it, which only goes to show how unobservant people are until a novelist comes along and points out to them how much they miss.

There was nothing remarkable about Observation Alley except that one fact, the fact that nobody ever noticed it. There it was in the heart of the great City of London, a city of banks, post-offices, public-houses, tea-shops, opium dens, eating-houses, art galleries, theatre-ticket agencies, motor-cars, bicycles, perambulators, cats, dogs and sparrows, and nobody noticed it.

II.

One wet Wednesday afternoon at twelve minutes past two a bus was passing the end of Observation Alley. It contained only two persons besides the conductor, a lanky youth named Edward George Addington, whose home was at 47b, Wistaria Villas, Kilburn, where he lived with a twice widowed mother, a half-sister named Victoria, who lisped, and a cat called Tibbles, which was particularly fond of cold potato. Victoria had just broken off a long association with one of the assistants of the nearest Co-operative Grocery Stores, a young man with red hands and a prominent Adam's apple. His name was Archie Binns, and he had once won ten pounds in a newspaper football competition, on the strength of which he had proposed marriage to Victoria, who had accepted him, and they had bought two dining-room chairs in red plush and an engraving of "Nelson's First Farewell." The engagement, however, had come to grief over a quarrel concerning Archie's weakness for saloon billiards, and Victoria was feeling rather low in consequence. She was a domestic servant in the employ of some people named Elias, who lived in a semi-detached villa in Brondesbury, with filet lace curtains in the front windows, and she hated the cook.

Mr. Elias was a button manufacturer, who played golf at the West Willesden Golf Club every Sunday, and had an office in Aldersgate, with a staff consisting of one typist named Muriel Margetson. By all literary standards, Miss Margetson should have been a depressed and resentful young woman, starved in her love life and living in shabby necessitousness in a small boarding-house. Actually, however, she was extremely cheerful and of a very contented disposition and was engaged to a pleasant young engineer named Giles Harrington. They were going to be married the year after next, and take a small house in Finchley, on which they had already had their eye; and they spent every Saturday afternoon going for walks in the various suburbs of London: Ealing, Dulwich,



"WOULD YOU LIKE A BISCUIT, DARLING?"
"YES."
"IF YOU P——?"
"IF YOU PUT JAM ON IT."

Wimbledon, Putney and Gunnersbury, to say nothing of Gospel Oak and Turnham Green, and thinking how much nicer and jollier their little house was than any of the others that they saw.

Miss Margetson also had a mother who lived in Torquay in a small villa called "Caro Nome," with a front-garden containing aubrietia, lobelias, saxifrage and mignonette in gay and pretty confusion. It was looked after by a gardener named Joshua, who was quite a character, being a Methodist and having only three teeth, except on Sundays, when he put in a special set of false ones in which to go to chapel.

III.

But to return to the bus, which we left passing the top of Observation Alley. The two persons inside it were both of the masculine sex. One was a dapper individual of the name of Martin Spreek, book-keeper to the Leander Tobacco Company, and now on his way to the Shoreditch County Court, where his firm was suing a small retail tobacconist for three pounds ten and twopence. He had just had lunch at the X.Y.Z., and his meal had consisted of Lancashire hot-pot, a roll and butter, a slice of Madeira cake and a cup of coffee with three lumps of sugar. As the bus passed the top of the Alley he was wishing that he had chosen Dundee cake instead of Madeira. There was more *to* Dundee cake, he thought. It was the name Madeira that had made it seem more attractive, with its suggestion of the South and sunshine and Spain and Manzanilla and gold doubloons

For all his mild exterior Mr. Spreek was a great reader and a romantic at heart, and his brain was busy with day-dreams, in which he figured as a dashing Don in mediæval Spain, just as his daughter, Elfrida, dreamed of being run over, but not hurt, by a Rolls Royce, driven by her favourite film-actor of the moment. He had a second daughter named Winifred at school at Broadstairs, whose dreams were concerned with a romantic friendship with the Classics mistress, Miss Vivien Murgatroyd, who was a spiritualist, and took Winifred during the holidays to séances, where the congregation was composed of a number of variegated types of people whose personal idiosyncrasies were extremely humorous and diverting, and could occupy several chapters.

IV.

The other passenger in the bus happened to be dead, although neither Mr. Spreek nor the conductor noticed it. He had just died of excitement, caused by the fact that with his daily packet of ten Golden Grain cigarettes (price five-pence-halfpenny) he had acquired the seven-thousandth and last coupon necessary to enable him to obtain the cut-glass whisky decanter for which he had been collecting for the past ten years. His death deprived an elderly widow in Uttoxeter of her only child, a young woman in Colwyn Bay of her fiancé, the firm of Wilkinson and Tupper (chartered accountants) of an employee, a Mrs. Gubbins in Kensal Rise of a lodger and two pounds a week, and a mongrel called Spot of a kind and indulgent master, whose only friend in the great Metropolis Spot was.

V.

And all day long and every day people are passing the top of Observation Alley—people in buses, people in cars, people in taxis or people on foot, each and every one of whom has a Christian name and a surname, and a home and a family, and a taste in food, clothes and recreation—people whose private lives are so rich and varied that a full-length novel could be written about each one of them; men and women living, loving, eating, drinking and dreaming. And nobody ever seems to notice it.



"A WRIST-WATCH, SIR? CERTAINLY. WE ARE SELLING A LOT OF THIS SEMI-HUNTER TYPE."
"I'M AFRAID THAT'S NO USE TO ME. I NEVER SEMI-HUNT."

"Wanted Good General, able to cook a little end of September.—Apply —— ——."
Advt. in Welsh Paper.

Would this be a small Michaelmas goose?

1066 AND ALL THAT.

[Being extracts from a forthcoming History of England. (Absit OMAN.)]

JAMES II. A MADDENING KING.

ALTHOUGH a good man, JAMES II. was a Bad King and behaved in such an irritating and arbitrary way that by the end of his reign the people had all gone mad.

JUDGE JEFFRIES.

One of the first things that happened was a rebellion by MONMOUTH, an indiscriminate son of CHARLES II., who, landing incorrectly in Somerset, was easily defeated at Newbury, Sedgehill, Marston Moor, Newbury, etc. (see Civil War). The Rebels were ferociously dealt with by the memorable Judge JEFFRIES, who was sent out as a Justice in Ire in the West, where he made some furious remarks about the prisoners known as the "The Bloody Asides."

ENGLAND'S ANSWER.

JAMES II. enraged his subjects so much that finally they declared that the answer was an Orange. JAMES was thus compelled to abdicate.

WILLIAMANDMARY.

ENGLAND RULED BY AN ORANGE.

Williamandmary was popular, because the people naturally believed the Orange was descended from Nell Gwyn. One of its first Acts was the Toleration Act, which said it would tolerate anything, though afterwards it went back on this and decided that it could not tolerate the Scots.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

Meanwhile the Orange showed itself to be a very strong King by its ingenious answer to the Irish Question; this consisted in the Battle of the Boyne and a very strong Treaty which followed it, stating:—

(*a*) That all the Irish Roman Catholics who liked could be transported to France.

(*b*) That all the rest who liked could be put to the sword.

(*c*) That Northern Ireland should be planted with Blood-Orangemen.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

It was Williamandmary that first discovered the National Debt and had the memorable idea of building the Bank of England to put it in. The National Debt is a very *Good Thing* and it would be dangerous to pay it off, for fear of Political Economy.

Finally the Orange was killed by a mole while out riding and was succeeded by the memorable dead queen, ANNE.

ANNE. A DEAD QUEEN.

QUEEN ANNE was considered rather a remarkable woman and hence was usually referred to as Great Anna, or *Anna Mirabilis*. Besides being dead she was extremely kind-hearted, and had a very soothing Act passed called the Occasional Conformity Act, which said that people had only to conform with it occasionally. This beneficent Act was called Queen Anne's Bounty.



"WITH MUFFLED BOOTS."

(The Occasional Conformity Act was the only Act of its kind in history until the speed-limit was invented.)

SUCCESSION OF WARS.

In this reign occurred the memorable Port Wine Treaty with Portugal, directed against Decanters (as the Nonconformists were now called), as well as a very clever Act called the Schism Act, which said that everybody's religion was to be quite different from everybody else's. Meanwhile the Whigs, being the first to realize that the Queen had been dead all the time, chose GEORGE I. as King.

TEST PAPER.

FROM 1509 TO THE END OF THE STUARTS.

1. Stigmatize cursorily (*a*) Queen MARY, (*b*) Judge JEFFRIES' "Bloody Asides" (Speak out).

2. Outline (*a*) HENRY VIII., (*b*) Stout CORTEZ.

3. What convinces you that HENRY VIII. had VIII wives? Was it worth it?

4. Conjugate briefly RIZZIO and MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

5. In what ways was QUEEN ELIZABETH a Bad Man but a Good Queen?

6. "Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?" (Do not attempt to answer this question.)

7. Deplore the failure of the Gunpowder Plot, stating the day and month (but not necessarily the year) usually assigned to it.

8. Estimate the medical prowess of the period with clinical reference to (*a*) Pride's Purge, (*b*) The Diet of Worms, (*c*) The Topic of Capricorns.

THE XV. AND THE XLV.

Although the Whigs said that GEORGE I. was King, many of the Tories thought that the Old Pretender was. The Old Pretender did not raise the standard of rebellion much and is only famous for being late for his own Rebellion, which had been easily put down long before he landed with his memorable XV. in Scotland.

The Young Pretender, whose followers were called the XLV., was the memorable BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, who, after being bloodily defeated by a Butcher at Flodden in Cumberland, was helped to escape by his many Scottish lovers, such as FLORA MACDONALD (the Fair Maid of Perth), Amy Robsart, Annie Laurie, etc.

* * * * *

RULES OF WARS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Although the Succession of Wars went on nearly the whole time in the eighteenth century, the countries kept on making a Treaty called the Treaty of Paris (or Utrecht).

This Treaty was a *Good Thing* and laid down the rules for fighting the wars. These were:—

(1) That there should be a mutual restitution of conquests, except that England should keep Gibraltar, Malta, Minorca, Canada, India, etc.

(2) That France should hand over to England the West Indian islands of San Flamingo, Tapioca, Sago, Dago, Bezique and Contango, while the Dutch were always to have Lumbago and the Laxative Islands.

(3) That everyone, however Infantile or even insane, should renounce all claim to the Spanish throne.

(4) That the King (or Queen) of France should admit that the King (or Queen) of England was King (or Queen) of England and should not harbour the Young Pretender, and that the fortifications of Dunkirk should be disgruntled and raised to the ground.

Thus, as soon as the fortifications of Dunkirk had been gruntled again, or the Young Pretender was found in a harbour in France, or it was discovered that the Dutch had not got Lumbago, etc., the countries knew that it was time for the Treaty to be signed again, so that the War could continue in an orderly manner.

* * * * *

George III. An Obstinate King.

George III. was a Bad King. He was, however, to a great extent insane and a good man, and his Ministers were always called Pitt. The Pitts, like Pretenders, came in Waves of about two, an elder Pitt and a younger Pitt.

Britain Muffles Through.

The elder Pitt at this time had the rather strategic idea of conquering Canada on the banks of the Elbe. Learning, however, that it was not there, he told the famous poetic general, Wolfe, to conquer Quebec instead. At first Wolfe complained that he would rather write Gray's *Elegy*, but on being told that it had been written already (by Gray) he agreed to take Quebec.

Quebec was very difficult to approach; Wolfe therefore rowed up the St. Lawrence with muffled drums and ordered his Highland troops to skirl up the perpendicular Heights of Abraham with muffled boots, hoots, etc., thus taking the French by surprise.

India.

It was in the eighteenth century that Indian History started. Indian History is a great number of wars in which the English fought victoriously against the Waratah Confederacy and various kinds of potentates called Sahibs, Wallahs, Jahs, Rajahs, Hurrahjahs, Mahurrahjahs, Jhams and Jhelhies. Most memorable amongst these were the terrible Napoo Sahib, the Maharatta of Pshaw, the Chandra Gaff and the Taj Mahal.

Many of these victories were due to an Englishman named Robert Clive, a typist in the East India Company, Ltd., who, after failing to commit suicide three times, made the famous raid on Arcos in conjunction with Jicks Pasha and held it against all comers.



TASTE.

The Doldrums of Oudh.

Second in importance only to Clive was Warren Hastings, well known for his rapacity towards the natives. Besides his treatment of Lo (a poor Indian with an untutored mind), recorded by the poet Pope, he very harshly extracted money from the Doldrums of Oudh, two old women without any teeth. For this he was impaled before the House of Commons and, after being cross-examined by Burke and Hare for seven-and-a-half years, was finally acquitted and became Viscount Senlac of Oudh.

(To be continued.)

"Fish frying is proved to be a non-offensive trade when boiled down to its rock bottom."
Manchester Paper.

Out of the frying-pan into the boiling-pot.

Epstein's Secret Revealed?

"Thirteen potatoes planted in Mr. ——'s allotment at Flitwick, Bedfordshire, were found, when dug up, to have joined themselves into one.

The result looked strikingly like a statue of a woman and child."—*Evening Paper.*

Locomotor Alcoholism.

"The accident occurred on the bend of 16 Platform while the stationary train was takin gin water.

No statement has been issued as to the cause of the accident."—*Manchester Paper.*

But it is clearly risky to give spirits to engines when they are "on the bend."

"At Miss Edith Evans's new venture at the Prince of Wales's an interested spectator was Mrs. —— ——, in black georgette, who was evidently attracted to the play 'Delilah' owing to her late husband's many activities in research in the land of the Pharaohs."
Sunday Paper.

Tell it not in Gath.



Very Young Flapper. "JOLLY FINE, ISN'T IT?"
Mature Ditto. "H'M, THINK SO? YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE COCKTAIL-PARTIES IN THE DEAR OLD 'TWENTIES."

EVANGELINE.

(Inspired by a long perusal of advertisements in the daily and weekly Press.)

Of all terrestrial creatures
My lady is most fair,
At moments when her features
Have undergone repair.

Not all the tints of autumn
Her loveliness can ape,
For nature has not bought 'em
In such convenient shape.

In turn they lend their lustre
To lip, to hand, to cheek;
She wipes them with a duster
And swaps them every week.

The rose admits perfection
And murmurs with chagrin;
Amazed by this complexion
The apricot grows green.

Than rose or lily prouder
She bears her sovran charms
And lots of liquid powder
All sloshed about her arms.

'Tis I would be the pencil
That every eyelash tips,
Or that more sweet utensil
That touches up her lips!

O blessed beauty arbour
Belonging to that firm
Whose happy, happy barber
Rejuvenates her "perm."!

Thrice happy preparations
Of various well-known blends
That ornament with patience
My lady's finger-ends!

More happy bloom, resurgent
And every day re-stuck!
Beatified detergent
That washes off the muck!

I would I were the traces
That vanish like a dream
When she removes her basis
Of disappearing cream!

I would I were the ointment
Divinely kneaded in
Each morning by appointment,
To modify her skin!

Stoop down and kiss her shoulder,
O sun, ere you depart!
The sunburn shall not moulder,
She keeps it on with art.

Shine from your belted seat, you
Old Hunter of the skies!
She has some dope to beat you,
And shoves it in her eyes.

By dint of each cosmetic
I vow no girl has been
So fair and so synthetic
As my Evangeline.

Though now and then I wonder—
If this wild thing forgot
The make-up she is under,
Would she be nice, or not?

EVOE.

A Trafalgar Ship for Boys.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON is presiding at a meeting at the Mansion House, at 3.30 P.M., on Monday, October 20th, the eve of Trafalgar Day, to save the *Implacable* as a National Monument and as a holiday training-ship for boys. The *Implacable*, which fought at Trafalgar and was captured later, is now the oldest warship afloat. Admission to the meeting is by invitation, and those interested can obtain particulars from the Secretary, *Implacable* Fund, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Strange Treatment of a Chip of the Old Block.

"The bride is a piece of the Marquis of Bute and . . . will be given away by her stepwear an under-dress of cream net covered with exquisite Brussels lace."
Scottish Paper.



JIMMY MOUSE AND THE EMPIRE LION.

MR. J. H. THOMAS (*in strict conference*). "LEAVE IT TO ME!"

[The Minister for the Dominions is generally regarded—and probably so regards himself—as the only representative of the Government at the Imperial Conference who is likely to propose any acceptable scheme for mitigating the present crisis in trade by co-operation between the Dominions and the Mother Country.]



A herd of wild Bohemians being rounded up for the opening of a new café in Soho, with the idea of creating the right atmosphere.

A GUIDE TO JOURNALESE.

It has long been recognised that our sensational Press has developed a language and phraseology of its own. It is surprising therefore that nothing has been done to assist new and inexperienced readers who might ignorantly fall into the error of attributing to the language its normal significance and to guide the historians of the future who from an unaided examination of the newspapers of to-day would inevitably obtain a very distorted view of contemporary Life and Events.

It is hoped that the following interpretations of some of the more common words and phrases employed by the popular Press will be of assistance in this direction and that some public-spirited person may be thereby inspired to the task of compiling a full and comprehensive Guide to Journalese.

POLICE NEWS.

The police are in possession of what is thought to be an important clue.	The police are making investigations.
Further sensational developments are expected at any moment.	Our reporters are on the job.
Pretty young girl.	Any woman, dead or alive, figuring in any capacity in a Police Court case or Coroner's Inquest.

GENERAL NEWS.

Sensation.	A word used to surprise the public into buying early editions of evening papers. Applicable to any event occurring after the publication of the morning papers.
. . . which has aroused keen public interest.	. . . which has been fully reported in this paper.
. . . which has aroused an acute controversy.	. . . which is being featured in our Correspondence columns.
. . . which has aroused a storm of resentment.	. . . of which it is not the policy of this paper to approve.
. . . which has aroused the enthusiastic support of every section of the public.	. . . of which this paper approves.
There can be no doubt but that . . .	We think, or would very much like to think, that . . .
West-End club.	Any club in Soho or Hammersmith.
Wealthy Clubman.	Any male wearing a collar and tie.
Prominent City Man.	Any male with an address ending in "E.C."

POLITICAL NEWS.

. . . was accorded an enthusiastic reception.	Formula commonly used in connection with the personal appearances of the newspaper proprietor or his satellites.
A statement which has deceived nobody.	A statement which this paper does not want anyone to believe.
If Mr. X imagines that . . . he will find himself sadly mistaken.	We dislike Mr. X and will do our best to discredit him.
Victory. Success.	Result of anything done with the approval of this paper or its proprietor.
Defeat. Failure.	Result of anything done without such approval.
Hooligans.	Any persons showing active disapproval of this paper or its proprietor's policy (for the time being).

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE TRIAL.

ONCE when Mr. Birdikin was going out for a walk his shoe-lace came untied and he stooped down to tie it up and just then a motor-car came round the corner behind him and knocked him down flat in the road.

Well the person driving the motor-car was Mr. Watershed who was in the same line of business as Mr. Birdikin which was making jet bugles to go on ladies' dresses, and business wasn't very good just then because of Free Trade in jet bugles and people not going into mourning so much when their relations died, but Mr. Birdikin didn't mind that so much because he had another line of business which was making artificial rice for people to throw at weddings and he was doing quite well at it and besides his wife had plenty of money and he could have afforded to retire from business altogether if he had wanted to. But Mr. Watershed hadn't any other line of business and he had just made up his mind to sell his motor-car because he couldn't afford to keep it any longer, and he was feeling low in his spirits at having to do that and not being able to take his wife and children for any more rides in Epping Forest.

Well it was really Mr. Birdikin's fault that he was knocked over because of course he ought not to have stopped in the middle of the road to tie up his shoe-lace, and he was hardly hurt at all because Mr. Watershed had come round the corner very slowly and had put on his brakes directly he had seen somebody bending down in front of him, and Mr. Birdikin was quite fat especially where the motor-car hit him so he only had his nose scratched against a stone but he was all covered with mud and he had had a shock so he was furiously angry, and when he got up and saw that it was Mr. Watershed in the motor-car he was more angry still and said he had tried to murder him and if there was justice in the land he should be punished for it.

So there was a trial and things looked black for Mr. Watershed because Mr. Picket the barrister that Mr. Birdikin paid for standing up for him showed that he had a good reason for wanting to murder him as if he was once out of the way he would get all the jet bugle trade himself, but that wasn't the worst of it because he said that Mr. Watershed was running away with Mrs. Celery when the dastardly attack was perpetrated, and he used even longer words than that and the jury didn't understand them all but they quite made up their minds that Mr. Watershed was guilty and asked the judge to stop the case as they had heard quite enough.

And the judge said he had never met with a more intelligent jury and he was inclined to agree with them because if there was one thing he was more down on than another it was people running away with other people's wives, but he thought it wouldn't be quite fair not to give Mr. Swithers a chance of saying something as he was the son of an old friend of his and he should like to see him get on.



"HE SAID MR. WATERSHED HAD TRIED TO MURDER HIM."

Well Mr. Swithers was the barrister on Mr. Watershed's side and he was cheaper than Mr. Picket as he was so young, but Mr. Watershed couldn't afford to pay so much for one as Mr. Birdikin could. And Mr. Picket jumped up and said he objected to the judge saying he should like to see his learned brother get on, though he knew Mr. Swithers wasn't very learned yet but he wanted to be kind to him. And there was a breeze between him and the judge and they got rather hot with one another, and a lady who was on the jury said that she had come there at great inconvenience to herself as she was in the middle of spring-cleaning and if they didn't get on with the trial she should walk straight out of the jury-box. And the judge said he had nothing to do with spring-cleanings and the jurywoman said no but your wife has, and he said he had a good mind to commit her for contempt of court and Mr. Picket too, and then the breeze blew over.

Well Mr. Swithers was rather shy and mumbled his words a little but he really did quite well for Mr. Watershed, and he said it was all tommyrot about Mrs. Celery, and the judge said he mustn't use words like tommyrot, and he said well she lives next-door to my client and she just asked him to give her a lift as he was going the same way. And the jurywoman said she thought that settled it and now she hoped they would be allowed to go away and attend to their own business instead of sitting there to listen to other people's squabbles. And the judge said to her are you trying this case or am I? And she said well I suppose you are but I wish you would get on with it.

So then they called a lot of witnesses, and it was proved that Mr. Watershed's motor-car had a shock-absorber on it which was brought into court, and Mr. Swithers submitted that Mr. Birdikin was as good as a shock-absorber himself in the way he had been bending down when the motor-car had just given him a little push, and the judge ordered Mr. Birdikin to bend down in court to show the jury, but the jurywoman said she thought that part of the case ought to be tried *in camera* and as the judge didn't want the trouble of clearing the court he waived the point.

Well by the time that Mr. Picket had to make his speech the jury was in rather a muddle about it all, what with the jet bugle trade and artificial rice and shock-absorbers, and all he could say was that murder was murder and Mr. Watershed might consider himself lucky not to be standing his trial for that, but he asked the jury to award his client exemplary damages and not to believe a word that his learned brother might say.

But Mr. Swithers made an impassioned speech because he knew that if he didn't he wouldn't get any more custom, and when he made Mrs. Watershed and all her five children stand up in court and told the jury about the prizes the children had won at school and how Mrs. Watershed had had the



Householder (having peppered burglar). "You may feel a certain pang of pride when I tell you that this very blunderbuss was fired at Dick Turpin."

very dress she was wearing turned three times because of the slump in the jet bugle trade there wasn't a dry eye in the court, and the jurywoman said that whatever the judge might say in his summing-up she should refuse to bring in a verdict of guilty and he could do what he liked about it.

But the judge summed up in favour of Mr. Watershed and said he thought that Mr. Birdikin was the more guilty of the two, and he wasn't at all satisfied with what had come out about the jet bugle trade and should send the papers to the Public Prosecutor.

So then the jury was just going to retire, but Mr. Picket got up and said that he had been talking it over with his client who was sorry he had made such a fuss about nothing and he was ready to hand over his share of the jet bugle trade to Mr. Watershed and turn his attention to other lines of business, and he thought that if Mr. Watershed could get the newspapers to persuade people to go in for jet bugles again when their relations died he ought to do very well out of it.

So then everybody cheered, and the judge said that if that happened again he should clear the court, but he was glad that the matter had been amicably settled and he would recommend the jury to be let off further service for five years and the jurywoman for ten years, because he had never believed in having women as jurors, they were only a nuisance, and he didn't want to see her again. And the jurywoman said she didn't want to see him again either and she hurried off to go on with her spring-cleaning. A. M.

HARMONISING WITH THE LANDSCAPE.

There is trouble in our part of the world. We are an expanding community, and the cry has gone up for more gas. To meet this demand our gas company, an active and enlightened body, has announced its intention of rearing a new gasometer two-hundred-and-twenty feet high. Against this we, who are proud of our rural surroundings, have protested, though we want the gas, and the company, while sticking to their scheme, state, by way of disarming our hostility, that they will make their great envelope harmonise with the landscape. How the devil they are going to do this beats me. At the same time, especially as I not only cook by gas but have a geyser and a lot of gas-fires, it is up to me not to grumble beyond a certain point, but to take thought and do what I can to help rather than to retard. It is a matter of public interest too, for where we start others will follow. There are plenty of expanding communities who want more gas.

We can eliminate at once any idea of jazzing the erection. This was supposed to cause invisibility during the late War. It didn't. It may have done so from the air; from the ground it was perfectly futile and beastly

A simple scheme at first sight would be to cover the surface of the gasometer with an immense landscape. A drawback to this is that, according to my calculations, assuming the diameter to be equal to the height, the job would take about nine miles of paint per coat, and it would probably want three coats. Again, most of the picture would have to be sky; if this were blue it wouldn't harmonise with the prevailing grey, and if it were grey it would cast a gloom on the few fine days we have. The ground part would have to be hilly; this we will consider in the next paragraph.

An improvement would be for the gasometer, instead of being painted like a hill, to be shaped like a hill—to be, in fact, a kind of artificial hill. It would be about three hundred feet high, and would include a presentment of woods, fields, houses and so on, and, for a little greater verisimilitude, a road. There are points in this. There would be no bother about the sky. It would be there. New hills, rising over England, "harmonising with the landscape," would become objects of local interest and rivalry, and, if they went up and down like ordinary gasometers, would never be monotonous. But I doubt if it would do. Take

motorists. Coming along on a bright night, they would see a hill in front with an ascending road. Plainly they would tread on the accelerator and go for the climb. The result would be disastrous. In the accident some petrol might get spilt and mixed up with the contents of the supposed hill; an explosion would occur and there would be no gas left for the local geysers, stoves or fires, even assuming that the surrounding inhabitants remained to sit up and take notice. And the paint difficulty would, from repetition, become greater than ever.

But there is no need for despair. If we cannot harmonise the gasometer with the landscape, why not harmonise the landscape with the gasometer? It would be a bold act of modernism. The word would be utility. Ground would be flattened, houses cubed, trees removed, and wire would take the place of the wasteful hedge. The gasometer would stand up naked and unabashed, and everything around it would be geometrical and exact. The face of rural England would be revolutionised, and in time districts would become proud of the very size of their gasometer.

If this is considered too sweeping there is yet another way out of the difficulty. Where you can't harmonise it is always wise to make a bold contrast. Keep to the hill idea, but borrow from the Egyptians: make your gasometer a pyramid. Sphinxes I do not recommend. Or, better still, raise three colossi. These, at the moment, would represent Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George, but the heads would be removable so as to allow of substitution when, at the dictates of the popular Press, one or other of these leaders ceased to lead. The sight of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George seated side by side, with their hands on their knees, gazing unemotionally over the rural areas of England, would, I think, be a stirring and striking spectacle, especially to agriculturists. Dum-Dum.

"Coal Bobs up Again.
Two Shillings a Ton More."
Daily Paper.

Two bobs up, in fact.

BROADENING THE BAND.

The arrival of the musical millennium, when we shall all be able to read full scores and enjoy them by the exercise of the mental ear alone, may be regarded for practical purposes as too remote to affect the composers to-day. None the less it is impossible to contemplate their present plight without grave concern. Their horizons have immensely widened, but the orchestra, the means of communicating their ideas to the public, remains practically unchanged. The lack of inventive enterprise on the part of instrument-makers is deplorable and its results are disastrous. The available instruments are taxed to the utmost to keep pace with the constantly increasing demands on their capacities, instead of being relieved by the creation of fresh orchestral and solo auxiliaries. The sufferings of such maids-of-all-work as our saxophonists are almost too painful for description.

It is therefore with profound relief that we learn that the firm of Blair and Company are about to place on the market several new instruments expressly devised to meet the requirements of the hour.

The Diaboloon.—This remarkable and happily-named newcomer is intended to combat the pernicious influence exerted of late years by the Celesta. As the prospectus puts it: "The unfair competition of the Celesta, which aims at reproducing the traditional accompaniment of the angelic choir, has long been asking for a counterblasting retort. It will now have it in full measure from the Diaboloon, which combines the sonority of the tuba with the most piercing shrieks of the piccolo. We had thought of calling it the Pandemonium, but after careful consideration and consultations with the best authorities on Satanism we have decided to adhere to the shorter form.

The *Baxhorn* and the *Klaxhorn* need no explanation. They speak for themselves. And it is gratifying to learn that Messrs. Blair intend to revive the *Heckel-horn*, a member of the Oboe (or Hobo, as it is now called) family, which by its penetrating timbre is likely to be invaluable at political meetings.

The Piffolo.—This beautiful little instrument, which is the result of prolonged investigations into the structure of the larynx of the peacock, is notable for the exquisite falsetto tones which it produces, and can be played with impunity by persons of all ages, except Sunday journalists of an emotional temperament.

The Contrabassinette.—This much-needed addition to the group of strings has already received the warm approval of Richard Strauss, who is writing a fresh part for it in the movement of his "Symphonia Domestica," which describes the baby's toilet.

The Contra-bandrum.—Messrs. B. claim that this wonderful invention, for which they confidently expect a large demand in America, is the Prince of all percussion instruments, the largest *grosse-caisse* in existence, and that the size of its cavity lends it altogether unprecedented carrying powers.

Revival of the Shawm.—Great interest in the trombone has of late been excited by the momentous statement of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw that his father played it. Messrs. Blair have, however, decided to commemorate the announcement, not by any attempt to improve on an instrument consecrated by this historic association, but by reviving, in G. B. S.'s honour, the ancient Shawm, but with a wider bell and a larger bore. C. L. G.



Stanley has a little lamb,
His name is Conway (Martin);
And every game that Stanley plays
He'd rather take no part in.



"Hullo, General, what's the trouble? Gout?"
"No; couldn't find me boot."

"SURELY THIS WAS . . ."

De Quincey, in an essay which has particular reference to the borrowing of books, divides mankind into two races, those who borrow and those who lend. Another quite convenient division would be, those who write comments in the margins of books and those who refrain.

The library to which I subscribe has a large membership, drawn from the former class. On an average one book in every three has its interruptions, of varying degrees of impudence, by anonymous authors. Some of them merely invite my co-operation in a low derisive laugh by underlining split infinitives and putting a low derisive exclamation-mark in the margin. Others shout "No!" at odd intervals, completely drowning the author's voice and distracting me, his audience, from his argument. The favourite form of comment begins, "Surely this was . . ." and the most favoured hunting-ground of the commentators at present is in war books. "Surely this was March, 1917?" they hoot. "Surely this was before the Coalition?" they shriek.

One wonders how long this sort of thing has been going on. Perhaps ever since the invention of printing. If so, there must be a very valuable first folio Shakespeare somewhere, with an early example of the margineer's art opposite a stage direction in *A Winter's Tale*, saying, "Surely Bohemia is not on the coast?" No one of this singular race could have resisted it.

There may be some excuse for writing in the margin of a book which you have bought and are going to keep for reference; but it does not seem that there can be any possible pretext for butting-in on an author when the book is going to be returned to the library, and no one will know the authorship of the brilliant annotations.

It is more than likely that there is in existence another M.C.C., a very secret Margin-Crashers' Club, whose proceedings are necessarily hidden owing to threats of legal action for the disfigurement of books and periodicals, as set forth in the rules of most of our libraries.

I should like to attend one of their annual meetings: to see Mr. X being congratulated and awarded the bronze medal of the club for having made two-hundred-and-forty-nine comments in the new edition of the *Britannica* at a public library, and to see the proud smile on the face of Miss Y as she goes up to receive the Split Infinitive Cup for the second year in succession, with a lead of more than fifty over the runner-up.

But how can one get to know these furtive people? The only way is to catch them red-handed. Therefore I am going to spend to-day and to-morrow in the Public Library and catch one of them, blackmailing him with a threat of exposure to the librarian unless he, or it may be a she, proposes me as a non-playing member of the M.C.C.

To-day and to-morrow, you see, will be very busy days for the club, because all over the country they will be writing "Surely this was Lamb?" against the opening sentence of this article. And they will be right.

The New Pastime.

"Visitors arriving late for meals must catch the coursing dish."
Notice in a Swiss Hotel.

Another entertainment at which we have never assisted.

Legend Repeats Itself.

The St. Francis Touch.
"Wolves v. Saints."
"Wolves meet their match."
Two placards displayed together outside a newsagent's.

AT THE PLAY.

"PRIVATE LIVES" (PHŒNIX).

THE rosy glow that greets one on entering this handsome new theatre is a happy augury. The interior decoration by KOMISARJEVSKY and the enlarged old master (SELLAIO'S "Triumph of Love"), painted by VLADIMIR POLUNIN on the safety-curtain that masks the gold-and-crimson curtain proper, pleasantly quicken expectation. The entertainment itself, a little impudent comedy by Mr. NOEL COWARD, is so impenitently theatrical, so slight in substance and insular in spirit, that the impressions it makes last scarcely longer than do the echoes of the actors' voices and the quick responsive laughter it provokes.

Its recipe may be stated thus: Think of a quarrel and double it; add the better (because more amusing) halves of two newly-married couples; place them on a pretty balcony in France lit by the fading sunset and coloured candelabra; shift the scene to Paris and throw in a sketchy meal or two and much illicit love-making between cocktails and innumerable cigarettes; then take away the quarrel you first thought of and substitute some spontaneous rough-and-tumble, and the result is an iridescent bubble of a play, a series of bubbles light as air kept dancing through three Acts by that blend of wit and impudence that is Mr. COWARD'S *forte*.

The First Act states, the Second Act confirms and the Third Act does its best to redeem the mistake made by *Elyot* and *Amanda* in divorcing each other five years ago. The three Acts together persuade them (and us) that, impossible as each finds the other to live with, the alternative to which they have just committed themselves is unthinkable now that they have met again.

Their new partners, *Sybil* and *Victor*, no sooner married than deserted by them, serve to point this grim dilemma at the beginning of the play and reappear at the end of it to rub the dilemma in. Though less fully charged with wit than the two principals, they are drawn with the same light touch; and they only concern us in so far as they act as foils to *Elyot* and *Amanda* and justify their decision, quickly arrived at, to make the worst of a bad job.

Act I. having encouraged these hymeneal defaulters to elope together to Paris on the night of their new honeymoons, leaving their lawful spouses behind, Act II. shows them illicitly at home, provoking love as only they can provoke it and keeping satiety at bay with repetitions of those sharp spontaneous squabbles that parted them five years ago. The intensive kissing and kicking, the provoking and provoked witticisms, the heart-to-heart confessions, rapturous surrenders and stand-up fights that constitute their only occupation are such as human beings might support only in heroic and lonely day-dreams and will hardly be taken for a model.



BREAKING THE RECORD (GRAMOPHONE).

Amanda Prynne . . MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.
Elyot Chase . . . MR. NOEL COWARD.

Amanda lags not at all behind *Elyot* in "jagged sophistication." Indeed their only trouble is to coin the perfect phrase to shame satiety and keep their passion burning. All that in real life helps to safeguard love and render marriage tolerable goes into the fire to feed that passion; and when, as it frequently does, their explosive affinity for one another goes up, up goes the furniture too. The gramophone record that *Elyot* hates is smashed over his head, the electric-lights are torn out by their roots, and every chivalrous and womanly restraint is abandoned, to end in that horrible débâcle on which their deserted and dumbfounded spouses enter as the second curtain falls.

But it is less with the idea of pointing a moral than to amuse us with his skill in keeping the bubble dancing that Mr. COWARD brings the injured and injuring parties together at breakfast next morning, and completes as grim a demonstration of incompatibility as ever convulsed an audience by throwing the new-made marriages back into the melting-pot. The patterns his bubble traces grow thin at times while the wit that animates them renews itself in fresh felicities of phrase and further audacity. Our response is all but continuous laughter, charged with delight in the art with which he himself and delicious Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE sustain such fragile *rôles* without faltering or offence.



HALF-COUPLES.

Sybil Chase . . . . . MISS ADRIANNE ALLEN.
Victor Prynne . . . . MR. LAWRENCE OLIVIER.

Yet, brilliant as are these two major displays of acting, welcome relief is provided by Miss ADRIANNE ALLEN'S amusingly shrewd and tearful *Sybil* and Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER'S honest *Victor*. The loveborn squabbles that agitate the play are not so much storms

in a tea-cup as tempests in a cocktail-shaker; the hedonist philosophy to which *Elyot* occasionally gives voice has no deeper significance than that of a choice of darker tints to accentuate a pattern, and the modish songs sung during the play are all of a piece with its febrile spirit and serve pleasantly to exercise the vaudevillean gifts of Mr. COWARD and Miss LAWRENCE. As an after-dinner diversion that strikes the sophisticated note and strikes it exclusively, this comedy may be greatly enjoyed; and I for one will not blame its author for keeping so consistently within theatrical limitations, since for him they are such perfect freedom. H.

"LEAVE IT TO PSMITH" (SHAFTESBURY).

I am not sure that the next edition of *The Oxford Book of English Prose* ought not to contain one of Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE's felicitous descriptive passages. If it is the hall-mark of imaginative genius to touch the common happenings of everyday life with a strange new light, then Mr. WODEHOUSE has that mark stamped upon him! It matters little that his inspiration wells up from the springs of pure nonsense. Again, if style be—among other things—the exact fitting of the apt word to the happy thought then here too he can claim a bunch of laurel. Moreover, like JOSEPH CONRAD and MAARTEN MAARTENS, he writes with a perfect command of the intimate idiom of a foreign tongue—that of the great Western Republic.

The author also has had the wit to bring in that now indispensable transmogrifier of novels into plays, Mr. IAN HAY. This stage version of *Leave it to Psmith* is a good deal more than the usual easy, muddled and distorted compression of a popular book. It is skilfully "made over" for its present medium and has the effect of an original stage-play—which is the highest compliment and the rarest that an adapter can claim. And with what address the authors, weaving their nonsense on the edge of the dangerous precipice of facetiousness, contrive never—or so seldom as makes no matter—to lose their balance.

Plot of course matters little in such affairs. In this version the fatuous and *Honourable Freddie Bosham*, heir to the irascible absent-minded *Lord Middlewick*, wants to marry the pretty daughter of a jam-maker, and to that end proposes to invest a windfall in the purchase of a partnership in his prospective father-in-law's business. His deceased aunt, knowing her nephew, has tied the money up in a most unreasonable way (his mother must countersign all cheques), and the stealing of his mother's newly-inherited diamond necklace, with the aid of the resourceful *Psmith*, and with subsequent crafty manipulations of said necklace, is *Freddie's* suggested solution of the little problem.



"PSTAND PSTILL, PSMITH!"

Psmith . . . . . MR. BASIL FOSTER.
Eddie Cootes . . . . . MR. AUBREY MATHER.
Aileen Peavy . . . . . MISS OLIVE BLAKENEY.

A pretty American crook (Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY) masquerading as a soulful poetess, in quest of the necklace; a real Canadian poet (Mr. JACK LAMBERT) with a passionate horror of Brussels-sprouts cooked in the English manner (and no wonder!); a dunderheaded American card-sharper in league with the fraudulent poetess; the efficient and suspicious *Baxter*, *Lord Middlewick's* secretary; charming *Eve Halliday*, cataloguing the *Middlewick* library, who has captured the heart of the susceptible *Psmith*; a bored lift-man—these are the principal ingredients of this pot-pourri of happy idiocy.

Mr. BASIL FOSTER gave us the easy assurance of the admirable *Psmith*, but missed a little, I think, the flavour of his humour. Mr. REGINALD GARDINER had much more the authentic air of a witless WODEHOUSE hero. Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY gives a tonic quality to every scene she plays, and no one can make such capital out of the vagaries of her native idiom of obloquy. The two portraits of the efficient *Baxter* and the bored lift-man by Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN were admirably done, as indeed is everything I have seen played by this skilful quiet comedian. Mr. CLIVE CURRIE (*Lord Middlewick*), Mr. AUBREY MATHER (card-sharper) and Miss JANE BAXTER (*Eve Halliday*) played their trump-full hands with excellent effect; and skilful production by Mr. FRANK CELLIER, working with such sound material and talent, made of the whole a beguiling evening's entertainment. If there were any pauses in the mad headlong action they were caused when the constant ripples of laughter rose to a roar.

This is indeed good authentic English nonsense; and so conspicuously innocent and wholesome is the WODEHOUSE formula that the stalls were positively mottled with bishops and deans. But members of the Stock Exchange need not be unduly discouraged by this. There are veiled references to a rude jest of Mr. GEORGE ROBEY's to keep up their spirits, and there is much besides of quite universal appeal. T.

Our Candid Cannibals.

"Cook (Roast), female, for large luncheon club."—*Evening Paper.*

The New Quietism.

"For good or ill, the bicycle, motor-car and bus have given the quietus to the Puritan Sabbath."—*Jersey Paper.*

"'More Things Are Missed because they are too big to be seen than because they are too small to be seen.'—(G. K. Chesterton). (From the Rev. —— ——, Cornwall."
Daily Paper.

We should miss G. K. C. very much.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Stanmore has many notable associations. For some years Handel was organist at St. Lawrence's, and is reputed to have composed the music of 'The Village Blacksmith' while sheltering from a shower in a smithy at Edgware, near by."—*Sunday Paper.*

But LONGFELLOW composed "The Harmonious Hiawatha" during a tornado at Salem, Mass.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—If you come home soon you will be able to take a hand in our new craze—midget golf. But I expect you must be quick, for this kind of novelty is soon exhausted. Ping-pong had only a brief reign, and diabolo, a much more attractive pursuit, but also more difficult, a briefer. Such, however, is the vogue for midget golf at the moment that at one of its London headquarters it is played till two A.M. I went in to look at it one evening and found three floors of the building, an ex-club, entirely covered with ingenious hazards and men and women urging balls more or less in the right direction but seldom scoring. There is no driving; nothing but the anxious putt. I was in bed by eleven, rendered not the less ready for repose by the reflection that for three hours yet those strenuous athletes would be at this new sport and the speculation as to how they would be able to do their work on the morrow. But work seems to be of secondary importance in English life to-day. Sport and amusement before all! Why, Mr. LANSBURY, it has just been announced, is arranging for putting greens in the Victoria Tower Gardens so that Members of Parliament may putt between divisions. After such an example who will dare to refrain?

Possibly the cheapness of midget golf may be one of its charms, for we are all getting very hard up. Even the dealers in necessities, such as food and clothes, are feeling it, and how the luxury shops keep open is a mystery. Jewellers in particular are in despair. Meanwhile an important gentleman in the world of accountants has been foretelling an inevitable addition to the income-tax next year, and never have there been so many allurements to bet as the Press is now publishing. A stranger to England reading the more popular papers would suppose we were gambling mad. He would be sure of it when he learned that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER takes no toll from these excesses.

If you have read in any newspapers that England and Art and lovers of DICKENS are about to suffer an irreparable loss by the destruction of the *Pickwick* panels in the Duncannon Hotel at Charing Cross, don't believe it. I went to see them the other day and can testify that their colour has gone and that much of the detail has either faded away or been lost under grime. Also, to remove them from the walls on which they are painted, or with which they are incorporated, would be a very delicate task. But apart from these considerations I do not find that they add anything to the *Pickwick* legend. The Eatanswill election scene is a muddle of debased voters, and *Serjeant Buzfuz* and *Mrs. Bardell* are equally caricatures. All the same the practice of decorating the bars of inns with frescoes from English classics might well be followed, and Mr. A. R. THOMSON, the artist, is to be felicitated on his enterprise. If he has his eye on the walls of any other inns he would find Mr. PRIESTLEY's two great novels a gold-mine.

On leaving the Duncannon Hotel I paused for a moment at Venice-in-London. Where is that? you ask. Trafalgar Square, of course, not on account of its column or its lions (so unlike St. Mark's) or even its two basins, but because of its pigeons, the feeding of which has now become a ritual for tourists no less rigorously observed than in the Venetian piazza. There are not so many pigeons, but I am sure they are greedier; there are not so many persons luring them to perch on their shoulders and hands, but they are not less proud and excited. And there is a professional photographer in attendance.

"The name of God," once wrote a confused schoolboy, "should always begin with a caterpillar"; although JOHN MORLEY got himself into trouble by disregarding this rule. Similarly one expects the name of GLADSTONE to have a big "G" too, but in one of the fascinating crime stories by DASHIEL HAMMET, the new American detective-novelist, all three of which I have lately devoured, I was pulled up short by a reference to a man packing his gladstone. It is true that we write of pullmans and gibuses and hansoms, all called after their inventors, without capital initials, but somehow "gladstone" looks wrong. QUEEN VICTORIA, writing to Lord LANSDOWNE (as revealed by Sir FREDERICK PONSONBY'S *Sidelights*, just published), may have described him, in 1892, as "old, wild and incomprehensible," but none the less I repeat it is a shock to find him spelt with a little "g," and I was comforted, in reading about the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition, last week, to find that even at this late day a new lilac clematis has been called after the G.O.M.—and not merely "Gladstone" but "W. E. Gladstone" in full.

You may like to add to your collection of oddities three notices which have recently caught my eye or about which I have been told. The advertisement boards of a new estate of small residences north of London—and new estates of small residences line all the main roads now within a radius of ten miles—promise those who are to live there "Cosy Palaces." There is a new idea in this phrase, not too conceivable. A contradiction in terms. Can what is palatial be cosy? I have seen many palaces, from Buckingham and Lambeth to Versailles, the House in the Wood, the White House, the Quirinale and Miramar, but none could be described as cosy. I have seen many—too many—modern suburban cottages, but none, to their credit be it said, could be described as palatial. The second notice is a card in an optician's offering "Dainty Eyewear"; and the third a hairdresser's invitation (or threat): "Eyebrows and moustaches plucked." Yours, E. V. L.

EASTWARD BOUND.

I.—VICTORIA.

WITH heavy heart I look around
The platform and I scan
My fellow-travellers who are bound
For Cairo or for Cannes,
Pilgrims *en route* to shrines of play,
Whose isothermic topics
Are gall to one who leaves to-day
For somewhere in the tropics.

I see their luggage near the van;
How the valises shine!
It's all so very spick and span
That I must blush for mine—
These old green sacks that bravely swell
When kitbags prove unruly,
Hold-alls that still retain the smell
Of elephant and coolie.

And huddled in my corner-seat
I watch them come and go,
Flaunting the curves of Oxford Street,
The lines of Savile Row,
Transcendent garniture that sneers
And wouldn't give a damn for
These clothes of mine that spend the years
In naphthaline or camphor.

I hate their laughter, I deplore
These smiles that call to mind
How all their frolics lie before
While mine are left behind;
And, could you hear the sigh I heave
At pleasures past retrieving,
You'd know that naught in all my leave
Upsets me like the leaving.

J. M. S.

Commercial Candour.

"GENUINE OFFER.
GENUINE SOAP.

No connection with any other firm who are selling rubbish."—*Shop Circular.*

"——'s EMPORIUM.

Always for the Latest Novelties. We have just landed a large range of the Latest in Beads. We Guarantee our Prices on these Beads are half as Cheap as quoted anywhere."
New Zealand Advt.

PRESENT TENSE MOMENTS.



I SKATE.



THOU SKATEST.



HE SKATES.



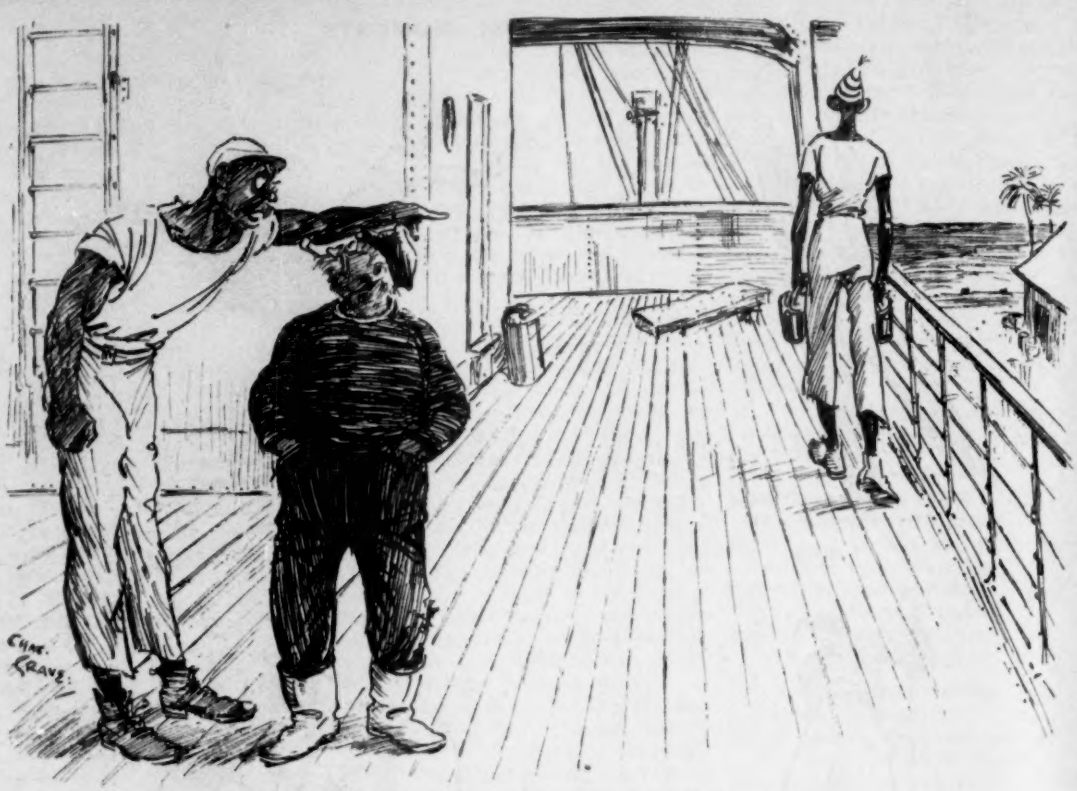
WE SKATE.



YOU SKATE.



THEY SKATE.



Negro Sailor. "DE MATE CALL ME DE BIGGEST LIAR IN DE SHIP."
British Sailor. "WELL, AIN'T YER?"
Negro Sailor. "'OW CAN DAT BE WHEN DAT NIGGAH IS TALLER DAN ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

BY the tragic and untimely death of CROSBIE GARSTIN, a few months ago, our sources of literary entertainment were appreciably diminished. GARSTIN did not write his books as though he were painfully performing a social service but obviously for the fun of the thing, and his enjoyment was infectious. In what must unhappily be his last story there are distresses of mind and body, disappointments in love and violent deaths, and the end is quite wantonly unsatisfactory; but the net result is pure amusement. This perhaps is largely because we are not made to believe too seriously in the reality of the sufferers, the crew and passengers of the good ship *Kin Lung*, a trader in *China Seas* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6). The red-headed giant of a captain, the dark disgruntled mate, the garrulous, disreputable but apparently amiable Irish pig-merchant, the exquisite inscrutable Chinese lady and the German lady of not too difficult virtue—these and the rest are manifest puppets. But their wires are manipulated by a showman of unfailing skill and unflagging vivacity, who could get anything across, from a tea-party to a typhoon. GARSTIN revelled in colour and movement, and he had that sheer love of story-telling for its own sake which marks a writer as of the breed, if not necessarily of the stature, of STEVENSON and KIPLING. It is lamentable that so lively a voice should so soon have fallen silent.

I find myself occasionally wondering how much longer novel-consumers will stomach the (apparently) horrible conditions under which novels are produced. It looks as though sooner or later the squeamish will have to pass by on the other side, like the folk who shun the peaches and globe artichokes of Soho barrows on account of their (presumably) squalid antecedents. It is Mr. JOHN VAN DRUTEN's second novel that has filled me with these misgivings. For that detailed, lengthy and inconsequent narrative is mainly devoted to the muddlesome *vie intime* of a particularly feckless and well-meaning female novelist. *Elinor Johnson*, the heroine of *A Woman on Her Way* (PUTNAM, 7/6), has married in her casual youth a drunkard. Having divorced him after a creditable spell of patience with his foibles, she devotes herself to fiction and friendship: the former, I gather, of the most modern, the latter occasionally platonic. Casting up her accounts on the verge of an amatory catastrophe (induced by taking too literally the charitable aspirations of *Candida*) she owns to six extra-matrimonial experiments. "I don't think that's a lot," she maintains; and you infer that, for a novelist, it isn't. Her circle, with hangers-on of both sexes, is depicted in depressing detail, as are their principal habitats—Chelsea, Hampstead and New York. Every now and again Mr. VAN DRUTEN pauses to deplore—usually through the mouth of his deplorable heroine—the deplorableness of society. But possibly he has not covered the whole ground. "There is" (as I think *Coriolanus* consolingly remarked) "a world elsewhere."

The Hamwood Papers of the Ladies of Llangollen and Caroline Hamilton (MACMILLAN, 21/-) come from a really

fascinating *cache* of eighteenth-century journals and letters. The gem is the diary of Lady Eleanor Butler, senior partner at Llangollen; and Mrs. G. H. Bell has shown excellent artistry in grouping the rest of the papers round Lady Eleanor's. This lady and her "Beloved" Sarah Ponsonby have hitherto survived in illustrious glimpses of their maturer years. Here we see them from their girlhood, when the couple eloped through surreptitious casements, with pistols, pet dogs, bribed retainers and every property and super known to Romance. They were ultimately allowed to entrench themselves at Llangollen, penniless, defamed, but quite simply convinced that it was the duty of their friends and relations to see to their credit in both departments. Some of the most amusing letters in the books—those from Lord Bessborough and Burke, for example—were written in reply to an S.O.S. from Eleanor. But there is more than quaintness and humour in the narrative. Many a passage in her diary would not have disgraced Dorothy Wordsworth's, though the older woman's blend of great lady, sentimental miss and poetess *manquée* is all her own. She reads Rousseau "to my Beloved working at her cross-stitch." They go down to the new potager, hedge-clipping. A fitchet catches a pet hen in December and is trapped himself in March. Great visitors come and go and wars and rumours of wars mutter and die away. There is nothing else quite like it, even in the eighteenth century.

If lynching, rangers and sheriffs' posses,
Incredible skill with the lariat,
Stage-coach hold-ups and stolen hosses
And all the to-do of things like that—
If as a reader you take your pleasure
In this sort of medley of dash and crime,
You 'll get in *Adiós* abundant measure,
And I 'm full out for it every time.

But the Bartletts' (L. and V. S.) narration
Is more than this; it tells of the day
Of Californian transformation
Into a State of the U.S.A.;
And Spanish indolence, Yankee hurry,
Dignity chafed by shyster tricks,
Colour the tale so well that Murray
Couldn't ask less than seven-and-six.



MORE UNEMPLOYMENT.

Foreman (*needing men*). "'Ere—do you know anything about 'ouse-breaking?"

Loafer. "I 've done a bit of it."

Foreman. "Well, 'ow would you like a job up there?"

Loafer. "Lumme! I didn't say I was a blinkin' cat-burglar."

The eternal conflict and alternation between Liberty and Authority engage Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby's attention sometimes almost at the price of distraction from his ostensible topic, in his biographical study, *Lord John Russell* (Cassell, 15/-). Liberty, to be of value, must be used and can be used only in building new Authority, which may not improbably stifle the old Liberty that gave it birth and incidentally engender a new. In terms of Whiggism departing and Radicalism arising, and in the person of the gamest little political fighting-cock of the nineteenth century, the pigmy Prime Minister who believed in Liberty for its own sake and never ceased to say so, and could not for the life of him understand why it did not always work out according to expectations, Mr. Tilby has studied the conflict and the alternation, has traced the building and the decay of an Authority, and in pungent and luminous

phrase has supplied answers to his little hero's perplexities. *Lord John Russell* has been scurvily ill-remembered by a thankless generation that has pointed to his failures rather than his triumphs, yet Italy once honoured him among the leaders of her liberation and he was the very foremost invincible knight in the endless tilting that carried Parliamentary Reform. Our thanks are due to the writer for bringing him back to remembrance in a setting that is a masterful study of a masterful century. I could wish, though, that he had seen Sir EDWARD PARRY'S recent life of QUEEN CAROLINE before dismissing her with a word of curt injustice.

In *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) Mr. ROARK BRADFORD gives a series of "sermons," in which, according to the publisher's note, "we have evidently the inspiration for the now famous 'spirituals.'" The book, that is to say, professes to be a sort of ethnological document throwing light on the negro mind by indicating the kind of way in which it is necessary to present the Bible stories in order to make them intelligible. It might, however, be easily mistaken by casual readers for an attempt to be funny with the aid of the old trick of anachronism which tickled our grandfathers when *A Comic History of England* appeared. Those who do so mistake its object will doubtless be convinced of error on closer inspection. "The Lawd" is described (and pictured by Mr. A. B. WALKER) as a type of plantation overseer in a soft felt hat and frockcoat, hiding behind a cloud and ready to "pass" miracles or argue about the way he runs the world. If humour only were intended, this, apart from the offence it might give to many quite broadminded people, is surely a flimsy backbone for a whole book, even though it be accompanied by many quaint turns of expression. One is therefore forced to believe in the author's sincerity and to wonder whether even the negro does not lose faith in a figure showing so many nearly similar variations of the same theme.



Friend (who has been invited to play on bijou table). "I SAY, THIS IS NO GOOD, OLD CHAP. THE BALLS ARE TOO BIG FOR THE POCKETS."

Host. "DEAR ME, YOU DON'T SAY SO. NOW THAT WILL ACCOUNT FOR MY NEVER HAVING BEEN ABLE TO GET ONE IN."

All those who share with me an envious amazement at the fecundity of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE will doubtless agree that the quality of his construction is never sacrificed to a mere desire for output. He utilises in his novels that peculiar sense of dramatic values which is his greatest asset as a playwright, and he seems to know instinctively the moments at which we demand to be excited, appalled or amused. *The Calendar* (COLLINS, 7/6), this month's Wallace, is the novel version of the play of that name, and it deals vividly with both the romance and the squalor of racing. It would be beyond the scope of a short review to detail the involutions of the plot; but a good man goes temporarily wrong, is found out, warned off the Turf by the Jockey Club, and let down badly by his lady; and only at the end is he led back, contrite and forgiven, to the right girl. Mr. WALLACE preserves the balance between tension and humour, which is so important in this sort of book, very nicely; and I imagine that the valet *Hillcott* will prove a game runner-up to the immortal *Jeeves* in the popularity of the public. *The Calendar* itself is The London Gazette of the Turf; in it appear the august decrees of the Jockey Club, and its contents are absorbed weekly, for the strange sum of one-and-ninepence, by all serious racing-men.

In *St. Vitus' Day* (BENN, 7/6) Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM has combined fact and fiction with happy results. His object in writing this story is "to clear the name of GAVRO PRINCIP from the stigma attaching to it as of the man who caused the War." A laudable enterprise enough, but one that might have come rather hopelessly to grief if not carefully and cleverly handled. But Mr. GRAHAM has visited both Belgrade and Sarajevo for his details, and he has worked them up into a narrative that both enlists sympathy and captures the imagination. PRINCIP certainly killed the Archduke FRANZ FERDINAND of Austria, and his loyal friend, GRABEZH; though not a murderer in fact, was one in intention; but Mr. GRAHAM presents them here as patriots who loved their country as fanatically as they hated those who oppressed it. This is a book which all who are interested in Balkan questions should read. They will find it infinitely more worthy of their attention than the romances whose scenes are laid in fictitious Balkan states.

I am not suggesting that the sophisticated should read *The Romance of a Very Young Man* (HERBERT JENKINS, 7/6), but those who are looking for a simple story in which, after various ups and downs, everything comes supremely right in the end, will welcome it. *Nicholas Emsley*, the handsome son of an impoverished parson, had the temerity to fall in love with the daughter of a millionaire, and when she finally rejected him he took it so much to heart that he tried to poison himself. From this cowardly fate he was saved by physical sickness, and on his recovery he soon began to find that the millionaire's daughter was not the one and only woman in the world. Miss WINIFRED BOGGS has given us a tale that in the main runs on familiar lines, but she has enlivened it with some shrewd touches of observation and humour.

A Great Haul.

"The thieves forced the lock of the door, lifted London, S.W., and took away the safe in a lorry."—*Anglo-French Paper.*

"To Soothe a Savage Breast."

"Councillor ——, who is to be the next Mayor, is a popular choice for the office. . . . He rarely figures in a 'scene' at the Council meetings, and no doubt his presence in the choir will be the means of checking outbursts that damage the prestige of the chamber."
Birkenhead Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

ATTENTION is drawn to the fact that there are only two smiling statues in London. The time seems ripe for a "Merrier Monuments" movement.

* * *

With reference to a recent performance of *The Merchant of Venice* at Manchester, regret is felt locally that the producers missed the opportunity of giving an open-air adaptation featuring the Ship Canal.

* * *

Miss M. MCHENNA of Ohio State University, after investigation, states that the much-advertised uncleanliness of the house-fly is greatly exaggerated. No wonder it always has that air of being misunderstood!

* * *

It is suggested that the big stores should have a licence and a buffet. This would solve the problem of parking-places for husbands.

* * *

The word "Empire," we are reminded, is derived from the Sanskrit root, *piparmi*. Yet we should hesitate to say, "What about *Piparmi* Free Trade" to one of Lord BEAVERBROOK'S Crusaders.

* * *

"You will derive more wisdom and diversion from BOSWELL'S *Johnson*," says Mr. H. A. L. FISHER, "than from all the articles inspired by cricket, football or lawn-tennis." But you won't learn so much about why we lost the Ashes.

* * *

When the work of a London County Court finished at 11 A.M. the other day, the judge remarked that it was a pity there was not a Test match on. It becomes increasingly difficult to provide continuous entertainment for our County Court judges.

* * *

"Very little haggis is to be seen in London nowadays," says an Australian visitor. These creatures never do well in captivity.

* * *

A bishop has told a gathering of children that he doesn't believe in fairies. Yet he expects the little ones to believe in bishops.

* * *

A football-writer believes that there is a brain behind Chelsea. His view is shared by many of the local intelligentsia.

Some surprise is expressed that the list of disabilities which under the proposed new traffic regulations would debar a person from driving a motor-car does not include homicidal mania.

* * *

According to a sporting writer, the dangerous "Bridge" game at Pisa was a forerunner of the Rugby scrum. Not, as you may have thought, of modern "Contract."

* * *

Over-indulgence in tea is condemned by a medical writer as a common cause of red noses. Yet it would be uncharitable to suspect every red-nosed person of over-indulgence in tea.

* * *

At the coronation of RAS TAFARI as Emperor of Ethiopia the EX-KAISER'S coronation coach is to be used. It seems a needless extravagance to buy these vehicles new when lots of second-hand ones in good condition are obtainable.



STRANGE POT-FELLOWS.

* * *

Salmon-skin is the latest material for ladies' shoes. The danger of this idea, if developed, is that anglers may insist on their womenfolk being shod in whoppers.

* * *

Anxiety is said to have been caused in Australia by the importation into Great Britain of foreign must, which is converted into so-called British wines. An interesting fiscal point arises from the connection between "must" and "duty."

* * *

A London hotel has tables curtained off for celebrities who like to dine in peace. Periscopes for gossip-writers seem to be indicated.

* * *

According to a news-item, strawberries have been picked at Guildford in the open air. It is only fair to point out that other people picked similar fruit months ago.

* * *

A correspondent writing to a contemporary complains that many West-End plays start too late. Others merely complain that they start.

* * *

A man named KULAXIDES, of Athens, who was arrested recently for the alleged murder of seven "wives," is refusing to speak or take food in prison. It is thought that he may have something on his mind.

* * *

In a recent speech a Soviet official expressed it as his opinion that there is a Hell. Soviet officials ought to know.

* * *

Now that a wireless programme has been heard in a South Wales mine, the song, "Don't Go Down the Mine, Daddy," takes on a new meaning.

* * *

A man has told a magistrate that he has driven a car all his life and never yet knocked anybody down. There must be something wrong with his approach.

* * *

Discarded Chatham tramcars are being sold for five pounds each. They should be just the thing for those who would like to do a bit of private strap-hanging at home.

* * *

A County Court judge has rebuked a girl witness for not wearing a hat in court. ST. PAUL in this connection said nothing about County Courts.

* * *

Two Americans are touring across the Continent in reverse gear for a bet. We never care much for people who back themselves.

* * *

We understand that the promoters of the Brazilian revolution are negotiating with Mexico for the transfer of some of their best wingers.

The Cherub in the House.

"Nurse Wanted, good needlewoman, to take charge of infant who will help in housework."—*Advt. in Kent Paper.*

THE CONSCIENCE OF WELBY TERTIUS.

THIS is the story of a moral crisis. It arose out of an unfortunate encounter between Welby Tertius and an obtuse keeper in Beecham Woods. At the moment of this encounter Welby's position, it must be admitted, was open to criticism. He was in fact crawling stealthily towards a grass riding in which a number of rabbits were disporting themselves, and he was accompanied by a small rifle.

Of course he had a perfectly satisfactory explanation (Welby had a perfectly satisfactory explanation for most things), but in this case the keeper, a dense fellow if ever there was one, seemed incapable of perceiving its satisfactoriness.

"What!" he shouted, "you mean to say you found that rifle in an 'ollow tree?"

As this was its usual hiding-place, Welby replied "Certainly" with a good deal of virtuous indignation.

"Well, what are you doing in the woods, anyway?" the other demanded.

Welby looked really hurt. If you come across a gun in a hollow tree, what is more natural than that you should try to find a keeper and hand it over to him? A keeper is surely the proper repository of such nefarious weapons. His logic was irreproachable.

But Velveteens could not grasp it. "You'll go to 'eaven, you will," he asserted. "Why, you was on your stummick! What was you doing on your stummick?"

"Studying the—the fauna," explained Welby.

At which the keeper boiled over. "That's enough!" he roared. "You know as well as I do there's no forners in these 'ere woods—only rabbits an' pigeons an' pheasants. 'And me over that rifle."

And Welby handed it over.

He hoped this might be the end of it; but, alas! on the morrow a note came round to the lower forms. "Will the boy who was in Beecham Woods with a rifle yesterday afternoon attend at the Headmaster's study at 4.30?"

And thus at 4.25 the unlucky youth was to be seen progressing slowly but not irresolutely along the murky corridor which led to the sanctum. His face was glowing with indomitable innocence and his trousers were bulging slightly at the back owing to the presence of a bath-towel within. He knew he was approaching a physical crisis, but he had no suspicion he was approaching a moral one as well.

"Hullo!"

The squeaky voice of Pinchard II. suddenly smote his ears, and Pinchard himself emerged from the shadow by the study-door.

"Hullo!" replied Welby, "what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for Pompom," answered the other with affected nonchalance. "That Beecham Woods business, you know."

Welby started. "Were you there——" He was going to say "too," but pulled up just in time. "Were you the bloke?" he amended.

Pinchard nodded. "I was afraid a keeper had spotted me," he said bitterly; "the bally place swarms with 'em."

Welby took two deep breaths and rapidly reviewed the situation. Here was a gift from the gods, if you like! A plump fellow like Pinchard, who obviously couldn't feel certain—er—things so much as he (Welby) could, was about to walk like a lamb to the slaughter in his place. And, dash it! there was nothing unjust about it either. Pinchard *had* been in the woods with a rifle, and for all anyone knew it might be the keeper that spotted him who had reported the matter. Anyhow, the Headmaster's note said the *boy*, not the *boys*, and Pinchard, foolishly overpunctual, was clearly the first choice. Truly Heaven worked in mysterious and kindly ways and the footsteps of the just were—— Well, there was obviously no need to wait.

"Rotten luck!" he murmured, and passed on with a sigh of content.

But at the transverse corridor he pulled up uneasily. After all, was this quite cricket? Pinchard was really no more entitled to what was coming than he was. Of course if two boys turned up in place of the one asked for, the walloping ought, strictly speaking, to be divided; but it was hopeless to expect a pedant like Pompom to see it in that light. Pompom would give full, generous and overflowing measure to both if both went in. No, obviously only one need go, and, as Pinchard was resigned to it—well, any unexpected disturbance of Pinchard's anticipations might be bad for him.

Sound, of course, but Welby still scowled desperately. What rotten things these moral affairs were! They gripped you and simply wouldn't let you go. What *was* the right thing to do? The gods apparently gave you something and then you found there was a snag in it. And they never showed you the way out. You had to decide for yourself. Hullo! what was that?

As if to challenge his impious reflections a penny had slipped suddenly from the leg of his trousers and rolled across the corridor. Its appearance merely indicated the growing hole in Welby's right-hand pocket, and for the moment he did not perceive its tremendous significance. Then in a flash it came to him.

"Of course!" he cried exultantly; "why didn't I think of it before?"

Picking up the coin he hurried back to Pinchard.

"I've got to decide something important, Pinchard," he said. "Call head or tail, will you?"

"Good Lord!" cried Pinchard irritably, "haven't I got enough to think about without——"

"Well, call," pleaded Welby.

"Oh—heads!"

Welby tossed. It was a tail.

"Thank you, Pinchard," he said gravely. And with a look such as the saints do wear he proceeded on his way. The crisis was passed; he had come through to the perfect satisfaction of his conscience.

C. M.

THE COST OF KISSING.

[According to a daily paper, kissing has gone out of fashion owing to the high cost of make-up and beauty treatment.]

YOUNG man, restrain that fond caress,
Control your too impetuous passion,
For kissing (see the Daily Press)
Is out of fashion.

The face that launched a thousand ships,
And proved how inconvenient sin is,
Would cost to-day (including tips)
As many guineas.

So now, when Paris ventures near,
Helen informs him "Nothing doing!"
That Cupid's bow was drawn too dear
For vulgar wooing.

Nor chastely on her damask cheek
May he imprint his warm affection
Lest it should mark with tell-tale streak
That smooth complexion.

One kiss on forehead, chin or nose,
Helen declares, is one too many;
On last year's mud-packs Helen owes
A pretty penny.

Humbly he swears he'll be content
To stroke her hair, but Helen's firm there;
Ten guineas twice a year is spent
Upon the "perm." there.

Go, thwarted lover, and construct
In numbers comfortless and highbrow
A sonnet to her deftly plucked
And pencilled eyebrow;

And as you write reflect on this:
Sermons are scorned, but modes are heeded;
Modesty failed to kill the kiss;
Make-up succeeded.



INFERNO.

VIRGIL (*to John Bull, who has gone to assist at the Bimillenary of the Poet's birth—October* 15*—and is being personally conducted round the sights*). "I WAS THIS WAY WITH DANTE ONCE. HERE WE COME TO THE FIRST CIRCLE OF HELL."

JOHN BULL. "ANYTHING LIKE OUR ROTARY ONE-WAY TRAFFIC?"



Customer. "I WANT SOME POSTCARD REPRODUCTIONS OF OLD MASTERS—SAINTS AND MARTYRS SORT OF THING, YOU KNOW, BUT THEY *MUST* BE EPISCOPALIAN."

APPLE SAVES THE BACON.

WRITER Apple the studious, the man of brain rather than of action, was sitting in his cottage-garden last week when he was very suddenly invaded by pig. One minute there were just Apple and the calm peaceful world; the next moment this world was chock-full of pig. There was pig on the lawn, pig in the flower-beds, pig trying to fall down the well, pig trying not to fall down the well, and excessive pig in the potato-patch. It was quarter-grown pig too, of just that mischievous and active age when old Mother Pig is thanking heaven they'll all be packed off to school shortly; and probably this accounted for Apple's first rough estimate putting them at two-hundred-and-seventeen head. Subsequently there were found to be but eight. Or nine, if you count the little spotted one with the very snub nose that looked as if he had tried to torpedo a tank.

Now, man of peace though Apple is, he is not one to lie down under the threat of pigs in his pentstemons. He advanced upon them in his wrath, calling at the same time to his head-gardener (Tuesdays and Fridays, if fine) to initiate an out-flanking movement. The pigs, Apple knew, belonged to the Home Farm of the big house opposite and came from a field fifty yards down the road, where some twenty of them had for the last four days been temporarily confined in a wire-netting enclosure (obviously none too pig-proof) until such time as their winter houses (Mon Repos, The Gammons, Sans Sauci, Trotter Lodge and so on) should have been redecorated internally with all mod. con.

Some masterly manœuvres by the head-gardener at last got the mass of pig somewhere near, and pointing towards, the garden-gate, at which stage Apple said "Hoo!" and made an intimidatory rush. A stampede for the exit ensued, in which "Spots," the snub-nosed piglet, got knocked down and trampled upon by three big pigs in succession. Rising at the count of nine, he made a second panicky rush with the late-comers, was elbowed two points off his course by another big pig, and in consequence rammed the gate-post with such force as no doubt to make him pretty thankful he was a very snub-nosed pig already. By this time Apple could clearly see that "Spots" was the butt of the party, the half-witted one to whom things happened, the one who had been dropped by his mother when young and was not quite like other pigs. He was confirmed in this diagnosis a moment later when, after all nine had debouched into the road, "Spots" again got jostled by another big pig and fell into a ditch full of water.

So far, Apple thought, so good. His garden at least was free of pig and, pausing but to tell his head-gardener to raise the cry at the Home Farm that the pigs were over the border, Apple set off in the wake of the strayed sounder.

With the aid of two efficient hedges and much "Hoo!" Apple manœuvred them along the road as far as the gate into their field. But an ill-considered attempt to go ahead and open it for them merely resulted in their breaking back, and he had to repeat the whole manœuvre. This time he was more cunning. He got them at last all lined up facing their gate and suddenly emitted an extra powerful "Hoo-Oi!"

In line abreast those pigs charged terrified at the gate. Shoulder to shoulder as one pig they plunged for the narrow space under it. And shoulder to shoulder as one pig they stuck. In the first five seconds, of course, "Spots" had got badly jammed between two

big pigs and was squeezed out again backwards. He then ran up and down the line of his eight companions' ends looking for a gap and wailing bitterly.

Again Apple yelled "Hoo-Oi!" "Spots" nearly had hysterics, but shoulder to shoulder as one man the others heaved mightily. There was a crack, they lifted the old gate-posts out of their rotted sockets and charged on once more as it fell behind them. It fell, of course, on "Spots."

Apple mopped his forehead and propped up the gate to keep them in the field; and with the idea of next getting them into their enclosure opened a door in the wire-netting. In this he reckoned without the remaining eleven less enterprising but jealous pigs left behind. In five seconds there were thirteen pigs out in the field instead of nine, and Apple, fighting like a Tube-conductor in the busy hours, could barely stem the rush and at the same time block the exit.

Not since the War can Apple remember having such a busy quarter-of-an-hour as then followed. If he "Hoo-ed" at the pigs inside to scare them away from the door he sent the pigs outside panicking all over the field. If he "Hoo-ed" the ones outside up to the door he either couldn't get near it himself to open it or, if he did, he frightened some of them into the wire-netting, some into the hedge and "Spots" into fits. And if he opened the door swiftly and then by superhuman rushing and "Hoo-ing" tried to drive them in *en bloc*, there was at once a terrific mêlée on the threshold, of which the final result was more pigs outside than in and "Spots" left for dead in the gateway.

Moreover as time wore on the pigs got used to Apple's "Hoo!" He had soon to shout "Skat!" and "Gup!" and other more difficult noises, and towards the end he was reduced to brute force and the sole of his boot, of which "Spots," of course, got most.

At last, when he reckoned that every pig of the score had been in and out four times and there were still seven outside, he had a brain-wave. He opened the door and let them *all* out. . . Picking himself up after the rush had passed over him, he set the door open wide, rounded up the whole herd and, "Hoo-ing," "Gup-ing" and "Skating" mightily, drove them in one thick mass at the entrance.

There was a crowded minute, but at last Apple was able to slam the door on the last one. Literally on the last one, which was "Spots." Apple freed his end, locked the door and sank into a dead faint of exhaustion, from which he was roused by overseers, farm-hands, foremen, cowmen, pigmen and whatnot all coming up at the double to get the pigs in.

It having apparently been considered by the experts that at least half-a-dozen men were necessary to get nine pigs back, Apple was quite unable to convince them that he had done it unaided, or even that they had been out at all; and they now consider him the worst sort of practical joker. Apple is to-day feeling a little hurt about it all. For, though no farmer, Apple has ascertained that the price of pig is about twenty shillings a score—which means he has actually saved the house opposite about nine bob.

He proposes to write and demand that sum. A. A.



Bright Assistant (helpfully). "AND THE GREAT ADVANTAGE OF THIS PORTABLE SET, MADAM, IS THAT YOU CAN CARRY IT ABOUT WITH YOU."

Northampton v. Dover.

"Medical food experts are unanimous in their opinion that leather soles are vital for health."—*Daily Paper.*

The B.B.C.'s Fairy Touch.

"2.0–3.0 Light Music
The Funeral March of an Elephant."
Programme in Wireless Paper.

Things we should never Dare to Say.

"TWO DANGERS IN PUBLIC LIFE.
BISHOP OF PLYMOUTH AND LOYALTY."
West-Country Paper.

"Lord Lloyd is a great horseman. Thirty years ago he steered to victory the Cambridge crew in the 'Varsity race in the then record time of 18 minutes 47 seconds."
North-Country Paper.

Anyway, he was not an also-rowed.

FEEDING AND FOODS.

There seem to be no Nice Food Candidates in the political arena. There are men who would tax all foreign food, and men who would tax some foreign food, and men who would tax no food, and men from whom it is impossible by any system of blackmail or importunity to elicit what, if any, food they wish to tax. But there is no strong stern Englishman who, standing up before an intelligent, free and independent audience of electors, would dare to say to them, "I intend to tax nasty food."

No knight nor viscount errant takes up shield and lance and cries aloud, "I will make a crusade against all woolly, musty, mousy, woody, insipid, unsucculent, tasteless, fibrous, artificial, sauce-concealed, desiccated, dreary, uninviting, etiolated, unimpassioned, mushy, meaningless, stringy, unsatisfying, soulless, mechanised and mouldy foods."

I should welcome such a one. Into his campaign I would fling myself with my whole heart, sounding the tocsin, lifting the fiery cross, keeping vigil at shrines, whetting the sword, polishing the spurs and doing all those other actions which seem at the present time to be characteristic of those interested in foods.

For England is full of bad foods. Not long ago I watched a child eating a breakfast-food, the name of which, though I were to be pulled asunder by wild horses, should not pass the barrier of my lips.

"Is that stuff nice?" I asked it.

"Awfully," it said. "Try some."

I did.

"This food," I said, having done so, "is made of sawdust. It is not made of good sawdust. It is made of sawdust sawn from an inferior kind of wood; and it is not made of sawdust well sawn, but sawn with a rusty saw. And afterwards it is put together into the shape in which we now see it, not with pure gum-arabic, but with some nameless and horrible mucilage devised in the laboratory of a fiend."

The child pointed to the testimonials to the virtue of this food which were written upon the box or tin.

I said: "I am growing old, and I know (who better?) that three-quarters of the wit of mankind is exercised in concocting lies about food, emanating from the Father of Lies. The fact remains that you are now eating bad sawdust cemented together with unsavoury glue."

The child laughed and took another wallop of amalgam. I am glad to say that, being a greedy child, it also ate a great quantity of various other kinds of food, many of which were all right. But others may not be so rapacious nor so fortunate. The whole fibre of the nation may be weakened, undermined and vitiated by indulgence in these so-called foods. And even that is only half the trouble. It is possible to obtain meals in English restaurants which are mere criminal assaults, with intent to wound and do grievous bodily harm to the consumer. Something—and who knows what?—is soused in some glutinous liquid, which, if anything, is worse. Superstition regards these dishes as French, but they are of a kind that would make any honest Frenchwoman cry aloud to the saints and cross herself, and throw any honest Frenchman into such a rage that he would beat the restaurant-proprietor with a cudgel.

I am not referring to the purity of foods. I am referring to the taste of foods. Englishmen and Englishwomen, who were once a race of noble and patriotic breed, are being ensnared by labels and glitter, by miserable sauces, by romantic advertisements, by orchestras, by mirrors, by electric-lights, by convenience, by motor-cars, by everything that has nothing to do with the palate, into eating mud.

Possibly there is a vast conspiracy, an international gang at work to destroy us. I do not know.

Yet not all these foods come from foreign lands. It would be simple if they did. If a man should show me a Siberian egg, or a parcel of synthetic butter made many years ago from the milk of Lithuanian cows and frozen and dumped at last on the British breakfast-table, I would say readily, "Take them away and throw them into the uttermost parts of the sea."

Nor can I find any respectable reason why Englishmen should not always eat English bacon, for there ought to be English pigs under every English oak—except the one upon the eighteenth green, which I think should be removed altogether, and I am writing to the secretary about it.

But there are faults which lie nearer at home. I cannot exonerate England, nor even the Overseas Dominions, from producing foods occasionally which I eat, if I *can* eat them, rather in a glow of patriotic endeavour than in a spirit of pure and gluttonous greed.

I would have a Royal Gastronomical Commission permanently sitting, to which all such matters might be referred. It should decide with as little bias as possible the comparative edibility of all foods brought to its notice, and the comparative potability of all drinks. And there should be taxes and fines accordingly.

It is not only the rich who are affected, but the poor, if they happen to be careless, as well. Less and less do the English people understand food. I stayed once at a large and important hotel in a sort of spa. I began to talk to a stranger, and we shared the same table at dinner.

Salmon came. He said, "This will be very good salmon."

"What makes you think that?" I said.

He pointed out that we were staying at a large and expensive hotel, renowned for its cuisine.

I tasted the salmon. I said, "The salmon is quite all right. It came on ice from Newfoundland."

He said that, seeing we were near a well-known salmon river and that salmon was in season, he was sure that this was not so. But I asked the waiter, and he said that it was so.

I stayed the next night at a tavern in an obscure and very dingy town, and dined with a friend, and we had salmon again.

"But this," I said, "is quite fresh."

"Say nothing about it," he told me.



WHEN GREEK JOINS GREEK.

Ex-Post-Office Clerk making a purchase from Post-Office Clerk on the active list.



Snatcher (who has caught hold of small dog and been sharply bitten). "SORRY, LIDY; I THOUGHT IT WAS YER BAG."

"I have talked to the Boots. It was poached yesterday from the Wye."

I am not speaking as a moralist. I would merely point out that most English people of the present day, deluded by their surroundings, would really believe that the first salmon tasted better than the second. But we shall suffer for these beliefs; if not now, certainly in the generations to come. We can only be saved, I think, if we find some politician willing to unfurl before the English people the oriflamme of Pure Greed.

The delusion that one food is as good as another food because you can pack it more easily into a basket, or cook it more quickly, or buy it more cheaply, or swoosh it all over with something else so that it doesn't taste of what it was meant to taste of at all, or because you eat it in a place where people are wearing evening-dress and watching the antics of an octoroon—this is the delusion, or these are the delusions, for which we shall pay in the gradual decline of the national *moral*. That is why the Bayards and Cœur-de-Lions of the food campaigns impress me not so much as they might. They seem to think the sole criterion of food is: "Where does it come from?" and not, "Is it fit to eat?"

Personally I have nothing against these Paladins. They may be quite decently greedy men. But I think the true diet-sheet of every political candidate for the past year should be published and shown to the electors before they poll. EVOE.

THE R.N.C., GREENWICH.

(After a pleasant evening spent there.)

SHOULD you wish to give a dinner
Fit to fire a gourmet's zest,
One to soothe and leave the inner
Organs of a man at rest,
That advanced degree of knowledge
You should set about possessing
Which the Royal Naval College,
Greenwich, have of messing.

Set me free from cranks and speed-hogs,
Crooks and bores and cares of State;
Put me down among the sea-dogs
On a Thursday after eight.
If for heaving mains the loyal
Drakes and Rodneys now and then itch,
Liveliness pervades the Royal
Naval College, Greenwich.

Happy thought to fix the mind on.
That, despite the princely food,
You in point of fact have dined on
Nothing—nothing longitude;
And to feel your pulse has quickened
In response when there has been time
To reflect that you have thickened
On the source of Mean Time.

One impression you will save is—
One that statesmen cannot shake—
That the cutting down of navies
Is a very great mistake;
Go and dine with them and then see
If you'd have the prospects blighted
Of the Occupants, R.N.C.
(That's if you're invited). C. B.

A Way They Have in the Navy.

"In a battleship store the crews are lined up in rows by the right. . . . Even the nails are all pointing the same way."
Evening Paper.

For purposes of manicure inspection, we presume. But what if the bo'sun pipes "All hands on deck"?

"Count Storza's book is full of such individual judgments, the judgments of a keen observer, an able statesman, and an honest man, and who is better entitled to write on his own times than one who is all there?"
Manchester Paper.

We agree that one of the qualities most to be desired in a contemporary historian is a reasonable sanity.

OPTIMISM IN OUR TIME.

WASHING my hands in an office the other day I suddenly saw the following legend over the basin, nicely printed on a sort of plaque by a patriotic Association:—

"IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN THE AUTUMN."

This, I am told, is a form of industrial Coué-ism designed to avert depression and create business and employment. An admirable idea. It comes, I believe, from America, where stockbrokers rush about selling all the shares of all their clients and wearing buttons inscribed, "THERE IS A BOOM ON." Or so somebody told me.

But why confine these slogans to the industrial situation? I have been trying to think of a few legends for general use, and I offer the following humbly to the Association concerned:—

For a button:—

THERE IS NO INCOME-TAX.

For an umbrella:—

TO-MORROW WILL BE FINE.

IT IS NOT RAINING.

SUMMER WILL BE HERE IN SEVEN MONTHS.

For a brooch:—

I AM VERY BEAUTIFUL.

For a bald head:—

I HAVE A CROP OF BUSHY HAIR COMING.

For Monday:—

TO-MORROW WILL BE SATURDAY.

For one of those mouse-coloured girls:—

NEXT WINTER I SHALL BE A BLONDE.

For beach-wear:—

WHAT A FIGURE I SHALL HAVE ON FRIDAY!

For the wrapper of a dull book:—

YOU WILL LIKE THE LAST CHAPTER BEST.

For a bank:—

WHEN WE SAY "OVERDRAFT" WE REALLY MEAN "BALANCE."

For a wood:—

TRESPASSERS WILL NOT BE PROSECUTED.

For the eighth tee:—

YOU WILL CURE THAT SLICE IN A YEAR OR TWO.

For the eighteenth green:—

YOU HAVE JUST BEEN ROUND IN SEVEN UNDER BOGEY.

For the bedroom of an obscure person:—

I AM PRIME MINISTER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, EDGAR WALLACE AND THE CHANCELLORS OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

For the Zoo:—

PLEASE PLAY WITH THE SNAKES. THEY LOVE IT.

For a dentist's room:—

WHAT FUN IT ALL IS!

For a drowning man:—

TO-MORROW I SHALL REGARD THE SITUATION WITH COMPLETE EQUANIMITY.

The competition is now open to the public. Even to *think* of new slogans invigorates the system. I feel electric. Next week, I dare say, I shall be funny. A. P. H.

"Tenders Required for Mail-carrying."—*Motor Paper.*

In these days of mailbag-snatching, toughs might be better.

TO A GIANT PUMPKIN.

O PUMPKIN who (or which)
Have lately gained a pitch
Of solid grandeur hitherto unknown,
Whose weight one may express—
Thirty-eight pounds, no less—
As three large hams, inclusive of the bone!

Proud was that man, I wot,
Upon whose private plot
You in your early promise came to light;
How did that person act
On tumbling to the fact
That here no common pumpkin met the sight?

I ween that he let fly
So jubilant a cry
That wife and offspring, e'en his flapping pup,
Came rushing down apace,
Alarm upon each face,
Into the garden, seeking what was up.

And as you grew and grew
Strangers would pause to view
Your fine proportions with admiring gaze;
No one who came to tea
But was led forth to see
The marvel of your presence, and to praise.

Perils you had and foes;
The maggot, goodness knows,
Might have found comfort in you, but refrained;
The housewife's prudent knife
Had slit your thin-spun life
Oft, had she not been forcibly restrained.

But you grew on unspoiled,
Unravished and unboiled
And reached the fulness of your bulk and fame,
Much honoured far and wide,
Your owner's care and pride,
Whom I would mention if I knew his name.

But he, that man of men,
Is hidden from our ken;
We cannot rightly praise him as we would,
Or give a local smack
To his exulting back,
Not being dwellers in the neighbourhood.

But, pumpkin, you that shine
Forth in your noble line
A vegetable matchless and supreme,
On this auspicious day
One may at least convey
A brief expression of our wide esteem.

Short is the pumpkin's hour;
It passes like a flower;
But you, O whopper, will have lived in style,
And of you will survive
An aim to which to strive
For future pumpkins of our storm-girt isle.

DUM-DUM.

"Now we have decided not to be sheep any longer, but to change our spots, nip our bell-wether in the bud and follow any will-o'-the-wisp we see in the air rather than an unrepentant failure. . . ."
Letter in "The Times" on the leadership of Mr. BALDWIN.

After the encouragement given to him by our contemporary, we look forward with terror to receiving humorous contributions from this re-spotted ex-sheep.



Caddie (to exasperated golfer who has driven only a foot or two). "BIN PLAYIN' MUCH MINIATURE GOLF LATELY, SIR?"

JUST IN TIME.

"AH," said the little man as he took the vacant seat at the table at which I had hoped to be alone, "I am just in time again."

I proceeded with my luncheon.

"I said," he insisted, "that I was just in time again."

"I was conscious of it," I growled.

"Ah," he breathed, "you were conscious of what I said, but not of what it implied."

I glared at him. He did not recoil.

"No," I said finally and returned to my luncheon.

"And yet," he proceeded fatuously, "you have but to glance round this club luncheon-room to see that, had I come in a moment later, I should not have found a seat."

He pointed at a group of men who were looking round miserably for somewhere to sit. Subconsciously my eyes followed the direction of his hand.

"I begin to interest you," he crowed, and before I could tell him that he was criminally mistaken he started again.

"All my life I have been just in time. It's a funny thing, but there it is."

I was not prepared to see anything funny about him. I said so, but he remained unmoved.

"Take my right eye, for instance."

I helped myself to chutney instead. I am very partial to chutney.

"Take," he repeated, leaning across the table at me, "my right eye, I say."

I could have done so easily between the finger and thumb. It protruded. But I checked the impulse.

"Do you notice anything peculiar about it?" he asked.

I glanced at the thing. It revolted me. It was bloodshot, but so was its fellow.

"Nothing," I said, and went on with my luncheon.

"I am indeed gratified to hear you say so," he replied unexpectedly. "Yet that eye has a history."

I was never fond of history even as a child. I told him so, but it made no difference.

"Like many other people," he went on, "I always imagined that I was normal."

"The power of imagination is surprising," I remarked.

"Then suddenly one day, for no particular reason I went to an oculist, and what d'you think he told me?"

I didn't know and didn't care, and therefore didn't answer.

"He told me that I was on the verge of a wall eye."

I displayed no emotion.

"Are you acquainted with wall eyes, Sir?" he asked passionately.

"I am not," I replied curtly.

"Then you can take it from me, Sir, that a wall eye is a terrible affliction."

I was prepared to do that.

"I had gone to him just in time. Another week—another day almost — and it would have been too late!"

He looked at me so eagerly that I felt compelled to say, "Really."

"You doubt me?" he said.

"No, no," I replied quickly.

"The oculist told me so himself, and what is more he was the one man in London who knew how to check wall eyes."

"He told you that too?"

"Of course."

I sighed and continued my luncheon. There fell a short but heavenly silence between us.

"Then there was my stomach," he said suddenly.

"You mean," I said, goaded beyond civility and fixing an angry eye upon the growth, "there *is* your stomach?"

"Exactly," he replied amiably, laying a caressing hand upon the exhibit, "there is my stomach. But how easily it might have been otherwise!"

I didn't believe that.

"I am not a man who considers myself," he said.

I wondered whom he did consider, then. Certainly not his fellow-men.

"My body is there. I make use of it. Just as you may make use of that knife beside you."

"Just as you may make use of that knife beside you." The words echoed in my head.

"Then one morning," he was saying when I emerged from my thoughts, "I noticed a swelling. At first I thought it was natural—you know how one does."

I nodded.

"Then I thought that I would just look in and see my doctor. It was fortunate that I did. He poked me about; he pulled down my eyelids and looked into my eyes——"

I shuddered.

"Ah, I can see that you know what's coming. You are right. It was a case for an immediate operation. Another day—another hour perhaps—and it would have burst."

"What would have burst?"

"Whatever it was that was causing the trouble."

"Didn't they tell you what it was?"



Short-sighted Lady (as bow-legged man approaches). "DEAR ME—THESE NEW DANCES GET STRANGER AND STRANGER."

"I didn't ask; I was too happy. Once again I had been just in time!"

I toyed with the knife.

"But now," he said, shaking his head gloomily, "I am really worried. Perhaps you would allow me to confide in you?"

"By all means," I said, moving the knife under the table and feeling its edge.

"Thank you. Do you know the feeling of wanting to do something and yet feeling that it is too risky?"

"I know exactly," I said, getting the balance of the knife in my hand under the table.

"Something which is a duty—something which will not so much benefit yourself as benefit others?"

"Just so."

"One mustn't be selfish."

"No, one mustn't."

"And yet it is so hard to make the plunge."

"Not if it is the only way out."

"Ah, you stimulate me. I will be brief."

"Do."

"I am—I am considering insuring my life."

"And you feel——?" I asked, watching him closely.

"I feel," he replied hoarsely, "that—that I may be just in time again."

"For the last time?"

"Ye-es. Silly of me, because I—I feel quite well."

"You might be murdered."

"I can't think why anybody would want to murder me."

"Can't you?"

He moved uneasily in his chair.

"You say that you are only *considering* the idea of insuring your life," I said meaningly.

"Well," he replied nervously, "that was only my way of putting it. Actually I have done it, but——"

With a sudden convulsive movement my hand gripped the handle of the knife. It would be a ritual act—a sacred duty—a——

"Excuse me, Sir," one of the club servants was saying to the little man; "you are wanted on the telephone."

"Who wants me?"

"I didn't catch the name, Sir, but I gathered that he was an insurance gentleman of some kind."

"Oh, right, thank you," said the little man, "I'll come at once," and without a word to me, whom he had so foully wronged, he went. Once more he was just in time.

Beside myself with rage I stabbed the Gorgonzola. I had to kill something.

Cramp at Rehearsal.

"The cast is the largest 'C. B.' [COCHRAN] has ever handled, numbing 150 in all."
Glasgow Paper.

"Lady wishes to dispose of perambulator, her own child growing out of it."
Advt. in Kent Paper.

But transplantation before purchase, we say.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"Since 1649 . . . a year before Cromwell's army marched North to do battle with Bonnie Prince Charlie."
Supplement to Daily Paper.

It must have been the latter who escaped by hiding in an oak-tree for ninety-six years.



IF THE RENAISSANCE HAD HAD ITS CHANCE WITH THE MOTOR-CAR INDUSTRY.

1066 AND ALL THAT.

[*Being extracts from a forthcoming History of England.* (*Absit* OMAN.)]

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

ONE day when GEORGE III. was insane he heard that the Americans never had afternoon-tea. This made him very obstinate, and he invited them all to a compulsory tea-party at Boston. The Americans, however, started by pouring the tea into Boston Harbour and went on pouring things into Boston Harbour until they were quite Independent, thus causing the United States. These were also partly caused by WASHINGTON, who engaged the English at Bunker Hill ("with his little mashie," as he told his father after).

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution is very interesting and romantic. Quite near the beginning of it the revolutionary leaders (or Jacobites as they were called) met in the beautiful and historic Chamber of Horrors at Versailles and decided to massacre everyone in September. This was called the Glorious First of June and was done in accordance with the National Convention.

The English were disgusted by this new French Convention and so decided to go in for the War again, thus causing NELSON and the Duke of WELLINGTON. The War was now called the Napoleonic War, after NAPOLEON, a Corsican, whose real name was BONAPARTE, and who had cleverly made himself First Consort by means of a whiff of grape-nuts.

NAPOLEON AND NELSON.

NAPOLEON ought never to be confused with NELSON, in spite of their hats being so alike; they can easily be distinguished from one another by the fact that NELSON always stood with his arm like *this*, while NAPOLEON always stood with his arms like *that*.

NELSON was one of England's most naval officers, and despised weak commands. At one battle when he was told that his Admiral-in-Chief had ordered him to cease fire, he put the telephone under his blind arm and exclaimed in disgust: "Kiss me, Hardy!"

By this and other intrepid manœuvres the French were utterly driven from the seas.

WELLINGTON.

But the most important of the great men who at this time kept Britain top nation was an Irishman called WELLESLEY, who afterwards became the Duke of WELLINGTON (and thus English).

NAPOLEON's armies always used to march on their stomachs (*ventre-à-terre*, as the French say), shouting, "*Vive l'Intérieur!*" and so moved about very slowly, thus enabling WELLINGTON to catch them up and defeat them. When NAPOLEON made his troops march all the way to Moscow on their stomachs they got frozen to death one by one, and even NAPOLEON admitted afterwards that it was rather a *Bad Thing*.



ARMY MARCHING ON ITS STOMACH.

WELLINGTON DRAWS THE LINE.

WELLINGTON became so impatient with the slow movements of the French troops that he occupied himself drawing imaginary lines all over Portugal and thus marking off the fighting zone. He made a rule that defeats beyond these lines did not count, while any French army that came his side of them was out of bounds.

WATERLOO.

Eventually NAPOLEON was sent away by the French, because he had not succeeded in making them top nation; but he soon escaped and returned just in time to fight on the French side at the Battle of Waterloo. This extraordinarily memorable battle was fought at the end of a dance on the Playing Fields of Eton and resulted in the English definitely becoming top nation. It was thus a very *Good Thing*.

This time NAPOLEON was sent right away for ever by everybody, and stood on the deck of a ship in white breeches with his arms like *that*.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVELATION.

During these wars many very remarkable discoveries and inventions were made. Most memorable among these was the discovery that women and children could not work for twenty-five hours a day in factories without dying or becoming deformed. This was known as the Industrial Revelation and completely changed the faces of the North of England.

THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.

The Industrial Revelation would never have occurred but for the Wave of great mechanical inventors, *e.g.*, ARKWRIGHT, who invented the Spinning Jenny or unmarried textile working-girl.

Other benefactors were Dr. ISAAC WATTS, who invented steam-kettles, and ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, who put wheels on to them, thereby inventing railway-trains, steam-rollers and other tractarian engines.

ENCLOSURES.

The new situation created by the Industrial Revelation was boldly met by the statesmen of the day with a Wave of Acts, such as Tory Acts, Factory Acts, Satisfactory Acts and Unsatisfactory Acts.

At the same time there was an Agricultural Revelation which was caused by the invention of turnips and the discovery that Trespassers would be Prosecuted. This was a *Good Thing* because previously the land had all been rather common, and it was called the Enclosure Movement and was the origin of Keeping off the Grass. The movement culminated in the vast Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

MONROE DOCTRINE.

Meanwhile in Foreign affairs CANNING, the memorable Foreign Minister,



"WELL, AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT MY NEW HAT?"
"OF COURSE I WILL, MY DEAR. GO AND FETCH IT AND LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT."

started a new policy by saying that he had "called the New World into existence to upset the Balance of the Old." This was known as the Monroe Doctrine.

GEORGE IV. A GENTLEMAN KING.

During these disturbances GEORGE III. had died and had been succeeded by his son, GEORGE IV., who was very bad. GEORGE IV.'s most memorable invention was Gentlemen, and he consented to be the First Gentleman in Europe.

Besides Gentlemen, GEORGE IV. had invented Regent Street and the Regent Palace before he came to the throne, and afterwards he invented the Brighton Marine Aquarium. He was thus a Bad King. Finally he died of a surfeit of Aquaria, Pavilia, Gentlemen, etc., at Brighton.

WILLIAM IV. A SAILOR KING.

The marine tendency of GEORGE IV. was inherited by his brother, WILLIAM IV., who was therefore known as the Sailor King.

Apart from this, however, he would not have succeeded in being memorable at all, except for his awkward and uncalled-for interruption of the succession of GEORGES.

QUEEN VICTORIA. A GOOD QUEEN.

On the death of WILLIAM IV., QUEEN VICTORIA, though asleep at the time and thus in her nightdress, showed great devotion to duty by immediately ascending the throne. In this bold act she was assisted by Lord MELBOURNE and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who were both properly dressed.

Finding herself on the throne, QUEEN VICTORIA immediately announced her intention of being good *but not amused*. This challenge was joyfully accepted by her subjects, and throughout her protracted reign loyal and indefatigable attempts to amuse her were made by Her Majesty's eminently Victorian Ministers and Generals.

One of the first of these attempts was Lord MELBOURNE'S memorable political rule that it did not matter what the Cabinet said so long as they all said it at once. This he called the Collective Responsibility of the Cabinet; the QUEEN, however, was not amused.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

POTATO DUTIES IN IRELAND.

About this time the famous Tory statesman, Sir ROBERT PEEL, noticed that the Irish had had nothing to eat for some years owing to the fact that the potatoes, which it was their Duty to eat, had all gone bad.

The Tory Government were for long divided between two policies, one section insisting that the Irish ought to eat the potatoes, the other insisting that they need not.

Sir ROBERT, however, boldly passed his famous Corn Laws, which abolished the Duty of eating potatoes and permitted the Irish to eat bread, thus dissociating himself from the Tories, who doggedly maintained that the Irish had only two alternatives: (*a*) to eat the potatoes and (*b*) not to. Sir ROBERT, having thus destroyed his own Party, bethought himself of amusing the QUEEN and invented Policemen. Her Majesty, however. . . .

Clothes and the Inner Man.

"Will swap 4 suit coats and 4 vests for stout man, also 4 suits of underwear, for potatoes or turkeys."—*Canadian Paper.*

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

v.

Friday.—What a business! These park-seats will be the death of me. The E.C.* meeting this afternoon was the most unpleasant I remember. I stuck to my guns; that is, I voted for the *statu quo*, as I warned Mrs. Busy last Sunday. That left her and Colonel Pitt-Larrup against Masters, Weed and myself. Mrs. Busy was furious and called me a *turn-coat*. It is true that at the previous meeting I voted with her for cutting down the bushes, but that was before I had seen things for myself. I wish now that I had introduced her to Daffodil Hinge and the young man. She might then have seen things differently, as I did. As it is she threatened to bring the whole matter up at the Council-meeting next week and resign. Nobody wants that, of course. Colonel Pitt-Larrup was as worried as I, and he has invited Mrs. B., Masters and myself over to *White Ladies* for the week-end, to see if we cannot settle things amicably. I have never been asked to *White Ladies* before. I am glad Weed was not invited.

I looked in at Bootle's to get a new tooth-brush as I am going away, and had a little chat with Miss Hinge. The young man is coming over from Coventry again on Sunday. I said, "Fortunate fellow!" and she blushed. I have had a long evening packing, and Mrs. Puke is still looking for my white tie.

This morning one of the newts was found in the bathroom. Mrs. Puke keeps hinting that I ought to get rid of them; but how can I get rid of them if I do not know where they are? In any case I like them.

Saturday.—I am ready dressed in good time and am writing this before I go down to dinner. Colonel Pitt-Larrup called for me in his car much earlier than I had expected, and we had to finish the packing in a great hurry. At the last moment I found that Mrs. Puke had not put in my toilet things. Then the sponge-bag was nowhere to be found. There was my host fuming in the car outside and I did not know what to do. Finally, in despair, I wrapped my loofah and a small sponge in a face-towel, and Mrs. Puke put a piece of soap in some newspaper, as it was wet. As she said, one never knows if soap will be provided.

If I had foreseen that I should not be allowed to unpack my own things I should have arranged very differently. I am in the Queen Anne room, with a bathroom opposite. It is full of valuable old furniture and china, I am quite nervous of breaking something, and there is no room to do my exercises. As it happens, there is plenty of soap.

A very superior man-servant in uniform insisted on unpacking my bag in my presence. I do not know *when* I have felt so uncomfortable. The man did not speak except when addressed, and then only in monosyllables and what I can only describe as an *off-hand* tone, as if I were something beneath him. All the time he was taking out my simple belongings and putting them in drawers *all over* the room, my socks in one chest of drawers, my nightgown in another, and so on. The result was that when I came to dress I could find *nothing*. I suppose they are proud of having so many chests of drawers.

I know my wardrobe is nothing to boast about, but I did not like the way the man *sighed* as he took the things out. His face when he found the loofah (Mrs. Puke cannot have squeezed it properly) made me feel quite hot. Next came the piece of soap, and he had the impertinence to say, "Shall I throw this away, Sir?" It is true that some of *The Morning Post* had stuck to the soap, but I happen to like that brand of soap. I said sharply, "Certainly not; it is expensive." He then fetched some fresh newspaper, wrapped the soap in it and carefully placed it on the dressing-table, as if I had said it was a cherished possession. I was so annoyed that I went and had my bath.

I have never known such *boiling* water, and with these fancy taps it is difficult to regulate the temperature. It was an *age* before I could get in, but there is a weighing-machine and I made myself 12 stone 6 in my towel, which is about right for my height by the list of weights on the railway-station machine, allowing something for the towel. Masters, I know, is 12-13.

When I returned to my room the valet had gone, to my relief. I do not know whether he had some spite against me, but everything which *I* should have left out he had put away—my white waistcoat, for instance—and everything which *I* should have put away he had arranged ostentatiously on tables and drawers. Some of my things, I must say, looked somewhat out of place on this rich furniture—my red abdominal belt, for one; and I *cannot* think how Mrs. Puke came to put in those under-clothes after what I said, though I have not worn them the full week, I know. In any case there was no need to *drape* them over the big arm-chair.

I was having some trouble with my bow-tie when I heard a great commotion in the corridor. A lady screamed, doors slammed, someone said, "All right, milady; it's a lizard!" and then there were more screams. Nice goings-on! Some prank of the Bright Young Things, perhaps. There is a large house-party, it seems, somewhat to my surprise; I had thought we were to be quite quiet and discuss Burbleton affairs.

Saturday Night.—I am writing this in bed, somewhat uneasy. There is no doubt that man-servant has some grudge against me, I cannot think what. Perhaps I should have tipped him before we began. Well, I went down to dinner, and was rather annoyed to find that I was the only person wearing a white waistcoat and tie. How is one to *know*? A great fuss was being made of a lady who turned out to be Lady Fake-Poodle and had been frightened by something she found in her bath. She described it as half-lizard, half-snake. Some young woman said, "Aren't there

* Entertainments Committee?—ED.

To the Memory of the Dead.

OCTOBER 5th, 1930.

SORROW and love and pride
Shall write their living names
Lettered in gold made fine by fire,
Who heard the high adventure's call
That was to crown their dreams' desire,
And thence—the goal denied—
Were summoned, at the storm's will, unaware
To face, in that swift fall
And surge of instant searing flames,
Death on the dark hill-side.

What was of earth comes home to rest
On England's breast;
That which was spirit, set free to fare
Beyond the cloud-wrack toward a windless dawn—
For so our faith may pierce the night—
As from a warrior-pyre up-drawn
Mounts in immortal flight,
Rapt through its own loved element of air.

O. S.



R 101.

HOMMAGE AUX MORTS.

[In grateful recognition of the spontaneous sympathy shown by France in the hour of England's sorrow.]



ORCHESTRAL PIONEERS.

The inventor of the triangle (Bronze Age) invites a few musical friends to a private recital.

things called *newts*?" (It is amazing how ignorant even educated people are about pond-life.) However, they all agreed that it must have been a newt, and I began to feel very hot, for I suddenly remembered that I had left my sponges in the bathroom, and after what happened at home yesterday it is *just* possible that one of the little creatures had crept into my loofah. They seem to be able to preserve life anywhere. I was not going to say anything, but Mrs. Busy, who was looking rather *peaky*, I thought, in spite of her black spangles, pricked up her ears and said nastily, "Councillor Dough keeps newts in his aquarium." "Yes," I said comically, "but I do not take them away with me for week-ends." I am sure she was about to relate the salad episode, but fortunately dinner was then announced. When I think how often I have risked unpopularity to support that woman in municipal matters——!

Worse was to come. I am too tired to describe the evening in detail, but I must say that I did not much enjoy it. I "took in" Lady Parable, who began by saying, "Where do you hunt?" I said that I did not hunt anywhere, and she did not speak to me again. On the other side was Lady Fake-Poodle, who went on and on about the newt. An alarming person. Really, I never heard such a fuss. I could see Mrs. Busy eyeing us slyly and did not know what she might not say next. I could think of nothing but newts. I half expected a newt to turn up in somebody's soup. After dinner I had some talk with Pitt-Larrup, but he did not refer to the park-seats. Masters, of course, was quite at home, larking with the young people and wearing a large button-hole. I do not know *how* he carries things off as he does.

To cut a long story short, I retired early and was surprised to see my loofah lying on my dressing-table. The loofah was on a silver salver, and on the loofah was a *newt!* (a female). Evidently that valet is bent upon insulting me. And I can say nothing! I could not swear that it is one of mine; on the other hand I could not swear that it is not. The question is, what to do with it now? At present the little creature is swimming happily round in my basin; but one thing is certain, it cannot stay there till Monday morning. If I were on the ground-floor I could put it out of the window, but I am on the second, and I am not going to be cruel for anyone. I have a good mind to ring for that valet, but by now he is probably in bed. I might go down to the front-door with it myself, but I am undressed, and Mrs. Puke has forgotten to pack my dressing-gown. There is always the waste-pipe of the bathroom, but that is risky. Really I do not know *what* to do. And now I believe there is a bat in the room. A. P. H.

THE PROPER WEI.

In good old Kuang Hsü's golden day
He owned a spot called Wei-Hai-Wei,
And when he leased the place to us
We promptly without any fuss
Rechristened it as Wee-Hay-Wee,
Or with impartiality
Referred to it as Wye-High-Wye,
Causing our sinologues to sigh.
Now that the place reverts Chinee
The pundits of the B.B.C.
Have proffered yet another try:
They call the district Wye-Hay-Wye.
The Poet asked, "What's in a name?"
No doubt that's true, but all the same
The Chinese with recovered sway
Will once more call it Wei-Hai-Wei
(Which, as Confucius might say,
Is best pronounced as "Way-High-Way").

"Though long runs are decidedly *not* the feature of cub-hunting, the early morning air and long waits induce a quick journey home to breakfast on a horse which has been idle the summer long."—*Weekly Paper.*

The Shires' horse-steaks are the best.

AN EAST AFRICAN DAY

(As the average novelist appears to visualise it).

THE Duke of Pimlico stirred in his sleep. As is frequently the case in East Africa he had omitted to remove his spurs before retiring, and in scratching one foot with the other, a habit contracted at Eton, he severely lacerated his ankle and awoke. Then he sat up and clapped his hands.

A native servant insinuated himself into the room on all fours and respectfully beat his forehead against the floor, muttering rapidly, "Bwana . . . sahib . . . effendi." The Duke regarded him distastefully, but before the faithful "boy" battered himself into unconsciousness he clapped his hands again.

"Bring me some breakfast."

Leaping up, the "boy" darted to the wardrobe and produced a bottle, from which he poured a stiff tot, adding a little water from the jug on the washhand-stand. His master swallowed the mixture at a gulp.

"What the hell's this filth?" he spluttered, using the expressive Swahili idiom.

The shivering native explained that owing to the failure of the pump he had been obliged to conserve the water in which the Duke had bathed the day before, a circumstance which possibly accounted for a slight soapy flavour. Struck by this evidence of devotion the Duke wiped the froth from his lips and clapped his hands again.

"Give me another," he said. "Neat." Then—"Where is my partner, Lord Bayswater?"

The "boy" sank to his knees once more. "The bwana has then forgotten that the Lord left last night?"

"Oh, of course," said the Duke. "Silly ass went no trumps without a spade in his hand and I recollect commenting on the fact. We dissolved partnership. Where is my overseer, Sir James Bankum?"

Again the "boy" battered the boards with his forehead. "Sir Jim," he murmured, "is ill. He has malaria and an excessive temperature."

The Duke frowned. "Bad luck. What time is it?"

"Two o'clock in the afternoon, bwana."

"We must get busy. Curse these unearthly farm hours. Give me my helmet."

Pausing to slip on a flowered silk dressing-gown the Duke strode out into the pitiless East African sunshine, an imposing figure as he leaned against the verandah rail to watch the passing of his prize herd of three Jersey cows and a native ox from an adjoining ranch. Whilst thus engaged in the daily task of counting the animals the hum of a motor-car rose above the lowing of the cattle and a magnificent two-seater pulled up in front of him. The two occupants leaped out with gurgling cries, and one of them, a charming young woman wearing the shorts, khaki shirt and topee that every settler, to say nothing of every reader, expects of East Africa womenfolk, flung her arms round the Duke's neck and kissed him full on the mouth. The other, a fair-haired boy whose frank countenance and slight lisp betrayed his public-school upbringing, said "Haw," and stood to attention.



Barber (appalled at the sight of next customer). "NEXT BUT ONE, PLEASE."

"Pimmy dear," gurgled the girl "we've done it!"

"What, again?" said the Duke, skilfully catching his helmet as it fell off. "And who is it this time, Belinda?"

"Oh, how silly of me! I forgot," laughed the beautiful Mrs. Blinkwater. "This is the Honourable Reggie Saxophone. We call him Rax, you know. He and I"—she blushed delightfully—"are soul-mates. I have left Harold for ever."

"You said that before," grumbled the Duke.

The girl pouted. "Don't be perfectly beastly, Pimmy. One has to in every chapter. It's the East African atmosphere. Wish us luck. We must be going."

"Where to?"

"The Abyssinian border, of course. Where everyone goes."

"Have you got everything you need?" asked the Duke kindly.

"Yes, thanks. I've got my pearls and Rax has the cocktail-shaker."

"What about your husband?"

"Oh! Harold? I'm afraid he'll be vexed. He shot poor Brian Boru last time, you know. It was the only possible ending, but I felt quite sorry. Brian was a dear boy. But Rax has made up for it. Haven't you, dear?"

"Haw," said Rax enigmatically.

"Now we cannot stay another minute," the girl went on. "How are the crops this year? Fairly chirpy?"

"Rotten," said the Duke gloomily.

"And the stock?"

"Dead, mostly."

"And Lord Bayswater?"

"Gone home."

"And dear young Bankum?"

"Delirious with fever."

"Too bad. But that's just East Africa, isn't it? Good-bye, Pimmy."

The Duke took her slender hands in his own strong brown ones.

"God bless you," he murmured.

"*Do* be original," flashed back the vivacious Mrs. Blinkwater. "You said that last time."

"Go to Hell, then!" snapped the Duke, and the girl gave a peal of light-hearted laughter as she vaulted into the car. The engine roared and they were gone in a cloud of dust, leaving the Duke, a lonely figure in his orange dressing-gown and white helmet, still leaning on the verandah rail.

A droning noise disturbed him as he mused, and an aeroplane, flying low overhead, loosed off a burst of machine-gun fire. The Duke waved his acknowledgments to the solitary occupant. "That'll be Blinkwater," he reflected. "Seems to be in form too."

A few minutes later a further rattle of bullets on the roof announced the plane's return, and the pilot, banking perfectly, demolished the kitchen chimney and landed neatly in the fowl-run. Tucking up his dressing-gown the Duke went out to meet his guest, Colonel Blinkwater.

"Sorry I seem to have done-in some of your fowls," said the soldier-man.

"Fact is I've had rather a busy afternoon."

"I know, Blinkwater, I know," murmured the Duke. "Belinda and young Rax. They passed here. She always takes this way to the border. Come in and have a drink."

"Thanks. Yes, I'm afraid I made rather a mess of things," said the Colonel. "Landed right on top of them. Most unfortunate."

"Dear, dear," said the Duke sympathetically. "Too bad."

"Yes, dash it. And I simply ruined their car. Not paid for either. It was mine as a matter of fact. But I'm sorry about Belinda."

"She was a happy soul," said the Duke. "Cheerio."

"Cheerio."

Their glasses clinked and a moment later the soldier let his fall with a crash.

"Pimlico," he protested, his features twisting in agony, "what's this?"

"Cyanide," said the Duke gently. "It'll be all over in a second. Absolutely painless, I assure you. You see, I loved Belinda."

The dying man slumped down in his chair. "You loved her?" he moaned. "Why the devil didn't you say so? You could have had her."

"I know," agreed the Duke, "but it would have spoiled the story. Boy, remove the body."

"Effendi," came the respectful answer.

"I must sell that aeroplane," mused the rancher. "It ruins the appearance of my fowl-run."

Yawning he watched the sun setting behind the distant hills, and who knows what thoughts of Home and civilisation passed through his mind as he contemplated the dreary monotony of life in the far-flung outposts of the Empire? As the sun disappeared in a glory of gold and blue his thoughts found words.

"Boy, shake me a cocktail."

"Effendi," came the respectful answer.

EASTWARD BOUND.

II.—Marseilles.

O City of dust and disasters,
  Romance and rebellion and rhyme,
That has served such a medley of masters
  Since that day in the background of time
When your foreshore, malarial and swampy,
  Was trodden by footman and horse
And you found that a friendship with Pompey
  Gave food for remorse.

Own daughter to Freedom, the bride of
  An angry but generous sea,
You were ever a thorn in the side of
  The monarch that happened to be,
Till, incited by passion and plunder,
  You concocted your worst and your best—
A song reminiscent of thunder,
  A soup that I cannot digest.

Though to-day you are proud of your cargoes,
  Those treasures of Rhoneland, consigned
To the world in a myriad Argos,
  You are prouder, maybe, that mankind
So many a smile and a tear owes
  To that mighty romancer in chief
Whose two hypothetical heroes
  First met in your Château of "If."

To your sons are you dear, but yet dearer
  To one who is only a guest,
As your coastline gets further or nearer,
  The last or the first of my West;
And a heart that in exile must harden
  Still melts as the sundering foam
Cuts me off from the gate of the garden
  That heralds to Dover and Home.

J. M. S.

"Opera and Concerts.
To-day.
Old Vic.—'Carben' . . . . . 7.45."

The cold season has apparently begun in Waterloo Road.



Friend. "Hullo, old chap! Had another tumble?"
Novice. "I don't think so, old man. So far as I remember, this is the same one."

AT THE PICTURES.

A BRITISH TRIUMPH.

THE "first trilingual talkie" made by a British company, *Two Worlds*, recently filling the vast Dominion Theatre (which I felt sure, the first time I entered it, to see a musical comedy, had been designed more for the screen than the stage), must be awarded marks, although there is no particular advantage in triplicating its tongues. German, Russian and English are the languages involved, but that English is the only one that matters is proved by the circumstance that when the words become too foreign a friendly soldier who happens to be present translates them. This is particularly noticeable—and absurd—when the old Jewish clockmaker, *Simon Goldscheider*, is asked to swear that the hidden Austrian officer upstairs is his son: an assurance which, oddly enough, will satisfy his Russian pursuers and cause them to desist from searching the house. The whole incident is so unlikely as seriously to prejudice the film, but it is rendered even more so by the hesitation of the Jew and the intervention of the obliging Berlitz. It would be wiser to play these things as if English were the universal



GOSSIP IN THE GHETTO.

Mendel . . MR. DONALD CALTHROP.
Goldscheider . MR. RANDLE AYRTON.

speech and leave it to the audience to know better.

As a story *Two Worlds* is arresting and exciting, an effect not a little due to Mr. MILES MALLESON's excellent dialogue. The motive is the old one of the love of Christian and Jew—representing the "two worlds"—but it is made fresh by the military setting, the Gentile (Mr. JOHN LONGDEN) being a dashing yet sympathetic young Austrian lieutenant, and the Hebrew being *Esther* (Miss NORAH BARING), daughter of *Simon Goldscheider*, and the lieutenant's good angel after he had escaped from the Russians on a white circus horse but had not succeeded in avoiding a bullet. These lovers act well, but the brunt of the play is borne by Mr. RANDLE AYRTON as *Simon*, most admirably supported at a certain critical moment by



LINES OF SYMPATHY.

The Lieutenant . . MR. JOHN LONGDEN.
Esther . . . . . MISS NORAH BARING.

Mr. DONALD CALTHROP as an ancient gossip of the Ghetto, to the skill of whose make-up it would be difficult to give too much praise. Miss BARING did not seem to me to have quite enough feeling, and Miss CONSTANCE CARPENTER, as *Mizzi*, a naughty girl, might have been naughtier. Mr. JOHN HARLOW, as a comic Cockney (Austrian) corporal, by forgetting all about trilingual limitations pleased the house hugely; but it was most mirthful—at any rate the female portion of it was, and with refreshing punctuality—when a cynic remarked, "When a woman laughs she is in earnest."

Two Worlds is not only interesting in itself but a proof that Elstree as a producing-ground can compete with anybody. To what extent the presiding spirits of this British talkie were native or imported I cannot say; but it is British in name and formation, and as such a credit to the country.

Judging by the queues outside the World's News Theatre at most times of the day and night, the experiment of showing the events of the world in moving and sounding pictures, in continuous sessions of fifty minutes' duration, has been more than justified. Naturally some of the incidents are better suited to the treatment than others; but there is no doubt as to the crowded hour of glorious—or, at any rate, varied—life that is offered. I did not much care for an American lecturer impressing upon a class of Prohibition agents the grandeur of their calling; I positively hated the representation of an American woman evangelist baptising converts in the sea; but for the rest I was entertained and, I hope, instructed. At any rate I know now how Geisha girls play the koto and what pretty notes emerge, and I have seen with my own eyes, at one remove, Arabs keeping Ramadan, Herr SCHNEIDER among his lions, girls racing through Montana Lake on horseback, a cattle-show at Alençon with M. TARDIEU nasally vocal, and the unveiling of monuments to pioneers as different in method and purpose as Lord NORTHCLIFFE and ROBERT RAIKES.

There was an animated cartoon at each of these theatres—at the World's News Theatre a WALT DISNEY called "The Merry Dwarfs," and at the Dominion an instalment of the antics of the Loonies. Every time I see these productions I am more amazed at their ingenuity; but they all seem to me to be too long. The Disneys tire least because the best dancing and marching music has been chosen and the synchronisation is perfect; but the pace is terrific, and one longs now and then for a plot and the old stealthy resourcefulness of *Felix*. Meanwhile one wonders as to



FRENCH PREMIER AT CATTLE-SHOW.

COMPETITOR BEING PRESENTED.

what new creatures are being evolved over there, in the American studios, for our beguilement. Because the competition must be acute. What will the animals be? Bernard Bear, Christopher Croc, Harry Hipp, Teddy Toad, Eddy Earwig or Elmer the Elephant? We shall see. E. V. L.

The Meeting of the Waters.

"NORTHERN COUNTIES' OTTER HOUNDS. Thur., Oct. 2. Thirsk Golf Course 10.0 (waters permitting)."—*Newcastle Paper.*

Personally we prefer to hunt the midget dryshod.



THE CUB-HUNTING SEASON.

Extract from letter of one sportsman to another. "The Master is now letting hounds go in the open . . . The country is still rather blind."

FURTHER INVOCATION TO THE POET LAUREATE

TO BE UP AND BUSY WITH MUSIC, IT BEING BROUGHT TO MY NOTICE THAT HE IS AT PRESENT CONTRIBUTING A LONG WORK IN PROSE TO AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Wake, oh, wake from thy dreamy slumbers,
Master of Song! The work commence.
Sing me something in tuneful numbers
About the Imperial Conference.

Sound the lyre in the cause of Labour
Or, if you like, of the U.E.P.;
Dash off something to suit the tabor,
For England's sake, and especially me.

Moments come, as I think I've mentioned,
When a laureate bard should polish his rhymes,
Hammer away at a well-intentioned
Poem and send it along to *The Times*.

Hours occur when a national crisis
Simply calls for the country's bard
To serve up odes at popular prices,
Seize the trumpet and tootle hard.

And this, I say, is such an occasion;
Everyone seems to want to know
Without excuse and without evasion
What about Baldwin? Must he go?

Highgate, Sydenham seek for a poet,
Surbiton, Woking seem to say,
"Where is the fife? Ah, minstrel, blow it;
Tell us if Baldwin ought to stay!"

But the silent harp remains in its sheeting;
Stilled is the dulcimer, dumb the flute;
Whatever the local Conservative meeting
Says on the point, the lyre is mute.

'Twas not so in the time of Tyrtæus,
Nor the time of the late Lord Tennyson;
We look for a sonnet to guide us, free us,
And art thou doing 'em? No, not one.

Then wake, oh, wake, while the late leaves linger,
Lift the sackbut and burst in song,
Tweak the chord with a topical finger
In any old metre that comes along!

Till the word goes forth where the folk assemble,
And the wild strain flutters from mouth to mouth,
And the noise of the golden strings a-tremble
Hushes the feud in Paddington South.

Evoe.

Winter Undies in the Woolly East.

"New Combinations in China.
Wu Pei-Fu Coming Out of Retirement."
Sunday Paper.

"Philharmonic.—Two Stalls to be Sold: best position (under piano)."
Advt. in Liverpool Paper.

The danger of these seats is that you may get strung up in a lost chord.

"After the programme has been arranged the open meeting will be brought to a close by a short conversazione in which light refreshments and music will be served."
North-Country Paper.

We intend to concentrate on some melodious trifle.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BREADWINNER" (VAUDEVILLE).

THIS is the story of a Worm that Turned—a most skilfully told, malicious, witty, indeed subversive story.

SCENE—*Charles Battle's* comfortable house in Golders Green.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—*Charles*, the Worm (Mr. RONALD SQUIRE), an unusually successful and esteemed stockbroker; his wife, *Margery* (Miss MARIE LÖHR), a bland, plump blonde in mid-channel, cultured in a feeble, pretentious and quite humourless way; *Alfred Granger* (Mr. EVELYN ROBERTS), *Charles's* solicitor, a hearty facetious British bore; his pretty wife, *Dorothy* (Miss DOROTHY DIX), obviously much tried and stoutly enduring for property's rather than love's sake, and, like her friend *Margery*, not indisposed for discreetly romantic adventure; *Patrick Battle* (Mr. JACK HAWKINS), just going up to Cambridge; *Timothy Granger* (Mr. WILLIAM FOX), with a term still to run at school; *Judy Battle* and *Diana Granger* (Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT and Miss MARGARET HOOD), ultra-sophisticated women in their latish teens, saying everything and knowing nothing about "Life."

The four old youngsters discuss their parents. Agreed *nem. con.*: "That the business of parents is to retire gracefully on a modest pension at forty or so, handing over their money to those who know so much better how to use it. The male parent will of course continue to work and produce more money, for that's about all the poor fellow is fit for. Strictly, of course, in a well-ordered state you ought to lethal-chamber them. They're dull, they don't know anything that matters, they don't understand; they're either stuffy, like the *Battle* parents, or terribly sham-modern, like *Alfred* and *Dorothy*, who insist on being called by their Christian names. They're always talking nonsense about the War—by the way, when *was* the War?—and, instead of leaving the game to the one generation that in the long history of the world understands what youth really is and can do, the poor old things still stupidly cling on." And so forth.

Hearty noises in the hall. Breezy entrance of *Alfred*. After the versicles and ceremonial prescribed in the ritual for the return of business men richly endowed with humour a graver note is struck. Where is *Charles?* Why? Well, he hasn't been to his office and it was desperately important he should have gone to-day of all days. Nobody knows where he is. Did he look specially worried? No, he went off in his usual casual way. Why should he be worried? Oh, don't they know? He'd better tell them. Poor old *Charles* has had a very bad knock. He may, if his banker stands by him, just pull through and escape "hammering." But it will mean the loss of all his savings and starting again. Good lord! Then that does-in *Patrick's* car and the hard-court and *Judy's* increased dress-allowance. "It may be worse than that," says *Alfred*, always the tactful friend; "suppose he has committed suicide." "Oh, no, he would have gone out in his top-hat for that," says *Judy*. (I am afraid Mr. MAUGHAM does carry his jokes too far, which I think is a pity.) Whereupon, of course, *Charles* makes his quiet entrance and the curtain falls. A most adroitly prepared entrance and a most skilful prolongation of the young people's talk till it bored us—as was intended.



THE MOTHERLY TOUCH.

Margery Battle . . . . . MISS MARIE LÖHR.
Dorothy Granger . . . . . MISS DOROTHY DIX.

We are glad to see *Charles*, who forthwith takes up the tale. Yes, it was touch and go. And he discourses of his pride in his and his dead father's firm and describes the tragic scene of a hammering. But his banker has nobly stood by him. Here is his cheque. (The shirt-fronts in the stalls creak incredulously. "Where are such bankers?" they seem to say; "lead us to them.") "But why on earth haven't you paid it in?" says *Alfred*. You'll be too late. "*I'm not going to*," says *Charles*. . . . "As I struggled down into the Tube this morning, as I'd done every working day since the War, I suddenly saw the complete silliness of the whole proceeding. . . . I'm going away. I'm going to do a bit of living;" and, hurling down his sleek symbolic topper, he kicks it brutally to death. "Oh, but you simply can't do that," says *Margery*. "What will happen to us? And you still love me, darling, don't you?" "No—nor you me. You shall have three-quarters of my savings. I'll take the rest, which will just keep me from starving." "And what about US?" chimes in outraged *Patrick*. "Our young lives will be spoilt. And we're so interesting. You'll miss us, you know." "I shan't miss you in the least, and, if you only knew what confounded little bores you all are, you'd put your young heads in bags and keep them there." (I give here the gist rather than the actual text of *Charles's* remarks.)



THE BREADWINNER DESTROYS HIS BADGE.

Charles Battle . . . MR. RONALD SQUIRE.

So far excellent. I was afraid Mr. Maugham might relent in his Third Act. But no—*Charles* sticks to his guns. *Alfred* has of course assumed that either *Charles* has gone completely off his rocker or that "there's a woman." *Dorothy* fatuously assumes that she is the woman and explains to the astonished *Charles* that she can't run away with him on five pounds a week. It only remains for *Dorothy's* daughter, *Diana*, who "adores *Charles*," to propose herself as his mistress with a freedom of speech which, among better things, is a strong suit of the modern young and with that lack of knowledge and perspective which they share with all previous younger generations. *Charles* blandly brushes aside the inconvenient proposals and disappears.

A thoroughly Maughamish commentary, mirth-provoking and (make no mistake) instructive. The wives of stockbrokers and other Slaves of the Mart should shoo their husbands away from this dangerous delectable affair. What if the light broke suddenly in upon them? What if Mr. Maugham in those mysterious absences from England has taken occasion to become an agent of the sedulous Bolshevik?

There was nothing to complain of in the playing. In fact the thing plays itself. Miss Marie Löhr goes from strength to strength. Mr. Ronald Squire smiles very capably through his part. One couldn't help seeing a jolly ghost standing behind him at his first entrance, quietly chuckling and whispering, "It's *my* part, you know, but good luck to you!" Miss Peggy Ashcroft cleverly took her excellent chance when, after the catastrophe had sobered and humanised the hitherto heartless young *Judy*, she had a brief friendly candid exchange with her rediscovered father. Miss Margaret Hood said the appalling things that the young do say with the greatest tact and (so far as I was concerned) robbed them of offence.

I am not supposing, naturally, that Mr. Maugham is more than half-serious. But, on the other hand, he is never quite unserious, and the velvet glove of his flippancy always hides a sharp-pointed nail or two. And the young things have been asking for it.

T.

"It's a Boy" (Strand).

Messrs. Leslie Henson and Firth Shephard have certainly made an excellent start with their humane policy of Laughter for Lowbrows at the Strand. *It's a Boy* has been made over from the German of Herren Franz Arnold and Ernst Bach by Mr. Austin Melford so skilfully as to present no traces of the country of origin, except perhaps for a certain care-free way of living and loving which has not yet established itself in our relatively sombre capital. It is true that concealment of the country of origin is made easier by the fact that the light-hearted imbeciles that beguile us with their preposterous antics are, very properly, not of this world.



IT'S A SUPER-BOY.

Mrs. Bogle	Miss Connie Ediss.
Eustace Bogle	Mr. Henry Crocker.
Joe Piper	Mr. Sydney Howard.
Dudley Leake	Mr. Austin Melford.
James Skippett	Mr. Leslie Henson.

It is manifestly impossible to give a coherent account of this business. It would appear that *Dudley Leake* (Mr. Austin Melford), now happily but rather anxiously married to a jealous young woman, is singularly reticent, to her chagrin, about a former marriage. *Mary Leake's* predecessor was, in fact, an elderly lady of by no means doubtful reputation and comfortable circumstances, who had been kind to *Dudley*, kind even to the point of providing him with board, lodging and pocket-money. Out of gratitude he had fulfilled her passionate desire to be made an honest woman and so remove the social stigma from her son (whereabouts unknown) and leave to him a father as well as a legacy.

Dudley's solicitor, *James Skippett* (Mr. Leslie Henson), has discovered the son, *Joe Piper*, a Bradford "lad" of some forty summers, who earns a precarious livelihood—now in a circus as the bearded lady, now in the music-hall as a female impersonator, and now again in the less respectable purlieus of race-courses—just the kind of long-lost son, in fact, we are prepared to welcome, especially when presented by so diverting a comedian as Mr. Sydney Howard. *Joe's* appearance on the scene is naturally a profound embarrassment to the anxious *Dudley*.

When the full company is assembled—*Dudley* and his suspicious *Mary* (Miss Vesta Sylva); *Mary's* parents, *Mrs. Bogle* (Miss Connie Ediss) and her bearded hen-pecked husband (Mr. Henry Crocker); *Mary's* school-friend, *Anita Gunn*, author of *A Purple Night*, or *Knight* (but I cannot help suspecting the former), under the pen-name of "John Tempest" (a delectable approachable blonde who would be welcomed in *any* publisher's office); *James*, the solicitor; *Joe*, the heir, and *Peters* (Miss Muriel Montrose), the avaricious and free-mannered maid—we are concerned with the untangling of the tortuous complications invented by the rash *James Skippett* to preserve the close-guarded secret of his friend and client.

Mr. Austin Melford's business is to register agonies of apprehension, to be the butt and foil of the high-spirited *James*, to be beaten on the head with champagne-bottles—all of which he is and does with admirable self-denial and address. Mr. Leslie Henson, now gurgling like a sick sea-lion, now grimacing like an amiable saurian or waving his legs in the air in transports of sudden affection for the golden-haired authoress, extorts laughter from the gloomiest amongst us, and incidentally, over copious early-morning draughts of milk diluted beyond recognition with rum, expounds to the uncomprehending Bradford lad with increasing obscurity the doctrine and terminology of wills. Mr. Sydney Howard, with his quiet yet

broad method and magnificently imperturbable gravity, left not a dry eye in the theatre. The duel between these two admirable drolls, both impersonating, owing to some defective staff-work, the celebrated authoress in the celebrated authoress's presence, was a good honest ancient music-hall turn.

Miss CONNIE EDISS, having too little to do for our pleasure, chuckled and shrugged her way through her part and bullied her bearded *Bogle* with zest; Miss MARJORIE BROOKS comforted our eyes and wore her ultra-modish clothes with distinction; Miss MURIEL MONTROSE suggested untold reserves of insolence and naughtiness.

A laughter-moving affair, just occasionally spoilt for the sensitive by over-elaboration. But the sensitive were happily a tiny minority. And in these gloomy days let us laugh while we may without wrinkling our noses in too superior a manner. T.

CONVIVIAL CAR-KINGS.

[According to *The Star*, Mr. HENRY FORD entertained a select company of "men that matter," including Sir HERBERT AUSTIN, at luncheon at the Ritz, on Wednesday last.]

THOUGH never yet invited
To luncheon with the great,
I am not soured or blighted,
And yet I frankly state
Without the least compunction
Had I foreknown this function,
This wonderful conjunction,
I should have crashed the gate.

Great statesmen and great actors
From spite go seldom free;
The only sort of tractors
They know begin with de-;
But the great speed-dictator,
The space-annihilator
From Pole to the Equator,
"Winds safely to the sea."

It ill becomes a plodder
On paths of jog-trot rhyme
To dither and to dodder
Upon a theme sublime;
Such high confabulation,
Such flights of cerebration,
Demand an exaltation
To which I cannot climb.

For oh! it needs the fervour,
Absolved from all restraint,
Empurpling *The Observer*
In fitting hues to paint
In the grand style of DIZZY
The scene when they got busy—
The god of the tin Lizzie,
The Baby's patron saint.

C. L. G.

"His whole expression underwent a change. There was ear in his eyes."—*From a Novel.*

He must have been a cocker spaniel.

THE VERY YOUNG MOSQUITO.

I HAVE never felt really happy about that little one. It certainly wasn't a case of self-defence, because it had done nothing. It had merely somehow got through my net in the night and, being there, it had had a look at me. It was an Italian mosquito, after all, and so can be excused a little gentle curiosity. It then did a little flitting dance round my head, sang a little song and retired to the wall—and there I killed it.

Of course I had plenty of motives. It might have bitten me at any moment. It was its nature to bite—all its kind did—and very possibly its mother had bitten me before I got inside my net (I had a new bite on my ankle) and would bite me again while I was anointing my ankle in the morning. But then I could not prove all this, any more than I could prove that it had come through my net to bite me and not just to see what I was like. And anyway it was not responsible for its mother's sins. Also it was quite on the cards that it had got inside the net entirely by mistake through the mesh; you see it was so small. The fact remains that it came through alive and perfectly well, and within two minutes it was dead.

I did not think much about it at the time, but it worried me a lot in the morning as I looked at the two minute wings sticking on the wall, which was all that was left of it. If only it had made a horrid blob like the others I should at least have had the satisfaction of knowing that it had bitten someone else, that it was definitely in the biting line; but just a tiny black speck and those two frail wings!

Not even its attitude had been provocative. It had not hung to the wall in that horrid, still, crouching way they do, with their backs arched, a position in which I have killed hundreds and hope to kill hundreds more. No, it had just rested on the wall after its merry little dance, its happy song.

I felt very bad about it all day, and in the evening, when I sprayed my room with "Zinzin" and watched a few old stagers curl up under it, I was still feeling bad. I thought of all the papers and things I had signed about not killing innocent things, nor guilty ones either for that matter. I recalled the statement that everything was sent into the world with a purpose and must therefore be left alone. How far did that hold good, I wondered, as I brought my bedroom slipper to the floor with some effect, if the purpose is solely to bite?

And anyway they can't be very happy. They do not look it when they are sitting on the wall with their backs humped, and it must be perfectly maddening to know that all in the room that is biteable is withheld from them by a great silly net. And then this coming-out at night. Are any people or creatures that only wake up at night ever really happy? And this constant danger of being killed by both the just and the unjust, the weak and the strong!

But I suppose with that lust for blood goes the lust for adventure. There must be rather a thrill when a novice forgets to close the shutters after switching on the light, and the waiting mosquito sees the glow from the shadowy garden and slips in. And if by any chance it arrives at the moment when the net is being arranged over the bed and it can get under the pillow it is fairly sure of one perfect bite if it never gets another. Looking round for a loose corner must be fun too, or a flaw in the net.

Yet it must be tiring, this life of excitement; and I don't suppose when their time is up that they are sorry to go. With that thought in my mind I assisted one the other day, though it was doing nothing worse than sitting near me as I wrote. However, it was old and fat and could not even buzz, and it was twisting a leg in a silly useless sort of way. It had bitten a great many people in its time and its end was swift and just, and the one I believe it would have asked for if it could have spoken.

But none of this applies to the little one I murdered; for it was murder all right. It had never bitten anyone. I don't believe it had ever annoyed anyone. It might, if it had been allowed to live, have started an entirely new genus of mosquito that could live on dew. *Chi sa?* And anyway, it was so young.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

[It is reported that the other day a badger, cornered by a greengrocer in an English garden, was shot by a policeman.]

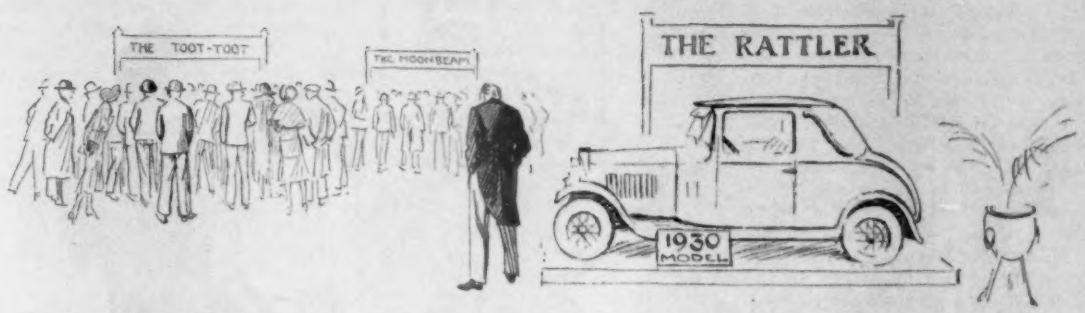
I GRUDGE no honest greengrocer his
useful span of years,
Included in the fauna of this vale of
smiles and tears;
Yet, brooding on this incident, one
thought I cannot shun—
"Why hadn't I the chance to choose
the target for that gun?"
For greengrocers are plentiful, and
some we well could spare,
Yet they did to death the badger, inoffensive, brave and rare!

W. K. H.

"Down at the docks a big four-poster had arrived in tow of a tug only the previous evening."—*Story in Australian Magazine.*

These sleeping tankers are always breaking down.

SNAPPIER MOTOR-SHOWS.



IF AT THE LAST MOTOR-SHOW YOUR OWN PARTICULAR MANUFACTURE DIDN'T ATTRACT THE ATTENTION IT DESERVED—



THIS YEAR TRY IMPORTING A FEW WAX FIGURES—



ARRANGE A LITTLE TABLEAU ON THESE LINES—



AND YOU'LL ATTRACT AS BIG A CROWD AS YOU CAN DO WITH.



"I THINK RUGBY IS SUCH A *MESSY* GAME. COULDN'T YOU PLAY IT ON A HARD-COURT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FOR a politician who acquired in his lifetime a reputation for never speaking out, Lord BALFOUR has left a singularly illuminating witness to himself and his times in his *Chapters of Autobiography* (CASSELL, 10/6). Only fourteen of these were revised; only seventeen are published altogether. And their coherent span ends in 1885 with an A. J. B. of seven-and-thirty on the threshold of his uncle's Government. Yet so vividly does their writer proclaim himself the product of a vanishing and now vanished system that the historian may, I think, congratulate himself on possessing the more definitive and characteristic half of an invaluable chronicle. Nothing outside the novels of DISRAELI gives so complete a picture of country-house government as Lord BALFOUR'S gradual absorption into politics. Whittingehame and Hatfield were, he avows, his personal background; Eton, Cambridge, Westminster, Whitehall, Paris and Washington no more than "the theatre of interesting episodes." How interesting, the chapters on the two first testify—chapters full of discerning gratitude for an education of wayward conventionality typically English. Debouching on his Parliamentary career, the one-time Member for Hertford devotes several intimate pages to "Fourth Party" intrigues and his own defensive tactics. His manner naturally varies from the highly-wrought charm of the earlier chapters to the mere assembled jottings of the later, but throughout there is the informing personality, clannish, sceptical, generous. Good stories as such are scarce. But a memorable Cambridge *mot* on the replacement of KINGSLEY by SEELEY is, though the only quoted, by no means the only quotable piece of irony in the book.

Sir JOHN HAWKINS definitely ranks among those Elizabethan worthies to whom in more ways than one posterity has done rather less than justice. It is not merely that the popular conception of his more superficial aspects—for which KINGSLEY'S fancy portrait of the bluff old sea-dog in *Westward Ho!* is no doubt largely responsible—is a quite incorrect one; but his association with the beginnings of the African slave trade, as well as his hoodwinking of the Spaniards in the matter of the Ridolfi plot, has been allowed with entire injustice to cast a slur on the name of one of the greatest of our early seamen and naval administrators. That HAWKINS was a pioneer in the Guinea trade is of course undeniable; but it is, on the other hand, absurd to judge one century by the standards of another. In his time, and right up to the middle of the eighteenth century, the exploitation of the black races was held to be a perfectly legitimate business; and the prosperity of at least two leading British seaports was based upon it. With regard to the Ridolfi plot, HAWKINS' chief aim—in which he was successful—was the release of his former shipmates from the clutches of the Inquisition; while to outwit the arch-conspirators of the time was looked upon (and with good reason) as entirely matter for congratulation. Mr. PHILIP GOSSE'S admirable biography of HAWKINS in the "Golden Hind" series (JOHN LANE, 12/6) is in great part designed

to remove the slurs already referred to from his subject's reputation. His book brings into clear relief his high qualities as man and seaman, as shown in his early brushes with the Don and during the great days of the Armada fight; and it does not omit to stress his work, no less valuable because less spectacular, as the FISHER of his day and as the first (with his kinsman DRAKE) to make, in the shape of the "Chatham Chest," provision for the sailorman broke in the wars.

Roc's a red setter—
A gentleman's dog,
You wouldn't ask better
On moor or on bog;
Though that's not how they treat him,
For, in war-paint arrayed,
At Vimy we meet him
With the Highland Brigade.

And there in war's smother
Roc's master goes down;
But *Roc* gets another,
Whose name is *Big Brown;*
In shell-fire and bomb-raids
And in rest-billets they
Serve throughout, like good comrades,
Till Armistice Day.

This book's very pleasant;
It's by EDMUND VALE;
Here war's not incessant,
For it's quite the "dog tale"
That DENT AND SONS sell you
(At six bob stands their stock),
And (didn't I tell you?)
The name of it's *Roc.*

There is so much that is sympathetic as well as scholarly about Mrs. NAOMI MITCHISON'S stories of boys and girls of the Dark and other Ages that it is a very real misery not to be able to recommend them unreservedly to boys and girls of to-day. I should imagine that the Wellsian type of parent educating a Wellsian child would find them just the thing for the Christmas stocking—if there is a Christmas stocking. The rest had better stick to CHARLOTTE YONGE. Hers, after all, was a jollier world for children; for in Mrs. MITCHISON'S you are usually a hostage or a slave and the *beaux rôles* are filled (for the most part terrifyingly) by grown-ups. Thus the boy hero of the first story is a Spartan kidnapped by Persians about 396 B.C. His fellows of the second—a trio of young Etruscans—are *The Hostages* (CAPE, 7/6) who give their name to the book. A girl is the principal victim of "A Little Girl Lost"; and, as one who shared at her age the glamour of her hill town on Yr Eifl, I cannot but regret that her story is so unheroic. However "Cottia Went to Bibracte" is a gallant tale enough; and any child, I think, would enjoy "Quintus Getting Well" and the long legend of "The First Breaking of England." The anti-Norman bias of this last is unabashed but enjoyably of the period. The reason, I take it, that one artistically regrets the book's prevailing scepticism is that it is so disconcertingly of our own.



ANOTHER LUXURY SHIP.

Friend (visiting Tug-Fireman). "WELL, I DON'T RECKON YOU'VE GOT MUCH TO GROUSE ABOUT. I SEE YER GOT A SAUCY LITTLE MAT 'ERE."

In 1860 a man was fined ten pounds, says Professor W. K. HANCOCK, for shooting a rabbit. This was in Australia, where now rabbits have not only spread over three million square miles or so, but have produced long necks and humps in adaptation to local conditions. The British stock in the island continent—ninety-eight per cent. pure and determined to remain so—has been equally successful in settling down in the land of its possession, and

has also developed its own characteristics. In *Australia* (BENN, 15/-), a very illuminating and subtly humorous latest addition to the excellent Modern World series, the writer, when he can tear himself away from tariffs and parties, has things to say about the Australian quest for the comfortable and the "middling" which no one in this country will quite allow himself to believe. He passes lightly over the hardships endured by pioneers of civilisation and rather deprecates familiar references to vast open spaces. The spaces he might rather do without, and the title of pioneers can no longer be claimed, he thinks, by a nation that has arrived, and having arrived has settled down to live almost entirely in the streets of garden suburbs and to pursue the delights of the picture-theatre and of the game of politics more extravagantly than any other community on earth. Mr. HANCOCK does just mention dingoes and "stump-jump" ploughs, but the old story-days are gone, for he says nothing at all about bush-rangers or wallabies. I suppose his volume was completed before BRADMAN came to England, for he breathes never a word about cricket.

It would, I suppose, be impertinent for a mere foreigner to doubt the accuracy of Mr. CARADOC EVANS's presentation of his own countrymen; but I confess that I find it hard to believe in the existence of a race of which every member is unmitigatedly vile. Yet such, judging from the samples of it which Mr. EVANS periodically offers us, is the race which fathered the most vivacious of recent Prime Ministers. There is not a figure in *Nothing to Pay* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6) who does not deserve the immortal verdict which *Alice* passed on the *Walrus* and the *Carpenter*. Most unpleasant of them all is *Amos Morgan*, whose sordid odyssey from draper's shop to draper's shop in a quest for wealth which brings him at last to an unwept grave is the book's main theme; but he is only the blackest of a dusky company of liars, thieves, misers, hypocrites and evil-livers, whose satisfaction of their desires is unredeemed by romance or adventure. As a writer, Mr. EVANS is certainly to be respected. The directness and force with which he attains his ends is admirable. He can individualise a character or set a scene with astonishingly few strokes of the pen; and his unaccustomed idiom is an effective vehicle for conveying the thoughts and words of folk who only with difficulty and reluctance speak the "thin language" of England. But to those who like a book in proportion as they can like the people in it—which, in spite of the higher critics, is a very human foible—*Nothing to Pay* is hardly to be commended.



Diner. "I SAY, JUST RUN YOUR DRILL OVER MY GRILL."

In *The Fight for the Ashes in* 1930 (HARRAP, 15/-), you will find a most comprehensive account of the recent Australian tour, a large number of excellent photographs, and, as a *finale*, a batch of statistics so neatly arranged that it is easy to digest them. Mr. P. F. WARNER, in fact, has done his work extremely well, and after the ill-considered criticisms with which the cricket-world has been flooded during the last months, it is both a pleasure and a relief to study the views of a writer who is always sound and temperate. Without exaggeration it may be said that this book restores to cricket some at least of the dignity of which it has recently been deprived by the sensational Press. With Mr. WARNER's appreciation of the Australian team I am in complete agreement, but I find myself mildly at loggerheads with him when he says that Mr. BRADMAN is not exactly an attractive bat. Personally I have never seen a more fascinating innings than Mr. BRADMAN played on the Saturday of the Lord's Test Match. Let me not, however, give the impression that Mr. WARNER does not appreciate Mr. BRADMAN. Indeed he does not take off his hat to him, he simply holds it in his hand. Both in its review of past events and in its suggestions for the future this volume is a really valuable addition to the literature of cricket.

The little village of *St. Mary Mead* contained several busybodies who for some time had been starved for sensations on which to exercise their remarkably fluent tongues. So when *Colonel Protheroe*, a churchwarden, was murdered in the *Vicar's* study, they were given an opportunity that they could not be expected to miss. You will not, however, have read many pages of *The Murder at the Vicarage* (COLLINS, 7/6) before you will begin at least to suspect that *Miss Marple* was as observant as she was loquacious. Seven people, in her opinion, had no reason to love *Colonel Protheroe*, and very skilfully did she set to work to find out which of them killed him. I am not sure that Mrs. AGATHA CHRISTIE gives us quite a fair chance to solve the problem for ourselves, but this is my only complaint against a story rich in entertainment and in legitimate bamboozles.

Mr. Punch welcomes *Things That Annoy Me* (METHUEN, 5/-), by E. V. KNOX, and *Me and Frances* (METHUEN, 3/6), by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, both prose collections; also *Kings —And Other Things* (METHUEN, 5/-), by HUGH CHESTERMAN, and *A Roundabout Turn* (FREDERICK WARNE, 3/6), by R. H. CHARLES, both collected verse. All, or part of, the contents of these four volumes are culled from Mr. Punch's pages and they carry with them his paternal blessing.

CHARIVARIA.

FROM what we heard at Newmarket the victory of Ut Majeur was not a very well pronounced success.

* * *

A medical writer points out that man no longer lives the life for which raw foods are suitable. We are drawing the attention of our cook to this statement.

* * *

It appears that English crooks are being ousted by more accomplished aliens. At the risk of seeming unpatriotic we can only express the view that our underworld must take its chance.

* * *

Much is heard of the disrespect shown by modern youth for the traditions of older generations. Nothing distresses us more than to hear mere boys and girls speak slightingly of the Bright Young People.

* * *

The monster fish, weighing about a hundredweight, which nobody was able to identify when it was landed during an angling festival at Hastings, is believed to have been a whopper.

* * *

After reading of a fourteen-inch rainbow trout which swallowed a golf-ball we feel bound to protest that the golf-story and the fish-story should not be allowed to overlap.

* * *

The captor of a convolvulus hawk-moth in the Isle of Skye is reported to have said that it was the strongest moth he had ever seen, and that when it gripped anything with its feet it was extremely difficult to make it let go its hold. There is no recorded instance, we believe, of a clothes-moth having attained such size and strength as to require force to loosen its clutch on a dress-suit.

* * *

A yacht becalmed in the Pacific was rescued just when it had been decided that the pet Airedale should be killed and eaten. Our feeling is that true dog-lovers would have drawn lots to decide who should be killed to feed the pet Airedale.

* * *

Furs are to be smaller this year, says a fashion note. It is denied, however, that the pelts of midget-golf rabbits will be used.

Doctors are urged to keep themselves up-to-date. Many patients complain of not being supplied with the very latest ailments.

* * *

After saying that it would be interesting to have Mr. G. B. SHAW's opinion as to whether women can excel in creative art, a paragraphist refers to the anti-feminists' argument that there has never been a female MICHAEL ANGELO or SHAKESPEARE or ÆSCHYLUS. Or for that matter a she-SHAW.

* * *

A professional boxer who was sentenced for burglary at Glasgow had been found by a maid sound asleep in a bedroom. Professional boxers too readily assume a recumbent position.

* * *

The announcement that a party of American big-game hunters in East Africa hopes to obtain a lion group for the Chicago Museum reminds us that our Natural History Museum still lacks a group of Chicago gangsters.

* * *

A number of women in America have been measured in order to ascertain the ideal height of kitchen fittings and appliances. The day is fast approaching when an outsize cook will be considered justified in rejecting a ready-to-wear kitchen that doesn't fit.



Husband (arriving at fancy-dress dance). "I UNDERSTAND THAT MY WIFE HAS COME HERE AS A BUTTERFLY."

During the hearing of a recent case Judge CLUER threatened to make a talkative litigant drink all the water in the court. This idea is said to be a relic of mediæval Scottish barbarism.

* * *

Mr. HENRY AINLEY would like to send two thousand incompetent actors to some uninhabited island. Humanitarians of course would protest if they were thrown to the critics.

* * *

The compilation of a *Scottish National Dictionary* having begun, there is every likelihood of settling once and for all the question: What are "aiblins"?

* * *

A man who was attacked by a bull near Madrid was rescued by his little dog. It was especially fortunate that this faithful companion was with him as there seems to have been no toreador within call.

* * *

Two rival teams of gunmen recently played a football match in New York. We understand that the spectator who forgot himself in the excitement and shouted, "*Shoot!*" is still on the danger list.

* * *

It is stated that the large number of dinners and entertainments arranged for the delegates to the Imperial Conference will impose a severe tax on them. The Government is considering their request for a preferential rebate.

* * *

We learn that the nyala, a kind of deer found in Abyssinia, frequents the giant heather, which often grows six feet high. Few British sportsmen have acquired the Abyssinian heather-step.

* * *

An American song-hit is said to have been written by the composer just after he had been knocked down by a motor-car. It must be awful for a motorist to have that sort of thing on his mind.

* * *

The leading Sunday organ of the Beaverbrook Press has engaged an astrologer, who foretells future events; but the Rothermere Press continues to rely on its own intelligent anticipations.

Commercial Modesty.

"—— ——, The Tailor of Taste Limited."
Inscription on Van.

LE DERNIER CRI DE CŒUR.

["Black is one of the big successes of the autumn, and its smart gloom continues to be becoming for out-of-doors."—*The Times.*]

Any husband to any wife, preferably of the name of Mabel, for a reason shown below.

WHEN in every trade we note a
State of health well under par;
When despair invents a quota
(If you know what quotas are)
To adjust the country's backbone, if it hasn't sagged too far;

At this crisis when the Russian
Plants his devastating dump,
And the sounding repercussion
Of our markets on the slump
Causes even female habits to reflect the common hump;

As a widow through the sable
Ritual of woe proceeds
(Distant be the day, my Mabel,
When for me your bosom bleeds),
Yet contrives to figure bravely in the most seductive weeds;—

I commend your new adorning
With its blend of sad and sleek;
I admire that in your mourning
There's a something not too bleak,
In your gloom a note of smartness, in your blacks a touch of chic.

O. S.

BRIGHTER WRONG NUMBERS.

IT is doubtful whether the derisive criticism levelled at wrong numbers is likely to be of great assistance to the P.M.G. in those efforts which he is reputed to be making to improve matters. What is needed is a scheme of compensation. Nobody has produced one for making it more tolerable to be dragged from bed at 2 A.M., called "little woman" by a complete stranger and told not to wait up any longer as he has a flat tyre and the Ogilvies have offered to put him up.

Now I have a really helpful suggestion, and, after a perusal of my telephone account, with its wealth of information and advertisements, I lay my proposal before our enterprising P.M.G. with every confidence.

Wrong numbers obtained.—For each wrong number obtained let the subscriber's account be credited with one penny, by way of compensation for the inconvenience of waiting until he gets the number he first thought of. There would have to be special terms for the subscriber whose exchange procured for him the same wrong number more than twice in succession, as this invariably exposes one to some spirited remonstrance from the other end. To take a typical encounter:—

Subscriber (*for third time*). Is that Park 12345?

Familiar voice (*peevishly*). What—AGAIN? No! I've told you TWICE already that this is NORTH 12345. What? Yes! N for nincompoop—O for oaf—R for r-r-rotter—T for telephone and H for Hell!

[*Replaces receiver with discourteous wallop.*

A recurrent wrong number like this should entitle the subscriber to a minimum rebate of ninepence.

Wrong calls received.—For actually BEING the wrong number the scale is more complicated, as the inconvenience occasioned by a wrong call varies according to whether the subscriber is merely loitering in the vicinity of the telephone on the off-chance, or is engaged in some other pastime or activity which would suffer by interruption. A reasonable allowance would be twopence between 10 A.M. and 9 P.M.; threepence at meal-times; fourpence during baths and sixpence during the night (which, in order to accommodate all tastes and habits, shall be deemed to occur between 9 P.M. and 10 A.M.). Generous compensation—say, one shilling—must be made for recurrent wrong calls, as, for instance, when you are summoned at high-frequency intervals while listening to your favourite records to answer a desperate female who has already informed you four times of her desire to commune with her laundry.

To ensure absolute success it would be necessary to make slight additions to those account forms, gilding the lily though this be. Besides being told how to secure a cheap line in trunk calls and how to send telegrams without bothering the post-office young gentlemen, the subscriber should have the advantages of the new system pointed out to him.

A WRONG NUMBER OBTAINED IS A PENNY GAINED.
Ask for the number you require.
We pay ONE PENNY if you are not
ABSOLUTELY SATISFIED
with the one you get.

When BEING a wrong number do not BAWL.
TWOPENCE will be paid for each wrong call
during the DAY.
REMEMBER—
You EARN MORE
by being a wrong number
during the NIGHT.

TRY A WRONG CALL
WITH YOUR CONSOMMÉ OR FISH;
OUR THREEPENNY ONES
ADD PIQUANCE TO THE DISH.

Why not WASH OFTENER?
We make it worth your while
to get a wrong call
in your BATH.

Speak clearly and POLITELY
to STRANGE SUBSCRIBERS.
You are being PAID for your
Tr—rrr—ouble.

YOUR TELEPHONE ACCOUNT IS ON THE OTHER SIDE. *P.T.O.*

Having obediently p.t.o.'d, the subscriber would read:—

		s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To 400 local calls	@ 1*d.*			1	13	4
LESS :—						
Wrong numbers obtained.						
73	@ 1*d.*	6	1			
4 Chronic	@ 9*d.*	3	0			
Wrong calls received.						
34 between 10 A.M. and 9 P.M.	@ 2*d.*	5	8			
14 during lunch	@ 3*d.*	3	6			
11 in the bath	@ 4*d.*	3	8			
10 between 9 P.M. and 10 A.M.	@ 6*d.*	5	0			
6 Chronic	@ 1/-	6	0			
				1	12	11
AMOUNT DUE				0	0	5

Things upon which We Dare not Comment.

"Sir Oswald Mosley, Bt., M.P., and Lady Cynthia Mosley, M.P., will be guests of honour at the autumn dinner of the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers."—*Magazine.*

"It is a fact that the heron does and can swim."
Letter to Daily Paper.

So much for the theory that he can't swim and does.

"Required, suitable Accommodation with attendance, married couple, nurse, three small children, best part Bath."
Advt. in Somerset Paper.

We always consider this to be the non-tap end.



THE COBDEN MODEL.

MR. SNOWDEN. "WELL, I'VE BEEN ROUND THE SHOW AS A MATTER OF FORM, AND I'VE SEEN ALL THE NEW CARS, BUT NOTHING TO PUT ME OUT OF CONCEIT WITH MINE."



FROM "WALLFLOWER'S" DIARY IN "THE DAILY ROUND."

"LOOKED IN AT 'THE BOILED EGG' AND NOTICED TWO YOUNG PEOPLE WHO THREATEN TO START A NEW FASHION FOR NIGHT-CLUBS. THEY DANCED SMILING."

THE FINE LINE.

"STOP! My Heaven, Charlie, that line of yours is getting worse and worse! Go back to where she comes down left. . . . STOP! Rotten! Why, man, it's a funny line. The idea is for the audience to laugh there, but I can see they'll just cry their hearts out."

"Well, how the hell *am* I to say it, old boy? I've tried it all ways."

"What about saying it as if you thought it was funny?"

"I don't, old boy."

"I guessed that. But you're an actor, aren't you? And this is farce. Instead of drifting about up-stage and murmuring, 'Ung-wung-wung-awung' to the back-cloth, come down front and let 'em have it in the slats. Go on again. . . . STOP! Sounds like a few words at the graveside. *Go* on, drop a tear on the coffin and make a job of it."

"Look here, seriously, Jack, old man, it's no good getting sore at me. I just can't *feel* that line, and that's all there is to it. It's a rotten line."

"It's a fine line, a damn fine line. Anyway, you're a comedian; you ought to be able to double 'em up with 'My lord, the carriage waits.' And here you've got a crackerjack——"

"Maybe there's something wrong with my sense of humour. The way I see it, that line isn't funny."

"The way you say it', that line never *will* be funny."

"But what does it *mean?* What's the fellow driving at? She crosses me and says, 'Did the old lady laugh?' and, instead of my answering 'Yes,' I have to turn round like a fool and say——"

"If you go at it that way, old man, you never will get it across. You want to say it like this Er—'Dash it! I thought——' Half-a-minute. Joe! JOE! What are the words of that line of Lord Bottlebrain's?"

"Clara crossing right did the old lady laugh Lord B. with fatuous grin laugh dash it I thought she was going to blow a gusset."

"Thanks. Give me the cue, Kitty darling."

"'Did the old leydy laugh?'"

"'Laugh? Dash it! I thought she was going to blow a *gusset!*' There—that's not quite right, but I'm only a producer, not a comedian. But that's the idea. Get me?"

"No."

"*No?* Golly! what do you think I stand up here and——?"

"I see you give it differently, old boy, but, if you don't mind a pal saying so, I don't think it's any better. As I said, I don't see what the line *means*."

"Means? Why, it doesn't have to *mean* anything; it's funny."

"That's all right, but I've got to know what it *means* if I'm going to *make* it funny. It'll be a hard enough job, anyway."

"Well, all it means is, she laughed a lot and nearly *blew* a gusset. Seems quite funny to me."

"Nearly blew a *gusset?*"

"Nearly blew a—a gusset. Hi! is the author around? Mr. Penwipe?"

"Yes, here."

"That gusset line. Is the script correct? How exactly did you write it?"

"'Laugh? Dash it! I thought she was going to blow a gusset.'"

"There you are, Charlie. It's O.K. A fine line. Try it again and imagine when you say it that you *really thought* she *was* going to blow a gusset. . . . We—ll, I suppose that's a bit better; but can't you put more life into

it? Dammit, imagine she *did* blow a gusset."

"Jack, old boy, I tell you I'll never be able to give this line. *Must* I say it? I mean, what does it *mean*? What *is* a gusset, anyway?"

"A gusset?"

"Yes, a gusset."

"Mr. Penwipe, what's a gusset?"

"Well, I'm not quite certain, but it's a part of an old lady's dress. I don't think it really matters what part, does it?"

"Kitty, my duck, tell us what a gusset is."

"Oh, a triangular piece of material let into a frock. Isn't that it, Claire darling?"

"Yes; it gives it fulness, Jack."

"Well, how do you *blow* the darn thing?"

"*I* don't know"

"Have you ever blown one?"

"Not that I know of. I don't know *how* you blow it."

"Mr. Penwipe, what does *blowing* mean?"

"Well, blowing is supposed to imply blowing or—er—bursting. Like a tyre. He could say '*burst* a gusset,' if you don't like blowing. Same idea."

"Now then, Charlie, say '*burst* a gusset.'"

"'*Burst* a gusset,' old boy? With apologies to the author, I still just don't think it's funny."

"Hm! Doesn't seem very funny to me now I know what it means."

"Couldn't I leave it out? Just say 'Laugh? I should think she did!' and put in a bit of funny business while Kitty's crossing. I could waggle my hands——"

"And spoil *my* exit? Why, I've got an important line to say at my exit."

"WHOA! Kitty. Quiet a minute. Mr. Penwipe, is that line really important?"

"Well, hardly. You see, it——"

"Is it necessary to the plot?"

"No. It was just meant to be a funny line. That is, it——"

"I mean, we could take it out? Because there seems to be difficulty. You see, of course, *we* may all know what a gusset is, but the audience mayn't."

"That's no reason why they shouldn't laugh if they think it sounds funny. But if Mr. Rubberface can't make any fun out of it it's not worth having it in."

"Perhaps you could write something else in? Something really funny?"

"Look here, Jack, old boy, couldn't I say something about laughing till she split her frock? Same idea, only without a word like 'gusset.' That'd fetch 'em."

"H'm! I don't know that we really want too much of a laugh there. There's Kitty's exit line. Better have something quite simple. What do you feel about it, Mr. Penwipe?"

"Very well, if you think laughter will spoil the next line. . . ."

"Could you think of something?"

"Oh, let him just say, 'Laugh? I should think she did!'"

"Y-e-s, I suppose that'll do. You don't mind, do you? Only the gusset line is rather difficult, and honestly we don't think it very funny."

"As you like."

"Well, go on, then, Kitty. Joe, change the script. Cut out the gusset bit and put 'I should think she did!'"

A. A.



Dyspeptic Customer (reading menu). "RABBIT! UGH!"
Kindly Waitress. "WHAT! DON'T LIKE BUNNY?"

Mr. Snowden Goes "Talkie."

"At the close of business Conversation Loan (102¼) was ½ up."—*Manchester Paper.*

BRIDGE PROBLEM.

AT the tenth trick, A, holding Spades: x, Hearts: x, Diamonds: x, Clubs: x, and a ten-shilling note, inadvertently laid the ten-shilling note on the King of Hearts led by Z.

At the end of the hand Y claims a revoke at the tenth trick; A claims a misdeal, as he has a card left; and B claims the ten-shilling note, as he took the trick with the Ace of Hearts.

What does Z claim?

The Religious Press Speaks Out.

"The B y Caddy and Sunday Golf."
Headline in Methodist Paper.

The Long Arm of the Law.

"Two police officers and five constables who were called in surrounded a crowd of 3,000 rioters."—*Tasmanian Paper.*

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

VI.

Sunday.—If ever I go to stay with rich people again I shall make sure that I have at least two pairs of braces. The whole day has been spoiled for me by that wretched *valet*. So, for that matter, was the night. In the end I decided that the only thing to do with the newt was to take it down to the garden myself. I waited till the house seemed quiet and then I wrapped the newt in a handkerchief and set out with my electric-torch. I had only my night-gown, as Mrs. Puke forgot to pack my dressing-gown, and my overcoat has been put away somewhere (the only result of a great many servants seems to be that one can *never* find one's clothes). I met nobody on the stairs, but there was a light in the big hall, and as I reached it I heard voices in the billiard-room. One of them was Masters, holding forth about Tariffs, as usual. I heard him say, "Take *Nitrates*, for example," and I then judged that I should have time to execute my little task, for I have heard Masters talk about Nitrates before. In any case I could not go back to my bedroom with the newt. By the way, Mrs. Puke's wages were due on Friday, and I forgot them. MEM.

I opened the front-door quietly and laid the little creature on some wet grass beside the steps, which were very cold to the feet. There is no water near, so far as I know, but I hope the little thing will survive. At least I shall not be responsible if it is found in the house again. In any case there is no proof *whatever* that it was one of mine.

I had just bolted the front-door again when Masters and Lord Somebody—I *think* his name is *Waddle*—came out of the billiard-room. They seemed very surprised to see me there in my night-gown, and Masters said vulgarly, "Hullo, Laddie! Who's the lady *this* time?" On the spur of the moment I said, "I sometimes walk in my sleep, and think I must have done it again." Masters laughed loudly, so I said, "As a matter of fact, Masters, you would not understand, but I have been befriending a dumb animal." That seemed to sober him (I think he had been at the decanter), for he said, "Well, Laddie, come into the billiard-room; since you are in your night-gown you had better have a *night-cap!*"

This seemed to amuse them both very much. Apparently a "night-cap" is some sort of a beverage, but they only offered me whisky, which I took to keep the peace; and as a matter of fact my feet were cold. Masters looked down suddenly and said, "Laddie, you should cut the toe-talons." I believe there is nothing that man will *not* say. This time, I am afraid, he was right; I *cannot* remember to do my toes, except at night, and then I am too sleepy. Somebody told me once that long toe-nails sap the vitality. Certainly I felt better this morning in spite of my poor night.

I slept very lightly, as bats flew in and out of the room all night. Mrs. Pitt-Larrup tells me that the *White Ladies'* bats are famous, and I gather that they are quite encouraged. All I can say is that I do not like them. When I closed the windows to keep out the bats the room was stifling owing to the central heating. I tried to turn off the heat at the radiator, but the only result was that it gurgled and *grunted* every few minutes, and, as this part of the castle is supposed to be haunted, I kept waking up in some alarm. Not a very pleasant night.

When I woke up this morning there was that man-servant *creeping* about, and on getting up I was disgusted to find that he had *literally* taken *all* my clothes away. There was no sign of my tweed suit anywhere, though I hunted in all the drawers and cupboards, many of which contain *ladies'* garments. I rang and rang, and at last, without apologising, he brought back the suit. I said, "I suppose you are accustomed to people who have *several* suits?" He said, "Yes, Sir." I said, "Well, this will teach you that *everybody* is *not* a fop."

But when I came to dress I could not find my *braces* anywhere. I rang several times but no one came. The second gong had sounded for breakfast and I was helpless. If there is one thing I dislike it is to be unpunctual with strangers. At last I tied my spotted tie round my middle and went down like that. My waistcoat is rather short, and I could not prevent the tie from showing below it. How I got through breakfast I do *not* know, especially as Masters would tease me about sleep-walking and draw attention to me. What made it worse was that there were several of my favourite dishes on the sideboard. Everybody helped themselves, and as I did not want to walk about showing a knotted tie I had to be content with a plate of porridge, which was cold. Masters was making himself very agreeable to the ladies, fetching clean plates for them and so on, and I am afraid Lady Parable (I seem to be next to that woman at *every* meal) must have thought me very ungallant for not doing likewise. When I did get up I held my serviette in front of me; in fact, I found when I came back to my bedroom that I still had the serviette in my hand.



Lady. "AREN'T YOU THE MAN WHO WAS HERE TEN MINUTES AGO?" *Tramp.* "YES, MISSUS. YOU SAID YOU'D GIVE ME SOMETHING THE NEXT TIME I CALLED."

I rang the bell at once and asked the man-servant for my braces. He did not return for twenty minutes and then said that they could not be found. Remembering what he had said about my cake of soap I said sarcastically, "I suppose you have thrown them away?" What is more, *I believe he had.* He denied it, and I said, "They may not seem valuable to you, but they have served me well for fifteen years; they were my father's braces, and I happen to be attached to them." I nearly added, "And I wish they were attached to me," but I was in no mood for joking.

He promised to look again, but after half-an-hour he had not returned and it was then time for church. Evidently the tie was worse than nothing, and there was nothing for it but to go as I was. I

kept my hands in my pockets as far as possible, but one cannot do that *all* the time. I do not know anything so uncomfortable as the sensation that one's —— are coming down. This pair happen to be rather roomy, which made things worse; and when kneeling I had to hold them up with one hand the *whole* time. Lady Parable was next to me, as usual, which made things worse.

I cannot say that I like these large houses. It is quite a long walk from the hall to my bedroom, to say nothing of the stairs; there are endless corridors and I am quite tired out with walking backwards and forwards. I came up before lunch, hoping the man would have found my braces, but there was no sign of them—or *him*. It was the same thing after lunch. At last I found a maid, who promised to find the valet, but nothing came of it. In a strange house one is helpless, one cannot make a scene, and I do not really know the Colonel well enough to speak to him about such a thing. As for the butler, I should not dare to speak to him about anything.

Finally I gave it up and took my nap on the terrace. When I woke up they were playing croquet, though it was wet underfoot, and Lady Fake-Poodle asked me to join them. Forgetting my predicament for a moment, I agreed. It was not long before I remembered. I shall never forget the *torments* of that game. Lady Fake-Poodle and I were badly defeated—and no wonder! One cannot wield a croquet-mallet with *one* hand, and at every stroke I feared that something would happen.

After the game I could stand it no longer. I took Masters aside and said, "Look here, Masters, we do not always see eye to eye, but we are both on the Council, and I want to ask you rather an unconventional question. Do you happen to possess two pairs of braces?" He said, "Three, Laddie. Why?" I must say he took it very well, and fetched me a pair of blue ones at once. I was overjoyed and came straight to my room to put them on. And *then* I found that that detestable valet had found my own! *How* I raged! However, I have got them, that is the great thing, and the relief is extraordinary. I feel a different man. I shall always feel more kindly to Masters after this. What annoys me is that I suppose I shall have to *tip* that valet. The more I see of the life of the rich the less I think of it. I shall smoke a cigar tonight; Masters tells me it keeps out the bats. By the way, the park-seats have not been mentioned yet. A. P. H.

Another Slight on the Press.

"The First Jaipur Infantry is to wear kilts of specially designed tartan, according to *The Daily Herald* correspondent at large in Ayreshire."—*Indian Paper.*

"The Captain, however, was not taking any risks, and had expert look-outs posted day and night on the bridge and in the cow's nest."—*South African Paper.*

Was the animal carried as an auxiliary fog-horn?

"Much water has flown under Leeds Bridge since the famous novelist wrote these words nearly 40 years ago."
Yorkshire Paper.

We read "flown" as a pedantic reference to the River Aire.

"She was standing against the rail of the promenade deck when Tiggie Turner first caught sight of her—a pale, brown-eyed girl with childishly wistful blue eyes that seemed to be searching for someone."
Woman's Paper.

Probably the steward. We know that wistful look.



Owner. "You let the whole bloomin' field walk over you."
Jockey. "Well, whatcher expec' with a horse called 'Turkey Carpet'?"

GENUINE ANTIQUES.

My Aunt Felicity has acquired a house in Cornwall and is proceeding to furnish it with genuine antiques. The process of furnishing is slow, since, apart from insisting on genuine antiques, my aunt also insists on "picking them up." Aunt Felicity never buys a piece of furniture; she invariably picks it up. The difference is that, if you pick up a piece of furniture, you get it cheap and you know it's genuine. If you buy it, you pay dearly and the antique is quite likely to be a fake. At any rate that is what Aunt Felicity manages to convey by her use of the expression. She also implies that the person from whom she picked it up was a simple fellow who did not know the value of his property.

I was privileged on one occasion to be with my aunt when she picked up an oak settle. We had been inveigled into a roadside cottage by that legend so familiar in the West of England—CREAM TEAS. Both the tea and the cream were like any other, but the room was full of the most marvellous antiques. My aunt realised at once that this was the place to pick things up.

"I can't think how the dealers have missed all this," she said, fixing hungry eyes on the oak settle in particular. My aunt hated dealers.

"I suppose it's genuine," I said.

"Genuine! Of course it's genuine; I'll guarantee this stuff has been in the family for hundreds of years."

My Aunt Felicity went to work with the cunning of the experienced "picker-up." She chatted casually with the dame who supplied the tea and herself bore the hall-mark of a genuine antique. Beginning with the weather, my aunt gradually worked the conversation round to the furniture. It was skilfully done, without haste and without betraying anything of the anxiety she really felt.

"That old settle," said Aunt Felicity—and I admired the intonation of the word "old"; it implied decreptitude, worthlessness, decay, anything, in fact, but genuine antique—"that old settle looks very strong, and it's not too unsightly."

The woman remained impassive and looked at the settle casually.

"That old seat 'ave stood agen that same wall these hun'ed years or more. Belonged to my great-grandfather."

I saw that Aunt Felicity was moved. She mastered her emotion at once and, keeping a steady grip on herself, remarked carelessly, "It would be useful in my kitchen. I have such a big kitchen and it would help to fill it up."

The old woman picked up her tray.

"'Tain't much to look at," she said. "It's an old thing, but if you want it maybe we could come to terms. Of course it's got what you might call a sentimental value to me," she added rather apologetically.

My aunt "picked up" the settle at what seemed to me a biggish price. But then I am not an authority on antique furniture.

"A mere song," she said jubilantly as we drove on. "We should have paid three times the price at a dealer's, and then probably the thing would have been a fake."

A fortnight later I passed along the same road and was surprised to see a furniture van outside the cottage. It moved away as I drew near but I caught the name on the back—"BLOGGS, MODERN AND ANTIQUE FURNITURE, PENHAVEROCK." Aunt Felicity had evidently only just been in time. The dealers *had* got on to this gold-mine. Probably Mr. Bloggs had collared the whole of the contents of the cottage for a mere song. I determined to go in and see, even at the cost of a cream tea. I knew what to expect. Everything would be gone and the genuine ladder-back chairs would be replaced by tawdry modern rubbish. It was unfair to trade like that on the ignorance of the old woman. My aunt ought to have warned her.

I was wrong. The ladder-back chairs were still there. Everything was as before, even to—I observed in amazement—even to the oak settle. It was the identical settle. Yet it couldn't be the identical settle because I knew that was in Aunt Felicity's house. But it was very like; it was in fact a replica.

I now understood the significance of Mr. Bloggs' van.

"You'm looking at that old seat," said the old woman, not recognising my face. "That old seat 'ave stood agen that wall these hun'ed years or more. Belonged to my——"

* * * * *

When I returned Aunt Felicity was displaying her latest acquisition to Mrs. Stillbody, who was gazing enviously at the settle.

"Picked it up in a cottage for a mere song," she said with pride. "And what's more it's genuine. Now at Bloggs' in Penhaverock——"

If Mrs. Stillbody really wants a "genuine oak settle" I can show her where she can "pick up" the very spit of Aunt Felicity's treasure.

"FIRST BLAST OF WINTER."
Provincial Paper.

When we discovered that our goloshes leaked.

MISCONSTRUCTION.

[The defendant in a Birmingham police-court hotly denied that he hit his friend with a poker. He only threw it at him.]

How apt, alas! are men to taint
  The waters of Truth's crystal fountain,
To overdo the ebon paint
  And from a molehill raise a mountain;
Of human failings most I hate
This proneness to exaggerate.

Too often Slander's lying tongue,
  Spreading the baseless tarradiddle,
A spanner in Love's works has flung
  Or snapped off Friendship in the middle;
As in the case of Mr. A.
At Birmingham the other day.

Feeling one night in gamesome mood
  This genial simple-hearted joker,
With no idea of being rude,
  Chanced at a friend to throw the poker;
Conceive his chagrin when they said
He hit him with it on the head!

Nor to our harmless jests alone
  Do we the world's malignant sneer owe;
Our little kindly acts are shown
  As worthy only of a NERO;
And knightly deeds of noblest sort
Will often win the worst report.

Thus, when last Thursday week at golf
  (Upon the match I lost a fiver),
Because my caddy had a cough
  His back I patted with my driver,
The rumour somehow got about
That I had laid the fellow out.

Nor is it true that, in a pet
  Because the woman missed a sitter
(She's paralytic at the net),
  I knocked Miss Bootle down and bit her;
She crossed her feet, and when she fell
I kissed the place to make it well.

Then since we see the world agog
  To vilify our every action,
'Twere best to go the total hog
  And get at least the satisfaction,
Whatever lies our fame asperse,
Of knowing that the truth is worse.

Commercial Candour.

"BACON.
REDUCED
QUALITY
MAINTAINED."
Notice in a Surrey Provision Shop.

"Mr. —— —— is just as keen a flock-master as his descendants were before him."
Provincial Paper.

We hope his ancestors will carry on the good work for many generations to come.



Doctor (to lady recovering from a sprained wrist). "WELL, NOW, WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH IT?"
Lady. "I CAN JUST RAISE 'ARF-A-PINT TO ME LIPS, DOCTOR, IF I STOOPS ME 'EAD."

THE GIFT.

"WHAT I wonder about the whole business," said Anthony, "is this: *Who has the cocktail-shaker now?*"

I told him that I didn't think it mattered very much, and he said that of course I had no sense of romance.

"I had pictured them as going through life," he murmured with a little shake in his voice, "through all the changing scenes of life, mixing now a Martini and now a Bronx, and now a Horse's Neck and now a Maiden's Prayer; from youth to maturity and from maturity to ripe and mellow age, always with my little cocktail-shaker. If any tiff arose, if any coolness or estrangement occurred, they would glance at it and remember 'He gave us this to be a bond between us. What would he think of us if he knew we were quarrelling?'

"And now"—his voice broke on the words—"and now. . . ."

"Very likely they pawned it long ago," I said cheerfully; but he paid no attention.

"I am inclined to think," he went on, "that even as it is, before the final cleavage came, it must nearly have brought them together and healed the breach. I cannot help seeing it that way in my mind.

"There they stood. Those two, Bertram and Amber, wife and husband. I mean husband and wife.

"'We can't go on any longer like this,' he must have said, tensing.

"She turned away and lit a cigarette. There was a terrible pause. Then she took the cigarette from between her

lips and asked him whose fault he really thought it was.

"'Need you ask?' he cried. 'Haven't I done everything I could to please you? Had the room decorated in this awful way—done my hair like this—danced with you—bathed in the same sea with you—used the same bookmaker—tried to eat the same chocolates and let you drive the car? Shared every joy, every sorrow——?'

"She looked at him very straight, standing erect before him, her hands tightly clenched.

"'And what about Begonia?' she said.

"'You ask *that*?' he shouted; 'you *dare* to ask that, when you know that anything between me and Begonia is as nothing compared with what has been between you and Muggie?'

"'Muggie!' she said, and gave a loud hysterical laugh. There was another pause, and then her eyes fell on the cocktail-shaker—my cocktail-shaker. He followed her glance and looked at it too. She went and laid her hand upon it.

"'Bertram,' she said, 'l-l-less than a year ago, when we first used this, who would ever have thought——'

"It nearly moved him. He was on the point of crying 'Amber!' and bursting into tears, but at the last moment he pulled himself up short and turned away, shrugging his shoulders.

"'It's no good,' he said, 'and you know it's no good.'

"But perhaps—I like to fancy this—before he went out into the night he did shake one last pair of cocktails in my shaker. And just possibly a tear or two fell from the eyes of one, if not both, and trickled imperceptibly into the vermouth and the gin. And what then, I asked myself—what then? How could they decide, when it came to splitting up the furniture and so on, which of them was to take it away?"

"Probably they tossed up for it," I said.

"It may be so," he admitted. "It may be so. But what a bitter moment for the one who got it, on that evening when he or she first shook up a couple of cocktails in it and shared them with another? What memories! What regrets!"

"I don't see it at all," I said. "I think it may have bucked them a lot. Like *Tristram* and *Iseult*, you know, on the voyage across."

"You choose to be flippant," sighed Anthony. "But they could scarcely have helped thinking how I would be feeling about it—I, who had given the cocktail-shaker in the full belief that it would be a sort of lode-star of fidelity through all their married days. Practically speaking, it was obtaining a cocktail-shaker on false pretences to go and bust it all up as soon as this."



Butcher (as good customer passes door). "I'M VERY SORRY TO HEAR YOU'VE TURNED VEGETARIAN, MRS. SMYTHE."
Customer. "AH, WELL, NEVER MIND—DARLING TOODLES WILL STILL BE GETTING HIS BONES HERE."

I did what I could to console him. I said that I thought a fish-slice would have been far more of a tragedy, or even an entrée-dish. There was something peculiarly poignant, it seemed to me, about suddenly realising that one was slicing fish for another, or eating an entrée with one who was not the one who you had imagined would be your life-mate in entrée-eating. Whereas shaking the first cocktail for alien lips in a shaker consecrated to a face forgot is a mere bagatelle. Finally I suggested, rather brilliantly, I thought, that perhaps one took one-half of the machine and the other the other.

He told me not to be a fool.

"The whole thing," he argued, "is a very difficult social problem which has not yet been sufficiently thrashed out. Does a fellow give a joint wedding-present to a bride and bridegroom without the implied contract that they should both of them use it for at least a couple of years? If not, where does he come in? I used to revisit my cocktail-shaker every now and then, and they would mix one for me when I came. But where do I stand now? I don't like Begonia and I have never even met Muggie at all. Even if I did visit Bertram or Amber, whichever of them has the thing, it wouldn't be the same thing to me now. A cocktail in the new environment would taste like the water of the Dead Sea. Hadn't I envisaged Bertram and Amber and myself, white-haired, sitting before the waning fire of life, talking of old times and past happiness, as old folk do, and every now and then shaking a Horse's Neck out of the old shaker for one or other of us? The whole thing is a shame."

I felt rather fatigued.

"What conclusion do you come to, then?" I inquired.

"Unless a marriage lasts a decently long time," he said, "joint presents ought to be returned marked '*Incompatibility*' on the label. Or, if not the presents themselves, at any rate the value in cash. Dash it all, one doesn't want a cocktail-shaker which one has given in a burst of enthusiasm to a couple of soul-mates to become a treasured heirloom in a family one knows nothing about. One doesn't want little unknown fingers——"

"Do you really think there's much danger of that?" I said.

"Possibly not," he agreed. "Anyway, one doesn't want one's cocktail-shaker restlessly knocking around all over London, from flat to flat. In another two years it may have got right away from Bertram or Amber altogether, so that it's very nearly a case of theft."

I yawned. "You might write a play about it," I suggested. "It wouldn't be much duller than a lot of modern plays."

EVOE.



DISASTROUS EFFECT OF MIDGET GOLF ON THE LAY-OUT OF OUR LINKS.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE NURSING HOME.

Mr. and Mrs. Bastinado were both very good at playing lawn-tennis especially when they played in doubles because they never got in each other's way, and the vicar of the place where they lived said it was quite beautiful to see them and he wished all young married couples would take a lesson from them instead of drinking cocktails. And they won so many prizes one year that they thought of putting in for Wimbledon, but Mrs. Bastinado got tennis-elbow and the doctor said that if she didn't have it seen to he wouldn't answer for the consequences.

So it was arranged that she should have an operation and she went into a nursing home kept by a lady whose sister had married a baronet, and the doctor knew of a surgeon called Dr. Trigger who would do it fairly cheap as he was young and wanted to get custom, and Dr. Trigger was very nice about it all and said that tennis-elbow was nothing really and he would rather have it himself than housemaid's knee. And he said he would just give Mrs. Bastinado a sniff of chloroform so that she wouldn't feel anything and when she came to she would be so comfortable that she would want to have the other elbow done.

Well Dr. Trigger found he couldn't do the operation himself after all as it was his day for playing golf but he asked his uncle to do it for him instead and go halves. And his uncle was really a nose-specialist but he loved doing operations when he got the chance and he didn't mind which part of the body it was except that he was tired of doing noses, he had had so much of them. And when he got to the nursing home the matron said I am very glad you have come because a case has just been brought in that wants her appendix taken out, I suppose you know how to do that don't you? And he said oh yes it is child's play, if all the appendices I have taken out of people were put together they would stretch from here to the Marble Arch, but he must have been thinking of tonsils or uvulas or something like that because he had never had a chance of an appendix before, or else he was just telling a lie. But the matron believed him and she said oh well then that is all right, my sister Lady Pondle has just rung up to ask me to go shopping with her, but I can safely leave it to you and when I come back it will be all over.

Well he was rather glad that the matron wouldn't be there because he wasn't quite sure whether he would do it right, but he said oh very well I will do the tennis-elbow first just to get my hand in and then I will do the appendix, I suppose you can lend me the proper tools because I have left mine at home.

So the matron lent him a set of tools which another surgeon had left behind him by mistake and he set to work, but the matron had forgotten to tell the nurses which case was which and they had muddled up the X-ray photographs when they were showing each other their sweethearts, so the end of it was that when Mrs. Bastinado came to after the chloroform she had lost a perfectly good appendix, and the other case had had her elbow seen to when it didn't want it.

Well of course it was all very awkward and Dr. Trigger's uncle quite saw that he would be blamed more than anybody, but he had married a rich patient with adenoids so he could afford to go away until it had blown over and not mind about losing custom, so he went straight off to Monte Carlo to do a little gambling, and he was so lucky at it that he could afford to retire altogether from doing noses and pick and choose other operations.



"DR. TRIGGER CAME IN JUST THEN."

But Mr. Bastinado was furiously angry when he visited the nursing home after he had come back from his business and found out what had happened, and so was the husband of the other case whose name was Mr. Tiara and who came at the same time. And the matron had just come in and all she could say was that she had stayed to lunch with Lady Pondle and gone to a matinée afterwards or it wouldn't have happened. And she was offended with both of them because she thought they weren't nearly good enough for her, but she had to give them soft answers so as to turn away their wrath and she said she was very sorry for the mistake but it was all the fault of Dr. Trigger for not doing the operation himself but putting it on to his uncle.

Well Dr. Trigger came in just then and he was quite pleased with himself because he had gone round in eighty-one, and when he heard about what had happened he said well of course it is a little awkward but I always believe in looking on the bright side of things myself, Mrs. Bastinado would have been sure to want her appendix taken out some time or other and of course I shan't charge anything for its being taken out now, and my uncle won't either, because we both like to be fair all round.

And Mr. Tiara said yes that's all very well but what about me? Mrs. Tiara wants her appendix taken out pretty quick and there she is with her elbow all messed up instead, I shall go to law about it.

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And Mr. Tiara said yes that's all very well but what about Mrs. Tiara's elbow? And Mr. Bastinado said yes and what about Mrs. Bastinado's elbow, they can't change them can they?

And Dr. Trigger said well now let us all try to be reasonable and not



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So it was all comfortably settled and Dr. Trigger was very clever with the two operations and afterwards the Bastinadoes and the Tiaras made friends and invited Dr. Trigger to go to a Promenade Concert with them but he couldn't because he had promised to play billiards with a friend. And the matron told her sister Lady Pondle that if she had any more trouble like that she should give up her nursing home and marry a doctor which she had the chance of doing. But she didn't really mean it because she thought he was too old for her, and she was making plenty of money out of her nursing home through charging a lot for food which the patients weren't well enough to eat. A. M.

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Modiste. "THAT IS A VERY NAICE LITTLE MODEL, MODDAM—BY NO MEANS COTRAY, AND AT THE SAME TIME QUITE DISTANGAY."

Customer (doing her best). "H'M; IT LOOKS TO ME RATHER ORDINARY. HAVEN'T YOU ANYTHING A BIT MORE DAYCLASSAY?"

GOOD-BYE TO GROCK.

WE weep, when taking leave of summer,
A real but not too bitter tear,
For, though our fingers now grow number,
We know she'll come again next year;
To bid farewell to home and friends and riches
Seems far less hard a knock
Than that unkindest blow of fortune which is
Upon us when we say good-bye to GROCK.

"Fed up with stage, hotels and travel,"
Alas! the Master does not choose
To plant again on alien gravel
Those flapping, flat, fantastic shoes;
No more shall highbrows throng with low and medium
To hail, from pit and stall,
That great oasis in their world of tedium,
The broadest, baldest, highest brow of all.

No more in tights that sag and wrinkle
About his lean ungainly shanks
He'll play for us with solemn twinkle
His Grockenspiel, his Merry Pranks,
Or stretch that V-shaped smile across the middle
Of his elastic face,
Or proudly lift a Lilliputian fiddle
Out of a Brobdingnagian week-end case.

For now, with wizard concertina,
Vast overcoat and cotton gloves,
He leaves the music-hall's arena
To seek the solitude he loves;
And, if on that remote Italian sea-board
He sometimes, after tea,
Toboggans down the cover of the keyboard
To fetch his hat, we shan't be there to see.

Good-bye for ever? There 's no telling;
But, when the GROCK-less years are past
And high above our earthly dwelling
We sit among the gods at last,
In Paradise, I think, or not far from it,
We'll see the Immortal Fool
Bringing once more the mountain to MAHOMET,
Dragging the grand-piano to the stool.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

A leading Daily publishes a photograph of Signor MUSSOLINI watching the autumn manœuvres of the Fascist Militia "at a place called Stanno Svolgendo," thus rivalling the journal which once described the Zulus taking Umbrage.

"I made an appointment to pacify him for the next day, and then got into a taxi-cab and went to Westminster Bridge and threw it into the Thames."—*Exeter Paper.*

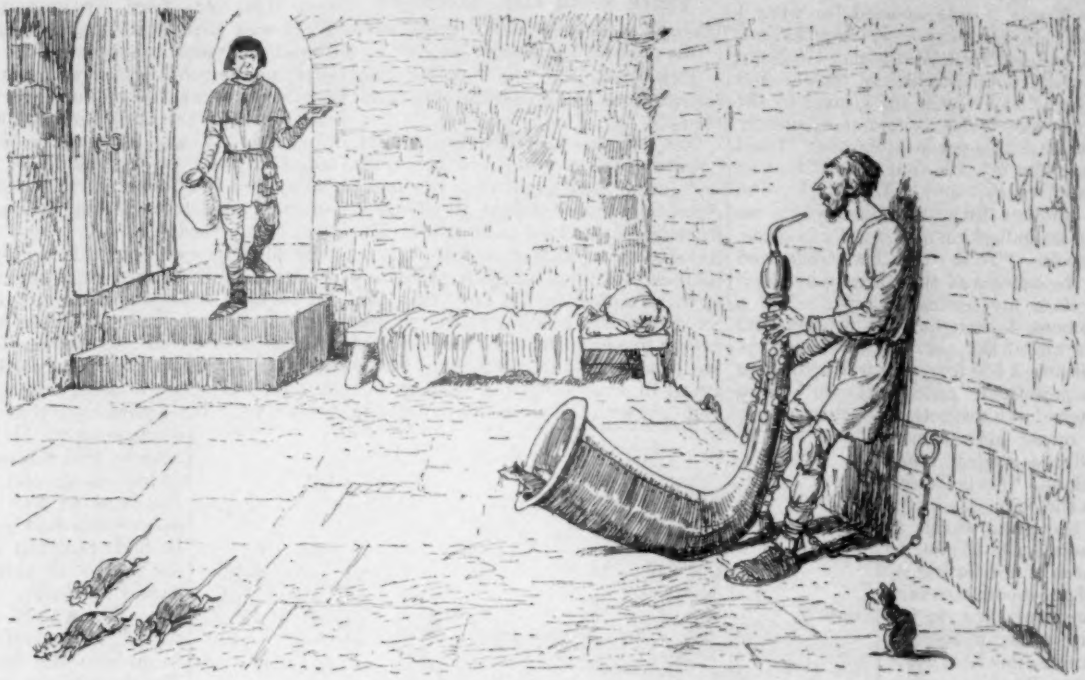
This gentleman had better be kept away from Waterloo Bridge until it is a little stronger.



THE NEW FLOUR-GIRL.

LORD BEAVERBROOK (*contemptuously*): "WHO IS QUOTA? WHAT IS SHE
THAT *BOTH* THESE SWAINS COMMEND HER?"

[Both Mr. MACDONALD and Mr. BALDWIN seem to be contemplating with favourable eyes the idea of a quota system by which every loaf shall contain a certain proportion of British and Empire flour.]



PIONEERS OF MUSIC.

The inventor of a deadly type of wind-instrument suffers the penalty of his crime.

WHO GAVE YOU UT MAJEUR?

There is so much to find fault with in this world that it is pleasant now and then to fling a bouquet or two about. Those who say that reticence and restraint and modesty have perished from the land, read on.

Last Wednesday a horse-race called the Cesarewitch was run. I took no more interest in this horse-race than in any other; they may race with goats or thoroughbred beetles for all I care. But I read, as I nearly always read, the column of the Racing Correspondent of *The Times*. This writer fascinates me. I have not met him; I do not know his name; I wish that he wrote about something more interesting than the antics of racehorses. But if he wrote about jelly-fish or the Theory of Rent I know that I should read him still, for the delicacy and dignity and economy of his prose. Terse, almost Tacitean, he has a flavour all his own, a sly humour and a burning passion for his subject. When he speaks of "the English thoroughbred" one can hear a sort of tremble in his voice (though this, of course, is instantly suppressed). Almost he persuades one to believe that the "English thoroughbred" is the vital factor in our trade and industry, the corner-stone of the Constitution. I suspect that he keeps a thoroughbred in the home.

A just, even a severe judge. "Parenthesis looked the part more than Pyramid, who was carrying a winter coat which had been clipped out. Further, she is long in the back and generally far from pleasing to the eye. . . . Le Voleur looked almost too well, but was in my opinion the most handsome of the field of seven." Morning after morning my breakfast is brightened by his pictures of these exciting animals which I shall never see. I visualise the repellent Pyramid with her clipped-out coat and turn with relief to the handsome Le Voleur, looking "almost too well" (though I am unable to imagine how the creature does that).

And then how human and generous the praise! "He won with ease, and indeed was never off the bit. It was said by some visitors that he was being over-raced. I honestly believe that, if he were left at home too long without a race, he would die of a broken heart." That is Oak Ridge. The darling! All that Friday I thought of Oak Ridge and kept at my work with a kind of gladness.

But I wander, and my hero never wanders. Last Wednesday for the Cesarewitch he gave Ut Majeur—but no, I must not say that, for he does not "give" horses in *The Times*; he "makes So-and-so his selection." He "selected Ut Majeur to win"—noble phrase!—*and Ut Majeur won easily.*

No shilly-shallying about it. "I take Ut Majeur because he is the class horse of the race, because, even with a penalty, he is not badly handicapped, and because of his running at the last meeting here."

I may be wronging somebody, but I cannot discover that any other of the leading prophets "selected Ut Majeur to win." I did not back the horse, or any other, but I thought of Ut Majeur constantly and was overjoyed to see the result of the race. And I looked forward eagerly to Thursday morning.

I half hoped to see on a placard outside my little newspaper-shop:—

> The Times
>
> Who Gave You
>
> UT MAJEUR?
>
> 100—8

I was disappointed. But I turned to

my Racing Notes. And, though I know my *Times*, I was amazed by what I read. No boasting or gloating; indeed, if I had not read Wednesday's column I should not have known that he had "given" the winner till I came to the forty-second line, where it is quietly admitted (in a parenthesis) that "I had made him my selection and felt that he would win this race." Then we have to go another fifty-four lines before we find an indication of the writer's pride. Line 96—"To say that I was delighted at the success of this three-year-old is to state my feelings lightly." For a moment I thought that my tranquil idol was at last going to let himself go. But no. A few forgiving words to those "experienced racing people" who laughed at his selection, congratulations to owner and trainer, and the modest story is done. It is better so. To the connoisseur this is the great thrill of reading *The Times*, to watch it not letting itself go; it comes so very near, and then on the very brink it remembers that it is *The Times*, draws itself up and is discreet and decorous. But what a temptation Ut Majeur must have been!

The temptation was resisted. And therefore I am sending along the Embankment this small but genuine bouquet.

A. P. H.

"The bathroom of the house is a bath-room in the sense that it has a bath."—*Scots Paper.*

In this sense we too are bathrooms.

"The Grenadier Guards, resplendent in scarlet tunics and wearing busbies, marched through the City to-day on the way to the Tower."—*Evening Paper.*

Followed by the Horse Guards carrying lances, we presume.

"A sudden gale hit our house and made our lamps smoke in their funnels. One went out and remarked on the warmth of the night. One went out a little later and remarked upon the coldness."—*Weekly Paper.*

A lamp which can't back its fellow up better than this ought to be scrapped.

"In his new book of memoirs Mr. Vere Ker-Seymour refers to the beautiful girl, like a cinque-cents Madonna, who used to work in a milkshop in Jermyn-street."

Evening Paper.

Perhaps a poor relation of *The Dollar Princess.*

UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?

(Being a plain unvarnished statement on the political problems of the hour.)

The latest from the Imperial Conference front will no doubt interest our readers.

Not long ago Mr. Bennett and Mr. Scullin both stepped into the arena and threw their gage upon the *tapis*. Accepting the challenge, Mr. Thomas immediately buckled on his spurs. Unfortunately he had no sooner done so than he took them off again. This may have been due to the fact that Mr. Snowden was howling in the wilderness of free imports, or to the fact that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, faced by the sword of Damocles, was blowing hot and cold with the same breath. At the same time Sir Oswald Mosley seized the bull of bulk purchases by the forelock and dragged it relentlessly across the trail.

This was the moment that Mr. Baldwin chose to hurl a bombshell into the Government camp. Mr. MacDonald replied by trumping his ace. This put Mr. Baldwin in a quandary. Surrounded on the one hand by counsellors who were giving him a Roland for an Oliver, and on the other by reactionaries who were attempting to put the cart before the horse, he lay low for a little while and then (suddenly) let the cat out of the bag. He summoned a quorum and suggested the *quota* in exchange for the *quid pro quo*.

Which way would it jump? Mr. Ramsay MacDonald seemed uncertain. It might leap into the frying-pan or it might spring into the fire. The only thing to do was to let somebody else pull out the chestnuts for him as soon as the tocsin sounded. In the meantime there was Lord Beaverbrook. What was Lord Beaverbrook doing down in the reeds by the river? He was studying the quota system with one eye turned on the vast Dominions overseas and the other on Lord Rothermere. Obviously at any moment a mine might explode in the middle of the caucus and the Conservative Party be stranded amidst the floating jetsam of their own petard.

Practically speaking, this occurred. It was clear that Lord Beaverbrook did not like the quota system, as savouring too much of letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would" and jeopardising the ship for the sake of a ha'porth of tar. He had plenty of other rabbits up his sleeve. He determined that the quota must go. He had already told the referendum to go and Mr. Baldwin to go. The referendum had gone. It had vanished into the limbo of threadbare shibboleths. But Mr. Baldwin had stayed. He had refused to go into the limbo. The door of the limbo had been opened, but he had banged, bolted and barred it and stopped outside.

The only course that lay in front of Lord Beaverbrook, therefore, if he was to build a stable and enduring edifice on the trumpet-call of taxing foreign food, was to open the limbo again and put Mr. Baldwin and the quota upon the scrapheap. Could this be done? Only by standing four-square to all the winds that blew and crossing the Rubicon without tying his hands. He gave a loud shout and charged into the mêlée, sending the wickets of the Central Conservative Office flying in all directions and causing the blessed word "Mesopotamia" to wither upon their lips. At the same time he advised Lord Rothermere to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war. This was done in a series of signed articles all over *The Daily Mail*, clinched by a number of stentorian hammer-blows in *The Daily Express*.

The limbo was reopened. The wind was no longer to be tempered to cool the porridge of the Laodiceans. The taxation of foreign food became the corner-stone on which all Conservative Candidates were to whet their swords or be broken like a butterfly on the wheel.



Novice (during interminable round). "Who the deuce is this woman and what does she want here?"

Caddie. "It's me mother. I dessay she's bin gettin' anxious abaht me."



Husband. "PRETTY LONG BILL FOR YOUR DRESSES, ISN'T IT?"
Wife. "WELL, JOHN, THEY'RE PRETTY LONG DRESSES."

This advanced the *status quo* to a condition of almost unparalleled intensity and foreshadowed the writing on the wall. The Premiers of the Overseas Dominions, who imagined that they had come to make a square business deal, were amazed (and said so) by the quagmire of palpable sophistries in which the avatar of preferential tariffs appeared to have foundered. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was making the quota a *ne plus ultra*, and Mr. BALDWIN was using it as a *sine qua non*. At the same time there was a rising tide of enthusiasm in the country which threatened to swamp the Augean stables of procrastination and blow away the nebulous compromises of political chicanery like thistledown.

Both leaders were placed in dilemmata. They had eaten their words, but were there any vitamins in them? Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was haunted by the spectre of Cobdenism and Mr. BALDWIN had the gyves of his electoral pledges upon his feet. In joint harness they had committed themselves to a policy of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds in pursuit of a phantasmagorical Will-o'-the-wisp, whilst the people of England had already bearded the menace of dumped imports in its lair.

Small wonder that Lord BEAVERBROOK denounced them both. He stigmatised their vacillation as the last straw, and showed it to Lord ROTHERMERE, who at once perceived that Mr. BALDWIN was not only clutching at it in the endeavour to scotch the snake of insurrection, but employing it (dishonourably) as a broom to dam the tide. Leaders announcing these facts were published simultaneously throughout the entire Syndicated Press.

There, at the time of writing, the matter hangs. But before this is published a definite issue may have arisen out of the welter of warring creeds and political legerdemain. The electors of this country are justified in asking on which leg the boot is, and, if so, why? There is a united chorus of opinion which has set its back to the wall and taken the ploughshare in both hands, asking for nothing but an honest leader who will put the whole question into the nutshell of a single phrase.

In the meantime there are enemies about us. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is watching eagerly for a revoke. The two-handed engine of foreign competition is attempting to make capital out of our imbroglios. Times change and we in them. The Dominion Premiers have come out into the open with a clear call for replacing the old *modus operandi* with a new *argumentum ad hoc*. It is not a moment for splitting hairs on the edge of a precipice or making mountains out of the molehills of our past. What of the ships, O Carthage, what of the ships? EVOE.

The Dangers of Public Life.

"Room to let, near Pond, suitable committee meetings."—*Advt. in Watford Paper.*

A Glimpse of the Very Natural.

"A significant indication of this growing popularity of the Little Season is the presence of many Americans. The Wett End is crowded with them."—*Bristol Paper.*

"The following road information has been compiled by the Automobile Association:—Wrexham - Chester.—One - way traffic for fifty years."—*Liverpool Paper.*

It seems a long time to wait to get back.



VESTED INTERESTS.

Irish Huntsman. "HI! HILLO! WHERE ARE YOU GOIN'? IS UT CATCHIN' THE FOX YOURSELF YOU'D BE?"
Driver. "DIVIL A WAN HAS BETTER RAYSON. ISN'T IT HIMSELF 'S FULL OF THE BEAUTIFUL POULTHRY HE'S TAKEN OFF ME?"

EASTWARD BOUND.

III.—PORT SAID.

An hour or two our course is stayed,
Here where two continents divide,
At this low haunt I call Port Said
And you Port Sa-id or Port Side;
But howsoe'er the Said is said,
I'll take my oath on scarf and scarab
That you, no less than I, are bled
By Jew and Gyppo, Greek and Arab.

Hark how those bandit boatmen soil
The limpid air with septic taunt
And angry imprecations spoil
What might have been a pleasant jaunt,
Where sunlit tramp and liner ride
At anchor on a green that 's pure "eau-de-Nil," and salt and coal provide
The requisite chiaroscuro.

The same old guides, the same old tricks
That fleeced me many a time of yore;
Here's "Gully-gully" with his chicks
And "Jock MacPherson" with his store
Of German beads and shoddy sets
Of bangles (Brummagem enamel),
And sweets that share with cigarettes
A common origin in camel.

Beggars of bakshish, seedy seers
And whisperers of things obscene,
Like flies they buzz about our ears,
Vultures that pick us all but clean;
And, when we leave these Eastern gates,
So glad to shake the grit and sand out,
The statue of DE LESSEPS waits,
And even he has got his hand out!

J. M. S.

Omar Khayyam's Tipple.

"A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN—
FINE DESERT WINE."
Wine Catalogue.

Solo or Saloon.

"Although it would be possible for arrangements to be made for Mr. Scullin to have meals alone in his suite, it is likely that he will descend to the saloon and mix with the other u:Ni(yuEolmoI.wffiRlpbw(ga passengers."—*Australian Paper.*

The usual practice of SCULLIN
Is a lonely endeavour, we know,
But at least he will never feel dull in
The company gathered below.

"A shirt of the tragic Charles I. will be among Scottish treasures and hairlooms put on public view."—*Bristol Paper.*

We were never told that he was ascetic enough to wear that kind of shirt.

GOLD IN WALES.

IF gold is found in the Welsh mountains to the extent that is hoped in some quarters, the discovery will lend a fresh interest to those excrescences and will bring an unwonted brightness to the people of the Principality.

It must be admitted that as an asset to whatever Liberal policy is before the nation at the moment the Welsh mountains are declining in value. The sun has not been rising on them very often of late; and its setting, as seen from these points of vantage, has lost some of its old quality. But given the discovery of gold in adequate quantities the Party funds certainly ought to benefit.

And how the hearts of the people will be gladdened! The nation's songs will no longer be set in a minor key, but will resound cheerfully to the strains of golden Welsh harps; and the more picturesque of the two national emblems will dance in its fields dressed in a richer tint.

And what happy reunions there will be among the mountain-torrents and overhanging peaks! For from east and north and south the exiles of Wales will

return to the land of their fathers, and even of their grandfathers.

It is to be feared that the Scots will be jealous. There will be a bit of pioneer spade-work in the Grampians. Let us hope that gold will be found there also, luring Scotsmen back to the land they love. And then there's England too, England that is so liable to be left out when there are good things going in Britain. One day perhaps even the Englishman will find a bit of gold in England to keep him in the land he loves.

MY DREAM-HUSBAND.

HE caught me weeding in the garden (not my dream-husband, but the man who made him known to me).

"Here, Madam," he said with a radiant smile, "is a full-sized cake of our incomparable toilet-soap, a free sample, absolutely no charge."

He carried a trayful of packets, and had a bland insinuating manner. He pressed something in a bilious-looking yellow wrapper into my earthy hand as he added, "No lady that thinks anything of her complexion should be without it."

Now I still set a certain value on what years and gardening have left me in that way. My hand closed on the offering. The soap-man beamed.

"And here," he went on, "is our unequalled toilet-powder, also free, a large box. Ladies who use our soap, Madam, are hardly in need of powder, but for gentlemen . . . after shaving . . . Your husband would appreciate it."

"He spoke with such full assurance that I could hardly resist the conviction that I had a previously unknown husband at that very moment in the house behind me. He might be shaving for all I knew.

"I don't . . . he doesn't," I stammered.

"Wears a beard, does he, Madam?"

"Certainly not," I snapped. I could not contemplate such a thing.

"Clean-shaven, of course. To be sure, Madam," he soothed me. "You just persuade him to try it. A lady's word will go far in such matters and our firm relies on the ladies. *They* know what's good. You'll have him using our soap too, Madam, before long. He'll never know the full luxury of a bath till he tries it."

"He never——" I began, and checked myself. There are things one does not wish to say even about an imaginary husband.

"He'll like it as much as you do, Madam," the soap-man assured me.

To confess myself a spinster now seemed almost compromising.

"I'll tell you what it is, Madam, you'll be having words about it if any other soap comes into your house."

"Dear me, I hope not." It was painful to see my matrimonial happiness destroyed before it had come into being.

"And now, Madam," said the soap-man, "here is our most valuable commodity. For self *and* husband. *The* indispensable remedy—our antiseptic ointment." And with a flourish he took out a small tin.

"I don't really think——" I began.

"Let me tell you that this is a thing you simply can't afford to be without, Madam. Tired feet now. How many an evening does your husband come in with tired feet?"

"Never," I said firmly. "He doesn't have them."

"Ah, Madam, he mayn't mention them, but depend upon it there's many a day when he suffers from them. They'll ache and throb often and often, I don't doubt."

My heart melted at the thought of such a strong silent man. He was a good fellow, my husband.

"Or when he cuts himself shaving."

Well, no doubt he might. Had I not repudiated a beard on his behalf.

"One touch of this splendid antiseptic stops all bleeding like a charm. An awkward thing it is, Madam, a cut, when he goes up by the early train."

I could not deny that.

"Or if there was any little local irritation, Madam?"

"No, no," I said sharply.

"Or any little strain now? If he plays golf?" I shook my head. "Or tennis?" I hesitated, and the soap-man took silence for assent. "A strain



"HUMPHREY'S DOING SO WELL AT SCHOOL. HE'S JUST BEEN PROMOTED FROM THREE-QUARTER BACK TO FULL-BACK."

that might mean weeks of disablement will vanish after the second application. If once he tries it he 'll never be without it again."

That might be true. Why should I leave so admirable a husband without the remedies he needed if they were to be had gratis? But the soap-man went on.

"For the ointment, Madam, we are reluctantly compelled to make a charge. On completion of the purchase the other items are free."

It seemed hard on my husband to be deprived of these things, but still . . . I shook my head and returned them all to the soap-man.

He looked cut to the heart.

"It's a lost opportunity, Madam. You will regret it later. Perhaps if I could have a word with your good gentleman. . . .?" he suggested.

As he spoke my next-door neighbour looked over the fence. He asked me a question and with fatal distinctness he gave me the virgin prefix. The soap-man heard and seemed embarrassed as he caught my eyes. After all, it was his own doing. But as he turned to go his look and manner hinted at an irritation beyond the soothing powers of his invaluable ointment.

Sadly I watched his retreating figure. He took with him not only his own goods but my dream-husband, with his shaven chin, his tired feet, his tennis elbows and his freedom from local irritation. Widowed and soapless, I drifted back to my weeding.

Mr. Punch's Bedside Bookshelf.

"THE LAIRD OF LOGAN
(*rather shaky*),
Illustrative of the wit and humour
of Scotland."
Bookseller's List.

A Peep into Futurity.

"To Mr. and Mrs. ——, Boundary Street, West Wyalong, twins, son and daughter (Don Bradman and Amy Johnson)."
Sydney Paper.

DON (*at the age of six*): "Come on over to the paddock, AMY, and send us down a few."

AMY: "How many times have I asked you to call me 'Johnny'?"

"As a further safeguard additional ice-breakers are being chartered from Scandinavian owners for use in the Black Sea end of the Baltic."—*Evening Paper.*

Is the Caledonian Canal end to be neglected?

AT THE PLAY.

"MARRIAGE À LA MODE" (LYRIC).

THIS is a really delightful business—the best thing done by Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR since *The Beggar's Opera*, with the possible but not certain exception of *The Way of the World*.



"IT'S A WISE FATHER THAT KNOWS HIS OWN CHILD."

Polydamas . . . . . MR. HERBERT WARING.
Palmyra (*his daughter*) . MISS ANGELA BADDELEY.

The records show that the last public performance of DRYDEN'S *Marriage à la Mode* was in 1703. This is patently absurd neglect, though there are better reasons than its length and its naughty wit for not giving the whole of it. There are indeed solid patches of demoded dulness. The wit of a past age survives much better on the whole than its humour. The conventions of its tragedy are apt to wear worst of all. We laugh where we are invited to weep. The serious sham-romantic part of the story of *Polydamas*, usurper of Sicily (Mr. HERBERT WARING), and of the two peasants—who, after a series of tedious lies invented by their guardian, *Hermogenes* (Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL), turn out to be the tyrant's long-lost daughter and the son of the lawful King—is frankly a bore. But Mr. CLIFFORD BAX has cut the play most adroitly and irreverently. We have left just enough of the needlessly complicated story to make it intelligible, enough of the pretty little passages of love between the *Prince* (Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW) and the *Princess* (Miss ANGELA BADDELEY) and enough of the poet's most gracious verses to make us interested in the poor young things, and we are permitted, indeed invited, to concentrate on the disedifying, diverting adventures of the admirable mixed foursome, *Palamede*, the travelled courtier and light-hearted witty rake; *Melantha*, that "affected lady," grotesquely Francophile, a voluble romp; the assiduously unfaithful Captain of the King's Guard, *Rhodophil*, and the lively roguish tantalising flirt, *Doralice*.



A SONG WITH A SWING TO IT.
Doralice . . MISS ADÈLE DIXON.

A tactfully disingenuous disclaimer of Sir NIGEL'S in a footnote would suggest that he and Mr. BAX together, solicitous for our salvation, had made a Victorian drawing-room piece of it. Not at all. The most engaging, rakish, candid wit springs brightly from the lips of the quartet, and the quiet laughter of the unregenerate bubbles through the theatre. When indeed that most charming and candid of love lyrics, "Alexis and Celia," was being sung during the masque, the producer ingeniously muted it with a tactful dance!

Mr. GEORGE HAYES (*Palamede*) murmurs his audacious gallantries with infinite zest, playing most convincingly with his eyes, timing his best sallies with great skill and tuning his voice aptly to all the changing phases of his shameless courtship. He has style, and style admirably fitted to this mood of the piece, which is a rare pleasure to recognise. *Melantha* is a

part excellently suited to Miss ATHENE SEYLER's gift of merry clowning within the frame of comedy. There are no depths to it, of course, but we get all the pace and sparkle of the shallows, and, owing to this actress's blessed gift of clear articulation, we have swift speech and movement without inaudibility. And with what infectious appreciation of its point she delivered the witty worldly epilogue!

I realise that I have not seen Miss ADÈLE DIXON to full advantage till now. Her *Doralice* was a most effective, indeed a brilliant, that is, a genuinely sparkling, performance. She uses her beauty adroitly, catches the flavour of the audacious wit, has a prejudice for virtue, you feel, but plays with fire with a cool head for the sport, and is a merry little rogue withal. Perhaps in more human homely parts sentimentality has been her danger. Here the hard polish of the part saves her. Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND (*Rhodophil*), a stolid foil to his brilliant friend, *Palamede*, cleverly preserves the balance of the well-arranged quartet. The play and interplay of these four is as clever a piece of team-work as I have seen on the stage for a very long while.

Miss ANGELA BADDELEY and Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW, as the young romantics *Palmyra* and *Leonidas* had a more difficult task. They weren't so easy to believe in. Miss BADDELEY seemed, except for some charming moments, to be a little hard. (I am not sure she wasn't "produced" hard). Mr. BYAM SHAW suffered, thrived, suffered and thrived again with dignity. And they made a pretty pair of innocent Babes in the Court, and they spoke their lines nobly.

One thing in this production was especially pleasing. I am always a little apprehensive lest Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR be just about to indulge his weakness for irrelevant modish antics—a defect of his excellent qualities. Here there was nothing of the kind. And indeed I was positively startled when (a country dance being threatened and I preparing to put up with one of those merry amateurish routs kindly meant to introduce "go" into the affair) there appeared a team of four dancers, Miss MARIE NIELSON, Miss ANNA BRUNTON, Mr. HEADLEY BRIGGS and Mr. WALTER GORE, all young, all English, all admirably trained, experts not amateurs, in a word, who danced quite admirably the preamble to a really charmingly and intelligently designed prothalamium. And when to these were added a slip of a girl with apparently all the equipment of a *prima ballerina* and a youth apparently just out of his teens who also knew how to move with ease and grace and intention, to complete this very pretty commentary on the betrothal of *Prince* and *Princess*, I could scarce believe my eyes. The danseuse was Miss ALICIA MARKOVA (English also, as later inquiry established), the dancer and choreographer, Mr. FREDERICK ASHTON. Young Madam, young Sir, I offer you my most sincere congratulations on a very fine—not merely a promising—piece of work.



"YOU MIGHT BRING ME A COUPLE OF TYRE-LEVERS, PLEASE."
"PUNCTURE, SIR?"
"NO; I CAN'T GET MYSELF OUT OF THE CAR."

As for the actual design of this miniature ballet it was a little gem, simple as befits youth trying its wings, but not suggesting inexperience, unspoilt by pretentiousness or by that unintelligibility of pattern and lack of correspondence between gesture and thought from which the ballet seeking new modes of expression sometimes suffers. It was a delightful little fantasia upon the theme of young love. And Mr. ALFRED REYNOLDS, Musician-in-ordinary to the Court of Sir NIGEL, has made some skilful, tuneful music for this and other interludes in this adapted comedy. If the Lyric ever showed signs of staleness and ultra-modishness it has made full amends. T.

"COLOUR BLIND" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

Mr. FREDERICK JACKSON, part-author of *Her First Affaire*, which is not, I understand from my colleague, "H," a play for Puritans, has provided *hors d'œuvre* in shape of a potted musical comedy in somewhat the same mood.

Prospero (Mr. FREDERICK RANALOW), singer of foreign birth and assiduous squire of dames, has secretly married. The secrecy is maintained—so *Prospero* says; but we and *Pamela*, *Mrs. Prospero* (Miss MARJORY GORDON), have our doubts—lest the managers should think less well of him. But surely the marriages of artists are not such irreparably permanent affairs! However, that by the way.

Marion (Miss ERICA LESLIE), a dancer and an old flame of *Prospero's*, borrows his Chelsea studio for an hour and commands her betrothed, a *Doctor Nichols* (Mr. DAVID LESLIE), to detain by any and every means necessary an actress with red-red hair whom she has invited to the studio. *Marion* is her understudy and is ambitious to play her part. Hence the villainous plot.

Dr. Nichols, being colour blind, mistakes *Pamela* for the actress. What embarrassing demands he makes upon that distraught lady at the point of a sham pistol can easily be imagined. Let it suffice to say that Miss MARJORY GORDON contrives to undergo her ordeal very modestly and to look entirely charming in those intimate airy creations which so distract us—in the ladies' magazines. *Prospero*, returning, fears the worst. But all is explained, and this rather pleasantly amateurish little affair is brightened by Mr. RANALOW's mellow voice and smooth acting, Miss GORDON's pretty soprano, manners and figure, and the very attractive dancing of the LESLIES *frère et sœur*.

Mr. DUDLEY GLASS has invented capable tuneful music, played by an unnamed pianist with a sense of rhythm, assisted by the comely young ladies of a small orchestra, who had previously beguiled with their charming airs those of us whose good manners betrayed them into arriving at the advertised time. T.

Happy Tidings from the Midlands.

"SOUTHAM GOING AHEAD.
PROSPECTS OF A MORTUARY AT LAST."
Rugby Paper.

THE BULLETINS OF DR. MAX.

CRUSADERS, since you're feeling,
Pricked by unfriendly pins,
The need of something healing
To salve your wounded skins,
Lest you should "loiter palely,"
Instead of marching gaily,
I mean to issue daily
Belligerent bulletins.

It is no time for mincing
Words, but for slaking thirst
For vengeance without wincing,
Now that we know the worst;
For BALDWIN is malicious,
His methods are flagitious,
And he will surely dish us
Unless we smash him first.

Up, then, my young Crusaders,
And with undaunted mien
Repel the recreant raiders
Who desecrate the Green,
The home of pretty Polly*
When Paddington was jolly
And not through LIDIARD'S folly
Enslaved by the Machine.

But out of all this medley,
Dark, menacing and vague,
One form emerges, deadly
And stark as Ailsa Craig;
So dance the Spanish Jota,
Play, if you will, pelota,
But oh! avoid the Quota
As you would shun the plague.

Forth then, O suffering millions,
And gird you for the fight,
In taxis or on pillions,
All young and brave and bright;
In masses onward thronging,
Consumed by ardent longing
For righting wrong, or wronging
What others call the right.

Our foemen's ranks are thinning;
Gloom has enveloped Churt;
Given the will for winning,
Our triumph is a cert;
For all the best froth-blowers
Are with us, all wheat-growers,
All hare-and-hound race-goers,
And trackers of the dirt. C. L. G.

* "She's as beautiful as a butterfly
And as proud as a Queen,
Is my pretty little Polly Perkins
Of Paddington Green."—*Old Song.*

QUALIFICATIONS.

I.

Examiner. So you want to open a restaurant? Tell me if you have any original plans.

Applicant. None.

E. That is just as well. You will not serve half-portions?

A. Never.

E. Or allow two small eaters to share one portion?

A. Certainly not.

E. And if a customer says that a dish is bad you will argue with him?

A. I shall look him over first.

E. But if he does not seem to be important?

A. Then I might, although probably the wisest policy is to agree and serve it to someone else. Very few people have the pluck to complain.

E. You will be careful that the wine-waiter does not bring the wine-list until he has been sent for several times?

A. Very.

E. Although when you take your own meals you like something to drink very soon?

A. I should not let that interfere with my restaurant policy.

E. You ought to succeed. I wish you luck.

II.

E. You want an engagement as a chambermaid in a hotel? Tell me how you propose to deal with boots and shoes that have been cleaned and left outside the bedroom doors—will you carry them in in the morning?

A. Never.

E. You are certain to be engaged.

III.

E. You tell me you are a designer of tea-pots suitable for use in hotels and restaurant cars and you want an assurance that you know your job. Very well; describe your special merits.

A. I am careful to arrange the spout so that the tea always spills on the cloth.

E. Yes, that is essential.

A. But I go further than that: I make the handles of non-insulated or non-protected metal, so that it is impossible to hold them without burning the fingers.

E. Excellent. You shall have a testimonial.

IV.

E. You want to become the manager of a theatre. Have you had any experience?

A. Only in the City.

E. Good. You will charge sixpence for the programme, of course?

A. Of course. It is true that in American theatres there is no charge, but——

E. But you would not care to consider your audience to that extent?

A. Certainly not.

E. Quite right. And how will you deal with the question of music?

A. If I can't instal mechanism, which I should prefer, I shall hire the cheapest performers possible, a pianist and two fiddlers, say.

E. You seem to have very sound ideas. Anything further?

A. Yes, I have gone into the question very thoroughly and have decided, although advertising that the curtain rises at 8.15 or 8.30, not to let the orchestra begin till five minutes after that and not to let the play begin till another ten minutes have passed.

E. You don't mind about the punctual people being depressed?

A. Not a bit.

E. Nor that the theatre has a dangerous rival in the cinema, where there are no waits?

A. No. I don't think of things like that. I am a traditionalist.

E. Then go ahead.

V.

E. You want to drive a taxi?

A. Yes.

E. Have you a thorough knowledge of London?

A. Very little.

E. Does your overcoat button so tightly that it is difficult to get at your pockets for change?

A. Yes, always.

E. Particularly when it rains?

A. Particularly.

E. When your cab is empty you would never close the windows in bad weather?

A. Never.

E. Nor get off your box to open the door or ring a bell or help in any way?

A. Most certainly not.

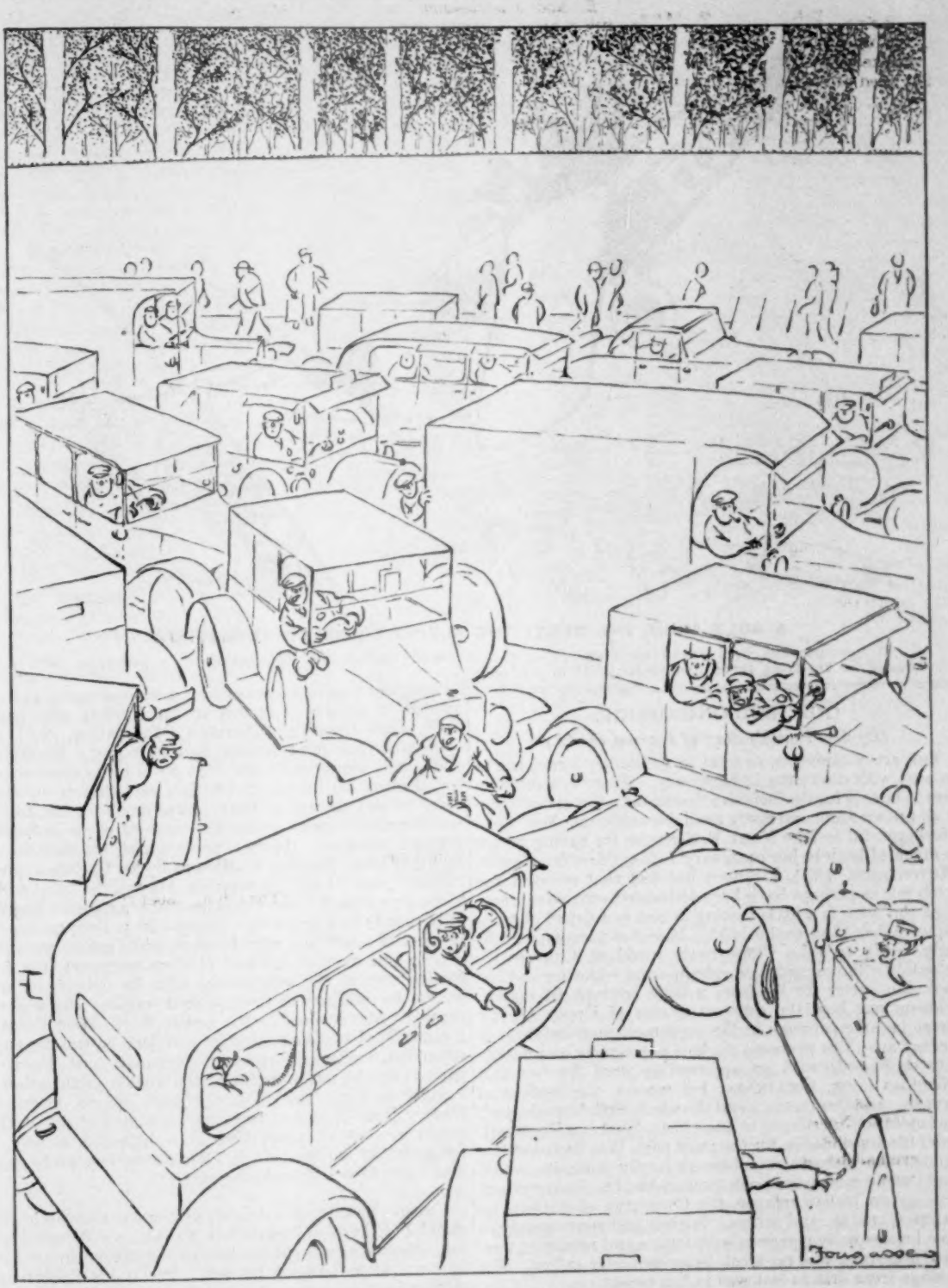
E. When about to stop or swerve to the right you wouldn't signal with your hand?

A. I should scorn the action.

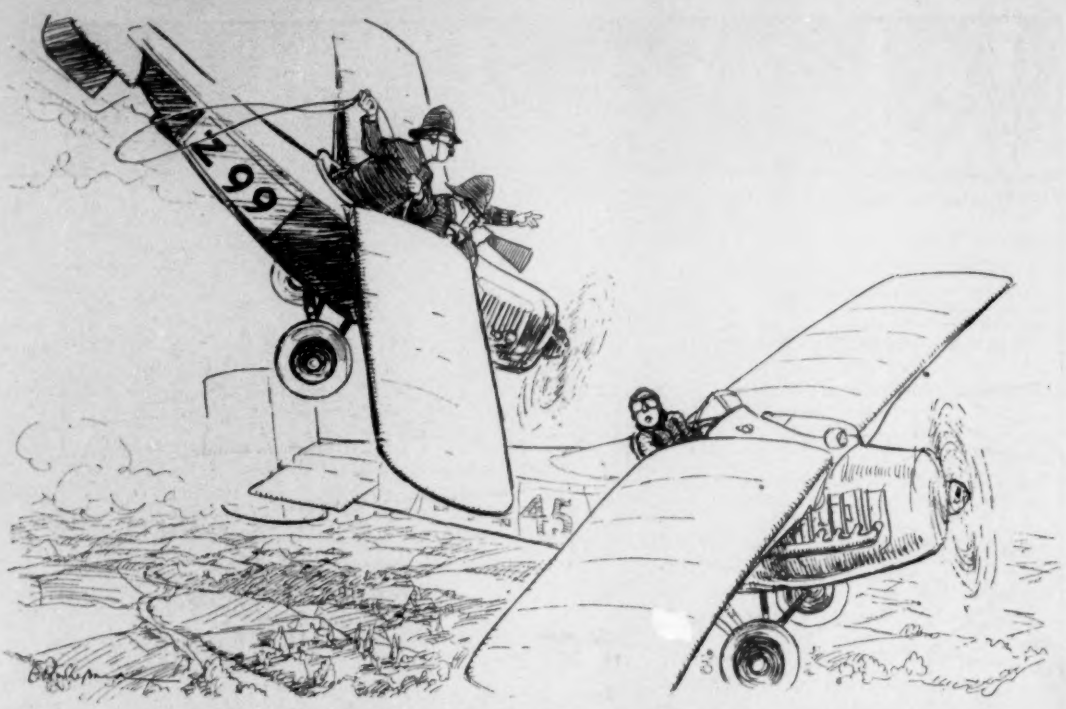
E. Nothing can prevent you from getting your licence. E. V. L.

HOMESPUN.

I MET a man in Harris tweed
As I went down the Strand;
I turned and followed like a dog
The breath of hill and sea and bog
That clung about that coat of brown.
And suddenly, in London Town,
I heard again the Gaelic speech,
The scrunch of keel on shingly beach;
The traffic's never-ending roar
Came plangent from a shining shore;
I saw the little lochs where lie
The lilies, white as ivory;
And tumbling down the rocky hills
Came scores of little foaming rills.
I saw the crofter bait his line,
The children herding yellow kine,
The barefoot woman with her creel,
The washing-pot, the spinning-wheel,
The mounds thrown up by patient toil
To coax the corn from barren soil.
With buoyant step I went along
Whistling a Hebridean song
That Ian Og of Taransay
Sang to me one enchanted day.
I was a man renewed indeed
Because I smelt that Harris tweed
As I went down the Strand.



Voice down speaking-tube. "THOMPSON, YOU WANT A HAIR-CUT."



A BOLT FROM THE BLUE: THE FLYING SQUAD OF TO-MORROW.

[A summons has been served on a pilot who, after a forced landing, was approached by a policeman with a demand for his flying licence, which he failed to produce.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE art of omission, so vital to all literary forms, has to be used with discretion in biography. There is something here to be said for the inclusive document—the compilation of all known facts and every available criticism. Yet, while I feel grateful to Miss MARY F. SANDARS for having netted so much of both in her centenary *Life of Christina Rossetti* (HUTCHINSON, 18/-), I cannot but feel that some of the catch might perhaps have been jettisoned with advantage. That the book is a little lacking in zest is a defect of technique rather than enthusiasm. Miss SANDARS is refreshingly ready to take CHRISTINA'S world at CHRISTINA'S valuation. She cannot even refrain—and I like her and her book the better for it—from a little triumphant malice, pointing out how the duteous ascetic of Upper Albany Street became supreme in the supremest manifestation of literary art. The poetess's circle is sagaciously and charitably estimated; with an appropriate word for her first ridiculous lover, COLLINSON; her second, the ineffectual CAYLEY; and CHRISTINA'S and the whole circle's good angel, that most self-sacrificing of anarchists, WILLIAM ROSSETTI. From his descendants, for the most part, Miss SANDARS has gleaned the hitherto unpublished family portraits, which would alone render her book memorable: the CHRISTINA of nine, by an Italian refugee, the CHRISTINA of sixteen, by DANTE GABRIEL, and others. Friends and contemporaries have been equally generous with letters and reminiscences. But CHRISTINA was no great letter-writer or talker. Her message from first to last was in her verse.

Lady TROUBRIDGE and Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL have erected a written memorial to an English gentleman. *John, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu* (MACMILLAN, 21/-), the subject of their joint memoir, had so happy a faculty for giving and winning affection that he is being remembered by all of us his friends, and with a zest that is undiminished in the passage of time, not so much for his tale of positive achievement as for the sense of cheer associated with his presence. He was known during his lifetime not by his titles or dignities so often as by his Christian name, "John"; and "John" he remains. He was the "watch-dog of the New Forest," who would not suffer a nation's heritage of beauty to be marred by a penny-wise policy; he was the prophet of a new age, who foresaw, while others were still waving red flags in front of modern transport, the full-coming day of the automobile, with its opening of new worlds for millions of town-penned workers; he was the organiser who ensured for the Indian North-West Frontier a network of roads effective for defence; he was by turns journalist, mechanic, statesman, sportsman, host; but more than all this he was himself and the visible justification of a social system. This volume, though judged on strictly literary lines it suffers from an insistence of detail that would be out of proportion in a balanced history, is delightful in quality. It is both rather less and a good deal more than a formal biography.

GEORGE BARRINGTON scarcely deserves to have his history called *The Prince of Pickpockets* (FABER AND FABER, 12/6), for, although he was extraordinarily industrious in thieving, he very often bungled his job. But if his fingers were clumsy his tongue was wonderfully glib, and the speeches he made in his defence were vastly entertaining to the fashionable London world towards the end of the eighteenth

century. It was this fashionable world from which BARRINGTON took toll, and Mr. RICHARD S. LAMBERT's account of his depredations is—as the publishers call it—a "racy narrative." And apart from being a vivid and amusing account of a thorough rascal's career it has its valuable side in the description of the "Hulks," in which BARRINGTON, before being transported to Botany Bay, perforce spent considerable time. Eventually arriving at Botany Bay, BARRINGTON, having "left his country for his country's good," repented of his sins and, with a crowning touch of humour, succeeded in becoming High Constable at Paramatta. An unusual volume, which is packed from start to finish with human interest.

If you 'd enjoy a life of crime
With thrills which hitherto have missed you,
And yet feel righteous all the time,
Four Faultless Felons should assist you.

For therein G. K. CHESTERTON
Shows with a fourfold variation
Precisely how the thing is done,
For anybody's imitation.

It 's true the folk who fill his tome
Are of the Chestertonian fibre,
Which means that what they'd do in Rome
Would not be of the brand of Tiber.

Housed in an earthly paradox,
Where all that 's plausible 's a winner,
They flout a thousand natural shocks
With arguments, and so to dinner.

It also means the ups and downs
That they encounter in the story
(Which CASSELL sells for three half-crowns)
Are in no common category.

But, probable or not, the stuff
Of Mr. CHESTERTON's narration
Is more than excellent enough
To win your full appreciation.



Loyal Wife. "WITH ALL 'IS FAULTS I'D SOONER 'AVE ME 'USBAND SAME AS WOT 'E IS THAN WOT 'E WOULD BE IF 'E DIDN'T."

I fancy one reason for the decay of romance is that your modern writer feigns to take the game too seriously. With a mock modesty that imposes on no one, he pretends to abrogate his responsibility as story-teller. He tries, I think, to impose the wrong sort of credulity. And he permits romance—which should do its spiriting gently—the licence and crudity of realism. All these defects—for defects I think they are—gradually appear to the detriment of *The Name of Action* (HEINEMANN, 7/6): a story which might have combined the grace of *Prince Otto* with the energy of *Rupert of Hentzau* had its worst passages been levelled up to its best. In an atmosphere redolent of mystery the rich young English idealist, *Oliver Chant*, arrives at Trier to aid oppressed Liberalism against a Dictator. The Palatinate, you understand, has succumbed to a Mussolini, but a Mussolini with heroic differences. From the outset *Demassener* gains on *Chant*. The Liberal intelligentsia of Trier proportionately loses. A striking theme enough—the gradual seduction of a Gladstonian born out of due time by the finest type of Toryism. But *Chant's* conversion and Mr. GRAHAM GREENE's narrative are complicated by a woman—the ambitious *demi-mondaine Anne-Marie*, who figures as *Demassener's* wife. From first to last *Anne-Marie* acts as an unpleasant solvent of good situations. She is certainly out of key. She strikes me as out of drawing. Perhaps she is a sop to the groundlings? But for a book so rich in glamour and adventure, how unnecessary a concession!

I have great sympathy with an author who grows sincerely attached to his own characters, and when Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY offers his excuses to public and reviewers for inflicting upon them yet another volume of *Forsyte* tales I feel inclined to pat him warmly on the back and explain how glad we all are to meet our old friends once more. But then I have always been a *Forsyte* fan; I feel sometimes that I know that eminently English family almost as well as their creator, and I read *On Forsyte 'Change* (HEINE-

MANN, 7/6) with avidity and was sincerely sorry when I reached the end. The book, it is true, is nothing but a collection of anecdotes, ranging from 1821 to 1918, from a few years after Waterloo to the conclusion of the Great War; but the stories do, as the author claims, fill in and round off the family chronicles. Those who have never read the Saga—if any such exist—may possibly find themselves slightly puzzled if they take up this volume and turn idly to the story, say, of "Timothy's NARROW SQUEAK" or "The Hondekoeter." It is urbanely taken for granted that we are all friends of the family; but I, at any rate, am the last to quarrel with this assumption, and, if we have not been introduced before, we shall be wise to begin at once with *The Man of Property* and work steadily through the whole series. Thus I foresee that this latest publication will lead to many inquiries for the earlier books. In themselves, perhaps, these "footnotes" are not wildly exciting—even *Aunt Hester's* little tour in 1845 never came to anything but a few leaves from a diary—but we old Forsytians feel that we know her better for that additional glimpse and are accordingly grateful.

In *Thirty Years of British Art* (STUDIO, 7/6) Sir JOSEPH DUVEEN's ostensible purpose is to record and comment on the changes and achievements of these last three fruitful decades of British Art, and this he does with knowledge and discretion rather than with courage and insight. In actual fact Sir JOSEPH is primarily concerned with the carrying on of his admirable propaganda on behalf of British artists. In his tactful way he upbraids the wealthy patron for betting, when he bets at all, on the dead certainties of Old Masters rather than on living chances (shrewdly indicating the possibilities of very substantial profit in those chances and conveniently forgetting that he, the author, may have had something to do with the patrons' choice of horses). He tells with due modesty of the substantial success of the British Artists' Exhibitions, which owe their existence to his zeal and generosity, and deplores (but in a calm despair, not with any hope of mending the matter) the all-but complete indifference of the Government, of Society and of Educational Authority in England to her art and artists. And as the best commentary on this crassness he gives us about a hundred-and-thirty well-printed illustrations on a large enough scale to make effective memoranda of the originals—from the veterans STEER and SICKERT to the brilliant youngsters, REX WHISTLER and RAVILIOUS—a record of achievement fine enough to make the much-heralded reputation of any two Continental countries.

What Mr. DAVID DAVIES calls *The Problem of the Twentieth Century* (BENN, 21/-) is in reality the same age-old problem of international security that troubled the Amphictyonic League and that has given food for thought to all the great political thinkers down the ages. If this riddle of the Sphinx looms larger in the eyes of a generation which seems to find a "problem" in the mere act of living than it did in those of their forefathers, I suppose that this must be ascribed to the World War having frightened them into a keen realisation of what would result from a reopening of the doors of the Temple of Janus within their own lifetime. The fact that these fateful doors are only ajar instead of being tight-shut gives an especially topical interest and importance to Mr. DAVID DAVIES' elaborate study of the problem of how "to secure justice in the sphere of international relationships." His solution lies in the establishment of an international force of police that alone should be empowered to carry the latest lethal weapons. Naturally this force would have to rely for its ultimate support upon a sane and peaceful public opinion. Nevertheless I fancy that many among Mr. DAVID DAVIES' readers will share in my doubt as to the awe-inspiring effect of the uplifted hand of an international Bobby upon certain of the more warlike and less cultured races in Europe.



Taxi-driver (having received exact legal fare, plus twopence). "OH, YOU—YOU LITTLE SPENDTHRIFT!"

Any book that gives interesting information and at the same time increases our sympathy with humanity is to be welcomed, and in *Taxi* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG not only traces the history of taxicabs from their earliest days but also, with sound sense and quiet humour, tells the tale of those who drive them. Never again shall I ride in a taxi without thinking of the driver who, when "blisteringly" abused by a man whose lorry's bonnet was festively adorned with holly, shook his head reproachfully and said, "What's the use of 'aving 'olly in yer bonnet if you ain't got 'olly in yer 'eart?" "What a line," says Mr. ARMSTRONG, "for the chorus of a music-hall song!" Very clearly the taxi-drivers' point of view is stated, and, although Mr. ARMSTRONG does not always agree with it, he gives good reasons for refusing to credit many of the charges brought against them. And as for taxicabs themselves it is well that we should be reminded that on the night of the 7th September, 1914, they played a great and romantic part in the War by helping to preserve Paris from enemy occupation. This is a thoroughly attractive book which all who use taxis should read for their pleasure and their profit.

Mr. Punch gives a cordial welcome to *1066 And All That* (METHUEN, 5/-), by W. C. SELLAR and R. J. YEATMAN, a selection from which has recently appeared in his pages.

Our Blue-black-Blooded Literati.

"His family wanted him to be a school-master or a civil servant, but ink had got into his blood, and a writer he would be."
Hastings Paper.

"TO LET.—One minute Marble Arch. . . ."—*Weekly Paper.*
In view of the uncertainty of the British climate we should prefer the shelter of a less minute Albert Hall.

CHARIVARIA.

"GIVE me London," demands a lady-writer. Her request comes inconveniently at a time when we are using the place ourselves.

* * *

It is suggested that loaded dice found in Egypt may have been used by CLEOPATRA herself. We deplore this attempt to blacken the character of one who is no longer here to defend herself.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the spread of a craving for culture among young people of both sexes. We can only counsel patience and toleration.

* * *

Evidence in a lawsuit referring to rifles supplied to China would seem to support the suspicion that firearms have been used in the civil war.

* * *

Writing on the subject of University discipline a former headmaster points out that the speediest "bulldog" is no match for the slowest car. The introduction of "greyhounds" is long overdue.

* * *

In connection with Vice-Admiral TAYLOR'S candidature in South Paddington, it is rumoured that the idea is to form a body of marines, so that the Crusaders can have somebody to tell it to.

* * *

Some of the Conservative Candidates in South Paddington are no doubt comforted by the reflection that the constituency is conveniently situated for going West.

* * *

A man was recently arrested for stealing a hundred stamps. Suspicion was aroused because he was only in the post-office for a few minutes.

* * *

On reading that indoor cricket is practised during the winter by electric light that is just like sunlight, we feel impelled to suggest that our cricketers would be better prepared for summer conditions if they practised by the sort of light that is appealed against.

* * *

Wherever Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE went in Vienna, he says, he found people who spoke his language better than many persons in England speak it. He throws no light, however, upon the mystery of how so many Austrians acquired the Ulster accent.

* * *

A runaway horse in South London jumped over a "baby" motor-car. This supports the belief that horses' eyes magnify.

* * *

According to Mr. C. B. COCHRAN the audience is as closely watched from the stage as the players are by the audience. This would seem to account for the occasional suffering of inexperienced playgoers from "stalls-fright."

* * *

Brazilian revolutionaries have occupied a power-station, cut off the supply and plunged the neighbouring town into darkness. Indignation is expressed that revolutions should be allowed to inconvenience the general public.

* * *

In Herr MAX REINHARDT'S production of *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, it seems that liberties were taken with the parts of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, but we are not told how *Bottom* was translated.

* * *

An agricultural writer deplores the destructiveness of moles and the scarcity of skilled trappers. The organisation of an annual "Mole Week" is a suggested remedy.

* * *

A gossip-writer mentions an author who has taken a public-house. His professional colleagues are invited to drop in and have a couple of infinitives split.

A boxing-kangaroo is appearing in a London revue. So far it has not told any dramatic critic "Why I shall win."

* * *

A lady relates that her most thrilling moment was when Lord TENNYSON stopped and asked her what book she was reading and she was able to show him that it was a volume of his own poems. The moment might have been even more thrilling if it had been a volume of someone else's poems.

* * *

American film-actresses are always talking of marriage, says a critic. Film-actresses shouldn't talk shop like that.

* * *

A *Times* reader's experience of being attacked by an owl when he was trying to photograph its young confirms the belief held by many naturalists that owls resent publicity.

* * *

The saving habit is stated to be spreading in the public schools, and it is anticipated that Smith minor will make a practice of writing home for the wherewithal to exercise the virtue of thrift.

* * *

Seals are so numerous at the mouth of the river Tay that drastic action may have to be taken to reduce them. It is hoped however that this warning will suffice.

* * *

A correspondent has written to *The Daily News* to say that he has dug up from his allotment a potato eleven inches long and weighing two-and-a-quarter pounds. We think he did the right thing.

* * *

We understand that the matter of a preferential tax on airmen and air-women flying from this country to Australia will be discussed at the Imperial Conference.

* * *

A popular restaurant is said to have cleared out its miniature golf-courses and put ping-pong tables in their places. Are we about to hear the cygnet song of midget golf?

* * *

"Prehistoric men were extremely sociable," says Professor BEATON. They often used to stop for a chat with a neighbour when putting the mastodon out for the night.



Peevish Passenger. "IF YOU WANT TO READ A PAPER WHY DON'T YOU BUY ONE FOR YOURSELF?"
Total Stranger. "QUITE WRONG, OLD CHAP; I WAS JUST CUTTING OUT THE FOOTBALL COUPON."

DISQUALIFIED.

I FULLY expect to win a prize at our Horticulture Show. We are not a betting parish, so when I tell you that four persons have laid three to one in quarts on me you will realise that there is every possibility of a cut-glass decanter joining the fourteen toast-racks which already occupy my sideboard.

Please do not jump to the conclusion that my fourteen toast-racks were won in horticulture. They were won in matrimony—all in one afternoon, I hasten to add. I have never won a prize for horticulture; that is why I am so anxious to secure this prize. It is not because I covet a cut-glass decanter. Without any serious sacrifice I could buy a cut-glass decanter; but no money would buy the prestige which accompanies a First in our Horticulture Show.

This, you must understand, is a gardening suburb. Where other suburbs converse on magnetos and divots ours argues on hardy perennials and herbaceous borders. Our most respected resident is William Allen Richardson and our most discussed female is Dorothy Perkins. Even celebrities like HOBBS, TILDEN, WILLIE SMITH or Mrs. WILLS-MOODY would only be admitted to the inner councils of this parish when they had proved their mettle by growing a giant gooseberry.

I am still outside the pale. Nobody asks my opinion on sweet-peas. Nobody brings round to my door a sample of fruit with a "What's wrong with them?" Nobody even borrows my lawn-mower. Could ostracism go further? And all because they don't approve of my garden.

All the other gardens are hives of industry, where perspiring, grunting men are playing at trench-warfare, with gas-attacks on green-fly and smoke-screens from burning garbage-heaps. Their gardens are not so much gardens as boarding-houses in which plants are not allowed to feel at home. No sooner is the herbaceous boarder feeling comfortable than he is uprooted and thrust into another (and damp) bed in order to make room for a more prosperous guest. That is not my idea of a garden.

Let others plant out geraniums and begonias. I prefer to plant out a deck-chair and a siphon. No garden looks so cool and refreshing as mine when I have planted out a deck-chair and a siphon. Besides one cannot hustle a garden. It needs study. It is our first year at "The Cedars" and we ought to play ourselves in. How do we know which are weeds and which are the efforts of Nature to live up to the pictures on the seed-packets unless we let them grow?

When I came to this suburb I had no intention of growing a vegetable-marrow. In fact I had a prejudice against marrows. To me they were just slushy tasteless vegetables and I could not understand why men grew them. But marrow-growing came to me quite naturally. I had an uncle once who grew a giant vegetable-marrow. He was photographed with the marrow in the foreground, and it was so big that Uncle Jeremiah was crowded into the distant landscape and was clean out of focus. So I expect marrow-growing is in my blood.

I never thought I should grow to like a vegetable-marrow. I suppose it is different when you have one of your own. It's such a restful vegetable. I can sit and watch it for hours. Perhaps it watches me. Who knows? Anyway a quiet bond of affection seems to have grown up between us. We spend almost every afternoon together in the peace and tranquillity we both love. The only sounds to be heard (apart from the distant warfare in other gardens) are the sigh of a siphon and the growing-pains of a marrow.

I shall hate to lose it, but it will have to be torn from its leafy bed and stretched on a trestle-table in No. 2 Tent, Section G, exposed to the vulgar gaze and prodded by the finger-tips of the envious so that I can win a prize. It seems a bit selfish; but I must have that prize.

There will be a murmur of respectful applause when I step forward to claim my cut-glass decanter. There may be cries of "Speech! Speech!" but I should hardly think so. Gardeners are regarded traditionally as strong silent men, though I have always found them ready to converse at ninepence an hour.

But whether I am called upon for a speech or not I shall be regarded as a person of consequence. I might even be elected to the committee next year and entitled to a pink rosette and free refreshments. I shall be called in to advise and to succour. I shall be led to their sick marrow-beds. In time I shall acquire a marrow bedside manner.

"Can you save her?" they will falter hoarsely, hanging on my lips for the reply.

And I shall prod the marrow in the small of the back, purse up my lips and look inscrutable. I shall be the recognised expert on marrows.

* * * * *

But none of this will happen. The bottom has dropped out of my world. I was not awarded the prize. My marrow was disqualified because I employed a professional gardener. Fancy calling Old Jarge a professional gardener! It will put ideas into his head and he'll be asking a shilling an hour for his conversation next. Besides it's so unfair. Why, apart from planting it and watering it, Old Jarge has done nothing to that marrow, and I've watched over it for hours and hours! W. E. R.

PROGRESS AGAIN.

[In ecstatic welcome of the new State College of Police which, according to the newspapers, the Home Office proposes to found in order to study the detection of crime.]

AVAUNT, ye groves of Academe,
Unprofitable alma maters!
Bring near to us the brighter gleam.
The College of Investigators!
There shall our boys, for evermore
Matriculating, seek their solace
Under the great Vice-Chancellor,
The very learnéd EDGAR WALLACE.

Humaner home of happier truth
That needs no praise nor no apology,
Where all day long the sucking sleuth
May batten hard on criminology:
No squandered hours, no wasted time
In sports absurd, in arts absurder,
For those who graduate in Crime
Or gain their Doctorates of Murder!

Here on the thrice-enchanted ground,
Conversant with GABORIAU'S hints,
Shall pious benefactors found
A Faculty of Finger-Prints:
The School of Strange Disguise in Bars
Shall have its Regius Professors
And give degrees for spotting cars
Whose plates were altered by transgressors.

On bended knees about the room
I see the reverent sizars scramble,
Searching for tracks of someone whom
The lecturer named in his preamble;
Sniffing with eager nose the air
For fumes of chypre and gaseous vapour,
Picking up match-stalks here and there,
And tiny bits of crumpled paper.

The kidnapped girl, the necklace gone,
The corpse cut up in several slices
Shout for a nobler breed of don
Than ever dwelt by Cam or Isis;
The leaden years have passed away
When abstract thought was counted proper;
By lovelier streams, on lordlier clay,
Build me the Temple of the Copper!

EVOE.

"... The Dalton scheme of education. ... They have a 'work sheet' for every week, and they can attack their subjects in any order they please—just as in a sock shop they can begin with two raspberry tarts and a cream ice, or vice versa."
Evening Paper.

Or in a tuck-shop with bed-hose and suspenders.



VIRTUE UNADORNED.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "NOW THAT MY WEALTH IS EXHAUSTED WILL SHE LOVE ME MORE OR LESS?"

ECHO FROM HOLLOW CHEST. "MORE OR LESS."



"WHO'S THAT TALKING TO LADY JENKINS?"
"AN AMERICAN. THEY SAY HE'S A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE."
"BUT THEY ALL ARE, AREN'T THEY?"
"OH, BUT I BELIEVE THIS ONE IS REALLY QUITE WELL-OFF."

THE CAR THAT WAS.

FOR the last week every person I have met has said at one time or another, "And have you been to the Motor Show yet?" I have invariably answered "No!" At the resultant look of mingled pity and incredulity I have added: "And I am not going either." After which, of course, they have looked over and through me and I have passed out of their lives. Poor simp! He doesn't understand.

But it was true. I did not go. Olympia was full of the latest types of motor, the most modern engines and chassis and body-works and what-not, and I didn't give a cuss. *My* heart was in the past. For motoring nowadays is not what it was. Too uneventful in the actual driving, too lacking in incident on the journey. You can start out to go a hundred-mile trip in the morning in the zest-destroying certainty of turning up in time for lunch, with the dull record of your journey writ only on the speedometer, instead of all over the car. You can calculate the cost of running for the next six months with depressing accuracy. You can't have a nice rattling friendly vehicle without being run in and told to abate it. You can't leave the old juggernaut anywhere for a moment except in specified places, and then only for a moment. You can't—oh, well, maybe I'm biased; for once *I* had a car. . . .

It was my first car, and it was a wonderful bit of work. It had the engine somewhere at the back, I never was quite certain where, and the handle stuck out at the side (always the *other* side), and the whole affair boiled quicker than an egg-cup of water in the heart of a blast-furnace. It needed water therefore about five times as often as it needed petrol, and I used to go out with wicked-looking kegs strapped all along the running-boards, which gave me the air of a bootlegger crossing the border.

Despite this I became a well-known menace to all the Service Stations (Water Free) within a fifty-mile (or four-gallons) radius round London. One of them, I was afterwards told, once filled up my radiator with petrol in a determined attempt to get rid of me, but if this is true I never noticed it. Maybe it just wasn't good petrol.

There was an electric-lighting set on that car, but from the moment that the man who was selling me the thing said, "Lights all right, you see," and switched them off, they never lit again. But it didn't matter much. There was generally a bright red glow from the exhaust-pipe at the rear, sufficient to illumine my registration-plate, and an intermittent flashing from something misguided and electrical in the front, so I think I could have travelled by night if I had wanted to. And there was a pillar of steam by day.

It was heavy on tyres, if I remember rightly. At least it used four in the first week after purchase—an average of one every nine-and-a-half miles. Subsequently I noted an improvement.

On the other hand it was light on oil. It hardly *consumed* any oil. I speak advisedly. But as an oil-filter it was perfect. It could filter oil from the engine to the road surface (or to a bucket underneath when stationary) at the rate of a quart every fifty minutes. All impurities, waste matter and grit were guaranteed to be retained, and only the pure oil passed through.

The braking system was unique. In the first place—either by the passage of years or else some peculiar mechanical device—when I pressed the foot-brake, it and the accelerator and clutch all went down together. This made my slowing-up in an emergency a very

impressive performance and generally cleared everything off the road so quickly that the brake need never have been used. Perhaps that was the idea.

The hand-brake was situated somewhere on the outside. Standing in the road I could always locate it quite plainly, but when once I was inside I was never quite sure of its exact position. In bad weather I had to unbutton and let down the hood to get at it. It was only an emergency brake, but by the time I was ready to use it the emergency had always passed on.

I often wonder what eventually happened to that car of mine. Late one memorable evening, returning to Town from Brighton, I was half-way up the steep Reigate Hill when the top of the radiator suddenly blew off as a protest. There was of course a loud roar, clouds of steam and a sudden stoppage, but at first I didn't know anything out of the ordinary had happened. Then I realised that the steam was much thicker than usual and smelt quite different, so I got out. By this move I also detected a burst in one back tyre and an abnormally large flow of oil from a new place underneath. Night also was falling and the lights, as I have said, had never worked and didn't work then.

I confess I became discouraged at this slight mishap, but you must know I had then been three-and-a-half days on the road from Brighton, and had an important engagement in Town on Thursday.

So I lost my temper. I walked round the thing, cursing it; I kicked it on the other back tyre (which promptly burst in sympathy), and then I took a strong line. Washing my hands of the whole darn thing, I walked back down the hill to the station.

You will probably not believe me (though it's perfectly true) but I have never seen that car since.

About two months afterwards I had to refund five shillings to the Automobile Association, a reward paid on my behalf to a man who had found my "A.A." badge. It had been in my day on the top of the radiator, but the finder reported he had discovered it in a field three hundred yards from any road.

When at weddings or in my cups or otherwise sentimental I often wonder what really happened to My First Car. Those were the days, begad, when a gentleman felt he *had* a car when he went out, and when he *could* leave a car anywhere he liked. Ah, well! *Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit Automobilia.* But doubtless you know your HOMER. A. A.



"OH, MUM, I WISH YOU'D NEGLECT ME SOMETIMES!"

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT.

I'LL tell a story if I can
About a silhouette,
And how I bought it from a man
At Bath in Somerset.

Originally there were two,
A husband and his wife,
And I was puzzled what to do
About their married life.

For, though the lady I adored
And though my heart is wide,
I felt I could not love her lord
However much I tried.

For he had whiskers on his cheek,
A tall hat in his hand,
And looked at once depraved and meek,
Implacable and bland.

While she, the daintiest little bride
Who ever wore a cap,
Seemed obviously terrified
At living with the chap.

So I succumbed to my design
To break their married state,
And money passed which made her mine
And left him to his fate.

And now she hangs upon my wall,
Smiling in silhouette,
While he hangs, if he hangs at all,
At Bath in Somerset.

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

VII.

Friday.—The Municipal Councillors' Society's Dinner was a success, I think. We must have sat down about three hundred (at the Camero). We dined at 6.0 for 6.30, and so had a good evening of it. As the Guest of Honour, I sat next to the Chairman, a Mr. Honeybubble, who seemed very kind and knows a great many stories. I did not perhaps appreciate them all as much as I might have done as I could not help thinking about my speech. That is the worst of speech-making; one does not want to speak to anyone till one has spoken. However, Mr. Honeybubble did not seem to notice anything. I think he thought I was deaf, for he talked louder and louder. Apart from thinking about my speech I always feel a little out of it with a story-teller, as I know so few stories. Last night I tried hard to "cap" Mr. Honeybubble, but I could think of nothing except Masters' story about "That's me!" which seemed hardly suitable.

However, I was not going to let him have things all his own way, so at last I told him my favourite saying about an after-dinner speech, that it ought to be the length of a lady's dress, long enough to cover the subject but short enough to be interesting. I had intended to begin my speech with that, though it is rather daring, and it will be a warning to me not to let out my secrets again, for Mr. Honeybubble only said, "Yes, that's a dear old chestnut." Considering that to the best of my belief I made it up myself this was rather annoying, but he was not to know that. What did put me out was that he began *his* first speech with *the identical remark*. It was greeted with roars of laughter, as it always is, but that was not much satisfaction to me, as I now had to rack my brains for another beginning. The beginning is half the battle, and I always try to get it by heart. I said to Honeybubble good-humouredly, "You have bagged my beginning," but he was so pleased with his applause that he did not seem to hear me.

I was sixth on the programme, and besides the speeches there were "entertainers," which I never like, as it drags things out and one is kept on tenterhooks the *whole* evening. Besides, when songs and comedians are *sandwiched* between the speeches, one really feels like a sort of *pierrot*, and if the entertainers are very funny it is rather hard to have to follow them. Not that they *were* funny, in my opinion. Indeed I thought some of them vulgar, but I was quite sorry for them, because most of the guests talked and laughed during the songs, and so did the Chairman. As I was in the place of honour all the entertainers looked straight at me while they were singing, and I thought it only polite to pretend to take an interest, but this was difficult with Honeybubble shouting anecdotes into my ear, especially as all the time I was trying to think of my new beginning. Altogether I got quite a headache, and the red wine was rather heavy. Honeybubble, by the way, has a very large moustache and when he became confidential it *literally* tickled my ear.



Customer. "I'M GOING TO A FANCY-DRESS BALL AS THE PRODIGAL SON. ABOUT HOW MANY YARDS OF SACK-CLOTH SHALL I REQUIRE TO GO WITH A SMALLISH BUCKET OF ASHES?"

Shop-assistant. "OH—ABOUT FOURISH."

The speaker before me, who replied for the Society, gave me what I thought was rather a good opening for a retort, something about the *seaside* Councillors having all the fun (that was what *he* said). Unfortunately, as sometimes happens, I could not get my quip *quite* clear in my mind. There was quite a good interval, but Honeybubble had begun a long story about his boyhood and would *not* leave me alone. My head was in a whirl. The only thing, I have found, in such a position is to take a pencil and puzzle out the joke on paper. I had to interrupt the Chairman at last and say, "Will you excuse me? I am trying to think of a joke for my speech." He said airily, "Don't you worry, Mr. Dough. Just get up and say the first thing that comes into your head. It doesn't matter what you say; the boys don't expect much."

Well, that is all very well for a man to say who has got his speech over. I have often heard people who have not got to make a speech themselves talk as if it was the easiest thing in the world to get up and make jokes on the spur of the moment. But they would be the first to complain if one stood up and made a mess of things through not taking trouble. Personally I think out my speeches four days ahead and say them over in the bathroom. I am sure that Honeybubble was only trying to be kind, but these very kind people can be very trying sometimes. He went on talking about his boyhood, and really it was as much as I could do to keep my temper, especially as his moustache in my left ear quite got on my nerves. At last he called upon one of the entertainers, a very large woman with what, I believe, is called a *contralto* voice. "Now," I thought, "I shall get a little quiet," and I sharpened my pencil, as that sometimes gives one an inspiration. Not a bit of it. The woman sang a song called "Caller Herrin'" (a fish which I have never liked), and she *literally* stared at me all through the song. I had to pay attention, it would have seemed too discourteous to begin *writing* under the circumstances. At last I had to abandon the idea of my retort (whatever it was), and I decided to make do with my married-man joke which I have not used many times lately.

My one desire now was to get my speech over and done with; but, instead of calling upon me to reply for the Guests after the contralto, Mr. Honeybubble, without consulting me, called upon *another* entertainer. I was furious, especially as this time it was a *very* vulgar comedian, who dressed up as a woman and kept everybody in fits of laughter—that is, everybody else; personally I could not endure the man or see anything funny in him. However, he was certainly popular, and Honeybubble actually gave him an *encore*. So there I had to sit for another ten minutes, fuming and nervous. Not *quite* the way,



Bachelor Friend (being shown the youngest daughter). "Amazing child!"
Proud Father. "Rather, my boy! Bet you she breaks a record of some sort."

I thought, to treat the Guest of Honour. Honeybubble did not seem to realise my feelings in the least; in fact, after the *encore*, he said, "There now, I have worked up a capital atmosphere for you." It was lucky that he could not read my thoughts.

It was nearly eleven when I was called upon. They gave me a very cordial reception, but after the comedian I was afraid that some of my slices of municipal history might seem a little dry. However, for the first fifteen minutes I felt that I was holding my audience very well. One or two men shouted "Speak up!" which always upsets me. I have a very good carrying voice, but if people *will* order drinks and strike matches and cough during a speech *nobody* can make himself heard in such a large room.

Then, just as I was telling my little story about the Public Health Acts Amendment Act the Chairman pushed a menu-card in front of me, on which he had written "That's about enough." For a moment I was rather put out of my stride, as the subject is a complicated one and I had several good things still to come. Fortunately the rest of the audience did not seem to agree with him, for about five minutes later they began to applaud me loudly, and what I thought were by no means my best remarks were greeted with long cheers. I thought that a lot of it came from the table where Masters was, which surprised me. Thus encouraged, I went on and gave them the whole of the speech, just as I had prepared it. It took about twenty-five minutes; but I think they were glad of some serious stuff after all the singing. Masters afterwards said that they had been having a "sweepstake" on the length of the speeches or some such nonsense, and that I had won a prize for him with the Longest Speech. Mr. Honeybubble was the next with twenty-one minutes. I said it was not everybody who could hold an audience as long as that so late in the evening. Masters then said that as a matter of fact he had started all the applause to make me go on longer; but I was not going to swallow that. "Now then, jealous!" I said. Quite a pleasant evening. A. P. H.

"Strong Lad: Smithy: able strike."
Evening Paper.

They can all do that.

THE "CREEPIE-STOOL."

The creepie-stool is broad and low
For sitting in the firelight's glow,
Where somebody whose legs are wee
Can rest against her mother's knee
And hear the voice above her head
Sing little songs of sleep and bed.

And always in the cosy fire
Are wondrous sights that never tire,
Castles and giants, queens and kings,
And lovely unexpected things
That nobody has noticed there
Who sat upon a grown-up chair.

The Lyons Female.

The Savoy Theatre is giving *The Lyons Mail*, and now we are to have *Nippy* at the Prince Edward.

"The Committee of the table tennis section has decided to run a ladder competition. Last week the men's team was narrowly defeated in a friendly match versus the Y.M.C.A. by 13 goals to 12."
Middlesex Paper.

Jack. "Betty, these ping-pong stockings are no use to me; they've got no ladders."

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(*The Eclipse of the Golfers.*)

An Opera in Three Acts. Libretto and music by P. APRICOT.

BERTRAM (Falsetto), *A Rabbit*. ARTHUR (Tenor), *Another*. BERTHA (Soprano), *A Linkmaiden*. THE CADDY-MASTER (Baritone). THE BORE (Bass).

Chorus of Mastergolfers, Linkmaidens, Caddies.
Fourteen Apricot Label Records, 8/6 each.
The Set in Album, £5 19*s.* 6*d.*

ACT I.

A. 1940. Overture. Parts I. and II.

A. 1941 — Chor der Golfclubträger (Chorus of Caddies). Meistergolfclubträgerslied, "Sieh' hier zwei Opfer!" ("Lo, Here Two Victims!") (Caddy-Master's Song.)

A. 1942 — Kaninchen treten auf (Entry of Rabbits). BERTRAM and ARTHUR: "Wie grün die Links!" ("How green the links!")

A. 1943 — Schönwegmusik (Fairway Music). Lied der Linkjungfrauen (Linkmaidens' Song).

A. 1944 — (*a*) ARTHUR: "Was meinen diese Altenweiber? Sie winken uns nicht heran" ("What mean these hags? They do not wave us on"). (*b*) ARTHUR and BERTRAM: "Achtung! Achtung!" ("Fore! Fore!") BERTHA: "Schwestern, warten während ich den Puff schwinge" ("Wait, sisters, while I wield the puff").

ACT II.

A. 1945 — Prelude. Musik in den Dornenhecken (Undergrowth Music).

A. 1946 — (*a*) BERTRAM: "Lebewohl, O Silberkönig!" ("Farewell, O Silver King!") (*b*) BERTRAM: "Weh! Mir verloren!" ("Woe, I have lost him!")

A. 1946 (*cont.*) — (*a*) ARTHUR: "Er kehrt nicht zurück" ("He will return no more"). (*b*) BERTRAM: "O dreimal verfluchter Wald!" ("O thrice accursed wood!")

A. 1947 — ARTHUR: "Mein Ziel! Was sagst du, Bertram?" ("My hole! What say you, Bertram?") BERTRAM: "Sieh' hier, reisse ich meine Karte in zwei" ("See here, I rend my card in twain").

A. 1948 — Hazardmusik (Bunker Music). ARTHUR: Zählerslied (Counting Song), "Sieben, acht, neun, zehn" ("Seven, eight, nine, ten").

A. 1949 — BERTRAM and ARTHUR: "Kraftlos heimwärts schwankend" ("Weakly homewards staggering"). Closing Scene.

ACT III.

A. 1950 — (*a*) Eintritt der Gölfer in die Bar (Entry of golfers into the bar). (*b*) Chor der Meistergolfer (Chorus of Scratch Men). BERTRAM. "Zwei Grosse, Herr Ober!" ("Two long ones, waiter!").

A. 1951 and A. 1952 — Lied des langweiligen Erzählers (Bore's Song)—"Gestern Abend als ich nach dem ersten Ziel" ("Yestere'en while driving at the first")

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THE AMATEUR.

["Mr. Baldwin has cultivated the character of an amateur in politics to a point which is maddening to ardent politicians."—*Daily Paper.*]

ONLY an amateur! Say they so?
That you lack the force of the practised Pro.?
Not yours, I agree, when you're billed to speak,
The voluble tongue in the artful cheek,
Nor the knack of appeasing the rabble swarm
With a promise of feats that you can't perform.

Only an amateur! Well, that's that.
But you make your strokes with a good straight bat;
And you think of the state of the match before
You give a thought to your average score.
To this you've stuck, and you still stick fast—
That the side comes first and your own game last.

A. K.

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Auctioneer. "Lot 54 now showing. A handsome Ming vase. What shall I say?"
Connoisseur. "Made by the man who put the 'ming' in Birmingham."

BIGGER AND BETTER ROMANCE.

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Quite so. But the reader ought to be considered by the novelist in the compilation of a book. He has his rights, like the rest of us. And it is doubtful whether at the present time readers are much interested in the leaves of trees. Most of them have done botany at school and been bored by it. A great deal more can be done with the life-history of a pedigree bull or prize ram, if there are any on the farm; and here the agricultural papers containing accounts of fat stock sales, cattle-shows, auctions, and so on will come to our aid.

But let us leave the depressing subject of rustic novels and turn rather to the novel of sex life amid the lure and glitter of a gigantic town.

Can the sex life be padded from three hundred pages up to twelve hundred or so by sneaking letter-press from elsewhere? I think, with a little trouble, it can.

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A Gunman? Not at all. It's only our Mr. Smith (silks and chiffons) supervising to-morrow's window-display.

other day a friend of mine whose novel was refused by Blurb and Bilgewater on account of its ridiculous brevity saved his work by the simple expedient of including a complete time-table of the trains on the Great Western Railway, including local and branch services, on the ground that in a moment of stress the hero muttered it aloud to himself before deciding where to flee from the cloying and tempestuous love of a female octoroon.

The method employed here was rather crude. The business can be managed a great deal more neatly than that. It has always been the custom to put bits of furniture into a novel, but the old irresponsible type of novelists was usually content with taking a few armchairs, tables, curtains, etc, from each room, describing them carefully and allowing the reader to imagine the rest. This was called "selection," or "the stressing of significant detail." But it was very far from being a satisfactory device. There must be many rooms in famous novels of the past which no furniture emporium could now reconstitute exactly as they were from the inventory which the author gave. Such errors will be avoided in future. We are reaching a time when romance tends more and more to demand as precise a visualisation of interiors as is achieved by photography on the silver screen. If there are seven hundred bedrooms in the Hotel Magnificent, is there any reason why the reader should be debarred from knowing exactly how many chairs there are in each of them? And what is true of furniture is true of meals, of underwear, of mechanical transport, and in many cases even of psychology.

The incorporation of about half-a-dozen big chunks from a book on psycho-analysis, without acknowledging the source, is a good way to fill up your novel. It is very racy and saleable indeed. Menus make very good stuffing. And so do concert-programmes. But I deprecate Charles Milbury's idea of writing a novel called *A Man of Our Times* which includes nothing but the facsimile reproductions of restaurant meals, filled-in golf-cards from various courses, and bridge scores, over a period of twenty years, for I hold that a writer should put a little more imagination and creative effort into his work than this. Besides, it fails to deal fully with love. Love should most certainly have preferential treatment amongst the items that go to make up a book of this kind, and even George Tupp's *Underworld*, a complete account of the Drainage System of the Metropolis, leaves out far too many of the sewer-man hero's *affaires de cœur*. Wherever possible, passion and specification should be combined. As, for instance:—

"He remembered that it was just such a *faisan rôti* that he had eaten on the day when Amelia threw the ormolu clock at his head and went out of his life for ever. His life? But what was his life? The thought saddened him as he turned to the *entremets*, which consisted of a delightfully-cooked. . ."

This, in my opinion, is the way that the thing should be done if we are to get any true emotional value out of our art. But in any case, love or no love, such a life as I have indicated would be a selfish frivolous life, scarcely worthy of the biographer's pains. Blue-books and Statutory Commissions surely make a far better and nobler padding for the novel of prolixity than menu-cards or furniture or clothes:—

"So she was gone, the fascinating creature! All his ambition, his pride had crumbled into dust. How pleased she had been at his appointment! How they had read over the terms of it together!

"Whereas We did by Warrant under Our Royal Sign Manual bear-

ing the date the sixteenth of March one thousand nine hundred and thirty, appoint Commissioners for the purpose of inquiring into the working of the system of Government, the growth of education, and the development of representative institutions in South Paddington, and matters connected therewith, and of reporting as to whether and to what extent it is desirable to establish the principle of responsible government, or to extend, modify or restrict the degree of responsible government then existing therein, including the question whether the establishment of second chambers of the local legislatures is or is not desirable:

"And Whereas——"

"Why are there so many commas in it?" she had asked petulantly. And he had stopped her question with a kiss. . . ."

No need, surely, to bung up a book with haberdashery and house decorations when you can get solid, ready-made stuff like this.

For very much the same reason I do not care greatly for Hackington's fifteen-hundred-page book, *Morning*, which deals with the life of a departmental manager at the Naval and Military Stores, and contains at various points nearly the whole of the catalogue (though without the illustrations) circulated by this institution to its metropolitan and rural subscribers. Hackington has the right idea. He makes his hero pass from groceries through ironmongery to carpets, church furniture and the zoological department, and leaves him finally in the warehousing, the crises in his sex-life occurring almost exactly when he passes from one department into another. But why pitch on the Naval and Military Stores? Couldn't Hackington have found plenty of pinchable material for *George Hough's* life in the White Papers of the Government departments, in the records of the Foreign Office, in the Ordnance Survey, in the central typing bureaux of our big shipbuilding firms? There is many a virgin forest that has never known the writer's axe. May I particularly recommend the commercial processes connected with the separation of helium from natural gas by means of liquefaction as a background for a big novel of flaming hate and love? I reckon that the chemical details involved will yield a return of more than fifty-thousand free words, obtained by the simple process of extraction from a scientific handbook with a pair of shears. EVOE.



Severe Body (on her first visit to the Zoo). "LET'S BE GOIN', WILLIE. I'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF THESE FANCY INVENTIONS. I WONDER THEY AIN'T AFRAID, TAMPERIN' WI' PROVIDENCE!"

The Political Silly Season.

"The government of Britain and her Empire has for some peculiar season been entrusted to the weakest invertebrates in the country."—*Report in Daily Paper of Speech made by Mr. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.*

"Wanted, Man with knowledge of growing Mushrooms in the suburbs."
Advt. in Belfast Paper.

There should be no special dearth just now of these Bungalow specialists.

"Leading Brewery shares have not been able to escape the general depression. . . . The market has shown strong absorptive powers."—*Evening Paper.*

Even bears are sometimes thirsty.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"All the way from Singapore it was plane sailing."—*Wing-Comdr. KINGSFORD-SMITH's flight, reported in Daily Paper.*

"SAFETY RAZORS.
END OF CUT-THROAT COMPETITION."
Daily Paper.

Had we known of this ours would undoubtedly have won it.

"The feeling of self-confidence and efficiency induced by the —— —— Sartorial Service will repay you with profits beyond your most sanguinary dreams."
Clothier's Pamphlet.

"If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it."—*Cymbeline* I. ii. 6.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

WHEN the "Itala" pulled up outside the little inn from which Emily and I were to ascend a Pyrenee, there was nobody to greet us. The two mules who stood waiting in the bleak dawn looked dour and unfriendly. They responded not at all to our advances but stood staring into vacancy. Still, as Emily remarked, if we'd been going to carry the mules up a mountain on our backs instead of the mules carrying us, we might have looked unfriendly. They had the queerest harness, made apparently of old string bags decorated here and there with shreds of red flannel. The reins were single lengths of clothes-line, and they were shod with scraps of cocoa-tin.

Presently a short thick man, dressed in black and carrying an umbrella, appeared round the corner of the inn. He was, he told us with an air of profound melancholy, our guide, and would we be pleased to mount.

When I asked him where his mule was he replied that I was astride it; that he had no other, and that in any case he preferred to walk. "*C'est mon habitude*," he explained.

I could only stare at him in speechless fury. Roaming the Pyrenees on muleback is one thing; being dogged by an imbecile with an umbrella is another, and I would gladly have abandoned the expedition then and there. The only alternative, however, was to hang about the inn until the "Itala" returned for us in the evening; so, with rage in our hearts and the clothes-line in our hands, we set forth.

The mules, indifferent to persuasion, kept an even pace of some three miles an hour. When the guide stopped, as he did once or twice to light a cigarette, they stopped too, and for all the control we had over them we might have been bundles of hay.

Our road lay for some three or four kilometres through the valley. From time to time we met peasants whose expressionless faces became less expressionless, I fancy, after we had passed; and every time we encountered anybody we cursed afresh the malignant shadow that followed so close upon our heels.

At last we, or rather the mules, turned off the road and began to climb a steep boulder-strewn track through the dark woods. As the path grew steeper and the boulders ever larger, my mule began to grunt loudly and persistently, with, I thought, the suspicion of a sob.



"NO BIRDS SANG, ONLY MY MULE GRUNTED."

I love animals and cannot bear them to suffer. I asked the guide why the mule was grunting, but all the explanation I got was his callous remark, "*C'est son habitude*." I walked beside the mule for a little while, and it grunted louder than ever, so I got on again; but because of the continual grunting we had no heart for conversation and fell silent.



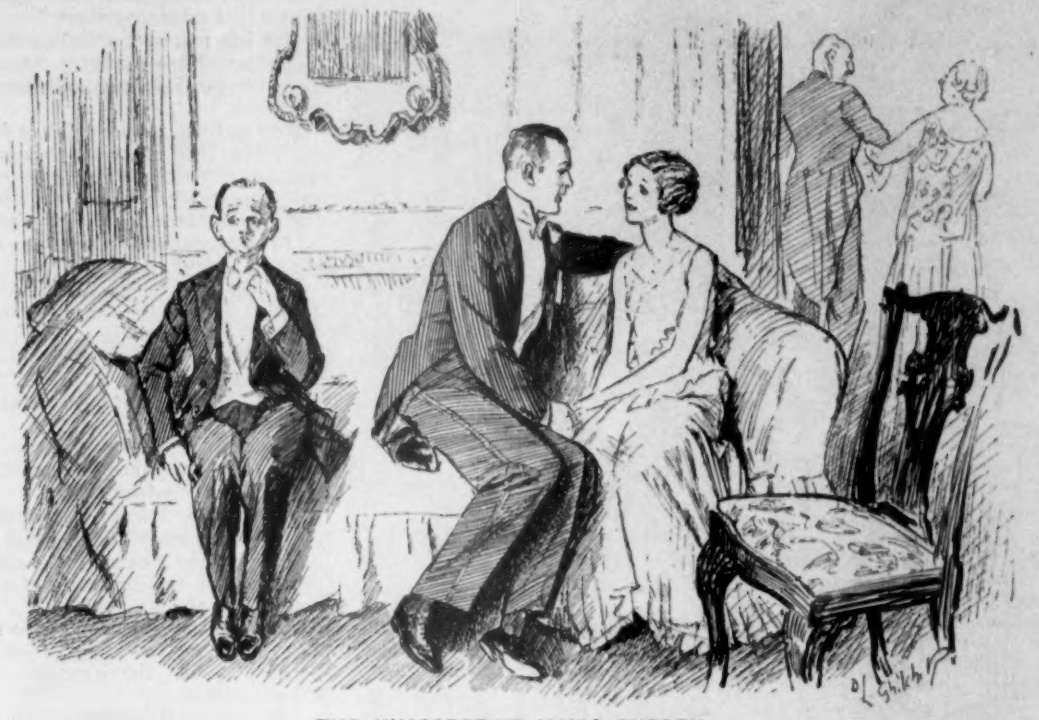
"I POSED EMILY AGAINST THE IMMENSE PROSPECT."

Up and up we climbed, till the dense woods gave way to little stunted trees, and patches of snow began to appear among the rocks. No birds sang, only my mule grunted, and always behind followed that sombre presence with the umbrella.

Eventually, well above the snow-line, we reached a clearing, in the middle of which stood a ruined hut. On one side the snow-covered cap of the mountain glistened in the sunshine like an iced cake; on the other an immense prospect stretched away to a blue distance that was the sea. Here the guide, planting his umbrella in the snow, announced that we could go no further (a palpable lie) and that we might have lunch. He then took the mules from us, tied them up by their clothes-lines to the ruined hut and fell to on what looked like a cold suet-pudding. We too got out our lunch of rolls, *foie gras*, butter and red wine, and knew contentment for the first time that morning. Only the mules had no lunch; the guide informed us through his suet-pudding that they were accustomed to go without. "*C'est leur habitude*."

After lunch I took a photograph of Emily. I posed her, as far as the mule would let me, on muleback, against the Immense Prospect, and by lying down in the snow with the camera got an extremely fine composition, Emily astride the mule, silhouetted against the sky, a snowy foreground, and between the mule's legs the Immense Prospect. Not only was it a noble composition, but it made a noble picture, the kind of thing one likes to show carelessly to friends, saying, "That's rather a nice little snap I got of Emily in the Hautes Pyrénées—we were camping up there, you know—with mules." Unfortunately, when the film was developed, the guide's disastrous umbrella appeared in the extreme left-hand corner, and I cut a strip off the film which rather destroyed the balance.

In the fulness of time the guide looked at his watch (every action of the wretch helped to degrade our adventure to the level of a charabanc-trip), plucked his umbrella from the snow and untied the mules.



THE UNASSERTIVE MAN'S BURDEN.

Ardent Youth. "Thank Heaven, darling, alone at last!"

Except that we went through the same woods by another and, if possible, steeper track, the descent was remarkably like the ascent. The only appreciable difference was that we lay on our backs with a view of the sky, instead of on our faces (as the polite saying is), with a view of the mules' dusty necks. Only one incident happened on the journey down. I heard a faint tinkling and realised that Emily's mule had cast a shoe. I pointed this out to the guide, who replied with the utmost indifference that the mule could go just as well unshod as shod. "*C'est son habitude,*" he said.

And so we came down into the valley again, retraced our way along that *via dolorosa* and dismounted outside the inn. The sight of the "Itala," so swift, so obedient, cheered us not a little; the prospect of being rid of the mules, the guide and his devastating umbrella cheered us even more. "Well, well, Emily," I said, "the worst is behind us," and at that moment was nearly thrown on my face by an atrocious kick from one of the mules. I wheeled round to meet the guide's eye, lightened for once by a sardonic gleam. I knew what was coming. I saw his lips move to form the words. But they never came, for before they could form themselves I had snatched his umbrella and felled him to the ground. "*C'est mon habitude,*" I hissed.



"'C'EST MON HABITUDE,' I HISSED."

Who put the Dope in the Doughnuts?

"'Vet' Examines Hot Bun."
Racing Report in Daily Paper.

NECTAR.

(*It is the season of Cider-brewing.*)

Some talk of Whisky-soda,
Of Sherris dark or pale,
Of "Gin-and-It," and I admit
Much may be said for Ale;
But Cider! *That*'s the tipple!
In cup or, better, neat—
Devon, with fizz and ripple,
Yes, and I like it sweet.

Lovely are Devon lasses,
Tender is Devon lamb,
Devonshire cream is just a dream,
Especially with jam;
But of the sweets that Devon
Showers in her high largesse
That which is most of Heaven
Pours from her cider-press.

A drink for men and angels,
Which women scarce disdain;
Sooth, I hear tell that people sell
Cider for sweet Champagne;
Some mix it too with Perry;
Beware of such as these;
On the pure juice make merry—
"A glass of Cider, please."



"REALLY, COOK, YOUR DINNERS GET WORSE AND WORSE. WHY IS IT?"
"WELL, MUM, THE FACT IS, I JUST LOATHES COOKIN'."

BREATHE DEEPLY.

IN these times even the Dentist feels the necessity of reorganisation. In ancient days—those pre-war ones—a patient bound upon the unpleasant adventure of an extraction was conducted into a gloomy room where, after half-an-hour with views of the Forth Bridge (first-edition photographs), and an account of the Derby of Jubilee year, a glum-faced woman in black would open the door and the patient, now thoroughly depressed, would follow her into the practical department. The Dentist stood at attention half-way between the door and his abominable chair, and somewhere in the background another gentleman, like an executioner seeking to avoid recognition, effaced himself behind the gassing apparatus.

But things are getting brighter. About a month ago I made an appointment to have a tooth extracted. A jolly, jazzy little thing opened the door and took me into a bright and airy winter-garden.

"Now," she said, "what can I get you?" (I nearly said "A double Martini," but just remembered in time). "Let me see," she continued—"there are some illustrated papers that came over by the Paris air mail, or here's a crossword puzzle nearly finished—I simply had to tear the last gentleman away from it. Or would you like a game of billiards with Mr. Robinson? He's waiting for his daughter. The cigarettes are on that table over there."

She left me, and I, feeling thawed, helped myself to a cigarette, introduced myself to Mr. Robinson and strung for the break.

Just as I was on the point of defeating him in fifty up (there always must be some little snag) the bright young thing appeared again and together we flitted into the surgery. The Dentist and the Anæsthetist greeted me cheerfully and simultaneously.

"I was just telling him," said the Dentist, "about that shot of yours at the fifth on Saturday. I was playing the fourteenth with old Perkins. It was a mashie-niblick, wasn't it?"

"No," I replied, "only an ancient deep-faced mashie."

"You want plenty of face on a mashie," said the cheerful Anæsthetist, "specially if you take turf."

By this time I was in the chair and a twin to the other bright young thing had moved the gassing apparatus into position with the discretion of a well-trained butler.

The Anæsthetist picked up the mask. There was no sense of hustle. He dangled it like the lorgnette of an elderly duchess.

"I don't know whether you're interested in racing," he said, "but I've got a brother at Newmarket who has the winner of the Manchester November Handicap in his pocket."

"What is it?" I asked as he put the mask to my face.

"Breathe deeply," was the reply, and I heard no more.

* * * * *

I awakened with the usual feeling of exhilaration which follows gas diluted with plenty of oxygen, and with my first coherent statement I complimented all hands on the performance, which indeed was most adequately staged. But I had quite forgotten the allusion to the Manchester November Handicap.

Except upon rare occasions I do not interfere in any way with the history of the Turf, but the other day I happened at the club to hear some reference made to this fixture. It was sufficient. Instantly I recalled the circumstances and the name of the winner.

I now propose to inspect the sporting papers, and if "Breathe Deeply" still appears on the list of runners I shall back him. I shall put all my new dentures on him.

Why Cambridge Wins the Boat Race.

"CAMBRIDGE.—University City of world renown, finely situated on the placid River Isis in pleasant, undulating country."—*From recently-published Guide to European Travel.*



CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

MR. MACDONALD, M.F.H. (*rating some of his hounds—*ALEXANDER, GRAHAM *and* SNOWDEN*—for not going into covert*). "I CAN'T SAY WHETHER THERE'S ANYTHING IN IT, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD DO WITH IT IF THERE WERE; BUT I THINK, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, THAT YOU OUGHT TO WAIVE YOUR PREJUDICES FOR THE SAKE OF THE PACK."

["In political circles it is said that Mr. MACDONALD could not make a gesture in favour of an extension of Imperial Preference without losing the services of at least three of his leading Ministers."—*The Times.*]

OUR TANK.

We have become interesting lately, all through our tank. When it was first offered to our village as a war trophy we accepted it with avidity. Tanks were mostly being given to larger places than we are; Pippington, our neighbour and rival, hadn't got one, and it appeared to be a special acknowledgment of our exceptional gallantry—either that or clever wangling somewhere. On its arrival we received it with all honour. It was conducted to a site on our green that had been chosen as the most conspicuous we could find (a sad blunder, as it afterwards turned out), and on to a prepared concrete bed it heaved its great bulk and settled down to become the centre of our community.

We were troubled at first by small boys, little devils to whom nothing is sacred, who started clambering about its back and using it for king-of-the-castle; but we choked them off by surrounding it with railings and issuing a stern order that inside those railings no impious foot should pass. With that exception it was treated with a natural reverence. Couples would meet at the tank and stroll away to the woods. It was used as a background for prize-giving. Groups of wedding-parties, scouts, guides and Buffaloes were invariably photographed in front of it. Particularly it was the meeting-place for our ex-soldiers. They formed the habit of gathering at the tank and capping each other's yarns, to the edification (at first) of boys who sat round listening with ears and eyes and swallowing encouragingly every statement made.

It had a softening influence too. Take Mrs. Green. She had accepted Green's absence in the field with stoic resignation and separation allowances. His return upset her, and she acquired a trick of heaving things at his head, including a highly-ornamental plated teapot, which ironically was a wedding-present from his mother, and bears the marks to this day. But the tank changed that. When first confronted with its majesty she gazed long and said "Lor!" Something stirred within her, and she became a reformed woman.

There was a still stronger example of our tank's humanising power in the argument that arose about its name. Some were for George, others for Mary. A question of this kind would ordinarily have split the village. Here nothing unseemly occurred, and George ultimately acquired his name without rancour and by a process of natural development.

It is hard to say how and when the decline of George set in. Custom, of course, wears off an early bloom. But I have always thought that the first poison was dropped by Henry, our cobbler, a dark and bilious cynic of Red ideas. He had sometimes spoken slightingly of the tank, but as he disapproved of everything nobody bothered. At last however he got in a blow. He suggested that, instead of being a war trophy, it was the other way about; that the War Office, having thousands of tanks on their hands and not knowing what on earth to do with them, had succeeded in palming one of them off on us. This nasty idea might have fallen on stony ground if he hadn't dragged in the War Office; mention of that department always suggests something evil to the lay mind. As it was, it stuck. Whispering set in. Glamour, what was left of it, fell away. George's railings were left unpainted. Boys had sham fights on his back. He was neglected. His influence began to wane. Mrs. Green, I regret to say, broke out, and an iron, while not precisely entering Green's soul, left a nasty scalp-wound on his head.

We had grown up, too. Our soldiers' tales were all well-known, though I'm bound to say the authors did their best to freshen them up. The boys who had listened to them had become men, and the rising generation, unfamiliar with war, were openly ribald. Then a distinguished General came along who pronounced that our tank, far from being the war-hardened veteran we had supposed, was a very early pattern, purely experimental, which had never left England. This was one in the eye for George. To make things worse, another General of equal distinction who had been lunching with the Vicar declared that the tank had actually been the very last word in tanks of the period, so late indeed that the Armistice had come before it left the homeland. This was one in the other eye, and it was at this point that hostility broke out like a flame.



Uncle Arthur Henderson. "Very jolly, of course, to have this dear little chap to play with; but I'm glad there's a wood handy."

For in painful truth George had always been in the way. Our batsmen have one favourite stroke. They call it a hook, but really it is a kind of drop-kick which swooshes the ball round up in the air and almost square. Their other scoring stroke, which they call a cut, lifts the ball off the edge of the bat to a similar spot on the off. And it was precisely on the place where from one end or the other the ball comes down that in our first transport we put the tank. This has long been resented by our bowlers, and Pippington has openly sneered at it. But now there is worse. Young Jimmy, an under-gardener of engaging appearance, was fielding out there in our last match, and while running for a catch (which he'd have missed), before several of his admirers, went bang into George's railings, with grave results to his personal charms. That woke things up, I can tell you. Besides, we want to shift our soccer ground a bit, and we can't.

And there, unloved and unbudging, like a great toad, squats George. Anyone may have him for us. Indeed, at the moment we are in treaty with a man some miles away who may take him on as old iron. We hope, of course, to make something out of the business if it comes off, but if that man knows his job he will not only get his tank for nothing, but will squeeze a bit out of us for taking it away.

Dum-Dum.

A TRAFALGAR SHIP FOR BOYS.

An appeal to all those of English ancestry throughout the Empire and America who take a common pride in England's sea-tradition.

IT may be recalled that the cartoon reproduced on this page was published in support of an appeal made by Lord BEATTY, on Trafalgar Day five years ago, for £25,000 "to carry out the repairs necessary for enabling the *Implacable* to be used as a Holiday Training Ship for Sea Cadets and other Boys' Organisations."

Thanks to a generous response, including a donation from the KING, the ship was saved. Repairs from the keel to the level of the upper deck were carried out at Devonport by the Admiralty at a cost to the *Implacable* Fund of some £20,000. Further donations made it possible to continue the work after the Admiralty had returned her to Falmouth. Complete internal repairs have been executed, cabins built, electric light, hot water apparatus, baths, mechanical pumping plant, new cooking appliances installed, and the necessary boats, including a powerful motor-pinnace, provided, together with the equipment required for the boys—hammocks, mess utensils, lockers, etc. In all some £13,000 have been spent in this way since the *Implacable* left Devonport.

Already for the last three summers, in her still incomplete state, she has been used as a holiday training-ship for boys, and enthusiastic letters have been received from the organisations that sent their members to the ship. When her equipment is complete, she will be able to receive a full complement of 250 boys at a time, with their own officers, for a fortnight, making a total of some 1,250 during the summer months.

It was written of her by the late COPE CORNFORD, who loved her well and served her well: "No ship can be more suitable for the purpose than the *Implacable*. Her thick oaken sides keep her cool in summer; her vast flush decks, lighted by great square ports, give plenty of room and air. And about her strong timbers cling the gallant and inalienable memories of heroic achievement."

It is not of course pretended that any very serious training can be carried out in these brief holidays, but besides healthy exercise and recreation, lectures, concerts and Sunday services, the boys will at least learn something of the elements of seamanship and be taught to appreciate the meaning of the great traditions of which they are the heirs.

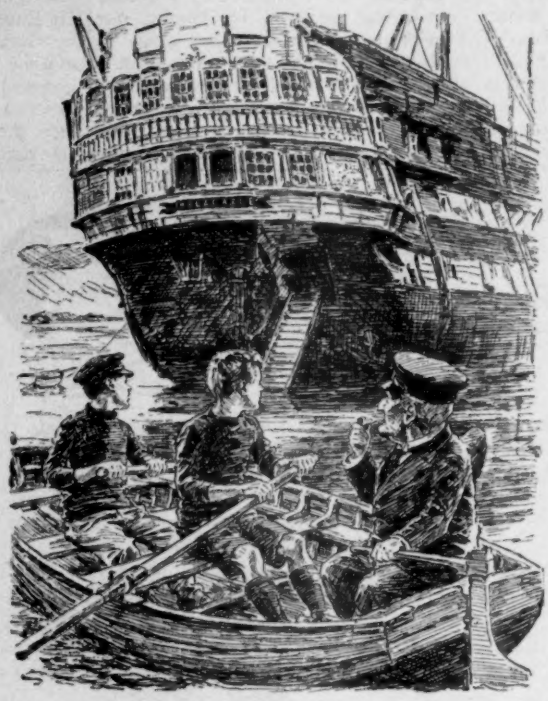
But it is not intended that the utility of the *Implacable* should be confined to the summer holidays. There are many ways in which she may be made to do good public service consistent with that other main object of the Fund, to preserve this ship, the oldest ship afloat, as an historic monument.

The amount already expended—£33,000—has far exceeded the original estimate, and a further sum of £5,000 is urgently needed to complete the *Implacable's* repairs, in particular the restoration of that most typical feature of her class, the poop, whose present condition is a blot on the beauty of this most beautiful of ships. Here the Captain's quarters, essential for discipline and the reception of visitors, have still to be built. Towards this sum a generous friend of the cause has offered £1,000 if four others can be found to do likewise. The Committee are still looking for three of them.

When the present appeal was contemplated, the resources of the *Implacable* Fund were exhausted and it was beginning to get into debt. Work in the ship was reduced to a minimum, and owing to the lack of enough money to meet the daily cost of maintenance there was grave danger that she would have to be returned to the Admiralty, which would mean her consignment to the ship-breakers, since the Admiralty, though most sympathetic towards the scheme, have no official funds for maintaining a ship that is not on the active list.

The LORD MAYOR came nobly to the rescue. Last week, on the eve of Trafalgar Day, supported by Lord BEATTY and Lord ALLENBY, he appealed at the Mansion House for a sum that would not only enable the work to be completed, but would provide an endowment fund of £30,000 to assure the continued maintenance of the ship. Lord BEATTY, emphasizing the need to correct the decline, in these post-war days, of the nation's sea-sense, protested that the public was not being asked to help a charity but to perform a national service.

This is not the best of moments to choose for any appeal. But necessity knows no law of selection. And the present cause differs from those which in bad times can curtail their activities and wait for good times to come again. With the *Implacable* there can be no waiting for a change of fortune. If the Committee are not in a position to maintain her, she must—one cannot say it too often—be returned to the Admiralty to be broken up. It would be pitiful enough if after all the time and labour and money that have been spent upon her the work were left incomplete; but it would be a real disaster if it were wasted altogether and this noble ship lost to the nation.



THE IMPLACABLE.

MR. PUNCH. "I HOPE WITH ALL MY HEART THAT THIS NOBLE SHIP, WITH ITS SPLENDID TRADITIONS, MAY BE SAVED FOR ENGLAND AND FOR YOU."

Reproduced from the "Punch" Cartoon of October 28, 1925.

Last week, at the Mansion House, the LORD MAYOR, supported by Lord BEATTY and Lord ALLENBY, appealed for the preservation of the *Implacable*, the only survivor of Trafalgar still afloat, as a holiday training-ship for boys. Having engaged the *Victory*, she was captured a fortnight later after a gallant resistance and served for many years with great distinction in the British Navy.

A sum of £5,000 is urgently needed to complete her restoration, and £30,000 for an endowment fund to assure her maintenance and so protect her from the risk of having to be returned to the Admiralty and broken up. Mr. Punch's friends at home and overseas are earnestly asked to send gifts in aid, addressed to the Secretary of the *Implacable* Fund, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



A SCENE FROM OUR ROUGH ISLAND STORY.

Beyond the Wall of Hadrian: Ancient Scots torturing a Roman prisoner of war.

The Committee of the *Implacable* Fund are deeply grateful to those—the Prince of Wales among them—whose response to their new appeal has relieved them from the immediate fear of such a sacrifice, but they will not be perfectly happy till they have raised, and placed in the care of Trustees, a sum sufficient to assure the future of their enterprise.

Mr. Punch begs his readers, not only at home but throughout the Empire and the United States of America, which share our heritage of sea-tradition, and whose boys would always be welcome to share with English boys a holiday on a ship in which that tradition is embodied, to send help for this good cause, addressed to the Secretary of the *Implacable* Fund, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4. O. S.

Commercial Candour.

"Just Arrived.
Eggs From Australia.
As good as they were last year."
Advt. in Hull Paper.

Obviously a case of suspended animation.

"Virgil was born on October 15, 70 B.C. He grew up in a religious atmosphere where reverence was paid not only to the greater gods, but also to the lesser gods—the Hares and Penates."—*West-Country Paper.*

It's a rash man who makes game even of the lesser gods.

EASTWARD BOUND.

IV.—Suez Canal.

I love the Ditch,
Trying to spot
Which ship is which
Or why it's not.
Look! There she goes,
A Bibby! See
Her funnel's rose!
Messageries
Behind that anchor,
No, *not* that tanker!
B.I.? Why, no,
That's P. & O.!
An Orient this,
And as we pass
(Too soon, alas!)
I blow a kiss
With fingers—so,
At yon proud dame
Who looks as though she came
From Bendigo,
And laughing hurl
A paper rose—
Pinched yesternoon
From the saloon—
At that sweet girl,
Her daughter, I suppose,
Whose cooeys
Shall haunt a man
From Elferdan
To Suez.
Ah me! The glitter
Of hair that makes
The Bitter Lakes
More bitter!
I love the Ditch,
Camels and flies
And scenes so rich
In Bible memories,
A pelican
Whose obvious plan
It is to stress
This wilderness:
A patriarch with a goat,
A dog that barks,
An ark-like boat,
More goats with patriarchs.
Here Pharaoh took the knock,
And there to leeward
It was that Moses
Smote the rock,
Or so says
My cabin steward,
And he should know;
Has he not done
This very run
A hundred times or so?

J. M. S.

"The wedding ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Leslie Henson."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Ably assisted by the Rev. Sydney Howard, Rural Dean.

"In comparison with others, the present Government is staggering in its efficiency."—*Mrs. Hamilton, M.P., in "The Daily Herald."*

Some people go so far as to declare that it is positively tottering.



Golfer. "WHAT CLUBS HAVE I LEFT?"
Thoroughly fed-up Caddie. "DUNNO, BUT I KNOW ONE YOU OUGHT TO LEAVE."

A PERFECT WRECK.

WHENEVER I take up a novel of adventure I am worried by the ease with which the shipwrecked passengers cope with prevailing conditions on the desert island, and by the fact that the party commonly consists of persons from the precisely-needed professions. There is often an engineer, sometimes a cook, and always a man of science (who distinguishes between the edible and the poisonous), and a minor character, late of Fleet Street, who writes it all down (and up) in the most admirable manner.

I submit that things do not happen this way in bitter real life, and that the survivors would be fatally apt to consist of the incompetent.

THE WRECK: FICTION.

The ship's dinghy grounded on the tinkling coral. The palm-leaves clattered in the trade-wind that seemed to applaud with shrilly spite the *May Martin* as she sank, stern first. The narrow atoll ringed the blinding green of the shallow reef-waters, and, two fathoms down, a giant clam, a sailor clenched between its shells, swayed to the turn of the tide. It was high noon on Kikibu. It always is.

Extract from John Warrington's Diary.

First Day—Wrecked! And nothing but what we stand up in, my note-book and fountain-pen, a certain reputation in newspaperdom, and a mysterious case of the Professor's, which some freak of the currents has driven inshore and wedged between two chunks of coral. Professor tremendously excited by palm with nothing on it but a bunch of foliage at the top. (Willett, the Major and myself far more anxious over the food problem.)

Second Day—I'll never overlook a palm again. The Professor sent the Major shinning up it with climbing-irons we improvised from coco-fibre and a couple of rowlocks. Top of palm lopped off. Wine delicious. Leaves make capital sails, tents and trousers. We could not open nuts from other trees, but the Professor showed us how to build a fire with his monocle as burning-glass. We placed the nuts over it and they slowly cracked. Willett turned out a succulent curry of the kernels, some nutmegs and wild grapes, in which the island is prolific, and which he instantly dried in the sun, and the flesh of a wild pig that the Major felled with his fist.

Extract from the Occasional Notes of Major Sykes, D.S.O.

G.H.Q. alive with turtles. Had hopes of a ration of calipee, but Professor says it's the smaller kind one eats and these brutes are only good for dressing-table ornaments, curse them!

Third Day—John Warrington's Diary.

Pushed off inland this morning (Willett very weak from attack by giant leeches). The interior is extremely damp, and Sykes said he wished his was too. The Professor delighted with the atmosphere, which we all think awful. It appears that sago always flourishes in these conditions, and, sure enough, we came on a grove of the stuff. We did not recognise it, but the Professor did, and set us preparing a cache of it sufficient for weeks. The day passed in drying and kneading it in a trough fashioned from a hollow log. Our saw came out of the Professor's invaluable case, also some Egyptian cigarettes with which we smoked out a hive of wild bees. Willett prepared admirable *canapé* of sago and honeycomb on broken plantains. Supper consisted of magnificent lobsters, with which the reef is teeming and which the Major caught by laying our saw (horizontally) against the current under water and encouraging the creatures to impale themselves on its teeth, which he baited with sago paste.

THE WRECK: FACT.

It was an exhausted band which filed, dripping and tattered, up the beach. Miss Scrimgeour, all thoughts of her English history classes submerged in the drama of the present moment; Basil Netherby, whose well-

known features, so familiar to London's theatre-goers, looked strange indeed in such a setting, and Mr. Harris, of Streatham, his wife, son and little daughter.

First Day—Miss Scrimgeour's Diary.

Only by repeating to myself the dates of Kings and Queens and "dodging" myself in those of the battles of Naseby, Flodden, Inkerman, Bothwell Brig and Boulter's Lock, can I keep a sane mind.

There are trees here with cokernuts, but we cannot reach them, and there is nothing to throw. One fell this morning, but we cannot open it. Is it a cokernut? It seems to be *larger* than those retailed in Chiswick.

Extract from Notes by Mr. Basil Netherby, pencilled on the script of a play, "Fallen Whitewash."

Am so hungry I'm a bit fluffy on my lines. I feel extraordinarily tight; famine, no doubt, unless it is the sea-water I swallowed this morning. Scenery very unconvincing. Have made a decided hit with the Harris female, but too tired to follow it up. Later perhaps.

Extract from jottings by Mr. Harris on a race-card discovered in his breast-pocket.

I saw fruit resembling pine-apples very strongly, but we daren't take risks by tasting same. *Re* said pines, I think they can't be genuine, as these grow in a suspicious profusion here, yet are never sold at less than 4*s.* 6*d.* at home. Also they appear to grow upside down, so must be fakes.

* * * * *

On the third day the haggard company sat down apart. This is a bad sign. Conversation, that last prop of civilisation to crash, had ceased for some hours. The teeming fish in the lagoon escaped their clutching hands, and one, scooped out by Mr. Harris, they could not touch raw. The ship's boat, drifting in at sunset, proved a mockery of aid, as none of the party could row. It was felt, moreover, that this was no time for excursions. The wild agouti, fearlessly routing at their knees, they could not skin nor cut up nor even kill, although every languid half-hour one of the party slapped it.

They had collected half-a-ton of succulent oysters, and these were found to be unbreakable. Periodically the men took turns at stamping on them, but as the burning hours passed they merely stood upon the shells. The *cous-couscous*, or reef-madness, hovered over all and the noon heat vibrated with dates and excerpts from *The Lyons Mail, If I Were King, The Only Way* and *Hamlet*. In another twenty-four hours Harris joined in with *The Underwriter's Gazette*.

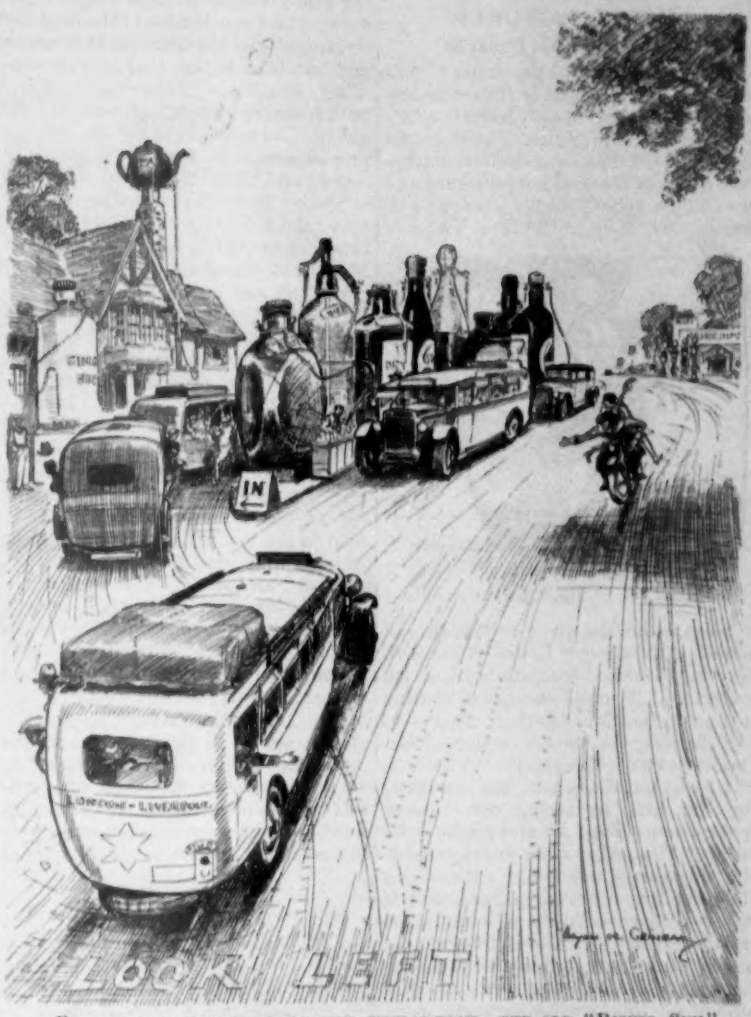
* * * * *

All things have an end. It was perhaps not matter for surprise that, when the *Indefensible*, proceeding from Sydney and the Solomons, sighted Kikibu, hove to and made friendly signals, the party took alarm and hurried with the remains of their strength inland, whence rescue proved additionally difficult and dangerous.

The party had collapsed in the one dangerous spot of the interior, a lush clearing, cool and beautiful to the eye as a dream, but rancid with the deadly-sweet miasma we call typhoid, and the Kanakas call Belly-Devil-Bitum-Altogether-Too-Much.

Aboard at last, Nature in her harsh mercy overcame them, and as the days slipped by their baptism of terror was forgotten in continuous nausea.

RACHEL.



FIRED BY THE EXAMPLE OF THE PETROL-PUMP, THE OLD "RISING SUN" ADOPTS THE METHODS THAT HAVE MADE OUR HIGHWAYS WHAT THEY ARE.

An Inevitable Candidature.

"FLUMBER CHOSEN.
PROSPECTIVE CANDIDATE FOR LEEK."
North-Country Paper.

Euclid Stung Again.

"The new label, which will appear on all non-smoking compartments, is triangular in shape, with five half-inch sides."
Bristol Paper.

"For four-and-a-half years he was to live on that barren, sun-parched rock. His warders were sharks. Twice weekly they brought him victuals from the mainland."
Weekly Paper.

Sharks as a rule are noted for despatch rather than punctuality.

AT THE PICTURES.

A New Cinema Palace.

Missing a train for the South Coast, or even for Paris, will in future be less of an ordeal than of old, because next-door to Victoria Station, just across Wilton Road, has been decreed a pleasure dome of unusual magnificence and size, where variety and talkie are to be continuous. This is the New Victoria,



A SCREENFUL.
Sylvanus . . Mr. George Arliss.

a picture-theatre on a new plan, designed with an eye to both forms of blandishment and decorated with lavish splendour. My chief purpose in visiting it was to see Mr. George Arliss in *Old English*, the screen version of Mr. Galsworthy's short story, "A Stoic"; but I was not distressed, while waiting for the film, by seeing the variety section too—*Hoop La* and all its agile ladies. The programme takes pride in the unprecedented speed with which their evolutions are carried out, and, if speed were an advantage, it would be justified. But is it? The whirlwind may have its admirers, but my taste moves towards a gentler breeze. Interspersed among all this dervishing there were, however, some excellent turns, reminiscent rather of the circus-ring than the music-hall stage, and all of them inspired by the same spirit of urgency. It was as though one were in a car driving solely on the accelerator. In fact a better description of this section of the entertainment than "*Hoop La*" would be "Steps on the Gas."

The transition from such a dazzling phantasmagoria (for the production of which, dresses, colours, arrangements, much praise is due) to the darkness and the quiet but emphatic tones of Mr. Arliss as old *Sylvanus Heythorp* was a great change, and we did not enjoy his performance the less through coming to it after such frenzy. I did not see this actor in *Disraeli*, but on all sides am assured that it was a masterpiece; and having seen *Old English* I can believe it. No other screen-artist seems to me to have a finer sense of the talking film's mechanics and scope. You never miss a word; none of the laughter interferes with the sentence that comes next; and the gesture is always illuminating. "A Stoic" is the story—a by-path from the *Forsyte* high road—of the old shipowner's cunning in getting provision made for an illegitimate family and his preference of suicide to exposure. But what a suicide—a dinner that might damage the digestion of a prize-fighter, eaten and drunken by a fragile octogenarian—and what an ingratiating old scamp! Next to Mr. Arliss the best performance is that of Mr. Henry Morell, the butler, who does not get into the programme at all.

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HARNESS.

A BRIEF AND UNRELIABLE HISTORY AND FORECAST.

[A new attempt is being made to harness the tides at Avonmouth.]

IN early ages Man essayed
To tame the ass or donkey;
"The beast," he said, "was clearly made
To work for us that toil and spin."
For centuries his seat on it
Was dangerously wonky,
But finally by force of grit
He broke the donkey in.

"So far," reflected he, "so good;
But there are other mammals
Enjoying liberty that should
Be harnessed—idle vertebrates."
And so the horse, the goat, the bull
And elephants and camels
Were rounded up and made to pull
Their valuable weights.

But he was soon dissatisfied
With elephants and horses;
"There must be other powers," he cried,
"That we could train to serve our wills.
There are! The wind shall lend a hand,
And rivers join the forces;
At present they are wasted." And
The world was strewn with mills.

But mills again were but a phase
With these disgruntled toilers;
They studied boiling water's ways
And kettles, when preparing meals.
"We'll harness steam!" they cried, and found
They could by means of boilers;
They made it work and pull them round
From place to place on wheels.

And then they tackled ohms and watts
And volts by easy stages;
In petrol too the power of lots
Of horses they discovered hid.
They said, "The petrol-engine rings
The knell of static ages;
Its use will change the tune of things."
And, golly, so it did.

With engines sated (oil and steam),
At fresh designs and deep ones
They worked, and hatched as good a scheme
As any that had gone before;
It was the bringing into line
Of tides (both spring and neap ones);
And ocean mills of vast design
Arose on every shore.

Then things moved quickly. Very soon
They'd run to ground the atoms
And, rocket-borne, explored the Moon
For what her energies were worth;
And, though the lunar inmate snapped
"They're mere prospectors, drat 'em!"
The forces of the Moon were tapped
And harnessed to the Earth.

And then the radiant Venus fell,
And she surrendered her vim;
And nine-mooned Jupiter as well,
And Mercury and Mars and Co.
"And Man's reward," you say, "was peace;
With such a host to serve him
From further labour he could cease."
You're wrong; it wasn't so.

When every Energy, despite
Obscurity or farness,
From steam to star and satellite,
From ass to ohm was Man's to spend,
And further harnessing was barred
For lack of aught to harness,
He found that he was worked as hard
As ever. That's
THE END. C. B.

THE NEW ORCHESTRA.

THE opening concert of the B.B.C. symphony orchestra last Wednesday night was a musical event of real importance. For it was the first appearance of the largest orchestra ever brought together on a permanent basis in this country. The bands at the HANDEL or Birmingham Festivals are recruited *ad hoc* triennially and belong to a different category. None of the other permanent orchestras numbers more than eighty-five or ninety. The B.B.C.'s band reaches a total of one-hundred-and-fourteen, including twenty women. Numbers are not everything; a band may be little but good; this is very big and good, and going to be better. It is also remarkable for the youth as well as the talent of the members. There are no passengers; and I should guess the average age of the instrumentalists at under thirty. They all wore white waistcoats, and, though that is not an infallible proof of blameless musicianship, I confess to liking this piece of dandyism, which lends a festal air to the entertainment.

As for their accomplishment, it is an under-statement to speak of them merely as splendid material; there is room for improvement in the finer *nuances* of expression, but the volume and quality of tone in every department is superb. They are, indeed, in one important respect a "band of brothers"—in the unanimity of their "even bowing," which appeals to the eye (as well as to the ear), in contrast with the laxity often observable in orchestras where every string-player plays as if he were a soloist.

For this result, and for the general precision and firmness of attack attained throughout the concert, great credit is due to Mr. ADRIAN BOULT, the conductor and trainer of the new orchestra. The post is no sinecure, in view of the high standard set by Continental and American orchestras today.

A story is told of TOSCANINI, that on being asked by an Exalted Personage how long it took him to prepare the programme for one of his concerts he replied, "About six weeks." "But if you can't get six weeks?" asked the E.P. "Oh, then there would be no TOSCANINI." I do not know how long Mr. BOULT has been at work with his band; probably at least a month; but from their thrilling entry in "God Save the King" (in his own excellent arrangement), right on to the end of the evening, he and they never lost touch with an overflowing and enthusiastic if somewhat unpunctual audience.

The programme was varied and well-chosen, ranging from the Overture to *The Flying Dutchman*, still fresh with the spirit of neo-Romanticism, though nearly ninety years old, through BRAHMS's Fourth Symphony (to represent the authentic classical tradition), SAINT-SAËNS' violoncello concerto, a thoroughly characteristic specimen of eclectic virtuosity, down to the "Daphnis and Chloe" Ballet Suite of RAVEL—the only living composer represented—in which richness of atmosphere is not allowed to submerge rhythmic charm. All was well done; but the lovely slow movement in the Symphony was the most shining moment of a thoroughly enjoyable concert which lasted exactly two hours, including an interval of fifteen minutes. Mr. BOULT conducted without score—except in the concerto, the solo in which was played by Madame SUGGIA in such a way as almost to persuade us that it was great instead of extremely well-made music.

To sum up, the B.B.C., Mr. BOULT and the new orchestra are all to be congratulated on the auspicious start of this new venture. If, as we have good reason to believe, it is based on the principle of adequate rehearsals—the neglect of which RICHTER held to be the chief obstacle in the way of the achievement of supremacy by English orchestras—its continued success is assured. C. L. G.

A loan exhibition of Period Models will be held from November 3rd to 15th, 11 to 7 daily (on Sunday the 9th from 3 to 6), at Dudley House, Park Lane, in aid of the Central and London Clubs of the Y.W.C.A.

IT MUST BE AWFULLY JOLLY TO BE FRIGHTFULLY GOOD AT CRICKET—

Jongasse



TO BE ABLE TO SIT IN THE PAVILION IN A Q.E.D. BLAZER—



PERHAPS TO WEAR AN O.K. SCARF—



TO GO OUT TO BAT IN A NULLI-SECUNDIAN CAP—



AND FIELD IN A NONPAREIL SWEATER.



COMPARED WITH THAT, IT SEEMS REALLY HARDLY WORTH WHILE—



TO BE MUCH GOOD AT RUGGER.



Lady. "THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH THE MATTER WITH YOU. AND YOUR BICYCLE'S ALL RIGHT."
Victim. "BICYCLE BE BLOWED! IT WAS A PRAM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S *Wolsey* (CASSELL, 15/-) strikes me as a notable study in historical interpretation: a model of clarity—which you expect it to be; a model of equity—which is not, in so ardent an advocate, so predictable. To select for his central figure the Cardinal who was chiefly, though inadvertently, responsible for the overthrow of his own religion; to surround him with vignettes of the Kings, Popes, Emperors, Queens and Ministers in at the same death; to set the stage so as to give an accurate idea of the difficult country traversed—this is no easy task, and it has been admirably carried out. Incidentally the author notes that our Wolseys are with us still: laborious public figures of an equally superficial grandiosity, standing "on the edge of a doom with no vision of its approach." Yet he does not stress the parallel; indeed the restraint of the book is as evident as its zeal for justice. And in both connections its presentment of Reformation *personnel* and problems is distinguished. It is, rightly, I think, maintained that the revolt against the Church was anti-clerical rather than anti-doctrinal, and that the greed, incontinence and low business morality of particular ecclesiastics had far more to do with the catastrophe than wrangles about transubstantiation. Of this low business morality the annulment of royal marriages—which Mr. BELLOC is entirely within his rights in distinguishing from divorce—was a striking evidence; and WOLSEY, exploited and outwitted by ANNE BOLEYN and her royal admirer, exemplifies, as he himself pointed out, the condign end of the time-server.

General E. L. SPEARS, first of British officers to reach the Front, left Paris for the Headquarters of the French Fifth Army on the second day of the War, amid crowds cheering the British colours. In *Liaison, 1914* (HEINEMANN, 25/-), he has not only sketched that spacious retreat imposed on the French by their even more spacious initial miscalculations, and the superb recoil that ended only when the Battle of the Marne hardened into immobility, a chapter of history that for long was almost completely obscure to English readers; but he has rendered even more valuable service in throwing light on the relations between the British and French Commands. As liaison officer it was his duty to know not only all about everything that was actually going on in both the Allied camps, but all that was being thought or hinted at or vehemently debated among their staffs or influencing the minds of all the Generals concerned. He was necessarily a witness of much that most writers have missed; he was anything but biased against our Allies, and his considered judgment as to the supreme and completely loyal part played by the B.E.F. in the first critical weeks cannot be disregarded. Beyond this his narrative has qualities of intense emotion, for the burden of the responsibility he had to carry in the attempt to induce mutual understanding in those whom he could not control and

whom he saw drifting into fatal antagonisms, with so terribly much at stake and amid scenes of unequalled poignancy, is reflected to a memorable degree in his pages.

Whenas to books the angler bends,
Fly Fishing (hear him say)
Stands firm among his angling friends
As when young EDWARD GREY
First dreamed his dream where waters flow,
Then, with an April pen,
Wrote down (what—thirty years ago?)
His book for fishermen.

To-day, behold, the selfsame hand
Has added to, has decked
Its classic by "Spring Salmon" and
A gallant "Retrospect";
For still there's boyhood in his theme
Who treads where Youth has trod
And sees the shadow on the stream
Without an Ichabod.

"*Fly Fishing*, please, by Viscount GREY,
For ten-and-six," my son,
You'll say to Messrs. DENT and, they
Complying, you'll have done
Than did your Dad, who went to mart,
A better deal by two
Whole chapters plus this picture part—
The Art that DAGLISH drew.

I always pick up a book by Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM with pleasurable anticipation. I like the urbane acidity of his temper, which is so much more satisfying and so much more sincere than the cruder cynicism of some of our younger masters. There is plenty of that quality in *Cakes and Ale* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), though it is not, I think, one of his major works. It is a trifle, but a very entertaining trifle. Its theme is that of rather a celebrated little book, Miss CLEMENCE DANE'S *Legend*—the contrast between a distinguished writer as he really was and as he is to be presented in biography. But how different the method! Miss DANE was intensive and intense; Mr. MAUGHAM is discursive, wandering capriciously back and forth between the 1880's and the 1920's, and, if not disreputable, the cause, or rather the author, of disreputability in others, not least in the Grand Old Man of literature who is his hero. The casual story is in itself an excellent one, but what, one feels, Mr. MAUGHAM had most at heart in writing it was to get his sharp little stiletto into the bladder of literary snobbery. That for him is the deadly sin and, judging by the uncensured proceedings of some of his characters, about the only one. I hesitate to suggest that any living writer should feel his withers wrung by Mr. MAUGHAM'S satire, but it is possible that more than one honoured corpse, could he (or she) read it, might stir a little uneasily in his (or her) grave.

American civilisation, not content with producing machines of almost human sagacity, is now proceeding to produce human sagacity with almost every quality of mechanism. Take, for instance, the clever calculated intelligence of Miss DOROTHY PARKER'S *Laments for the Living* (LONGMANS, 6/-). In her infallibly competent hands the sketch has become a snapshot: the glossy surface, the amazing illusion of accuracy, the irresponsible perspective—all are there. As a highly-finished record of modern American life the album is interesting for an outsider to turn over; and three of its pictures, "Mr. Durant," "The Wonderful Old Gentleman" and "Big Blonde," have a certain subconscious sympathy (or antipathy) of handling which differentiates them—to me, at least, very gratefully—from their fellows. "Mr. Durant" portrays a gross, mean, conventional business man in a fashion which leaves no doubt that Miss PARKER considers him a toad. "The Wonderful Old Gentleman" gives a memorable picture of a sitting-room below a death-chamber, in which the relations of



POCKET WIRELESS SETS FOR POLICEMEN.

Malefactor (to his mate). "COME ON, 'ERBERT, WE'RE ALL RIGHT. 'E'S ENGROSSED WIF RACKEMOFF'S PRELOOD."

the dying—two amiable idiots and a harpy—are awaiting the end and the spoils. "Big Blonde" depicts the tragedy of a well-meaning honest shop-girl launched on ruin by an irresponsible husband. The remaining ten *tours-de-force* deal largely in lovers' quarrels on and off the telephone, quarrels in which "highballs" of real Scotch play a more constant and corrosive part than is usual in our less lavish clime. These dialogues strike me as possessing every attribute of accuracy. At any rate they succeed in inducing a relevant degree of boredom and disgust.

By the time I had finished reading Miss PATRICIA WENTWORTH'S *Beggar's Choice* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) I felt as dizzy and dazzled as though I had been watching the movements of alabaster and jet pieces on a revolving chessboard. Miss WENTWORTH evidently does not believe in compromise; her hero, *Car Fairfax*, is the heartiest of "white men," and her villainess has the murkiest soul imaginable. The story begins with an extract from *Car's* diary, in which he speaks bravely of his down-and-out condition (brought about by bad luck and pride), and quotes from a newspaper cutting, given to him by a dispenser of hand-bills—"Do you want £500? If you do and are willing to earn it, write to Box Z 10." Of course *Car* writes and is given the opportunity of going to jail in place of a forger who prefers freedom. *Car* declines, and his refusal is the beginning of many queer things that are far too involved to be explained here. The knowing reader will begin a game of *cherchez la femme*, but the number of women will make his search difficult. There is *Isobel*, whom *Car* has deserted rather rudely through pride; there is the dope-fiend, *Fay*, whom he protects through chivalry, and there is *Anna*, who, because he did not want to marry her, works hard to prove him a burglar, dope-merchant and betrayer. The story, which would be far more exciting if not so intricate, is told in a series of jerks—some in the third person, some by *Car*, in his diary, and some by letters to and from America. The end, which was happy for the hero, was certainly a relief to me.



"WHAT D' YOU THINK OF THIS BIG NOTICE-BOARD THEY 'VE PUT UP HERE?"

"WELL, I'VE BEEN SO BUSY ALL THE WEEK I AIN'T 'AD TIME T' READ IT PROPERLY."

Soldier, diplomat, artist, poet, musician and composer, brilliant writer and wit, Prince PHILIP ZU EULENBURG-HERTEFELD was one of those men upon whom fortune delights to shower her gifts with unstinting hand to make them the envy of their fellows. It is as *Philip Eulenburg: The Kaiser's Friend* (SECKER, 30/-) that Professor HALLER has drawn with sympathetic and informed pencil the portrait of the man who was to experience the fickleness of Imperial friendship to the depths. Twelve years older than WILLIAM II., EULENBURG wielded so great an influence over that unstable and neurotic monarch that he came to be regarded as the "Ambassador of the German Government to the Emperor," in which capacity he was able profoundly to affect the destinies of Germany. Whatever his own failings may have been, I could not but admire the fairness with which EULENBURG sketched the personality of that *éminence grise* in German political life, and his own bitterest enemy, Baron VON HOLSTEIN. It is, however, the KAISER who stands forth from these pages in all his arrogance, superficiality and want of breeding. After reading EULENBURG'S sympathetic yet critical analysis of the KAISER'S character, I can well understand how that shrewd Russian, Count WITTE, when he was a guest with EULENBURG at an Imperial hunt, afterwards set down in his diary that the feeling of all those present was "as if Eulenburg had really been the Emperor."

Although *Colonel Dam* (BLACKWOOD, 7/6) provides a title for Mr. J. STORER CLOUSTON'S romance and is to be seen—heavily moustached—upon its wrapper, he is almost unimportant in comparison with his granddaughter, *Ursula*, aged ten. In days when very youthful authors are considerably in evidence it may seem a little superfluous for Mr. CLOUSTON to have invented one. But if *Ursula's* literary efforts, in which she expressed her candid opinion of the grandparents with whom she was living, are a little too sophisticated they are also amusing. To fit himself into the skin of the small child was by no means easy, and now and then in this story I was more conscious of Mr. CLOUSTON than of *Ursula*. But I freely admit that in the main he has either avoided the bunkers or made excellent recoveries from them, and even if some of his admirers find themselves yearning occasionally for his gloriously irresponsible Lunatic, they will at the same time admit that *Ursula* and her adorable mother are no inefficient substitutes.

Since a man who is correctly described as "a cold-blooded, reasoning killer," commits three murders in *The Clue of the Silver Key* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), you will assuredly not find that Mr. EDGAR WALLACE'S latest story is lacking in carnage. What, however, you may look for without finding is the delineation of character to which many writers of the sensational novels of to-day are paying heed. Mr. WALLACE seems to be more interested in his crimes than in his criminals. And a succession of crimes, however exciting it may be to see on the films, is apt to become wearisome when described in a book. "It is impossible," I see on this story's jacket, "not to be thrilled by EDGAR WALLACE." With more disappointment than gratification I can claim for once in my life to have achieved the impossible.

Mr. Punch extends his blessing to *More Misleading Cases* (METHUEN, 5/-), by A. P. HERBERT, and *Two Legs and Four* (METHUEN, 5/-), by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG. Nearly all the matter contained in these two volumes is reproduced from his pages.

CHARIVARIA.

AMERICAN gangsters are having a bad time. Very often they don't know where their next bullet is coming from.

* * *

A doctor declares that hot water is an excellent preventive of sea-sickness. Very smooth cold water is also useful.

* * *

Motorists convicted at Ecorse, Michigan, of dangerous driving were fined a number of pairs of children's shoes. In motoring circles this is regarded as tantamount to conniving at pedestrianism.

* * *

An Athens message states that a woman born in 1806 has just died at Patras at the age of 124. That would be about her age.

* * *

Mothers playing midget golf on an indoor course in Kensington can have their babies and even their dogs cared for by the establishment. Nothing is said, however, about the care of midget golf-widowers.

* * *

"Where would Americans be but for Prohibition?" asks a writer in a Sunday paper. A good many of them would be back in America.

* * *

An American visitor has pointed out that they have nothing like the Albert Memorial in New York. We have nothing like it in London either.

* * *

In an American millionaire's luxurious bathroom the act of turning the waste-tap causes a march from *Lohengrin* to be played. Hitherto grand opera in the bathroom has been restricted to vocalists.

* * *

A paragraphist mentions Mr. SICKERT'S practice of so frequently varying his appearance that his friends never know what he will look like next. The friends of many artists know only too well what they will look like.

* * *

Among advertised novelties we note a special lock which can be easily affixed to and quickly removed from a bedroom-door in a strange house. It should contribute greatly to the enjoyment of staying with friends or relatives whose honesty is not above suspicion.

Another ingenious gadget is described as making it impossible for a husband to lose the latchkey. This is the sort of rash claim that puts husbands on their mettle.

* * *

Three pickpockets have been discovered to be drawing the dole. That was dishonest of them.

* * *

"SCARFACE" AL CAPONE is organising an Association of Gravediggers. He is understood to be prepared to guarantee them brisk business.

* * *

Brilliant hats for men have been displayed by a Manchester outfitter. We doubt, however, whether Manchester is saying anything especially brilliant through them to-day.



Uncle (who has been looking through theatre guide in an attempt to find a suitable play for his country niece to see). "WELL, MY DEAR, I'M AFRAID IT'S A CHOICE OF TWO EVILS."

Niece. "HOW LOVELY! LET'S SEE ONE TO-NIGHT, AND WE CAN GO TO THE OTHER TO-MORROW NIGHT."

The proposed motor-police are reported to have been alluded to in a letter from a Government Department as "traffic cops." Our fear is that Government Departments are coming under the influence of the talkies.

* * *

Saxophones represented Job's Comforters in a suite performed at Norwich Musical Festival. Yet the patience of Job was never tried as badly as all that.

* * *

The disclosure, in a report on the Investigation of Atmosphere Pollution, that the air of Kensington is almost the impurest in the whole of London, is a facer for those who incline to the opinion that it is a privilege to breathe it.

* * *

According to a technical writer the great problem of to-day is what to do with old motor-cars. Some people still try to drive them.

With reference to the announcement that photographs of wills will be obtainable at Somerset House in the New Year, we suggest that many legatees would appreciate them mounted suitably for framing.

* * *

The vitality of many after-dinner speakers is attributed to their practice of taking an afternoon nap. This is also a possible explanation of the wakefulness of many after-dinner listeners.

* * *

A man who has spent forty years in prison, and was sentenced recently at Ramsgate, was stated by the police to be one of the most skilful thieves in the country. It is said that he intends using this testimonial on his note-headings when he comes out and starts in business again.

* * *

A London magistrate thinks people should not give tips to policemen. The best burglars never do.

* * *

The baby born in a taxi-cab the other day has been christened Mary Taxina. This should be a warning to others against being born in a taxi-cab.

* * *

In his recent speech on Fascism, addressed to Italy and the World, Signor MUSSOLINI seems to have been pouring oil on the troubled flames.

* * *

A man who was arrested in the Midlands pleaded that he was walking back home to Dundee. He should have been remanded for the state of his mind to be inquired into.

* * *

According to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL the danger of infection from the use of the telephone is negligible. Nothing is said about the danger of apoplexy from the use of wrong numbers.

* * *

Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN is reported to have had his hair dyed black for professional purposes, but it is understood that there was not a grey hair in his famous moustache.

* * *

It is a great mistake, according to Princess IMERETINSKY, for skaters to drink cocktails before taking the ice. The general opinion is that it is safer just to drink cocktails.

THE PADDINGTON PUTSCH.

Air: "Sennacherib."

THE Crusaders came down with their Man of Ozone*
And the Paddington tweenies were thrilled to the bone;
It was roses and roses—the last of the year—
Flung wide in the way of the Bold Buccaneer.*

There was MAX for a tax on their mistresses' food;
He was hoisting his *Standard* as high as he could;
And the praise of their HITLER was hot in the mouth
Of the parlourmaid voters of Paddington South.

And the basements and areas rocked with applause
When ROTHERMERE's columns were joined to the Cause,
When he threw up his own and his lady ally's
For the dear love of honour and BEAVERBROOK's eyes.

It was boomed on his banners that BALDWIN Must Go
For not toeing the line he was ordered to toe,
And the Party of Empire was visibly pained
When they found that the impudent fellow Remained.

Meanwhile every flapper (they dote on a tar)
Joy-rides to the poll in a BEAVERBROOK car,
For they may not have coped with their idol's Address
But they fancied his face in *The Daily Express*.

And the housemaids of Westbourne are waiving their pails,
And the cooks in hysterics are banging the scales,
And there's jazz below stairs, for the enemy's sword
Has collapsed at the nod of a Newspaper Lord. O. S.

THE HALLOWEEN PARTY.

IN the middle of dinner Josephine clapped her hands.

"Oh," she cried, "I've got a lovely idea! I've just remembered what date it is. Let's make this a Halloween party."

Stephen only smiled indulgently; but then he is married to Josephine, and she is always having lovely ideas. The rest of us were enthusiastic but vague. What were we supposed to do?

"Oh, I don't know," said Josephine. "Roast nuts, and so on. We'll look it up."

So we unearthed a copy of BURNS's poems and turned to "Halloween." Josephine began to read, but her tongue stumbled and her brow grew puckered.

> "Then straught or crooked, yird or nane,
> They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
> The vera wee things, todlin', rin,
> Wi' stocks out owre their shouther. . . ."

Josephine is an Englishwoman.

"This," she announced, "is a hopeless poem."

"Try the footnotes," I suggested. "So often they're the best part of a book."

The footnotes were at any rate intelligible, and Josephine's spirits rose again.

"Now, then, are you all ready? 'The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a stock or plant of kail.' That seems a bit difficult in London. Unless," she added hopefully, "we all went out into the King's Road and pulled them off a barrow."

"No," said Stephen quite firmly. "Try another."

"'Go out to the barn and take both doors off their hinges. . . .' There again, we haven't got a barn. I know—what about the garage?"

"That wouldn't count," said Stephen, who loves his garage. "Besides, it's a sliding door."

"Well, we can do the nut one, anyway. You name nuts after two of the people present, and if they don't burn quietly side by side in the fire it means they're going to have an awful row with each other in the near future."

But at this point she evidently remembered that Bill and Helen Brendon were present. "No, perhaps that's rather dull," she went on hurriedly. "Here's another: 'Take the opportunity of going unnoticed to a beanstack and fathom it three times round. . . .'"

"Now, I ask you," said Stephen patiently, "are there any beanstacks in London? And, if there were, could you possibly go prancing round one without being made the object of remark? Here, give me the book and I'll find one. 'Sit in front of a looking-glass holding a lighted candle in one hand and eating an apple out of the other. The face of your future spouse will appear in the glass peeping over your shoulder.'"

"But we're all married," Bill Brendon objected.

"In these enlightened days," said Helen Brendon brightly, "there are always possibilities."

"But in these enlightened days," said Stephen smoothly, "there is also a complete lack of candles."

"Well, I suppose we'd better play bridge after all," said Josephine with a sigh. "But it *was* a lovely idea all the same."

POETIC JUSTICE.

[According to an informative paragraph, writing "lines" as a punishment for schoolboys was in vogue nearly 2,400 years ago.]

LONG years ago, to bring us to contrition,
My friends and I for every youthful crime
Were doomed by some avenging imposition
To put in calligraphic overtime,
And, longing vainly for more open spaces,
Pent in a schoolroom we would all agree
Our "lines" had fallen in unpleasant places
(The *Æneid* II. or III.).

For, certain of his potency to purge ill
Behaviour such as ours, our overmen
Without exception ail decreed that VERGIL
Should find employ for each laborious pen,
Until, his many beauties passing by us,
A loathing of him filled each childish skull;
Æneas seemed more punitive than pious
And Dido deadly dull.

We deemed it not the least of Rome's great glory
That Roman boys escaped this penal plan,
All those, at any rate, who lived before he
Sang *arma* (arms) *virumque* (and the man),
And he himself once only had to write it,
Not duplicate five hundred lines per week;
MÆCENAS, who induced him to indite it,
Was not a Fourth Form beak.

But now there comes some meed of consolation:
This punishment that all our schools employ
To find for erring hands an occupation
Was going strong when VERGIL was a boy;
When he betrayed a tendency to go it
Either he had to copy his own verse
Or else the work of some inferior poet
(I hope that made it worse).

Another Smith Minority.

"Amulius sent Romulus and Remus down the Tiber in a barrel, but they were found and scuttled by a she-wolf."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

* Synonym for the breezy nautical Candidate.



THE BLESSED REBELLION.

SHEPHERD BALDWIN. "IT WOULD BE UNGRACIOUS ON MY PART IF I DID NOT THANK THE—ER—SLIGHTLY DISCOLOURED SHEEP OF MY FLOCK FOR HELPING TO CONSOLIDATE THE LOYALTY OF THE FOLD."



"DARLING, I DO LOVE YOU. YOU'RE SO DELIRIOUSLY CUBE."

SPACE IN OUR TIME.

I HAVE decided to advertise Relativity.

Observing the face of Professor EINSTEIN, photographed in a daily paper, and having compared it with his photograph as reproduced in another daily paper to make sure that it was the right chap, I said to myself—

"Here is a fellow who for several years has had a great message to hand out to the world. But, owing to a want of push, owing to a lack of bluff, he has so far been unable to get it over and make it ring the bell."

For Relativity, mark you, important though it is, has never been popular. Clever men have adopted it, but not the man in the street. A relation of mine, who understands trigonometry and hydraulics, is rather fond of explaining Relativity after dinner to the ladies. He is cogent and very persuasive, and I have often heard them promise to use Relativity and allow it to harmonise their lives. But have they been sincere and kept their word? I doubt it.

The mechanic who knows the names of all the extraordinary things underneath the bonnet of my motor-car openly confessed to me the other day that he did not understand Relativity. The weekly essayists are silent about it. They praise each other's books or their own, but not the work of EINSTEIN. Poets have not yet sung Relativity. I was present at a dinner given to modern poets last week, but the name of Relativity was not so much as mentioned. One of the poets went so far as to say that what we were waiting for was a single word or phrase that would galvanise the poetry of to-day and give it the fire and frenzy which belonged to poetry in the past. But he did not seem to know what that word or phrase was. I was on the point of springing to my feet and telling him, but I felt that the hour had not yet struck. Another poet said that the past, the present and the future were all one, which is no doubt true, and all very well in its way. But it is not the whole of Relativity. Not by a long chalk.

Lord BEAVERBROOK has not taken up Relativity, as he might have taken it up. He has not even advocated Relativity within the British Empire, though it would surely place us ahead of all the other nations and empires on the earth.

The mind, I take it, is more important than the body; the universe larger than South Paddington. Here is a thing, Relativity, which has revolutionised all our silly notions of Space and knocked on the head all our fatuous superstitions about Time. Yet a man of indomitable courage, of immense wealth, of vast organising ability is content to relegate it to a few paragraphs from time to time in his newspapers as though it were not a far more vital concern than mere trade.

It is true that Relativity was made in Germany, and Lord BEAVERBROOK may wish to keep it out. But it would be a far nobler course, in my opinion, to seize and acquire it for the British Empire, as the Germans have acquired SHAKESPEARE and SHAW from England and Fascism from Rome.

It is the biggest thing that has happened in our time (assuming for the moment that we have any time or any bigness to put in it). It has not been condemned, so far as I know, by any of the Churches. There are no municipal by-laws to prevent it. No licence need be taken out for its use. But

it has not yet captured the imagination of the common folk in our land.

Once again, I ask, why?

If GALILEO, if NEWTON, if DARWIN had introduced Relativity there would have been a hurly-burly throughout the civilised globe. But in our weak and spineless era it has made practically no impression at all. Borrowing, therefore, the methods of other downright and hearty propagandists who recommend to us mere trifles like soap and food, I want to say this of Relativity:—

Erroneous old-fashioned ideas on the constitution of the universe are very hard to correct. I am still occasionally asked, "Does space go on and on or does it twiddle round and come back again? Does motion move or only appear to move? Is time a circle or a parallelogram?" My answer is always a decided affirmative. It is quite wrong to suppose that the intellect can be nourished on any other diet than Relativity. I know of no other system of thought that meets all the requirements of metaphysics, acting on the brain at once as a cleanser and a valuable and soothing emollient.

I am collecting a number of photographs of men in rude health, with forceful chins and fairly good collars and ties, who are going to announce to the world day by day that they cannot do without Relativity and who confess what Relativity has meant to them since they took it up and came to make a habit of it twice or thrice a day.

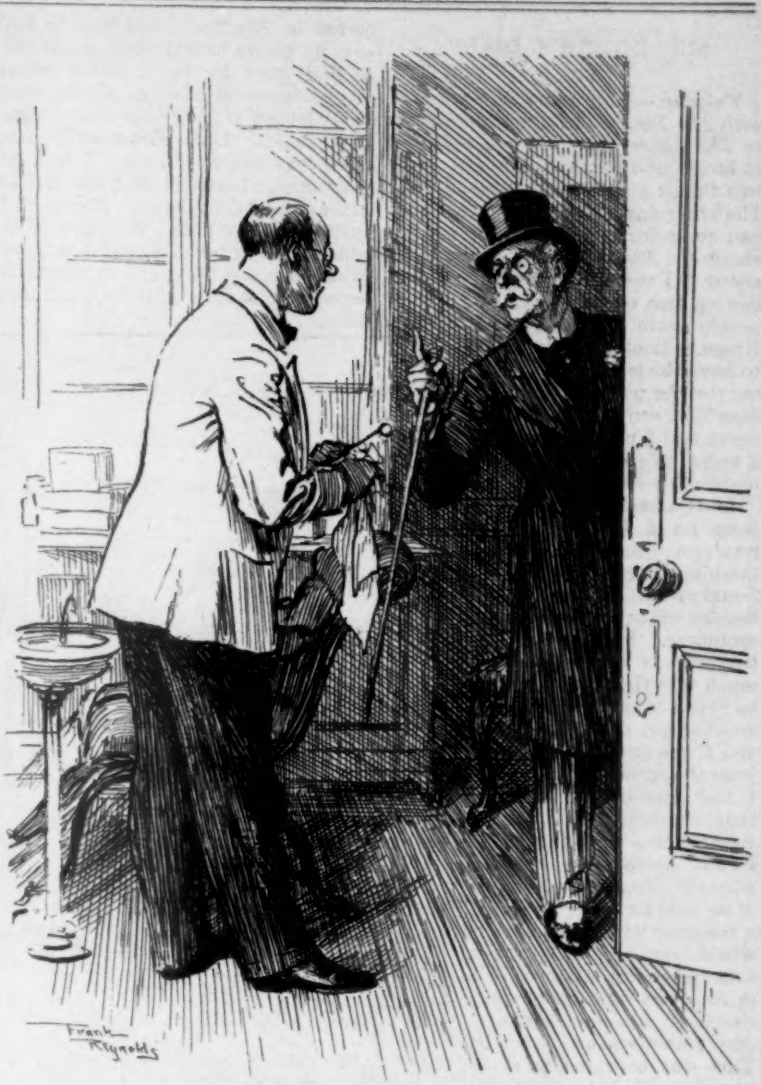
It cannot be too often pointed out that in Relativity you get economy with quality, value and service combined. When you come to think of it this must of necessity be so. Relativity affects every movement that we make and every moment of our lives. It is about us and around us everywhere. It is far more important than corpuscles or vitamins. I might even go so far as to say that it is more quintessential than molecules, but I am not quite certain of that. It transcends politics, it overrides literature, it is more sustaining to the mind than a cereal food. So far only a handful of clever men have tried it. I want to get it right over into every home.

Not until the Press has agreed to devote a large amount of free space daily to Relativity will the age in which we live find itself or have any message for the ages to come. It should be the catchword, the slogan, the test of our faith. *Do we stand for Relativity? Or do we not? And, if not, where do we get off anyway?*

I am having a little button made which will be worn by all those who believe in Relativity, so that they can single each other out at receptions, at railway-stations, in buses, in bars. One will go up to another and say to him (or say to her), "Nothing has made so much difference in my life as Relativity. I never knew what mind-comfort meant until I found it." And he or she will answer, "Same here." The button will have a photograph of Professor EINSTEIN upon it—the one in profile, I think, with the soft hat.

I myself was a sceptic for a long time about the truth of Relativity. But now, having gone into it thoroughly with a pick-axe, I realise that there is nothing like it at all. Absolutely nothing whatsoever. It is the cat's pyjamas. It is the bee's knee.

EVOE.



Evergreen Buck (to Dentist, who is making him a complete set). "BY THE WAY! REMEMBER! NO WISDOM TEETH!"

Reports which It would have been Kinder to Suppress.

"The Rev. Wm. —— occupied the pulpit, and preached the Parish Church vacant at the morning service on Sunday."
Scots Paper.

Field-Sports Across the Border.

"HOW AN ABERDEEN BISHOP WAS MURDERED.
DEESIDE FIELD CLUB'S INTERESTING AFTERNOON."
Headlines in Scots Paper.

"Mr. Scullin has informed Mr. Fenton by fireless telephone that he hopes to leave London in the first week in December."
Sunday Paper.

Our chats with the local exchange are seldom free from heat.

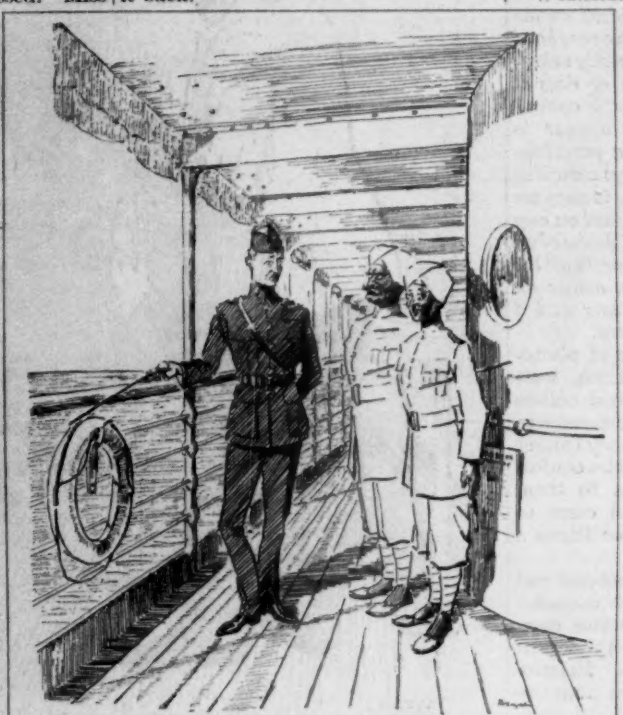
MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

VIII.

Tuesday.—I am somewhat annoyed with *The Times*. I do not often write to *The Times*, though I generally feel at breakfast-time that there are one or two things about which I could help. The other day I decided that the time had come for somebody to speak out about Mr. SNOWDEN. And while I was about it I thought I would deal with one or two other points which most people seem to have missed. Miss Hinge, at Bootle's, arranged to have the letter typed for me (by the way, her young man has been made a foreman), and I put it aside for a night, as some of it was undeniably bold.

It is always better to sleep on a letter to the newspapers. The next morning, sure enough, I found a good deal to modify, besides one or two awkward sentences. Indeed, the trouble was I corrected so much that the letter had to be typed again. This time another girl did the work, and I was annoyed to find from the carbon copy, after I had sent off the letter, that SNOWDEN had been spelt SNOWDON throughout. I was horrified to think what the Editor would think of me, and I at once sent off a telegram which I thought would amuse him: "*My letter yesterday reference is to Snowden statesman not Snowdon mountain apologise please correct error.*" This was courteously acknowledged but without comment. I had forgotten, by the way, that they do not put capital letters in telegrams, so perhaps it did not seem so pointed as it did to me. If I were Postmaster-General I should provide facilities for more variety in the transcription of telegrams. Haddock told me once that he sometimes sends telegrams in rhymed couplets (I cannot imagine why) but that the Post-Office invariably delivers them as ordinary prose. I have never sent a telegram in verse, but I have often wanted to *underline* a word, and cannot see why one should not be able to do so without extra charge.

I was somewhat surprised to have my letter returned to me a few days later with a note from the Editor's *secretary* to say that sections of the letter were "hardly suitable" for publication in *The Times* and that in any case its length would make it difficult to find space for it. I rather raised my eyebrows at that, as I have seen many letters in *The Times* much longer than mine. Lord MELCHETT's last week was twice as long. I had no guarantee, of course, that the Editor had even *seen* my letter. However, I curtailed it by about one-third (with considerable reluctance), had it re-typed (what with one thing and another this letter has cost me a good deal) and sent it back.



Orderly Officer (helping out raw Sepoy with his orders). "AND IF A MAN FALLS OVERBOARD YOU'D THROW THAT TO HIM, WOULDN'T YOU?"

Sentry (suspecting a catch). "THAT, SAHIB? NEVER! THAT'S GOVERNMENT PROPERTY."

Naturally I was now pretty confident that my amended version would be accepted and printed in full. I half hoped that they would put it on the centre page, and I warned Masters and one or two others to look out for it. Masters said that *The Times* was too "highbrow" for him as a rule, but when I told him that I was giving it to SNOWDEN hot and strong he good-naturedly promised to take the paper in for a week. So did Weed. (I have half a mind to ask *The Times* for a commission!)

This was four or five days ago. My letter has not appeared yet, but I suppose that the Editor is waiting till he can find space for it next to the leading articles. They have been having rather a tiresome correspondence about the Gold Standard, which takes up much more room, I should have said, than it is worth. This morning I looked again, and there was the usual row of letters from bankers and so forth, and two very trivial communications about sport. I really wonder that they allow such nonsense on that page. However, I am not an impatient man, though it is rather disappointing for Mrs. Puke, who asks every morning, "Is it in to-day, Sir?"

Wednesday.—This afternoon (on the Arcades) I met Masters, who said, "Well, laddie, I want my money back." I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "Your letter, laddie. All very well, but not long enough." I was thunderstruck and said, "But it has not appeared." He said, "Yesterday, laddie—didn't you see?" I left him without a word and hurried home. I am always telling Mrs. Puke not to take the current week's papers; but of course she had used some of yesterday's *Times* to light the fire and the rest of it to line the drawers in my room. I took out every sheet, rather to her annoyance, as she had been rearranging my handkerchiefs and things, and at last found what I was looking for. A snippet of *four lines*—under "Points from Letters." I have seldom felt so humiliated. No wonder Masters wanted his money back. I have written a strong letter to the Editor, pointing out that by *mutilating* my letter he has lost the *whole* point of it, and that I would much rather it had not appeared at all, as I could then at least have sent it to *The Burbleton Mirror* intact. It is no wonder the country is in such a condition if common-sense views cannot obtain a hearing.

All I can do now is to leave my letter on record in my diary. Posterity will see whether I was right and, if I am not much mistaken, *very soon*. I wrote as follows:—

"*To the Editor of 'The Times.'*

SIR,—Cannot Mr. SNOWDEN be *impeached*? If not, the first business of Parliament in the forthcoming session should be to reduce his *salary*, and so compel his resignation. There is a point, Sir, where strength

of mind becomes mere *obstinacy*, and no thinking man can deny that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has passed that point. The Dominions are knocking at the door; the British people prepare a welcome within, but the janitor denies them an entrance. Is it not time, Sir, to *eject* the janitor? Whether or not the Government falls Mr. SNOWDEN should fall, and that soon. At every turn he emerges as the fly in the ointment. Is he aware that millions of British money are being sent to the Irish Free State for the purpose of gambling? And, if so, how much longer will he allow His Majesty's Post-Office to assist and conduct this degrading traffic? Last January I requested the Post-Office to instal an extension of my telephone; in April I received a demand note requesting payment for work which had not yet been *done*. As for the Income-Tax, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should surely know——"

But I am too disgusted to transcribe any more. I dealt with a number of subjects briefly, but I think to the point; and all that the premier journal of this country saw fit to print (in *very* small type) was the following:—

"*Points from Letters.*

Cannot greater clearness be given to the text of telegrams by the transmission of capitals and stops? And it would be convenient to be able to *underline* and bracket words without a supplementary charge.

COUNCILLOR DOUGH, *Hauteville, Burbleton.*"

A. P. H.

Dope at Newmarket?

"Darling's The Recorder (F. Fox), looking fresh and well, covered six furlongs at half speed with Quinine."

Racing Report in Daily Paper.

The Camaraderie of the Sty.

"PIGS (and other stock).—Youth (22), Public School and Agricultural College, Wants Work with above to increase previous experience. A keen and interested worker and, when required, a congenial companion."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Capillary Pushfulness.

Letter from maker of hair-restorer to customer who complained that after using it his hair was falling out faster than ever: "Dear Sir,—This is one of the best signs, as it shows that the new hair is coming up and pushing out the old."

A QUILL FROM PEGASUS.

(THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE, 1930.)

I LAY that, while his narrow sheet
The patient scribe did fill
With letters small and slow and neat,
His thoughts outran his quill.

But nibs go faster now than then
And pages spread their border,
For over furlongs nine The Pen
Outgallops The Recorder.

Generosity which seems to lack Abandon.

"A Year's Subscription to any Free Library in the Country. Presented by a Lover of Books."

From Prize List of a Charity Fund.

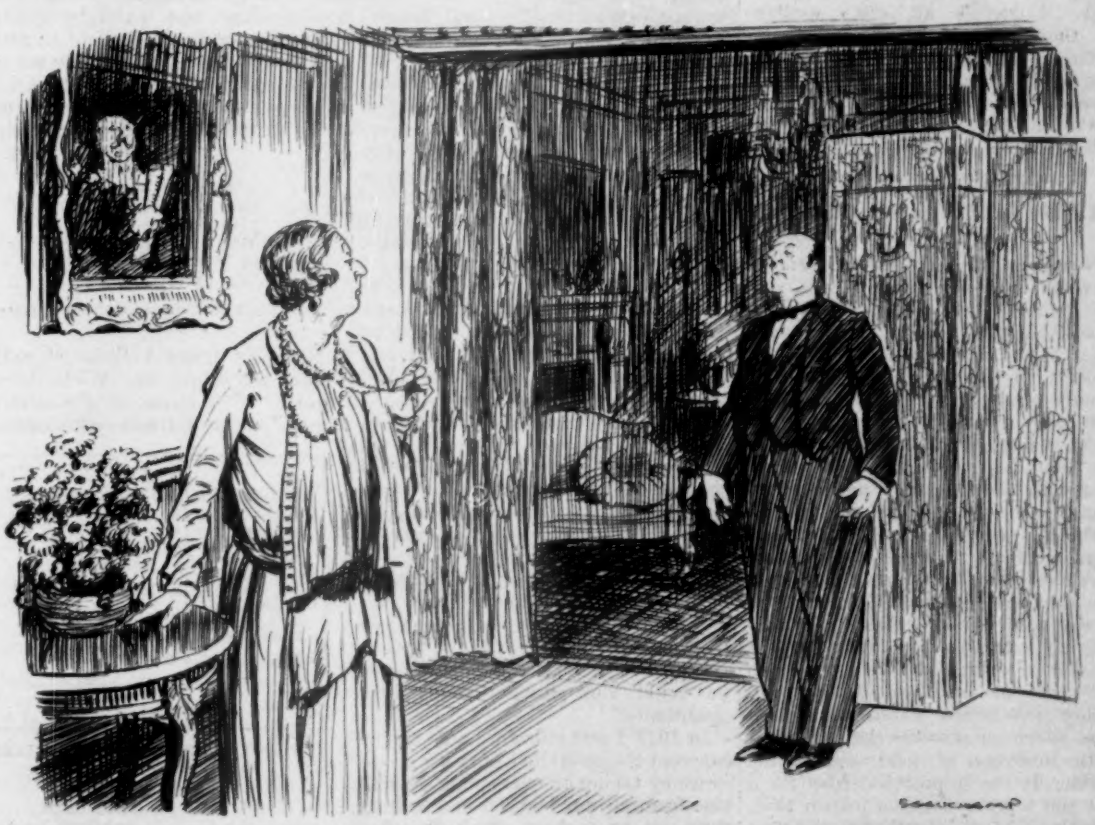
"GENUINE OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE. Gravel soil. Open views. A house of real character of the XVIth Century."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

For the moment we cannot recall old George Tudor.

"It is only we poets who pick up our ears when we are told that these eggs [Dinosaur's] are ninety-five million years old, and eight feet high."—*Weekly Paper.*

Only we rabbit-poets.



Butler (to lady who is expecting distinguished delegates from overseas). "ONE OF THE IMPORTED GUESTS 'AS ARRIVED, M'LADY."

ELIZABETH'S POEM.

Elizabeth would like to be
A poet, so she says, and she
Is making up a verse for me
(She's thought of lots to say);
She's bought a penny book (it's blue),
A pencil and a rubber too,
So now there's nothing else to do
But just to start away.

The title, which is most concise,
Is simply "POEM," written twice,
Which ought to look extremely nice
When underlined in ink;
The metre will be varied; it
Will change with every line a bit,
Which makes it easier to fit;
A splendid plan, I think.

The rhymes she doesn't mind about;
They won't be difficult, no doubt,
And if they are she'll leave them out—
Another plan that's good;
And very soon she says she ought
To fill the penny book she's bought
With all the things of which she's thought.
How lovely if she could!

But somehow (why, I don't quite know)
Her progress up to now is slow,
And "POEM"'s all she's written, though
She sighs an awful lot;
You'd think that with a book of blue,
A pencil *and* a rubber too,
She'd find it easy—wouldn't you?—
But yet she says it's not.

THE ARMY BICYCLE IN WAR AND PEACE.

I.—WAR.

NOT even Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, poet and partisan of the Army, who has hymned every military appurtenance from the battery mule to the "oont," has mentioned the army bicycle. This is strange, for it has equally strong claims to immortality. It is easily as stubborn as the battery mule; it is quite as full of vagaries as the "oont," and certainly it has caused as much bad language as either of them.

For the army bicycle is no ordinary bicycle. To begin with, it is about as heavy as a small car, has the gearing of a tank and possesses a frame-work of cast-iron tubing, filled, I should imagine, with concrete. It has wheels capable of driving a dent in a stone wall without buckling. It has unwieldy raw-boned handle-bars, and tyres which are possibly the best pneumatic imitation of solid ones in the world. It has a practical joke for a seat and a pretty familiar joke at that. It is the kind of bicycle that the man in the shop used to hire out for you to learn upon when you were a boy. In short, if the Light Brigade at Balaklava had had army bicycles instead of horses . . . However.

From the above you may easily see that the manufacturers of the army bicycle apparently knew well that it had to be used by soldiers in time of war and designed it accordingly. Unfortunately they did not go far enough. Their specification was wrong in a very important detail. For the lamp, oil-can, spanners and so on are all *detachable*, whereas for service with troops they should either have been cast in the same moulding as the frame-work, or should have been attached by padlock and chain, the keys to be kept by quartermasters back at the base. And even so a really determined spanner-"borrower," if belonging to another unit, would not have been put off by finding a complete machine immovably attached to the spanner he wished to use. Units pass in the night, and other units' bicycles pass with them. In this connection one of our own best bicycle thieves, having removed by night a brand-new machine from outside a dug-out in another battalion's area, furnished most artistic evidence of its disappearance from "natural causes" by digging a lifelike shell-hole in the exact spot where it had been.

The insistence by the military authorities upon the safeguarding of small accessories may sound disproportionate till you realise the value they place on them. They have the mote complex to a marked degree; indeed they seldom raise difficulties about any loss bigger than a lamp or a saddle. Our Adjutant once had a long argument about a report he had put in to the effect that the battalion had lost a bicycle spanner in a sunken road on the Somme two feet deep in mud, and it wasn't till the correspondence had been going two months that he got the loss passed by despatching the following chit: "Ref. my original BX/412 of 28th July, please delete the word 'spanner.' Error regretted." He was thus empowered to draw a new bicycle complete, from which he abstracted a spanner to effect his replacement. It left him of course with a "bukshee" Bicycle, Pedal (less spanner) . . . 1, but the latter came in most useful as a sort of mobile store for his twenty-one authorised machines, and for some while we could view sunken roads with equanimity.

In 1917 I remember we used to circumvent the possibility of losing accessories by taking off everything detachable from all our bicycles and locking them up in a chest which travelled with H.Q. stores. It meant of course that, if a nut came loose while Private Pullthrough was carrying a despatch, it either stayed loose or fell off, and probably he had to carry the machine as well as the despatch. But this was of course better than jeopardising the Allied chances by being a spanner short in the old oak chest.

On rare and lucky occasions we would find a Cyclist Battalion billeted next us for the night. By a Cyclist Battalion I mean a battalion of some eight hundred men with eight hundred bicycles. This was of course money for jam. It was like putting a lot of carp into a pike-pond. Not that they weren't good fellows; it was simply that to them bikes were so common they meant nothing, like gold-dust to the old Incas. And anyway *they* could always apply for replacements with far less suspicion than we could. "Destroyed by hostile shell-fire" was, of course, our great talisman. It generally worked, though sometimes you hit up against a sarcastic staff-officer who wrote back on these lines: "Ref. your hurried manuscript note of yesterday *re* loss of 1 bicycle. Please describe more exactly the hostile shell-fish which destroyed bicycle No. 81288 so inadequately on 20th that this machine was found by military police abandoned in Bailleul on 28th."

A nasty one! But frankly we preferred it to this kind of note, invariably received somewhere in the enemy's front line two hours after an attack:—

To C.O. 15th Royal Scots.
" 16th Royal Scots.
" 10th Lincolns.
" 11th Suffolks.
O.C. 207th Fld. Coy. R.E.
" 101 T.M.B.
Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

SUBJECT: *Maintenance of Accessories, Pedal Bicycle.*

Ref. Div. Order/Vehicles/82/x/4101 calling for return of "Wicks bicycle lamp 2" . spare, in use, and deficient" on pro-forma as attached:—

Unit	
Authorised Scale of Wicks	
Wicks in Use (part worn)	
Wicks Spare (new)	
Wicks Deficient	
Remarks	

THE ABOVE ORDER IS NOW CANCELLED.

(*Sd.*) P. POOP,
for Staff Capt.,
101st Brigade.
A. A.



"WHEN SHE'S 'AD A COUPLE SHE SPEAKS UNDER 'ER BREATH—'BLOTTO VOCE,' AS THE SAYIN' IS."

EASTWARD BOUND.

V.—THE RED SEA.

FROM Port Soudan to Aden
And on to Guardafui
The chairs on deck are laden
With dank humanity,
That lies a-drip, a-dangle,
Oblivious of grace,
Its legs at every angle,
A kerchief on its face.

The quoits are lying quiet,
The skittles are the same,
And I think there'd be a riot
At the mention of a game,
For the heat—upon my soul, 'tis
Worse than anything I know,
And the air feels like a poultice
On the parts of you that show.

And I wake to hear a crashing
Across a sea of glass,
As the porpoises go splashing,
To scatter as they pass
A joy that is the Lido's,
A grimness that is grey,
A hint of mad torpedoes
Or submarines at play.

Yet, though they mar my peace, it is
Impossible to spurn
A glimpse of gross obesities
In such a girlish turn,
Though I know I should be sleeping,
For these acrobatic tricks
Are entirely out of keeping
With a glass at ninety-six.

J. M. S.

"Trombone Solo, Lend me your Aid."
Wireless Programme.

What about sharing our cottonwool?

"The brigade were able to distinguish the fire."—*Birmingham Paper.*

Flames and smoke are what they often go by.

A PUTTER—FOR GEORGE?

YESTERDAY I wanted to give George a present. He is one of the best fellows in the world, a good friend, the salt of the earth, a man without a bad point about him except his putting, which is sometimes weak. Anything expensive was out of the question—he's got all that—but it struck me that a really good putter, if such a thing existed, would remove one of the sorrows from his path.

Observe here my altruism. Many a round have I played with George; many a round I hope to play. As a rule there is nothing between us. One morning, I remember, when his luck was better even than usual, he put it across me to the tune of 8 and 6; but in the afternoon, when I was less vilely unlucky than I generally am, I flattened him out by 7 and 5. But we nearly always carry the match to the last hole, and more often than not to the last green. Plainly, if I did this thing, I ran the risk of putting myself permanently in the soup. For anybody else I wouldn't have done it.

I went to a famous shop crowded with clubs of all makes and began my search. I handled putters by the score, but they were just putters, clumsy things of uncertain temper whose behaviour would depend solely on the mood they happened to be in at the moment. One by one I tried them and laid them by. As time went on, the young man who was serving me and had begun in a spirit of easy comradeship, became visibly depressed, and finally had the cheek to ask me what I really did want.

"A putter," I replied. I had him there.

Ultimately he did a strange thing. He retired through a door, which he carefully shut behind him, and reappeared with a couple of clubs, apparently twins, whose exquisite heads at once drew the eye. I tried one—admirable; I tried the other—at last it was here, the putter of one's dreams. Slender, delicate, matchless in beauty, balance and poise, it was a thing to occur once and never again. It couldn't have been copied. It was unique, one of those glorious flukes that restore one's faith in the greatness of Man and the march of science.

I said I would buy that putter. The young man with restored affability asked where it was to be sent. I was just about to blurt out George's name and address when my inward monitor suddenly woke up and the struggle began. Could I, even to George, yield this marvel? I said, yes, I could. I wanted to make George's heart glad, and this would do the trick.



Actor. "LOOK HERE—I'VE BEEN PLAYING IN A BEASTLY 'CROOK' DRAMA FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS AND I'M DOWN HERE FOR A REST. CAN'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE ELSE?"

"What about your own heart?" asked the Voice.

"My happiness," I replied with feeling, "will come from watching George's."

"Rats," the Voice returned. "Besides, your putting wants improving. It's just as bad as his."

"Less of it," I answered. But the remark left a sting, for there was an element of truth in it. Still, I was firm.

My monitor now tried another tack. "One man's putter isn't another man's putter. *If* you give this to George and find he doesn't like it, you'll never in decency get it out of him, and you'll have chucked it away for nothing. Ass!"

The answer was clear. "Ass yourself. This putter would suit anybody. It's unique."

"The more fool you," the Voice retorted, "for not sticking to it while you've a chance."

At this point of the debate the salesman, who had been watching me with growing displeasure, tried to chip in. I shut him up with a gesture and continued the battle.

"Why not," the Voice went on undismayed, "hang on to this yourself and plant the other on George? It's probably the second best in the world, and *he'd never know.*"

Plausible, no doubt; but (to my credit) I was above that, and, when the next suggestion came that I should give George the better one to make him glad, keep the other myself and swap when he wasn't looking, I treated it with silent contempt.

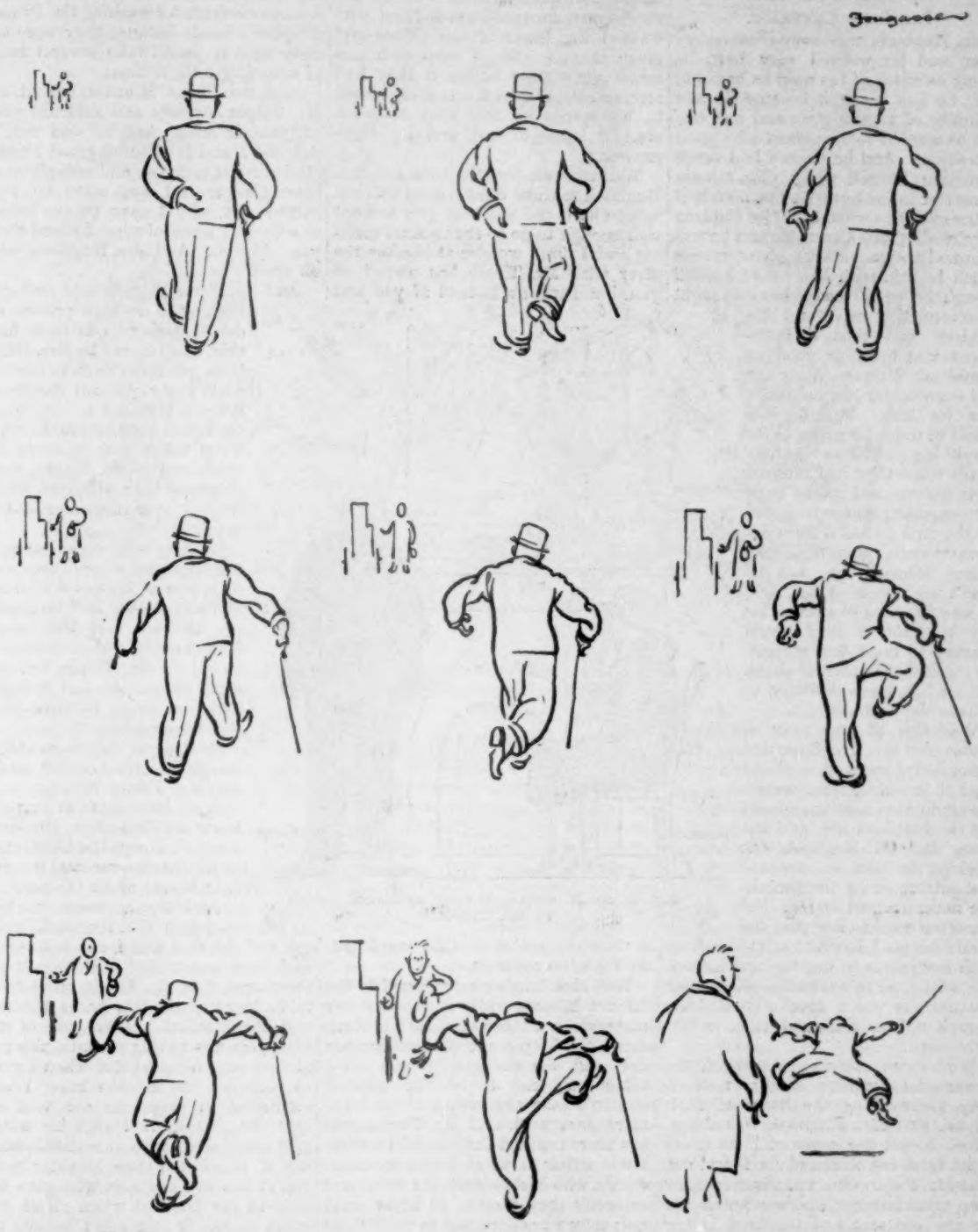
Undeterred by my probity, the antagonist shifted the attack. "Putting George aside," it said, "here you have a chance of achieving a life's ambition and getting your handicap down to single figures. You won't do it any other way. Are you going to make this life sacrifice, fathead?"

Was I? This club was worth half-a-dozen strokes a round and more. The gods had put a gift into my hand. Would it be right (to take a lofty point of view) to hurl it away? Was I a fathead? For the first time I had no answer. The putter was practically mine when the salesman in a loud clear voice got in his word. "Your address, Sir?" he asked.

And with that all that is noble in me rose to the surface. "My address to blazes," I cried. "Send it to—— ——." I gave George's name and strode out with an eternal double-figure handicap and a chest-measurement two inches larger than it has ever been before.

I don't often do a good deed, but when I do it's a corker. DUM-DUM.

"Young lady requires post as Foreign Secretary."—*Advt. in Yorkshire Paper.*
Mr. HENDERSON would probably be glad to oblige her.



STUDY OF A GENTLEMAN, WHO DOESN'T APPROVE OF GIVING TO PEOPLE IN THE STREET, TRYING CONSCIENTIOUSLY TO AVOID KEEPING IN STEP WITH A PIANO-ORGAN.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE SOAP CONTRACT.

Mr. Rugbook was a soap manufacturer and he worked very hard at selling as much of his soap as he could after he had made it because he had a family of twelve girls and one boy and he wanted to give them all a good education. And he hadn't had much education himself which didn't seem to matter in his business but he felt it in the evenings when his older children were reading SHAKESPEARE and he was ashamed to read stories about crimes which he said took him out of himself though he would never have thought of committing any, and his children said that SHAKESPEARE was quite as good at crimes as EDGAR WALLACE and even better but he didn't care for him. Still he was proud of them for going in for something as stiff as SHAKESPEARE when they had finished their lessons and might have been enjoying themselves, and for the girls he had a most expensive daily governess who rather despised him but he didn't see much of her, and he was thinking of sending his boy to Eton if they would promise to teach him chemistry instead of Latin and Greek and let him leave at fifteen to go into the business.

Well this all cost a lot of money and Mrs. Rugbook was a wonderful manager and she used to say that there wasn't the tradesman born that could get the better of her, and she knew that Mr. Rugbook was working as hard as he could and getting on all the time so she never nagged at him, but she often used to say that she would be glad to sit down sometimes with her hands in her lap and behave like a lady, so he worked all the harder because she was a good wife to him, though not so beautiful as he would have liked.

Well there came a time when the Government wanted several tons of soap for washing the floors of their offices, and Mr. Rugbook was determined to get the contract if he could so he tendered low, and he found out that Mr. Tiepin who was the only other soap manufacturer who was putting in for the contract had tendered higher than he had, so he thought he was sure to get it especially as he was on the Government side in politics.

But just before the day when they were going to have a Cabinet meeting about the contract he found out that Mr. Tiepin had made friends with all the charwomen he could get hold of who washed the floors of the offices and given them a cake of soap each and asked after their babies if they had any, and Mr. Rugbook was so depressed in his spirits at this that he went straight home to bed and lay there groaning.

Well this was just the time for Mrs. Rugbook to show what a good wife she was to him, and she said you are not well enough to go to the Cabinet meeting and I don't wonder at it after the dirty trick Mr. Tiepin has played on you, but I will go instead of you and



"MRS. RUGBOOK WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY TO MR. TIEPIN."

if there is justice in this world you shall get the contract.

Well Mrs. Rugbook explained to the Cabinet Ministers why it was that her husband wasn't there and she told them about Mr. Tiepin and the charwomen and said she thought it was most unfair and she hoped the Cabinet wouldn't take any notice of what the charwomen said, and Mr. Tiepin who was there too said that he didn't think it was unfair at all as it was the charwomen who had to wash the floors and naturally they wanted to know what soap they were expected to wash them with. And Mrs. Rugbook said well you may call it fair if you like but I don't, and everybody knows that my husband's soap has less grit in it than yours and smells nicer, and besides your wife told the aunt of a friend of mine that you had said that you wished it was a contract for washing the Prime Minister's hands because they were so dirty that it would take several tons of soap to get them clean.

And the Prime Minister looked at Mr. Tiepin severely and said did you say that or not? And he said well I did, but I said it about the last Prime Minister and not you, and nobody was more glad than I was when he was turned out, why I gave twelve cakes of soap to a hospital when I heard that you had won. And Mrs. Rugbook said oh what a lie.

And the Prime Minister said we have nothing to do with politics in deciding about contracts like this, and he said to Mrs. Rugbook you must be more careful what you say about people, it doesn't give me a very high opinion of your husband's soap when I find you so ready to think evil of Mr. Tiepin, now you must both withdraw while we talk over this question between us.

So they both withdrew to a waiting-room where there was a picture of QUEEN VICTORIA and a card that said no smoking allowed, and Mrs. Rugbook wouldn't have anything to say to Mr. Tiepin but ate some biscuits she had brought with her so as to show that she despised him.

Well when they were called in again to the Cabinet meeting the Prime Minister said well we have come to a unanimous decision about this contract all except the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we give it in favour of Mr. Tiepin.

And the moment he had said that Mrs. Rugbook broke out and she said well I call it too bad and most unfair and I have just remembered that Mr. Tiepin must have told a lie about the last Prime Minister and the hospital because one of my little girls was having her adenoids out at that very hospital and when I went to visit her the matron knew I was interested in soap and she told me that Mr. Tiepin had said he would give them some soap as a thank-offering if the last Prime Minister won, and it was my husband who gave the soap to the hospital when all of you came in, and if you don't believe me you can ask the matron herself.

So Mr. Tiepin was found out and he hadn't time to make up any more lies, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer said well I didn't bother about it when



Tiresome Woman. "AND HOW SHALL I KNOW WHEN WE COME TO ACACIA AVENUE?"
Weary Conductor. "OH, YOU'LL 'EAR ME BURST INTO SONG."

you were all against me but I am the watch-dog of the nation's purse or supposed to be and we shall save something by giving the contract to Mr. Rugbook so I vote we do it.

And the Prime Minister said well we can't waste any more time over this question because we have got to settle all about the Budget and things like that and there isn't much time before lunch, so all in favour of Mr. Rugbook hold up their hands. And they all held up their hands, and Mrs. Rugbook was able to go home and tell her husband that she had won. And after that he got on so well in his business that all his daughters who were old enough married lords and it was not long before he was made a lord himself. But Mr. Tiepin sank so low through being unfair and telling lies that he was glad to take a job in Mr. Rugbook's works of mixing grit to put in the cheaper kinds of soap. A. M.

"The Royal parties are expected to arrive during the night and early to-morrow morning. Most of them will sleep in their trains."—*The Bulgarian Wedding, described in Daily Paper.*

The pages must have had a pretty crumpled burden.

BIG GAME.

THE RHINOCEROS.

THE Rhinoceros, as the mere spelling of its name would imply to any schoolboy, is a difficult beast. Shy by nature, scientists ascribe its diffidence to a keen appreciation of its own shortcomings in the matter of appearance, and its readiness to take offence on the slightest provocation provides further proof of this animal's extreme sensibility. A rhinoceros hates nothing so much as the clicking of a camera-shutter and specimens thus disturbed have been known to destroy the negatives without waiting to see the proofs.

The plural of rhinoceros is rhinoceri, though it is only fair to add that the beasts are not generally aware of this and it should not be borne against them.

On its long upper lip the rhinoceros carries a lengthy horn or spike which it uses for pushing things out of the way and for opening tins of anchovies left behind by hunters in a hurry.

One of the saddest sights in the African wilds is a rhinoceros endeavouring to remove an American tourist impaled on its spike through neglect of the elementary principles of safety first as practised daily by pedestrians in his home town.

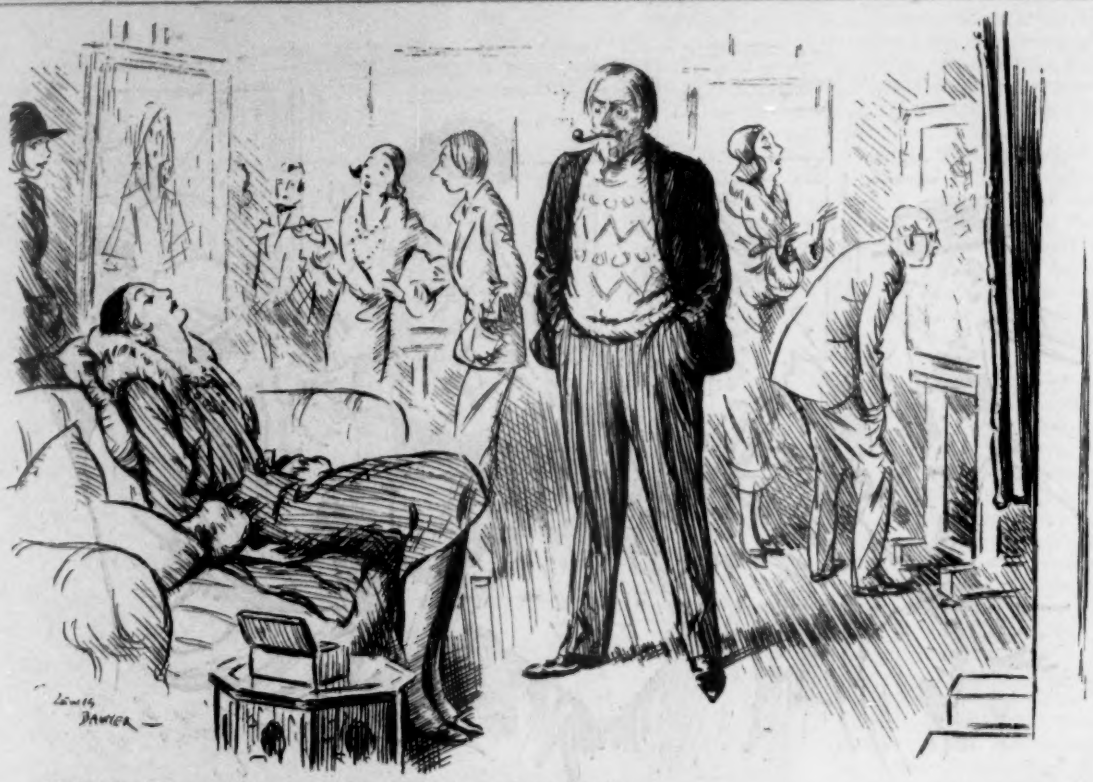
The rhinoceros is practically sightless, a merciful dispensation of Providence designed to save the poor thing the shock which it would otherwise suffer on encountering its reflection in a pool.

The rhinoceros is easily distinguishable by the thick folds of armour plating which encase its joints and by the dejected manner in which it hangs its head. It is believed to have felt like that ever since some interfering authority exploded the myth that it was once a unicorn.

They tell a story in East Africa about a gentleman who wagered that he would affix a postage-stamp on the flank of a rhino. Taking advantage of the animal's short-sightedness, he approached up wind and triumphantly stuck on his stamp; but the wind changed suddenly and it has never been made quite clear whether the Scotsman who lost the bet paid the widow.

"If we except G. K. Chester, genius in our own country would appear to thrive on leanness."—*Scots Paper.*

Seeing that he has lost a ton, this exception seems rather unfounded.



Modernist. "YOU APPEAR TO BE BORED BY MY POOR EFFORTS."
Intense but slightly exhausted Visitor. "OH, NO, NO! BUT I DON'T ONLY WANT TO *look* AT GREAT WORK—I WANT TO CLOSE MY EYES AND *feel* IT."

LINES TO CHICAGO.

PECULIAR city of the Western plain,
Where all day long the pistols bark and cough
And the low sighs are heard of gangsters, fain
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
Being bumped off.

Not Babylon, nor Rome, nor proud Stamboul,
Nor Moscow, where the bearded Tartars grin,
Not old Baghdad, and not West Hartlepool
Move me so much to read of; I keep cool
About Berlin.

There ride no lances now through Camelot,
There tilt no knights to-day in Carcassonne;
If I continued, I could name a lot
Of sweet, strange, old-world cities where there's not
Much going on.

Atlantis lies beneath the storm-tossed sea
And Nineveh has faded like a rose;
Memphis is hardly what it used to be;
But thou, Chicago, hast a cinch on me
Tighter than those!

Of all fair heaps of stone that to the sky
Were ever raised from earth by human ants
There is no statelier township and not one
So filled with gentlemen who keep a gun
Behind their pants,

That owns dominion to such curious gods,
That pays such constant toll in grafters' fees,
Where, quite unable to withstand the odds,
The corpulent are parted from their wads
With such sweet ease?

Here the dread dagoes gather in a band,
Or so they tell me, and the sirens sing;
The cops take perquisites with either hand,
Hooch flows, and in the city of the canned
The blind is king.

I have no wish to see thee. Faith abides
More splendidly, I think, where sight is not.
The cloud-capped palaces, the lake, the rides
To Fancy's gaze are lovelier; and, besides,
I might get shot.

Thou shalt remain for me a fond desire,
A thing of paper made, of rumour born,
As faint as Carthage, as remote as Tyre,
With magic casements opening rapid fire
On wops forsworn.

EVOE.

Irrelevances which are Better Ignored.

"HOCKEY.—Raglan Ladies. . . . Some of last year's players have left the district, but there are experienced players amongst the new members and the prospects are bright for the Organist's resignation."—*Monmouthshire Paper.*

"LAST NIGHT'S FIGHT.
CROWD'S DISPLEASURE AT THE ALBERT HALL."
Morning Paper.

We welcome this evidence of the public's growing architectural sense.



ANOTHER DOPING CASE.

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS. "WHEN IS THE OPERATION, DOCTOR?"

DR. MACDONALD. "NOT YET, DEAR LADY. I'M JUST GIVING YOU A PREPARATORY SLEEPING-DRAUGHT TO KEEP YOU QUIET."

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS. "AND HOW LONG WILL THE EFFECTS LAST?"

DR. MACDONALD. "OH, TILL AFTER CHRISTMAS, I HOPE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, October 28th.—

"The King's horses, the King's men
March down the street and they march back again"

for other purposes than to "put a little pep into the Lord Mayor's Show." To-day they marched down the street to put a little pep into the Opening of Parliament, and the KING, for the first time since his grave illness two years ago, went with them. A simple but notable ceremony, this Opening of Parliament, that gains lustre by repetition and should be shorn of none of its splendour, rendered memorable on this occasion to those assisting by the presence, in fine voice and bodily vigour, of HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

And what of the meat of all this pompous and circumstantial matter—the Gracious Speech from the Throne? Plenty in that to put a little pep into the forthcoming Parliamentary Session, but little enough to put new heart into depressed British industry and still more depressed British agriculture.

There is to be a Bill to promote small-holdings—at the taxpayers' expense; there is to be "further financial provision for the Unemployment Fund"—from the usual sources; the age of compulsory school-attendance is to be raised—and the taxpayers will not only pay for the schooling but are to pay the worker a "grant" for the privilege of educating his children; the Trades Disputes Act is to be amended—with the result of making the costly and futile strike-weapon more popular. There are also to be new laws relating to town-planning and factories and a new statutory authority to deal with passenger traffic in London—all worthy objects, which, as with anything of value, will cost money.

Against these multiplied threats to his pocket the taxpayer can set the Government's determination to "secure for the community a share in the site-value of land," a determination to which he might attach some value if he did not remember that long ago Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in spite of the "amazingly competent team," as Mr. BALDWIN called it, with which Mr. ASQUITH'S Government was able to support him, had tried the same thing—to the community's cost. Or he may, if he prefers, count as potential gain the Consumers' Council which the Government proposes to set up this Session and which will probably result in the consumer getting a worse article for the same price as now.



Colonel GRETTON. "THIS CRACKER SEEMS TO BE A BIT OF A DUD."

All these matters were adverted to in both Houses, after the usual Address had been moved and seconded, by Lords SANDERSON and MARKS *en haut* and Messrs. CHARLTON and TAYLOR *à bas*, in the usual speeches, in which the orators took traditional care, like TENNYSON'S paragon, to "utter nothing base," or at any rate nothing contentious, which is apt in politics to amount to the same thing.

It was impossible, said Lord SALISBURY, to detect a passion for economy in these proposals that threatened to add another forty million pounds to the tax burden to which the CHANCELLOR, since his last Budget, had already added twenty-six million pounds. It was equally impossible to detect an Imperial policy in the Government's attitude at the Imperial Conference. The Conservative party embraced the principle of a general tariff and Dominion preference and would not be deterred from embracing it by any "fiscal scruple."

Mr. BALDWIN, in the Commons, described the Speech as a gigantic act of faith, criticised the White Paper on Palestine, thought the setting up of a Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance to be superfluous, declared, in reference to the part of the Speech about "confidently awaiting the satisfactory result" of the Imperial Conference's labours, that it looked as if they might have to wait a long time, and wondered, *à propos* of the Electoral Reform Bill foreshadowed in the Speech, if, after all, righteousness, in the person of Mr. MACDONALD, and truth, in that of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, had not kissed. Mr. BALDWIN looked worried—as well he might, with forty-odd stalwart Tory back-benchers meeting over the way to resolve him out of his job—but his speech was a model of what opening-of-the-session speeches should be.

The PRIME MINISTER'S *rôle* on such occasions is to let cats out of bags, expound that which is cryptic (or leave it more cryptic than ever) and to "boost" the goods offered in the Speech. Mr. MACDONALD said all that the occasion required, gave a flat "No" to the Dominions' request for a tax on foreign wheat, declared that in Palestine the Colonial Office's task had been not to keep the nation's word but to hold the balance between two not easily reconcilable "words," divagated to the subject of alleged abuses of the dole and piously hoped that everybody would always put national interest before party advantage. He said nothing about Electoral Reform. Mr.



THE EMPIRICIST.

LORD BEAVERBROOK.

"In our opinion Empire Free Trade is neither desirable nor possible."—*The* PRIME MINISTER *of Canada.*

"Empire Free Trade is an absolute fraud."—*The* PRIME MINISTER *of Great Britain.*

LLOYD GEORGE said nothing about anything at all. Like *Brer Fox* he lay low, but smiled now and then an enigmatic smile.

On all sides and in both Houses there were sympathetic references to colleagues and friends who will be no more seen in their old places—to Lord BIRKENHEAD and Lord THOMSON and the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, and to Sir LONSDALE WEBSTER, who is lost to the Commons.

Thus opened a new Session of Parliament, barren enough of promise for the taxpayer, but offering every prospect of lavish legislative performance.

Wednesday, October 29th.—The second day of a new Parliamentary session seldom produces anything of importance through the medium of Questions, but the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S reply to Sir W. DAVISON on the subject of Bolshevik propaganda gave the House something to think about. Mr. HENDERSON admitted that the Soviet Government *had* broken its pledge against propaganda, that he had uttered the diplomatic equivalent of "Naughty, naughty!" and that the Russian Ambassador had replied with the diplomatic equivalent of what is known in less exalted circles as "the raspberry." Actually he said that the Soviet Government would continue to refrain from propaganda but could not be responsible for the Third International.

M. DOGVALEVSKI made that quite clear at Lewes, long before the pledge against propaganda was given, so it is no wonder that Mr. HENDERSON is "unable to take the matter further at the present time."

After the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. BALDWIN and Sir D. MACLEAN had paid eloquent tributes to the memory of Sir LONSDALE WEBSTER, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE took up the task of criticizing the Address. On the subject of Palestine he pointed out that criticism of the White Paper as a departure from the Balfour Declaration seemed to be general and demanded that the House should have an opportunity to debate it. As to the Imperial Conference he seemed to see the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. BALDWIN "kissing" over their common repudiation of food taxes. The osculation, he observed drily, had resounded through the Empire.

He pleaded with the House not to treat Electoral Reform as a joke. "How would you like to have only one Member for every ninety thousand votes?" he asked almost tearfully. He suspected that the reforms the Government had in mind envisaged more Labour Members, not more Liberals. Then there was Unemployment. The Government's proposals looked puny, pale and rickety. Let the PRIME MINISTER, who always seemed too busy to do his job, get on with it.

Major ELLIOT said that our unemployment insurance finance was one of the greatest dangers the country had ever had to face. "A mere drop in the bucket," snorted Mr. MAXTON. Sir



A FREE LANCE.

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY ENTERS THE LISTS, "ARMED AT POINT, EXACTLY, CAP-À-PIE."

OSWALD MOSLEY found nothing in the Speech that promised to meet the industrial crisis they had to face. Why the Government refused to raise a loan for emergency work that produced some return, when it was willing to go on borrowing indefinitely for unemployment insurance, he simply could not understand. What he wanted, though of course he did not put it so simply, was a bigger home market created by more wages and protected by import boards that controlled imports and kept down prices at the same time. Sir DONALD MACLEAN called for economy. Mr. BUCHAN called for an emergency government of all the talents, supposing there were any talents. A number of other back benchers called for a lot of other things, and Mr. HARTSHORN, replying for the Government, called for a "higher standard of efficiency in industrial undertakings" and for more schemes of work from local authorities. Not exactly a clarion cry to arms against a sea of national troubles, suggested Mr. STRACHEY, Labour Member for Aston.

Thursday, October 30th.—Loud cheers from all parts of the House greeted Mr. BALDWIN as he entered serene of brow. No hateful hisses or murderous looks were flung at him by the hundred-and-sixteen detestable conspirators. The truth is that, having wielded their daggers at the dictates of what they regarded as duty, they were glad enough to see the victim emerging unscathed. STANLEY BALDWIN, whether his policies satisfy, disappoint or completely infuriate, has the goodwill of every man in the House of Commons.

Answering Mr. MANDER, the PRIME MINISTER said that only one recommendation had been made by the Select Committee on Ministers' salaries, which, he added, will not for the time being be put into operation. "Is any attention to be paid to the financial troubles of backbenchers?" asked Mr. HAYCOCK plaintively.

A variety of criticisms from a variety of ex-Ministers and others continued to be projected against the Speech. Mr. MAXTON said there was too much pre-war Liberal philosophy in it and not enough of his own. *A propos* of the Amendment he hoped to put down, he congratulated Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as the only party leader in the House who was not at the moment suffering from something in the nature of an internal palace revolution.

Dr. ADDISON had much to say about the world's wheat surplusage and digressed to the subject of the elimination from the Irish Free State of the scrub bull. Mr. GUINNESS intimated that the Government's projects for farming on a large scale would be a waste of money, and Mr. TOM JOHNSON talked about the problems which confront the domestic manufacture of milk chocolate.

By eleven o'clock a lot had been said but nothing to suggest that the Government intend to take that scrub bull of unemployment by the horns or to turn the produce of that poor milch-cow, the taxpayer, to any better purpose than the making of cocoa to suit Liberal tastes.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

"TAILING THE COMET" AT A ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY DINNER.

LONDON GATES.

IV.—CRIPPLEGATE, 1562.

WHO go forth a-riding this grey autumn noon
With furred gowns and gold chains and rose-garnished shoon?
The month is November, the ninth is the day,
And the Lord Mayor and Aldermen pass on their way;
They pass very slowly, erect on their nags,
Mid the clashing of bells and the streaming of flags.

Who go forth a-riding this blue autumn morn
With jingling of bridle and blowing of horn?
The Lord Mayor and Aldermen hunting will go,
And that all the merchants and 'prentice lads know
Who see them pass quickly and spur with a will
To chase the red fox upon Highbury Hill.

They pass under Cripplegate, making such din
That the bells of St. Giles's are fain to chime in.
Let Reynard on Highbury hark and beware,
For he who pursues him is London's Lord Mayor,
And they who ride after, the great and the small,
With "Hillo!" and "Hollo!" are Aldermen all.

Now Reynard breaks cover and heads for the south,
And the hounds all give tongue as it were with one mouth;
The Lord Mayor with his gauntlet is shielding his eyes,
And high in their stirrups the Aldermen rise;
They mark something swerve like a swift streak of red,
And back toward London each turns his nag's head.

And now all agog are the folk of St. Giles',
For, after a gallop o'er many green miles,
The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, still on the track,
With "Hillo!" and "Hollo!" come clattering back.
Like a flash o'er the cobbles Dan Reynard has passed,
And under the gateway is taken at last.

In these our own days the Lord Mayor he may ride
In a brave golden coach with fine footmen outside,
With a chain on his breast and a knot at his knee,
And his powers are so great no man knows what they be;
But never at Highbury can he be seen
A-hunting the fox in a doublet of green!

And never through Cripplegate, sunshine or rain,
Shall you see the staid Aldermen gallop again,
While fast from the side-streets an eager crowd flows
To the cry, "There's the fox! There he goes! There he goes!"
Nay, never at Cripplegate, that I'll be bound,
Shall you hear the horn's call or the bay of a hound!

D. M. S.

PEEPS AT POSTERITY.

THE BABY.

FROM the tiny cot there came a tiny wail.

"There, there, ducky," said the watching Government Nurse, and thrust into the little hands some soothing documents. "Here is your Unemployment Relief card. This paper entitles you to a scholarship at Eton and Oxford. Under your pillow you will find a Free Food ticket. And here, ducky, is your Middle-Age Pension. Lie still, my pet, and do not excite yourself."

The tiny voice was quiet again.

A. P. H.



Old Cowman at Dairy Show. "BEEN A-GIVIN' SEVEN GALLONS EVERY DAY, SHE 'AVE."
Lady (fresh from Motor Show). "SURELY THAT ISN'T VERY MUCH. WHY, THE LITTLE CAR I'VE JUST BOUGHT HOLDS FIVE."

THE INCREDIBLE LOOFAH.

THE rest of us had reached the cigarette stage and were trying to decide whether to go to church when Robert condescended to breakfast. There was that on his face which spoke with eloquence of a particularly hopeless dawn.

"Allowing for the fact that Robinson is normally half-an-hour late," he announced fiercely, helping himself from one of the hot dishes, "I calculate that he has already been simmering on the first tee for some twenty minutes."

"It's nice and unselfish of you to curtail your breakfast," said Mary, studying his plate.

"Woman," he said, "your satire is beside the mark, for I have seldom been in greater need of nourishment. I have had just three hours' sleep."

He passed a hand wearily across his brow before returning it quickly to his fork.

"You may take it from me that since midnight the garden has been pulsating with the eerie cries of the wild. Time and again I have been on the fringe of coma, only to be recalled harshly by the hooting or tooting of some fowl or beetle. And, as a fitting finale to the most miserably restless night of my life, I discovered, on staggering to the bathroom, that some invertebrate had pinched my loofah."

From long experience we realised the full gravity of this announcement, for Robert's loofah is one of those things that one accepts as part of the man, just as one may always think of another as a wearer of spotted socks or the habitual carrier of a nail-file.

He would clearly have ground his teeth had his mouth been less full of toast. The last thing he wanted was sympathy, but David, like many peacemakers, is not a first-rate judge of his opportunities.

"Well, well, well," he said soothingly, "after all, what *is* a loofah?"

It was a silly thing to say and it made it very easy for Robert, who jumped on it aggressively.

"Well, what *is* a loofah? I'll have a level sixpence with each of you that you don't know. Stakes into the sugar-basin." And he spilt its contents.

We considered the point.

"Though few realise it," David began, "the loofah is actually the beard of the Tibetan yak. Herds of these cantankerous animals are rounded up annually by hardy traders mounted on pure-bred armadillos, and are bound paw and tail and shaved. The beards are then desiccated and woven into a strong purl woof, which is afterwards warped by a special electrical process. The resulting material, Tibet's staple industry and known affectionately throughout its borders as Wudge, is cut by skilled shearsmen into loofahs of varying shapes and sizes, which are destined to take premier position on the World Soap-rack."

"Thank you," said Robert comprehensively, and none of us smiled. "Another bit of toast, James, in your fingers."

"A vivid picture, David," Mary broke in, "but somewhat fanciful. In reality of course the loofah is not only a vegetable but a submarine one at that. To many it is known simply as the Pride of the Ocean Bed, or Neptune's Artichoke. It favours a coarse iron soil, such as the bottoms of submerged tramp steamers, and is often the tenement of large families of Gasterosteidæ or sticklebacks. Divers will tell you——"

"I never give them the chance,"

Robert snapped; "I detest ocean lore. Next, please."

"The origin of the loofah," James said, "is a simple one. It is in fact the husk or outer shell which is discarded every quarter-day by the Chikkywikky fish, one of the many inedible denizens of the Manchester Ship Canal. The husks drift to the banks in great numbers and are gaffed by the expectant loofah-merchants, and then dried, deodorised and sold to the chemists of the world."

"Who would sell you anything, however unspeakable its beginnings," Robert added, pushing the empty toast-rack away. "Well, I mustn't keep poor Robinson waiting. Anything to declare, John?"

"The truth is always brevity itself," I said. "The common loofah is nothing more romantic than the fossilised throw-out of the shredded-wheat factory. You will learn that from any cereal expert."

"I rely on serial writers for information like that," said Robert, not very wittily, as he got up and put our sixpences into his pocket.

"Here, dash it!" we cried; "you don't go till we've heard your say *and* looked it up in the *Ency. Britt.*"

"The bet," Robert told us through the half-open door, "was that none of *you* knew."

It was useless to pursue him. A moment later he passed the dining-room window on his way to the garage and stuck in his head.

"One of you might ring up the chemist and tell him to send me up a two-shilling red rubber sponge. Say that I want one of indisputable ancestry and as nauseating an aspect as he can find. One that I can leave about," he said, and was gone. ERIC.

AN S.O.S. FROM HERRICK

(Inspired by the new fashion in feminine footwear).

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
No more, alas! does she expose
The liquefaction of her clothes.

With skirts that finish at the knee,
"The brave vibration" each way free
No longer captivateth me.

No more the patient silkworm spins
Cocoons to decorate her shins;
From fibre now first aid she wins;

And forests echo with the ring
Of axes which the woodmen swing
For Julia's sural garnishing.

Yet, though it moves my soul to ire
That monarchs of the grove expire
To furnish pulp for her attire,

I might forbear, did not her boots,
Made of the skin of crawling brutes,
Rend my allegiance to the roots.

O Julia, Flavia, likewise Lydia,
Nerissa, Saccharissa, Nydia,
Why traffic with *Thanatophidia*?

Be warned in time and cease to flaunt
These trophies that your lovers daunt,
And bid the scaly tribe avaunt.

If still you love me, give a miss
To *Elaps* and to *Lachesis*
And snakes that rattle, sting or hiss.

Let not the cunning crocodile,
That gloomy denizen of the Nile,
Deform your feet with speckled guile.

Return to cowhide, calf or kid,
Or buckskin boots, and put the lid
On the *Squamosi aliquid*.

Shun, shun your immemorial foes
Who ruined Eden's fair repose,
And cease to aspicate your toes.

C. L. G.



Model Subscriber. "I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'RE ON TO THE WRONG NUMBER. I HOPE YOU'LL SOON GET THE RIGHT ONE. DO PLEASE GIVE ME A RING AND LET ME KNOW IF YOU DO, WON'T YOU?"

"CHRISTINE —— (Ireland's leading soprano). Direct from her successful American and Italian successes."—*Dublin Paper.*

Nothing succeeds like success.

". . . Margot, the French girl who is strangely attracted by the masked bandit chieftain."—*South African Paper.*

A clear case of the masher mashed.

AT THE PLAY.

"LUCKY DIP" (COMEDY).

THE notion of the sudden dinner-party with guests gathered impromptu from the highways and byways is as old as the theatre, but always capable of new embroideries. Mr. FRANK VOSPER's *Lucky Dip* is so good as to suggest that it might with some reflective blue-pencilling have been just a little better. But it is genuinely amusing, inventive and bizarre, and may be fairly given the mark *a* –.

Young *Betty Mainwaring* (Miss NORA SWINBURNE) and her *fiancé, Oliver Boulton* (Mr. FRANK LAWTON), both mercilessly Bright Young Things, have sent out formal invitations for cocktails and dinner. The date and the day are correctly printed, but the month (June for May) is wrong. How this could be for any months but February and March Mr. VOSPER doesn't deign to explain!

Very well, then, a scratch party it shall be. The first guest is enlisted by a shout of "Hi!" from the balcony to a *Mr. Arthur Robinson* (Mr. HENRY CAINE), who turns out to be none other than *Nimble Ned*, most famous of cat-burglars.

After *Sortes Vergilianæ* have been tried (with a pin in the telephone-book), to draw only a laundry and the Home and Colonial, a lady with a pathologically hoarse voice rings up to know what time the boat-train leaves tomorrow morning. "No, we are not Waterloo, but will you come to dinner?"

"Certainly," says *Mrs. Carrington Horne* (Miss MAY HALLATT), trading as "*Toby* (Robes and Modes)," on the principle of never refusing a free meal. *Mrs. Katie Bothways* (Miss CLARE GREET), of Peckham Rye ("Everything for Baby"), is chosen because of her beguiling name, and accepts, though obviously a little apprehensive about having her leg pulled. Mischievous *Betty*, who has a cocktail mind sticking at nothing, rings up another *Bothways*, the old Indian General, *Sir Francis, K.C.M.G.* After angry splutters at the other end and a little crafty feminine angling another acceptance is landed. *Adrian Hinchcliffe*, the best-seller (Mr. BALLARD BERKELEY), is promised an introduction to a woman with a perfectly marvellous voice and (it is hoped by *Oliver* and *Betty* and accordingly gaily promised) of great beauty. And when the party is assembled there wanders in from the flats above a lady, deathly pale and sombrely gowned, in a state of great mental excitement.

Every Bright Young Thing has of course a touch of the Bright Young Cad, but even *Oliver* and *Betty* are shocked when "Everything for Baby" turns out to be the divorced wife of *Sir Francis*—divorced by arrangement, because she came from behind the counter of an old-fashioned pub, and *Sir Francis* was in the stud-book—though I must say Mr. REGINALD BACH took little trouble to make this plausible. Thus the pieces are set out on the board for Mr. VOSPER's amusing and unlikely little game.

A success, this party, unquestionably. After some charming evolutions by *Betty* and *Oliver* the two old lovers are reconciled and agree to stay—*Sir Francis* remorseful and gentle;



THE COCKTAIL-AND-TELEPHONE SCHOOL.

Oliver Boulton . . MR. FRANK LAWTON.
Betty Mainwaring . MISS NORA SWINBURNE.

Katie in a seventh heaven of content. *Nimble Ned* is a real personage with a pride in his arduous profession and a fine sportsmanship for the distressed lady who has murdered her husband in the flat above (or so she says, and never have seven British citizens taken so startling an announcement with such engaging *sangfroid*); philandering *Hinchcliffe* breathes naughty nothings down the neck of *Toby*, who may not be a beauty (Miss HALLATT most conscientiously sees to that) but has that indefinable something which has given her three husbands and a lover or two, and that other indefinable something which leads these cavaliers to turn out "duds" so far as she is concerned. The distraught lady is retrieved by her excellent little husband (Mr. IVOR BARNARD) and gently led away; *Betty* and *Oliver* are touched for a moment into seriousness and resolved to have done with their empty frivolities. One doesn't know how long these admirable resolutions would have lasted if *Bubu* hadn't rung up to announce a bottle party and a donkey parade. As it was, seizing the nearest and fullest phials of brandy and whisky from their well-stocked private bar and pledged to buy carrots on their way, the spoilt children rush from the flat as the curtain falls.

By no means a bad evening's entertainment. T.

"THE JEALOUS WIFE" (OLD VIC).

On rare occasions such as this the Old Vic tempers its Shakespearean devotions by producing the works of later and lesser dramatists. This cheerful old comedy is doubly divorced from life by its theatrical nature and period mannerisms. It is a play pure and simple. Its characters are types who will mislead none of us into identifying ourselves or our neighbours with them. Subservient to the plot they merely invite us to enjoy their adventures without reflecting on their conduct. Indeed, from the moment the jealous wife and her impeccable husband enter the scene, squabbling over the letter which launches the plot, we realise from the heat of her discourtesies and the frankness of his asides that they are soliciting our connivance at a piece of make-believe.

That connivance is made the easier for us by their costumes, which immediately transport us into the realm of make-believe, their native element, and by the mechanics of the play, which shift the action from scene to scene without putting too fine a point on probability. Each immediate scene done, the curtain drops behind the principals, who advance to the footlights and with full-faced asides bridge the transition to the next, increase our privilege as eavesdroppers, economise and clarify the narrative and give the scene-shifters their opportunity.

Such a play demands of its actors confidence and technique. They must keep the story going and take every advantage of the dramatist's desire to please us by representing the characters as members of a conspiracy of fun rather than as mere human beings. And since they are so patently out to amuse we judge them not by their conduct but by the fun or excitement they afford.

The story they tell us is a clear one, even if it is not very stylishly told. GEORGE COLMAN (1732-1794) owes something of the matter of this play to FIELDING'S *Tom Jones*, but little of its manner to so brilliant a predecessor as CONGREVE. He is essentially a man

of the theatre. His workmanship is sound rather than subtle, his characterisation rough but ready; and his wit, serviceable rather than sparkling, provokes the impulsive guffaw more readily than the savouring chuckle. His study of the jealous wife has none of the half-tones such a study might have today. The lady protests too much, but that is her *métier*, and for our amusement and the purposes of the plot she hugs or spurns the green-eyed monster more enthusiastically than even her ungovernable temper would naturally prompt her to.

Judged then by relevant standards and not by such as might apply to a piece of contemporary realism or a finer work of art, we condone conduct that is flagrant and manners that are rude, siding with this speaker or that to the prejudice of others according to the success with which they persuade us that at the moment the fun is in their especial keeping.



THE TURNING WORM TURNS BACK.

Major Oakly . . . . . MR. ALFRED SANGSTER.
Oakly . . . . . MR. GEORGE HOWE.
Mrs. Oakly . . . . . MISS ELSA PALMER.

That the action thrives on crass misunderstandings goes without saying, and the gallery of period types exhibited in the course of clearing them up is characteristically versatile. It includes pert men-servants and maid-servants; a blustering old father with a strong family likeness to *Squire Western*; his charmingly nubile daughter whose hand, though delicate, is yet strong enough to slip from his disposing grasp to that of her proper gallant; a fox-hunting Baronet whose appreciation of the points of a prospective wife is exclusively equine; tarry *Captain O'Cutter*, a Hibernian period piece with a rush of make-up to the jowl and dressed, it would seem, for immediate service with the *Pirates of Penzance*; a dignified Major with all a bachelor's assurance as to how other men's wives should be ruled, and two persons of quality who acceptably ape the airs and graces of high-comedy breeding. All these are represented with varying degrees of success.

In summing up such a production by a repertory company so closely identified with SHAKESPEARE the actors may pardonably be given the benefit of many doubts. Mr. JOHN GIELGUD and Miss DOROTHY GREEN, however, who play the persons of quality, are little in need of indulgence. They are very happily at home in their parts, obviously relish and make us relish the artificiality of the masquerade, wear their glittering clothes in authentic style and establish an aura of brilliance about these two puppets with a success hardly achieved by most of their colleagues. Still, sandwiched as it is between *The Tempest*, which is just over, and the poignancies of *Richard II.*, which are to follow, this old comedy is well enough done to be enjoyed in the spirit in which it is offered. H.



THE GRAND MANNER.

Lady Freelove . . . . MISS DOROTHY GREEN.
Lord Trinket . . . . MR. JOHN GIELGUD.

In the Pavilion of the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, there will be held, from November 8 to 20, the fourth annual Exhibition and Sale of Work by War-disabled men. This is not a charity bazaar, where you are pressed to pay fancy prices for things that you don't want. The goods, which come from some twenty-five of the principal factories employing ex-Service men, are of first-class quality and sold at competitive prices.

The figures of sales show a remarkable advance year by year in the popularity of this Exhibition, with its wide variety of articles suitable for really useful Christmas presents—furniture, household and travelling requisites, leather-work, art fabrics, silk and woollen goods, embroidery, pottery, etc.

The Exhibition, admission free, is open daily from 11.0 to 5.30.

A Sinister Item.

"Boat Club, plus 5*s*. Sinking Fund . . £1 0 0."—*From List of Scots University Club Charges.*

Tinned Imperialism.

"Lord Brentford said: 'We desire to take every possible raw material and food that we can can from the great Dominions. . . .'"
Daily Paper.

"Lord Morley will be chairman of the committee which will inquire into the Rest Restriction Acts."
Nottingham Paper.

Pneumatic drills are responsible for a lot of these.

"F. R. ——, of Houston, Texas, was declared champion musk-alonge fisherman of the French River C.P.R. bungalow camp this year. He captured a 49½-inch wish."—*Canadian Paper.*

But so often with fishermen the wish is father to the caught.

THE PRICE OF FAME.

[It is reported that a famous prima donna once severely rated Sir HENRY WOOD, who was conducting at a rehearsal, saying, among other things, "Mr. Wood, you can't conduct for nuts."]

GIVE attention, youth and maiden.
Who on your respective roads
Having trudged a little distance
On the journey of existence
Find thus early you are laden
With some unexpected loads.
Those beset with sneers and chidings
I address; of your careers,
Though unnerved upon the threshold,
Gather heart and take a fresh hold,
For I bring you joyful tidings,
Music to tormented ears.

You cadets who seek commissions,
Though the riding-master glowers
And, postponing other matters,
Likens, in a tone that shatters,
Your equestrian positions
To a woman's selling flowers;
Or, as harrowing as this, an
Acrid sergeant changes hue
As with frenzied martial choler
He asserts it beats him 'oller
Why you joined the army—listen!
I've some cheerful news for you.

Servant, feminine in gender,
How the world misunderstands
You who find with just a week up
Nearly every plate and tea-cup
Has, although your touch is tender,
Come to pieces in your hands!
You who, timid as a mouse, made
Application to be free
Several evenings out of seven
And incurred the wrath of Heaven—
Startled, disillusioned housemaid,
Lend an ear (or two) to me.

Barrister, on whom the fury
Of a felon-client veers,
As he vows the whole proceedings
Turned upon your hopeless pleadings
Which, converting judge and jury,
Sentenced him to seven years:
Miserable, moping counsel,
All forensic prowess fled,
Clients gone to those who've got some,
Cease to speculate for what sum
Would your new-bought wig and gown sell—
Courage! Listen; read ahead.

Injured soldiers, housemaids, lawyers,
Others I have not defined,
Youth in general, male and female
From Victorian maid to he-male,
Nurses nagged at, slighted sawyers,
Bear the following in mind:
Man has reached the realms of glory,
Though the times were out of joint
Often when his day was morning,
And invective, scolding, scorning
Were his portion. I've a story
Instancing a case in point.

History's a grand instructor
When the lesson's understood.
Here's a little: once upon a
Time a famous prima donna
Thus addressed a young conductor
Who is now Sir HENRY WOOD:—
"I shall slosh you in a jiffy;
Cease your timeless thrusts and cuts,
For you cannot wield a baton!"
Adding, with a final "*Va-t'en!*"
That he couldn't even if he
Stood to win a prize of nuts. C. B.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—I have three stories for you—or three incidents: no London news this week.

To begin: I met an old friend the other day with a very dismal story to tell. To give up a club is, you perhaps don't know, being a woman, a very serious step, which few people don't live to regret. Even if there seem to be reasons enough at the time, the chances are that they would smooth themselves away. Well, my friend had just given up a club and was already blaming himself.

"It was like this," he said. "There was a member of Windle's I couldn't bear. I won't tell you his name, but we'll call him Porterhouse. How he got in was a mystery, not only to me but to most others; but there he was, and using the place more than anyone else. You couldn't escape him. Not that he was a bore: he was clever and even amusing; but I disliked him through and through. Not a case of *Dr. Fell*, either. I knew only too well the reasons for my dislike.

"Things came to such a pass that, although I greatly enjoyed being a member of Windle's—which is one of the best and oldest in London—I came at last to feel that I must go, and concentrate on my other, the Fortescue, which I had been neglecting, but which also is old and good, although not a patch on Windle's. I simply must lose contact with Porterhouse.

"I therefore sent in my resignation and set about rearranging my habits so as to make the Fortescue as much a part of my life as Windle's had been. It was a wrench, but I had to do it.

"The first time I went to lunch there I was greeted by a friend with the remark that I was a very rare visitor. 'But we must be looking up,' he added. 'A feather in our cap having two men from Windle's lunching here in as many days.'

"'Who is the other?' I asked.

"'Why, Porterhouse,' he said. 'He was elected last week.'"

My second story also proceeds from club conversation. I was talking to a fellow-member who, looking at his watch, suddenly leapt to his feet. "I must be off," he said; "I have to visit three Nursing Homes. I'd no idea it was so late."

"Three?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, by a curious chance I have three friends all ill at the same time in different places and I go to them every afternoon."

"You must be a very kind fellow," I said.

"Not at all," he replied. "But these invalids have very generous friends and I adore grapes."

Lastly, let me tell you of a misunderstanding that has just occurred in what are called political circles—and politics so circulate in these days that one can easily become giddy. A friend of mine who represents a Cockney constituency and is not without full qualifications for that position showed me a letter he had received from a rival with whom he has been on any but affectionate and admiring terms. It ran more or less this way:—

> MY DEAR ——,—I am greatly touched by your kind reference to me in your recent speech at ——. After the many acrimonious passages that have marked our relations it was like a breath of fresh air to read that whatever my faults as a campaigner may be you consider me a "forth-right man." Such praise as this coming from you I esteem very highly; it is a testimonial indeed.
>
> I am, Yours faithfully,
>
> —— ——.

"Well," I said, handing the letter back, "that's very satisfactory. I'm glad you were able to say such a nice thing about him."

"But I didn't," my friend replied. "The reporter got it wrong. What I said was 'fourth-rate.'"

Yours, E. V. L.

Demoralising Effect of Trade Revival.

"TWO MORE COTTON MILLS REOPENING. INCREASED DEMAND FOR COARSE YARNS."
Daily Paper.

"Brahms has taken four of the best known of German Student Songs (among them the world famous Gandeamus)."
Gramophone Catalogue.

"Gandeamus" (pronounced Ghandiamus) is of course the alternative title of the "Indian Love Lyrics."



PIGEONS AND BELFRIES.

["The City authorities have been destroying the pigeons for several years, and now the order has been made for the last flights to be exterminated."—*Weekly Paper.*]

"MUST the poor pigeons go?"
Tolled the Great Bell of Bow;
"We've loved them long whiles!"
Rang the bells of St. Giles.

Said the bells of St. Swithin,
"They've reared kin and kith in
The shade of our steeple;
Pray hear us, good people!"

"They coo to us daily,"
Chimed the bells at Old Bailey;
"They all come when I call,"
Chimed a bell of St. Michael.

"Their wings are like fairies,"
Rang the bells of St. Mary's;
"Like sunlight on shallows,"
Said the bells of All Hallows.

"Our notes are not sweeter,"
Pealed the bells of St. Peter;
St. Paul's bells rang clearly,
"We love them so dearly."

"They come home at even,"
Said the bells of St. Stephen,
"With news from the City;
Oh, won't you have pity?"



Sympathetic little Daughter of Golfer in his usual state of gloom. "MUMMIE, WON'T IT BE LOVELY WHEN DADDY CAN AFFORD TO RETIRE FROM GOLF?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is the happiest good fortune for all lovers of English domestic history that MARGARET Lady VERNEY, who forty years ago aided her mother-in-law to produce the famous *Verney Papers*, lived long enough to edit with equal piety and scholarship and a grace that was all her own *The Verney Letters of the Eighteenth Century* (BENN, 42/-). There exists an extraordinary wealth of correspondence at Claydon, and the daily and yearly round of a great county family with professional and civic affinities has seldom been more intimately revealed than it is in these two spacious volumes. The masculine letter-writers are apt to be a trifle formal, though both Sir JOHN VERNEY, the ex-Aleppo merchant, and his son RALPH, the virtuoso, are interesting figures. But the women prove excellent company, from Aunt ADAMS, who married a parson and could make ratafia though she could not spell it, to pretty PEN STUKELEY and her "Couzen" KATHARINE, who exchange confidences about "Shagg muffs" and "Fillamot silk stockins." Then there is gallant MARY VERNEY, who married, against great opposition, Colonel LOVETT of Eddystone Lighthouse fame; and a notable bevy of VERNEY wives, pitting their wits against foot-boys drunk with brandy at the "Blew Lattice," carriers who fail to arrive from town, "it being Execution Day," and a chronic gamut of diseases from "a Humour in one eye from a Harvest Bug" to smallpox. The chronicle is carried from the reign of Dutch WILLIAM to the early nineteenth century, when Claydon, impoverished by virtuosity and electioneering, passed away from the direct line.

In *Cinderella's Country House* (BENN, 7/6) we view
An exercise in topsy-turvy faking, so to speak;
For, unlike the curio-dealers who make old things out of new,
It creates a modern heroine from a genuine antique.

The author, Mrs. G. P. LEA, exhibits to the life
Our nursery *Cinderella*, one who's always in the wrong,
Though she's very nice and charming and would make a splendid wife
If only H.R.H. the proper man would come along.

She has no ugly sisters but three brothers who are bent
On making her their victim in the matter of a will,
And they'd very nearly done it when the Prince got on the scent
And put the lady wise to what was happening to the till.

The Prince (who's not a prince at all, but just a bright young man)
Takes in hand the situation, gets a move on with his suit,
Collects his blushing bride and, on the legendary plan,
For want of silver slippers gives the villains all the boot.

When the late General Sir HENRY PONSONBY died in 1895 he left a certain number of letters to his son, among which were found many from eminent politicians and others which have since been utilised to supplement various biographies. From those left over Sir FREDERICK PONSONBY has now made a selection, with comments, which he calls *Sidelights On Queen Victoria* (MACMILLAN, 21/-). In the middle of the last century the atmosphere, one

gathers, was so calm that the least disturbance produced a formidable ripple, and HER MAJESTY'S dominant personality was apt to make things singularly lively if there was any question of an infraction of her rights. Storms in the royal tea-cup arose suddenly, and all Sir HENRY'S tact was often needed to restore the wonted calm of Osborne or Balmoral. Naturally, perhaps, the trivial incidents are those that will appeal most to the general public. The long and impassioned correspondence, for example, that went from room to room in Balmoral about the use of ponies, when the QUEEN had suddenly decided that some of her guests were not fit to be trusted with them, as well as the terrible affair of the "Fatal Gun," fired by the very junior captain of the Royal Yacht when the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, the FIRST SEA LORD and Admiral HORNBY were all present at the naval manœuvres of 1872, are amusing enough for anyone. There are also some delightful passages in the chapters on the visits of the Shah of PERSIA in 1873 and of the Grand Duke WLADIMIR two years earlier. The rest of the book is chiefly occupied with the long struggle over the Franchise Bill of 1884, valuable, no doubt, to the historian but less interesting to the general reader.

Apart from political persecution, which gave us such exiles as the ROSSETTIS, no Continental of culture has ever, so far as I know, made his home in England. I don't blame him. I suspect it is the cooking. And I suspect it still more when I read in M. EMIL CAMMAERTS' *Discoveries in England* (ROUTLEDGE, 6/-) what delightful people we are once you have really got to know us. For M. CAMMAERTS has succeeded for the last thirty years not only in living with us but in liking us. We have not betrayed the adoration of the small EMIL who used to play *Robinson Crusoe* in a back-garden of the Avenue Louise and admire the boldness without bravado of that typical Englishman. Nor have we fallen short of the expectations of the EMIL of fourteen who identified us—our athletics, our poetry, our seafaring propensities—with the finest flower of Greece. Not that M. CAMMAERTS is blind to our defects. Indeed the signal value of his invaluable little book lies in his sense of where we fall short of peculiarly English ideals. In this connection the folly of our abandonment of the land and the irredeemable extent of our slums strike him as they strike Herr CAPEK. Above all he deprecates the passing of the English *gentillesse*, for in this Chaucerian quality we have retained, he believes, the essence of Western civilisation. I wish I could share his flattering confidence that, when we are tired of utilitarianism, we shall divide this heritage unimpaired with a continent equally weary.

Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has a most witch-like faculty of raising the dead, and, unlike so many writers of historical fiction, she does not raise them above their proper level. Even when conjuring up the spirit of "that flowre of English Knighthood, the Lord Edward of England, Prince of Wales and Aquitaine," she does not allow romance to stifle discrimination. In *The English Paragon* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) she shows us PRINCE EDWARD as his own golden legend and carefully cultivated flower of Knighthood, a man who would sacrifice the lives of hundreds rather than allow the smallest spot to smear the breast-plate of his own self-righteousness. All the contemporary portraits of DU GUESCLIN and his comrades in the Free Companies, of CHARLES V., of the placid PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT, of DON PEDRO II. and his bastard brother, DON ENRIQUEZ, are drawn with scrupulous fairness, but the most interesting character in the book, and the link between most of the others, is the fictitious one of *Noureddin*, a



The Professor. "YOU WILL, I HOPE, PARDON MY INTRUSION, BUT SURELY THAT SHOULD BE T-O-E-S?"

Moorish philosopher. We first meet him and his white cat on the night when his master is murdered by PEDRO. We are allowed to follow all his adventures on the long journey that he takes because of his romantic desire to meet the "English Paragons," and we get to know him as monk and bogus miracle-worker before he becomes physician to EDWARD. Without him the plot would be unsustained, but by his aid Miss BOWEN is able to sort a hotch-potch of history into a symmetrical pattern. The author may have written books as good as this one, but never a better.

I perceive that Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS, whose opinion on such matters is entitled to a certain respect, prophesies that JOHN Dos PASSOS may be "the father of humanised and living fiction—not merely for America but for the world." It is a thought to make the hardiest of us blench, for the author of *The Forty-Second Parallel* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) is perhaps the most chaotic writer I have yet seen, even from America. His title is taken from a Chicago scientist writing on American climatology as long ago as 1865, who declared that storms travelling eastward from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean pursued three paths, of which the central tracing roughly corresponded with the forty-second parallel of latitude. In fact they had a way of meeting near New York, whither in due course also gravitate most of the characters in this book. Mr. Dos PASSOS handles them one by one, rapidly sketching their various careers, and introducing from time to time what he calls "Newsreels" or "Camera Eyes" to give a picture of daily life and history as seen through headlines in the Press or through the thoughts of a growing boy. It makes the head spin, but I admit it impresses with a sense of movement. The whole book is written in vivid and racy American slang, and the spelling, punctuation and paragraphing are all equally wild and irregular. Whether these features improve the book or not it would be difficult to say, but I hope all the novelists who follow in the steps of this writer will not think it necessary to imitate them.



Farmer's Wife (who has just been reading the latest news from Chicago). "TAKE YOUR GUN, HARRY, AND BUMP OFF A RABBIT FOR DINNER."

At a national assembly recently held at Riyadh, the capital of the Wahhabis, a long and solemn discussion took place as to the religious lawfulness of the use of "wireless," supposed by some to be sorcery. The decision was favourable to modern progress, and the attitude of a nation to-day is summarised in the debate. In *Arabia* (BENN, 18/-), Mr. H. ST. J. B. PHILBY rather disappointingly devotes his great authority and personal knowledge throughout half his pages to the monotonous detailing of an eternity of scuffling desert raids and counter-raids, a history from which emerges only the one clear issue, that the recent rise of Wahhabism, for which covenant the author is an enthusiast to the utmost, is no new thing, but a true restoration of an ancient order. It would almost seem that in placing this matter beyond dispute Mr. PHILBY has wished to present Arabia by sample, for the dry sand of arid stretches of desert has drifted across his pages. A reader, however, who will be modern enough to avoid the fatigues of camel-plodding by landing lightly from an aeroplane in the middle of the story will find a lively chronicle of the recent rivalry between Wahhabism and the forces of the Sharifian dynasty, a tangle that has been much obscured in dust-storms. This is well worth the journey, but even so the volume has little enough of those special qualities associated with the "Modern World" series, and the best thing about it is the glimpses it affords of the ideals and methods and personality of that truly great leader, IB'N SAUD.

The Hymn-Tune Mystery (METHUEN, 7/6) is by no means lacking in exciting incident, but the main reason why I invite you to solve it is that you will here find "GEORGE BIRMINGHAM" in his most mischievous and amusing mood. The scene is laid in and around the cathedral of Carminster, and the chief figures of the drama are a dear old dean, a portentously pompous archdeacon, the dean's daughter (who always agreed with the archdeacon), and a young Irish precentor, whose many gifts certainly included that of the gab. With a humour never really malicious "GEORGE BIRMINGHAM" pokes fun at the archdeacon, and at the same time he unravels the mystery in a way that is entirely neat and satisfactory. In bygone years "GEORGE BIRMINGHAM" has often made me laugh; on this occasion he has done even better service than that, he has made me chuckle.

In the stories for which *Cherry Gambol* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) has been chosen as the tale of honour, you will find the pleasant flavour which makes Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS's West-Country romances so intimate and easy to read. Sometimes in his earlier work he has compelled me to wonder if his farmers and peasants are not almost too sophisticated to be credible, but in these stories they are more natural and not one whit less entertaining. "No Laurels for Abel," "Mary's Emerald" and "Bert," for instance, are most delightfully quaint studies of very human nature, and all of them are cleverly done. The stories, however, which have especially taken my fancy are "Parting of the Ways" and "The House in Two Parishes"; without hesitation I select them as the Devonshire cream of the collection.

Mr. Punch welcomes *Ballads for Broadbrows* (BENN, 6/-), by A. P. HERBERT, illustrated by G. L. STAMPA, nearly all of which have appeared in his pages; and *Simple Stories from Punch* (DENT, 6/-), by ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, illustrated by GEORGE MORROW.

"Arthur —— is still a young man not quite 40."—*Daily Paper.*
How long has this been going on?

CHARIVARIA.

IN reporting Lord BEATTY'S recent accident, an evening paper reminds us that he led the First Battle-Cruiser Squadron into action at the Battle of Jutland. His name certainly seems familiar.

***

A weekly paper tells us that besides being a famous statesman Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was once a poet. We think it best to let bygones be bygones.

***

Vice-Admiral TAYLOR, M.P. for Paddington South, has been introduced to the House of Commons. Still, it was Lord BEAVERBROOK who saw him first.

***

Miss EVELYN LAYE says Hollywood reminded her exactly of the nicest kind of London suburb. Will Hampstead—or Hollywood—take this lying down?

***

One of the special correspondents at the coronation of the Emperor of ABYSSINIA writes of his characteristic smile; another describes him as seldom smiling, and a third observes that his most marked peculiarity is that he never smiles. In view of the unrest created by these conflicting reports an authoritative statement on the point is anxiously awaited.

***

Every cell in Sing Sing has wireless head-phones. They are considered more humane than loud-speakers.

***

The common cold is estimated to be costing wage-earners in the United States four hundred million pounds per annum. It is thought that in order to suppress it the authorities will have to organise a campaign against nose-runners.

***

A larger sum, writes a statistician, is spent on cosmetics per annum in America than on the Navy. What they want is more faces like the one "that launched a thousand ships."

***

A golfer advocates "Listen" (for the impact of the club-head) as a better precept than "Keep your eye on the ball." Our preference is for "Keep your ear on the ball."

***

From correspondence between the President of the National Farmers' Union and the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE the fact "emerges" that Dr. ADDISON'S allegation that farmers are always grumbling about something has at last given farmers something to grumble about.

***

On her return from Rio de Janeiro, where she won the third prize in an international beauty contest, Miss BEATRICE LEE, of Salt Lake City, described the Brazilian revolutionaries as "awfully sweet" because they withheld their fire till she was safely in a steamer. This is the sporting spirit that dispels any ill-feeling that might arise when a beauty contest is allowed to clash with a revolution.

***

With reference to the doubts which Dean INGE has cast on the paternity of QUEEN ELIZABETH, we can only deplore that he should give utterance to what he would never have ventured to breathe in her presence.

***

With reference to the reported German scheme to dump safety-razor blades in this country as soon as the Safeguarding duty on cutlery is withdrawn, our suggestion is that, as a retaliative measure, Germany should be made a dumping-ground for used ones.

***

The Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers, it is stated, will raise no objection to the importation of ready-made Russian doors; but little credence is given to the claim that these doors are practically wolf-proof.

***

An advertiser requires a coloured cook. There is, of course, a greater demand for plain ones.

***

An Icelandic novelist visiting London has criticised the English weather. Our feeling is that this is especially unkind of a native of the country where the depressions come from.

***

Last week was Rat Week; but up to the time of going to press it is not known which side won.

***

At a mannequin parade held in a West-End theatre the other day the dresses were musically described by a famous composer. In spite of this we have decided not to have our plus-fours set to music.

***

CARNERA has telegraphed to Signor MUSSOLINI asking to join the Fascist army. It is doubtful, however, if this outsize pugilist will ever find a war to fit him.

***

At the wedding of a woman-novelist the bride did not include the word "obey" in the service. There still exists an old-world superstition that this word in the marriage ceremony means something.

***

A writer thinks that bridegrooms would do better if they wore gayer clothes. This is not the first time attempts have been made to get bridegrooms to look on the bright side of life.

***

If it is true, as asserted, that men are visiting beauty-parlours in increasing numbers, the results would not appear to be permanent.

***

We understand that omnibuses in London are overhauled once a year. Not by us.



Candid Child (watching Mother make-up). "WHEN SHALL I BE OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE A DIRTY FACE, MUMMIE?"

ELEMENTARY BUCOLICS.

[In a spasm of fretfulness caused by interruptions from the Unionist benches the PRIME MINISTER was understood by the Press Gallery to refer to the delinquents as "swine."]

THOUGH in remedies and dopes
Sceptic farmers put no trust,
Having seen their fondest hopes
Frequently reduced to dust,
Yet, where ignorance abounds,
They perceive this ray of light—
BALDWIN, on his rural rounds,
Knows a pig at sight.

Not from Labour can their woe
Look for wise and healing Acts;
What should urban toilers know
Of the plain bucolic facts?
Any chance of ale and cakes
Must to merely *nil* decline
With a Premier who mistakes
Hungry sheep for swine. O. S.

THE "GOLDEN GOALIE" WRITES FOR US.

(With acknowledgments in the proper quarter.)

TO-DAY, as announced for the last three weeks, we are privileged to publish the first vivid and enthralling article by Sandy McToshery, the World's Greatest Goalie. His rise to fame has been meteoric. Born near Glasgow in 1909, he played as a boy for St. Columba's Eclectic. For the laughable fee of six oranges and a packet of cigarettes he was transferred to the McTavish Institute F.C. He remained with them for some years, but in 1928 signed professional forms for a Scottish League team, although wisely retaining his position in a fish-and-chips establishment.

But his fame as an invincible guardian of the citadel was soon bruited south of the Tweed. Several of our cleverest managers fought to secure his services—that notorious *fracas* on Euston platform will not be forgotten—and eventually he was transferred to Nottingham Nomads. He kept for them for three months, when they succumbed to a bid of seven thousand pounds by Everton Eagles, with whom he remained until March, '29, when Newcastle Cannies, in grave danger of descent to Division II., made the then stupendous bid of fourteen thousand guineas, and Everton reluctantly parted with Sandy.

Secret history records that Chelsea Hotboots sent one of their shrewdest buyers up to Newcastle that summer with virtually a blank cheque, but he failed to secure Sandy. So that the news, published exclusively by this paper, that Woolwich Villa had arranged his transfer at a world's record fee of twenty thousand pounds came as a stupendous thrill to the vast football public. His performances for the "Howitzers" have been admired this season by hundreds of thousands; his words will be read by millions (see certified Net Sales).

"HOME AT LAST."

By ALEXANDER MCTOSHERY.

It is with considerable pride that I pen my first article for this great paper and thus get into closer touch with my dear and kind public. It has been wisely said that there are three essentials to the making of a great modern footballer—modesty, skill with the pen and loyalty to his club. Even though I am rightly called the "Greatest Goalie on Earth," I remain humble. A greater may arise, though I doubt it. My skill with the pen is proved by this article. If I could not write, would it appear here? But love for my club—ah, that is everything to me. I played for Newcastle; I was a fervid Novocastrian. When at Everton, I trained on toffee; and all my club-mates were my brothers. I have had so many brothers. But—and this is so wonderful—I have never loved a club so much as Woolwich Villa. I feel that I am home at last. My club-mates are almost sisters to me. If I could see my club win the Cup, I would almost forgo my benefit.

I think I have kept faith with my public. It beats me how I came to let that one through at Birmingham. I know I ought to have stopped it. I cried that night.

But that has been my only mistake in the last two seasons. When the sphere was netted off my head at Nottingham last January (it will be remembered that it was "Twisty" Blake who put in the pile-driving shot) I could easily have put it behind if I had tried to. But "Twisty" and I had been club-mates and almost blood-brothers for a full half-season. I knew how much it would mean to "Twisty" (whose transfer value had been falling) to score—so keeping faith with *his* public. And, after all, we were seven goals up.

Look out for another enthralling article by the "Golden Goalie" next week.

Three-Bottlers at Durban.

"The Maritzburg wineers were more or less out of the running at Durban."
South African Paper.

"READING BY POET LAUREATE.

"Dr. John Galsworthy, O.M., whose home is at Hampstead, will give a reading from his works at Frognal Grove to-morrow evening."—*Sunday Paper.*

We are disappointed that he didn't undertake to sing portions of the *Forsyte Saga* to the lyre.

EUCLID FOR WOMEN.

[A famous Parisian dressmaker is reported to have said, "The public is tired of straight lines, triangles and right angles. The passion for sport is responsible for this ugly simplicity."]

Yvonne, you must abandon sport,
The hockey field, the tennis court,
Lacrosse and golf of every sort,
Including midget, Ma'mselle;
Their ill-effect is plainly seen;
Your tendency in dress has been
To take the shortest route between
Two points, you graceless damsel.
(Geometricians thus define
The straight variety of line.)

By woman hares should not be chased,
Nor should the running-track be paced;
Her figure and sartorial taste
The mashie simply mangles;
That ugly scrap of skimpiness
That you are pleased to call a dress
In shape is nothing more or less
Than ill-designed triangles.
(Which, doubtless as you know, obtain
When three straight lines surround a plane.)

I might, Yvonne, admire your shot
To lift the tennis singles pot
If square right-angled clothes did not
Provide the hideous sequel.
(Right angles are the ones supplied
At times when two straight lines collide,
The angles formed on either side
Of each of which are equal.)
A lot of your creations are
Distressingly right-angular.

In fact a brief analysis
Of your behaviour points to this:
You're backward in your Euclid, Miss;
A little further work 'll
Reveal to you the master's word
(Which is, as you will find, deferred
Until the start of Book the Third)
Relating to the circle.
Extend your quest for curved détours
From EUCLID'S Elements to yours!

C. B.

"Je," says I, "knowing the Language."

"He tried in vain to hide his satisfaction with this *je d'esprit*, which to-day is not easy to follow."—*From recently-published book on Horace Walpole.*

"Major Beith is one of the most popular of contemporary authors. His play, 'Trilby of Bloomsbury,' was produced by the Glencraig A.D.S. last season."—*Belfast Paper.*

We prefer DU MAURIER'S *Svengali of Golders Green.*

"A few days ago, the Hua Tong collided with a large Chinese frigate off the Batu Pahat coast. The Chinese wind-jammer had her jib boom broken as a result of the collision."—*Singapore Paper.*

The implication seems to be that the wind-jammer subsequently capsized.



"WILLING TO STRIKE AND YET AFRAID TO WOUND."

POPE (adapted.)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "THIS OUGHT TO SHOW HIM THAT I'M IN EARNEST."



Proud new Owner of Second-hand Car (who has been told that a policeman wishes to see him). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, CONSTABLE? CAN'T I LEAVE IT HERE?"

Policeman. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR, IF IT'S YOUR CAR. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABANDONED."

THE ARMY BICYCLE IN WAR AND PEACE.

THRILLING SERIAL.

New Readers Begin Here.

II.—PEACE.

I TOLD you last week about the army bicycle in war. Well, this week you're going to get some inside dope about the army bicycle in peace. You may now read on.

Upon the outbreak of peace the army bicycle became less of a source of worry to the immediate possessor of one than to the department responsible for them all. Commanding officers no longer received notes at critical stages of an enemy counter-attack asking for a return of puncture-patches on charge, stating whether spare or in use upon inner tubes. Possibly the staff hardly thought it worth while sending such messages to an organised peace-time battalion office containing a Colonel who expected them, an Adjutant who was ready to answer them and office-clerks who would just love receiving and filing them, having but little else to do.

Army bicycles and their accessories therefore became subjects of general instruction rather than specific returns, and about once a year the Very Senior People in the War Office have an Army Bicycle Crisis. During this the responsibility for such infernal machines is hurriedly transferred to some other unsuspecting branch, the head of which is at the moment on leave.

Returning from the South of France the poor sap finds his department "holding the bicycle," and so at once tries to share this good thing with as many people as possible by getting out a host of fresh instructions in the unconsciously humorous vein that those in the Battleshack know so well how to adopt.

Here is one of the latest efforts, initiated by someone who had decided that the army bicycle wasn't getting enough attention in the battalion. It was issued last December and was called "Maintenance and Inspection of Pedal Bicycles" (or, if you like, "Bill" for short). It began snappily with "It has been decided to suspend the operations of A.C.I. 496 of 1926, as amended by A.C.I. 299 of 1927 and 215 of 1929 with effect from 31st of December, 1929"—one of the usual War Office openings designed to set the A.C.I. files rustling throughout the country.

All bicycles (it went on to explain) were in future to be inspected weekly by an officer with a view to cleanliness and the adjustment of damage and deficiencies, and all soldiers were to study the "Handbook on Military (Pedal) Bicycles, 1922," to be kept in the tool-bag of every bicycle (probably the only accessory on the machine that no one would knowingly try to steal). The results of the officer's inspection and any subsequent investigation arising from it were to be recorded week by week in a Bicycle Log Book (this is all quite true!); and, to give a real life interest, a specimen page, with entries telling the story of

Bicycle Reg. No. 47112 C, was attached to the order. Roughly thus:—

Date	13.4.29
Remarks as to Condition	Good, but olican deficient. Private Haldane responsible
Signature of Inspect. Off.	J. Lowe, Lt.
Report on adjustment of defects and losses	

So far so good. But Private Haldane, it seems, treated the whole thing rather lightly, because, when Lieut. Lowe inspected next week, so far from his having set himself diligently to "win" a new oil-can, we find:—

20.4.29
Good, but olican still deficient. Handbook deficient. Rider, Private Haldane
J. Lowe, Lt.
Olican and Handbook replaced 24.4.29

and probably Private Haldane ticked off as well. With good effect, because the next two weeks gave us this:—

27.4.29
In very good order and condition
H. Black, 2/Lt.

4.5.29
In very good order and condition
J. Lowe, Lt.

Lieutenant Lowe apparently didn't quite trust his subordinate's diagnosis of very good order and condition and had to see for himself.

Then enters stark tragedy.

Private Haldane goes away on leave, and Private Smith, willing, but not good at bicycles, takes over the machine:—

11.5.29
Frame cracked. Front wheel buckled. Left crank broken and bicycle generally smashed up. Rider, Private Smith
K. Richardson, Capt.
Bicycle condemned as beyond local repair. Exchanged for Reg. No. 37896. Pte. Smith to pay £3

Unfortunately the story stops there. We all waited some time to see if it would be continued in the next order, but it wasn't. And there are two things we really want to know—(1) Was Private Haldane, that tried rider, instantly wired for to come and take over the new bicycle? (2) Did they ever get the three quid out of Smith? We mean did he *live*? For a man who could so "generally smash up" an army bicycle could not have escaped himself with a mere cracked frame and broken left crank. There can hardly have been enough left of him to pay three pounds.

And now we shall never know.

A. A.



The sole surviving Passenger. "AH, WELL, I TAKE IT WE'RE ALL BRIDGERS?"

An Exhibition of Drawings by ERNEST SHEPARD will open at the Sporting Gallery, King Street, Covent Garden, on November 14th. They will include the original illustrations from *Everybody's Boswell* and from Mr. Punch's series of the London Statues of Kings and Queens.

William in Luck.

"GERTIE GITANA TO VISIT SHAKESPEARE."
Wallasey Newspaper Headline.

Miss GITANA is the last person we should have suspected of contemplating such a Dantesque expedition.

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

IX.

Monday.—Here I am at last in the flat. It looks cosy enough, though the bathroom is not ready and everything smells rather of paint. I have no pictures yet, but I have put up some of the Bowls Club photographs and shall buy a few books. A Mrs. Wheedle is going to do for me in the morning. She seems a good-hearted soul, but is very talkative and has a dreadful Cockney accent. Bloomsbury seems a strange place; Mrs. Busy was right. I suspect that the person in the opposite flat is an artist's model. I had not been here half-an-hour before she knocked and asked if she could borrow some whisky. Her hair was very untidy and she said that her name was Stella, which surely cannot be a surname. I had no whisky, of course, but poured out a glassful of my Madeira, which she has not returned.

Tuesday.—The Licensing Commission met again to-day. It was quite like old times. Some of the original members are *aging*, I thought, but —— is full of life. He tells me he puts it all down to prunes. As far as I can make out he *literally* lives on prunes. He is anxious for me to take up prunes myself, but I am unconvinced. So often when one tries something new for the health it seems to make things worse. This autumn I began taking a cold bath in the morning; that is to say, I stand in the bath and pour cold water over myself with a sponge. It requires some courage, but I have stuck to it, and now Masters tells me it is bad for the nerves. Then I have been going to bed on a glass of milk, but I have half an idea that that is why I am waking up so early. Mrs. Wheedle says that it lies heavy on the ——; and so, I should say, would prunes.

Haddock gave evidence to-day and made a great fool of himself. I believe some of the brewers were relying on him a good deal, but in his evidence-in-chief he never mentioned alcohol or licensed premises at all. He insisted on reading the *whole* of his evidence, and I was surprised that the Chairman allowed this, considering what nonsense it was. It was all about *over-eating*, which is hardly the point. I am going to paste some of the official report in my diary. Haddock has had a good many laughs at my expense, and now the readers of my diary shall have one at his.

"*Mr. Albert Haddock.* It is the general opinion of the medical profession that we eat too much, that we eat without due care, knowledge and selection. From this result all manner of ills, diseases and imperfections of mind and body. Children and young women impair their teeth and their digestions with sugar and sweets. Later in life excessive eating and the eating of certain particular foods produce fat and ugly and inefficient figures. It is significant that after a comparatively early age nearly every adult begins to be concerned about his or her 'fat,' and to consider measures for reducing it. This could not happen if the diet of the nation were properly regulated. Fat is the great enemy of efficiency, and as a rule the evidence of improper feeding. It is impossible to travel anywhere in our towns without being struck by the number of citizens whose rotund and unathletic figures proclaim them as self-indulgent or careless eaters, and therefore as inefficient citizens. Looking about this room I see——

The Chairman. You will remember, will you not, Mr. Haddock, that this Commission has been appointed to inquire into the working of the Licensing Laws?

Mr. Haddock. Certainly, Sir. My argument is, as you will presently see, that the Licensing Laws are inadequate and should be strengthened so as to permit of a stronger check on the eating of the people.

The Rev. Edwin Barter. Do you know that beer——?

Mr. Haddock. I am not discussing beer.

Continuing, the witness said: 'More serious even than fat are the ravages of dyspepsia and the various diseases of the digestive system. An average of twenty-five thousand citizens die of these diseases annually. That is to say that one citizen in every——'

The Chairman. Where do you get those figures?

Mr. Haddock. From the Registrar-General's Statistical Review of England and Wales, 1928.

The Rev. Edwin Barter. Do they include cirrhosis of the liver?

Mr. Haddock. Yes, Sir. In 1928 there were 1890 deaths from that cause alone.

The Rev. Edwin Barter. Ah!

Mr. Haddock. Of which 1570 were returned as non-alcoholic.

The Chairman. Proceed, please, Mr. Haddock.

Mr. Haddock. Apart from this terrible annual mortality, the imperfections of the digestive system levy a heavy toll on the national resources in other ways. Dyspepsia, like fat, is the foe of efficiency. Not only the body but the mind is poisoned and refuses to discharge its functions properly. From dyspepsia spring loss of spirits, discontent, disinclination for work and thought, bad temper, spitefulness and narrowness of mind, domestic strife, divorce and even murder. It has been estimated that



First Girl. "REMEMBER ANGELA MARSTON? SHE MARRIED TOM MEADOWS LAST WEEK."

Second Girl. "NO! WHY, THAT'S THE MAN SHE WAS ENGAGED TO."



Cook (having given notice to Mistress). "DID YOU SNIFF TO SNIFF WHAT I'M COOKING, MAY I ASK, OR WAS THAT THE KIND OF SNIFF PEOPLE GIVES WHEN THEY JUST MEANS TO SNIFF?"

90 per cent of the criminal classes are dyspeptic——

The Chairman. By whom?

Mr. Haddock. By me, Sir.

The Chairman. Mr. Haddock, you must not waste the time of the Commission. What exactly do you propose?

Mr. Haddock. I am coming to that, Sir. Further, Sir, as I was about to point out, a great deal of what we eat is wasteful and unproductive, deficient in vitamins, calories and carbohydrates, having no building power and clogging, over-straining or injuring the alimentary organs. Now, in the present state of the national fortunes the first essential is to eliminate waste——

The Chairman. What are your proposals, Mr. Haddock?

Mr. Haddock. Sir, the time has come for the State to regulate the commissariat of the individual. Those twenty-five thousand deaths are a disgrace to a civilised nation. Already we take strong measures to secure that the citizen shall eat *pure* food; it is but a natural and logical step onward to see that he eats the *right* food. To that end I propose that the Ministry of Health, in consultation with the medical profession, should issue a Code of Eating for all ages and conditions of life. It shall be unlawful to eat more than two meals a day; certain foodstuffs shall be prohibited altogether (those, that is, which have no nutritious or body-building value); and indigestion, without just cause and excuse, shall be a criminal offence. It will be difficult to control the eating of the citizen in the home, but all purveyors of food shall be licensed and subject to inspection and control. It will be an offence to serve food to a customer who is under the influence of dyspepsia or fatty degeneration, to serve late suppers (a pernicious practice) and to serve a meal of more than two courses. The menus of restaurants and hotels shall be submitted in advance to the Ministry of Health for inspection to ensure that their vitamin-content is in accord with the regulations. Every man, woman and child will carry a Food Card, on which will be stated their annual allowance of starchy foods, sweets, acids, etc. This card will have to be produced at every purchase of undesirable foods and the amount purchased endorsed on the back, so that no one will be able to exceed the allowance.

By these means a generation will grow up which does not know what digestive trouble *is*. Fat will be eliminated. Many thousands of lives——

The Chairman. Mr. Haddock, you may withdraw.

Mr. Haddock. Have the Commission any questions to ask?

The Chairman. No.

Mr. Haddock then withdrew."

As a matter of fact, both Barter and I had a good many questions we should have liked to put; but I dare say the Chairman was right. It is impossible to snub some people, but I fancy Haddock must have felt pretty small. Really, I never *heard* such nonsense.

A. P. H.

An Apology which Impends at Westminster.

"I was glad to hear my hon. Fiend the Member for Bridgeton [Mr. MAXTON] raise his voice. . . ."

Mr. BEN TURNER as reported in "Hansard."

"Mr. J. H. Thomas, Dominions Secretary, went on board the Snapdragon cutting gaily with the Prime Ministers and smoking an enormous pipe."—*Newcastle Paper.*

It was the size of the pipe, no doubt, and not of the sea that caused this nausea.

THE BROKEN BOOTLEGGER.

(Designed for a sad recitation before a dying fire in the days that appear to be approaching when the United States of America will go wet again.)

GATHER around me, children, for the sands are sinking low;
Your poor old father is ruined and the Persian rugs must go,
And the Gainsboroughs and the Rubens, I must put them up for sale,
And the buhl and the Ming and the Wedgwood and the chairs of Chippendale.
I have tried to serve my country, but my country has turned on me;
I must scatter my fleet of lorries and my ships that rode the sea.
I held my head with the highest, I did what I could for the Cause,
And the best were proud to know me on account of the VOLSTEAD Clause.
I hoped for Harvard for Johnny and an English earl for Mae;
I was buying deer for the paddock and swans for the lake to-day;
But the old dry days are over, the best that ever we had,
And the people can get their highballs without the help of your dad.

We must live in a simple mansion and work for our daily bread,
And the hands who loved and served me and looked to me as their head—
Billy the Gunner and Michael the Thug and Tony the Cutlass King—
I must pension them off or sack them, with the other boys in the ring.
And I don't know whether the butler will stay when the bad times come,
And the maids and the powdered footmen who helped to handle the rum;
But you'll always remember, children, the home where you lived of old,
Where your father came each evening with his long boots stuffed with gold,
And the dogs and the BACH sonatas and the CHAUCER manuscript
That I kept with the ruby necklace so safe in the chapel crypt,
And the squads of tame policemen who came each morn for their graft,
And the yacht that once we cruised on, with the two quick-firers aft.

But we'll take the old machine-gun for the sake of the days of yore,
And fix it around in our cottage, and the dirk still stained with gore;
And the false red beard and whiskers and the velvet mask shall be Tom's,
And Lucy shall have the sandbags and Clara the shrapnel-bombs.
And in days when *their* sons and daughters shall gather about *their* knees
They'll show them the ancient heirlooms and say to them, "Children, these
Belonged to your dear grandfather, but he had to put them by
When the bottom went out of the business of bringing booze to the dry,
And we had to become professors and lawyers and brokers and such;
We used a pen for our living and we lost the *Paul Jones* touch;
But once we were merchant-gangsters, we held our heads in the air,
And he was the boss of the outfit—the Bootleg Millionaire!"

EVOE.

THE INTRUDERS.

THE last time I visited Uncle Henry I found him pacing indignantly up and down in front of his shrubbery and addressing himself to Jakes, who was weeding the path.

"They're common trespassers," he was saying. "The notice has had no effect. This time I shall take legal action."

Uncle Henry's house stands high above the English Channel, and his garden slopes gently towards the sea, ending in a little field at the top of the cliff. For as long as I can remember there has been a right-of-way along a footpath running near the edge. It was towards a party of trampers who appeared to me to be using this path that his wrath was directed.

"But surely," I remonstrated, "they are allowed to follow the cliff?"

"They are not," he snorted.

"But the right-of-way——"

"There *is* no right-of-way. It has—er—subsided. There was a fall of cliff in the autumn."

"But they can still follow the new edge."

"Certainly not. The path is now at the bottom. If the whole field falls can they use the rose-garden? No! If the rose-garden goes am I to allow them to come through the library? Never! The right-of-way has fallen down. Let them follow it. It is not incumbent on me to maintain it at any particular altitude."

"How are they to get there? Must they climb down the cliff?"

"Yes. Or get someone—not me—to provide a moving staircase."

"And when the tide is up?"

"They must hire a boat. Can I be held responsible if their precious right-of-way becomes submerged twice a day? Am I expected to erect a bridge? If they must go past without descending below the level of the cliff let them do the transit by air." And he stamped indignantly down the garden towards the offending strangers.

Fearful lest he should despatch them to the right-of-way by pushing them over the edge and I be involved as a witness of this illegal act, I turned my head away.

Parishes which We Can Get on One Valve.

"Rev. —— —— has received a call from the congregation of Mid Yell, Shetland."—*Nonconformist Paper.*

Umbrage Brewing on the South Coast.

"—— Glass was first put into the Monkey House at the Zoo. This subject is of particular importance at the present stage of the development of Hastings."—*Pamphlet.*

"BUS CONTRACTS."—*Motor Paper.*

Very different from the ones we want to pass on the road. They always seem to expand.

"Another interruption to the debate was caused by a smile of the Prime Minister's."—*Daily Paper.*

It is thought to have been lent to him by Mr. SNOWDEN.

". . . Ras Tafari rules with success warlike and ambitious chieftains, who pay no taxes and very often tender insults when asked to do so."—*Irish Paper.*

These sub-sheikhs learn to do as they are told.



Inquisitive Gentleman. "PRAY CAN YOU TELL ME, SIR, AS A MATTER OF SCIENTIFIC INTEREST, WHAT IT IS EXACTLY THAT MAKES YOU SO FOND OF ANIMALS?"
Owner of Dog. "THEY DON'T ASK QUESTIONS."

NATURAL LAWS.

"Of course," said George, "if you are following a swarm of bees you can go across anybody's land without trespassing."

"Who told you that?" I said, not because I particularly wanted to know, but because I like challenging George's statements; it annoys him.

"Nobody told me." replied George importantly. "It is a well-known fact, a—ah—sort of natural law."

"Like wanting to look at a pretty girl," I suggested helpfully.

George regarded me severely.

"Anyway," I went on brightly, "whatever sort of law it is, I think it is a very helpful one. I must make a note of it."

"But you don't keep bees," objected George, who does, and is rather touchy about them.

"True; but I very often want to trespass."

George started to inflate.

"They must be your own bees," remarked Diana, who, besides being George's wife, which should be enough for any woman, is my sister.

"Who," I asked lightly, "is to prove the ownership of a bee?"

* * * * *

"By George!" exclaimed my young brother, "that's a pretty girl lying in the hammock under that tree."

We had been attending a wedding together and, clad in the usual nuptial regalia, were waiting for a bus. From where we stood we could just see over a wall into a large and shady garden. He was perfectly right. She was amazingly pretty. She had the sort of hair that goes with green eyes.

"Thank you," I said, gripping the

astonished youth's hand—"thank you a thousand times—no, twice."

"What on earth for?" he said.

"Firstly for pointing her out to me and secondly for mentioning George. You said, 'By George!' It was enough."

"Are you mad? Here! Where are you going?"

"I am going," I replied firmly, "to make a bee-line for her." And, assuming the expression of an ardent apiarist, I made my way into the garden.

"Good afternoon," said the girl, calmly rising from the hammock as I got abreast of it.

I stopped. "Good afternoon," I replied civilly.

"If you are looking for a garden-party it's in the next garden," she said.

Her eyes *were* green.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I'm not. I'm in these clothes because I've just been to a wedding."

"Your own?"

"No, no; I'm perfectly single."

"I see. Well?"

"You mean you want to know what I'm doing here?"

"I do rather."

"Well, you see, I'm following a swarm of bees and—er—, as you know, you—er—are allowed to go anywhere when you're doing that."

"I didn't know," she said.

I smiled tolerantly.

"How did you?" she added.

"How did I what?" I asked.

"Know," she said.

I decided to be perfectly frank.

"Well, as a matter of fact," I said, "my brother-in-law, George, told me."

"I see," she said gravely. "And what qualification has George—excuse me calling him 'George,' but——"

"Do," I said handsomely.

"And what does he know about it?"

"Well, amongst other things, he's Chairman of the County Sewage Committee."

"Good for him! Still that hardly—"

"No, I see your point; but what I mean is that a chap who understands drains may be trusted to understand other things—because I mean drains are frightfully important, aren't they, and——"

"Quite. And George says that it is all right?"

"Yes; more than that, he says it's a natural law."

"And you are a believer in natural laws?"

I reviewed her critically. "Yes," I said at last. "Oh, decidedly."

"Well, shall we sit down?" she said, making a movement back to the hammock.

"It's awfully good of you," I murmured, "but—er——"

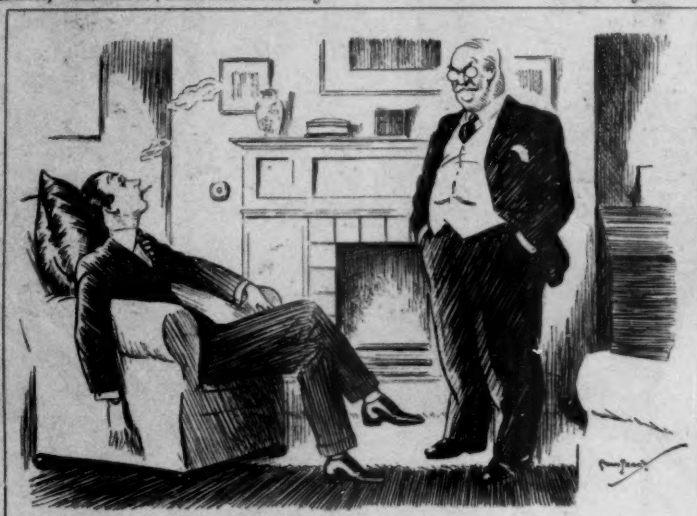
"You feel that you may lose touch with the bees?"

"Er—yes," I said; "there is that risk."

"Still, if one takes no risks in life one gets no amusement out of it."

"That is profoundly true," I agreed, and sat down.

"Have you kept bees for long?" she asked innocently.



Prospective Father-in-Law). "I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE AN INTEREST IN YOUR FATHER'S BUSINESS?"
Languid Suitor. "NOT THE FAINTEST."

"No," I replied boldly; "as a matter of fact I've only just started collecting them."

"I see. This was your first swarm."

"Exactly."

"I thought it must be."

"What made you think that?" I asked nervously.

"Only that people who are following a swarm of bees usually carry a skep."

"Yes," I said, not knowing in the least what she meant, "I—I suppose they do."

"But then of course you had your top-hat."

"Precisely," I said, chiefly because I had said "Exactly" before and I had to say something.

"My father keeps bees," she observed casually.

I detected an avenue of escape. "Then perhaps I have been pursuing his property all the time," I said, and laughed rather unconvincingly.

"Perhaps you have," said the girl with the green eyes.

"In that case," I said, getting up, "I can only apologise and——"

"Oh, no; we must make certain. Follow me," she commanded.

Without another word she led me to the end of the garden and stopped in front of a high brick wall with broken glass on top of it. From the other side of the wall came the sound of many voices. I looked appealingly at the girl.

"Yes," she said, "that's the garden-party; but don't let that worry you. As you pointed out to me, you're perfectly within your rights, so, if anybody asks you what you are doing, just say, 'Tush! I shall lose the line,' and carry straight on. They'll understand—just like me."

"But," I protested, "if they were your father's bees, what is the good of——"

"That is just the point," she interrupted; "we must make certain. If you can see no sign of them in there, then—then——"

"Yes?"

"I shall feel happier," she said. "Wait here a minute and I'll fetch you the housemaid's steps."

But I didn't wait a second after she was out of sight. As I went through the front-gate I heard the sort of laugh that only goes with green eyes.

* * *

That evening I rang Diana up on the telephone. "I rather want," I said, "a section of honey from a private hive. I wonder if George——"

"Of course," said Diana. "Who is she?"

"How did you know?" I asked sharply.

"Natural lore," said Diana, and rang off.

"7.25 'THE DARK CONTINENT'—III
Dr. DONALD FRAZER
'THE MISSIONARY LOOKS AT AFRICA'
(*From Glasgow*)."
Wireless Paper.

Many of us would prefer this to the contemplation of Glasgow from Africa.

"Two dancers booked to appear at a West-End Hotel last night were prevented by the management from doing so because they were wearing insufficient clothing. They had barely started their act when . . ."
Daily Paper.

"Barely" seems a good word.



Small Boy (to Mother). "THERE ARE THREE PERSONS THAT I LOVE—YOU AND NANNY AND ME; BUT ME'S MY FAVOURITE."

EASTWARD BOUND.

VI.—COLOMBO.

SHE will lure you as no other
With the magic of her call,
With the scents that almost smother
And the colours that enthrall,
And, exclaiming with elation
At her palm-groves and her seas,
You'll forget the perspiration
That is showing at your knees.

As excited as *Aladdin*
Through her gem-stores you will roam,
With a genie who is clad in
Just a kirtle and a comb,
While his witchery shall work on
Your devotion to a wife,
Till you've bought the monster zircon
Which shall haunt you all your life.

By the glory of her thunder
And the moaning of her bars,
By the moon that adds its wonder
To the magic of her stars,
There is something that Ceylon says
Which invalidates a bond
And upsets the lone fiancées
Who had meant to go beyond.

From Singapore to Taiping,
From Madras to Mandalay,
There is many a man still wiping
The futile tears away—
Tears that are ever falling
For damsels falsely fair
Who heard Colombo calling
And broke the journey there.

J. M. S.

A PLEA FOR THE FAT BOY.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—The Agony columns of a contemporary recently contained the following advertisement:—

"FAT BOY WANTED as COMPANION to another (14 years) for tuition and slimming exercises and regime."

I appeal, Mr. Punch, for your support to combat this insidious attack upon what should be regarded as one of our most cherished possessions. In our literature the Fat Boy holds a not unworthy place; as an institution he can ill be spared.

The Fat Boy is father to the Fat Man. In the words of one who, we may fairly assume, would have lent his ponderous support to this appeal, his extinction would "impoverish the public stock of harmless pleasure." The spectacle of a land peopled with the breed of the lean *Cassius* would have caused acute mental anguish to him whose genius gave to *Falstaff* that mighty girth which cloaks and makes pardonable his peccadillos.

Sir, this attempt to sap the very foundations of our national strength must be stopped. Our womanhood, regardless of the courageous example set by Mr. COCHRAN'S young ladies, continue to bant and slim. Is Man to yield many of the comforts which he holds most dear in order that he may achieve an outline pleasing to the prejudiced eye of Woman? Are beef and beer to give place to oatmeal-cake and hot water? Are we to be butchered to make a Woman's holiday?

Protection is in the air, and your own contour encourages me to believe that your support will be given gladly to any movement for the Safeguarding of the Fat Boy. It may be that his alleged weakness for making the flesh creep has in the past alienated some sympathies. But there are unplumbed depths in the Fat Boy; beneath his adipose tissue there is a burning sense of the part that he is called upon to play in the shaping of his country's destinies. I cannot think his passing would be noted without the tribute of a general tear.

Yours, FAT BUT COMELY.

LEARNING ITALIAN.

I SAID I didn't care for the little book she was reading at all. It seemed to be full of the most ridiculous platitudes.

"I do wish you'd go away," she said.

"And what's more," I said, "I don't like the pictures. For a country that lent us the great exhibition at Burlington House, they strike me as positively bad. Who are these four children sitting at a table with sandwiches in front of them?"

"Not sandwiches. They are libri—books. The pictures are the portraits of Luisa, Roberto, Maria and Enrico."

"Reading from right to left?"

"From left to right."

"Well, what are they doing, anyway?"

"Learning Italian, like me. Luisa is learning Italian, Roberto is learning Italian, Maria is learning Italian, Enrico is learning Italian. They are gli scolari. They are learning Italian from il professore. Il professore is the professor. He stands on the left."

"The young chap opening a cigarette-case? You don't mean to tell me that's a professor. He's a gigolo."

"Il professore is the professor. He is not opening a cigarette-case. He is holding a book. He holds a book in his left hand."

"What book?"

"This book. He teaches Luisa, he teaches Roberto, he teaches Maria, he teaches Enrico. He teaches them Italian from this book."

"Why are his trousers turned up so high?"

"The book does not say why the pantaloni of the professor are turned up so high. It says he has two arms, two hands, five fingers on each hand, a book and a pen."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, it says he has two ears, two eyes, a nose and I (una) bocca. Bocca means a mouth."

"I told you he was a gigolo. What else does the book say?"

"It says Maria has two legs."

"Disgusting!"

"And after that it says that Maria and Luisa are English. They are female scholars. Enrico and Roberto are also scholars. They are male scholars. They are English. They are not French, they are not German, they are not Spanish, they are not Italian. London is in England. Paris is in France. Madrid is in Spain. Rome is in Italy. The professor asks them whether the word 'gentleman' is English or French. They reply that it is an English word. Do you happen to have heard of it?"

"Archaic rather, I fancy. What transpires after that?"

"The professor asks them where Enrico and Roberto are. They reply with a burst of candour, 'They are in the class.' Then he asks them where Maria and Luisa are. They own up once more. Maria and Luisa are also in the class."

"I find a lack of sparkle in the dialogue. What is the second picture further on?"

"It is a picture of an Italian family taking a walk."

"The professor's family?"

"I don't know."

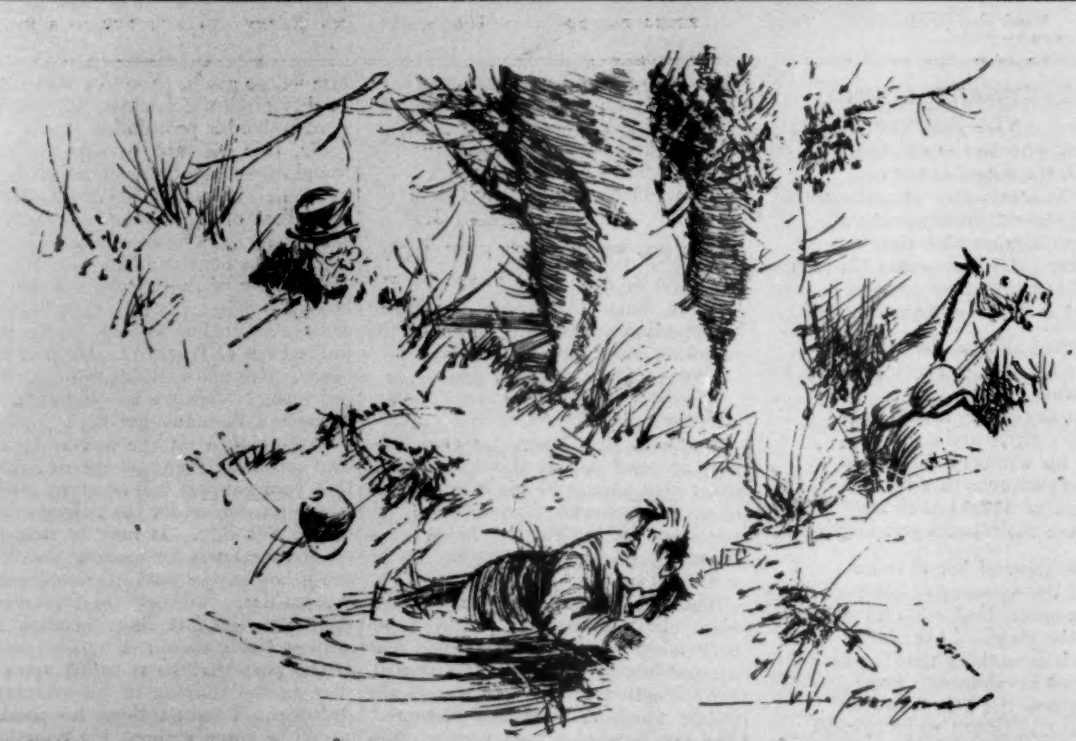
"I bet it is. Little does the poor young wife know the true nature of the beast. Why does he have arrows stuck into him all over, like ST. SEBASTIAN?"

"The arrows point to the hat, the collar, the cravat, the pantaloni, the shoes and the sottoveste of the professor, if you will have it so."

"Sottoveste? His underwear?"

"No, you idiot. Sottoveste means his waistcoat."

"Why does the professor wear a white sottoveste?"



Old Lady (who objects to all sport as cruel, but is a little vague about details). "THAT JUST SERVES YOU RIGHT. AND I WISH THE RABBIT COULD SEE YOU."

"I don't know. Why does he wear black pantaloni for that matter? And why does he wear white gloves? The fact is we haven't learnt any colours but black and white yet. The shoes, for instance, of the scholars Enrico and Roberto are black. The shoes of the female scholars, Luisa and Maria, are white. The stockings of the ragazzo in the second picture are black, the stockings of the ragazza are white. The hat of the signora is white. Rather a pretty design, if you ask me."

"I don't like it. There's nothing of the true Italy about the landscape. Why isn't there a cypress-tree in the background instead of a willow? And where are they all walking to, anyway? Mantua or Perugia?"

"We don't deal with that. We go on to discuss the buttons on the sottoveste of the signor; and after that by a rapid transference of thought we pass to the buttons on the sottoveste of Enrico, and the buttons on Enrico's shirt. The buttons on the sottoveste of Enrico are six. The buttons on the shirt of Enrico are three."

"Fascinating and delightful circumstance! Are any of the other scholars woven into the plot?"

"Yes. Roberto is woven into the plot. He has four pockets in his sottoveste. Luisa is also woven into the plot. The professor asks what colour are the stockings of Luisa, and Maria replies, 'Her stockings are black.'"

"I should have thought he would have seen that without asking. He had noticed her legs before."

"Yes, but the colour of the ragazza's stockings was white. The ragazza is Italian. Maria and Luisa are English. Perhaps he wished to lay it stresso on the smartness of the Italian ragazza compared with the female English scholars."

"Very likely. A man of that type would. Are there any other unpleasant incidents in the book?"

"I don't think so. After that we proceed to discuss the days of the week and the months and seasons of the year."

"So I see. For pages and pages and pages. I incline now to think that the professor is not only a gigolo but a psychoanalyst. He believes that Enrico, Roberto, Maria and Luisa have a time complex, and he will not let it alone. But I see that his true sensual character comes out at the end."

"How do you mean?"

"He says, 'We are in May. It is now primavera,' which is quite untrue. You can tell that by looking at the picture. Nobody would go out wearing a black cappello and black pantaloni in the primavera."



Fare. "YOU'VE BEEN VERY SLOW."
Taxi-Driver. "YOU SHOULD START EARLIER."

"An Italian might."

"What kind of an Italian? A gigolo, possibly. Not an Italian of the best type."

"You continue to insult my professor."

"Do I? Well, what about the ragazzo's camicia?"

"Well, what about it?"

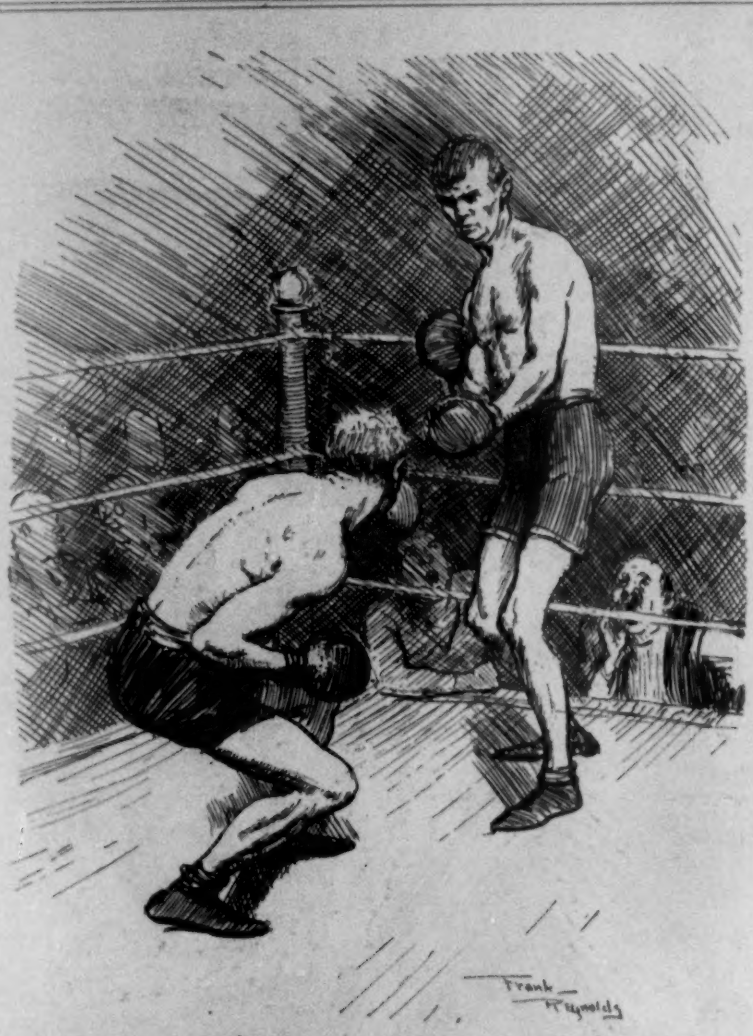
"I see that the ragazzo has a white shirt. The book says so. The picture confesses it. The professor makes a boast of it. What would MUSSOLINI say? Has he been working all these years only to see a professor putting his ragazzi into white shirts instead of black ones? The whole thing is a farce. Enrico should have pointed out the mistake. Roberto should have pointed out the mistake. Maria should have pointed out the mistake. Luisa should have pointed out the mistake. All the English male and female scholars should have pointed out that the camicia of the Italian ragazzo ought to have been black."

"Have you quite finished talking nonsense now?"

"Sissignora. But you do admit that the book has a bad moral tone?"

"If you don't go away I shall scream for help."

"I thought as much. The female English scholar suffers from hysteria. She has been reading a dangerous book. . . ." EVOE.



Second (whose man's opponent has remained in a crouching position for some time). "SET ABART 'IM, CHARLEY. I THINK THE SPRING 'S BROKE."

"AD" NAUSEAM.

I DO not know anything quite so enthralling as those advertisements of toilet "requisites," in which charming Miss Pansy So-and-so, the screen or stage star, explains what she does to her skin, how she keeps her teeth clean, and what is her favourite cure for chapped hands or corns. Whenever I see that Miss Pansy's lovely smile owes everything to "Denta" I rush off and buy "Dents." True, it is a little disconcerting to see, a week or two later, that Miss Pansy's lovely smile owes everything to "Tusko," because then I have to rush off and buy "Tusko," and thus the bath-room becomes somewhat cluttered up.

It seems to me very generous of these ladies to give away the secrets of their charm and beauty, and so enable the humble shop-girl to grow beautiful too and eventually supplant them. My only complaint is that, beyond the care of the teeth, they do not much assist *me*.

I buy amazingly little face-cream or powder or eyelash-beautifier. The care of the skin occupies little of my day. But how glad I should be of some advice on more masculine affairs. What are our actors doing? Why do we never see little ads. and articles describing how Sir GERALD DU MAURIER presses his trousers, what gargle Mr. HENRY AINLEY uses and what is the favourite soap of Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR? Never has Mr. OWEN NARES explained the secret of his smile; Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON has kept his favourite hair-oil a secret; no man knows what Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE does about his toe-nails, or how Mr. RONALD SQUIRE cleans his teeth. How is this? Can it be that they have not been invited to give their opinion and experience? Or can it be that they have been invited but refused? I cannot tell. All I know is that I want to be beautiful and should like to know how. A. P. H.

THE DESERT GONG.

[Mrs. VICTOR BRUCE entranced Baluchi tribesmen by frequently "playing" her alarm-clock to them.]

No more shall men with oaths inveigh
Against the shrill alarum clock;
Though long o'erwhelmed with coarse abuse
It's shown a way, to Mrs. BRUCE,
Of soothing savage breasts *en bloc*
And softening their hearts of rock.
When, crashed in far Baluchistan,
Around her plane grim tribesmen ran,
It pacified their fierce array,
Causing those Kurds* to melt like whey.

She wound her clock, and o'er the plain
Its gong pealed high and higher yet,
Rousing the echoes all around
With its insistent clanging sound,
The while those desert warriors, met
In hostile ranks with faces set,
Drew nigh, by new emotions torn,
To hear this music of the morn.
(When it had finished raising Cain
They made her wind it up again.)

I'm no Baluchi; I should flee
From all such noisy apparatus;
So here's a plan: If sounds like these
Give savage tribesmen rest and ease,
Filling with balm the heart's hiatus,
Let's send more things that irritate us
Across to them, things strident, as
Loud-speakers, pavement drills and jazz;
The din will purge their rage, maybe—
And oh, the difference to me!

The Sweeper Swept?

"Will Hoover be swept aside?"
Daily Paper.

"RACING.—NEWBURY CUP.
1. Brumeux. . . . . 6 to 4.
Thirteen ran. Race won by 1¼ wickets."
News-sheet in Mauritius.

Probably some of them were also-ran-outs.

"ADMIRAL TAYLOR'S GREAT VICTORY.
SMASHING BLOW FOR EMPIRE AND PROSPERITY."
Daily Paper.

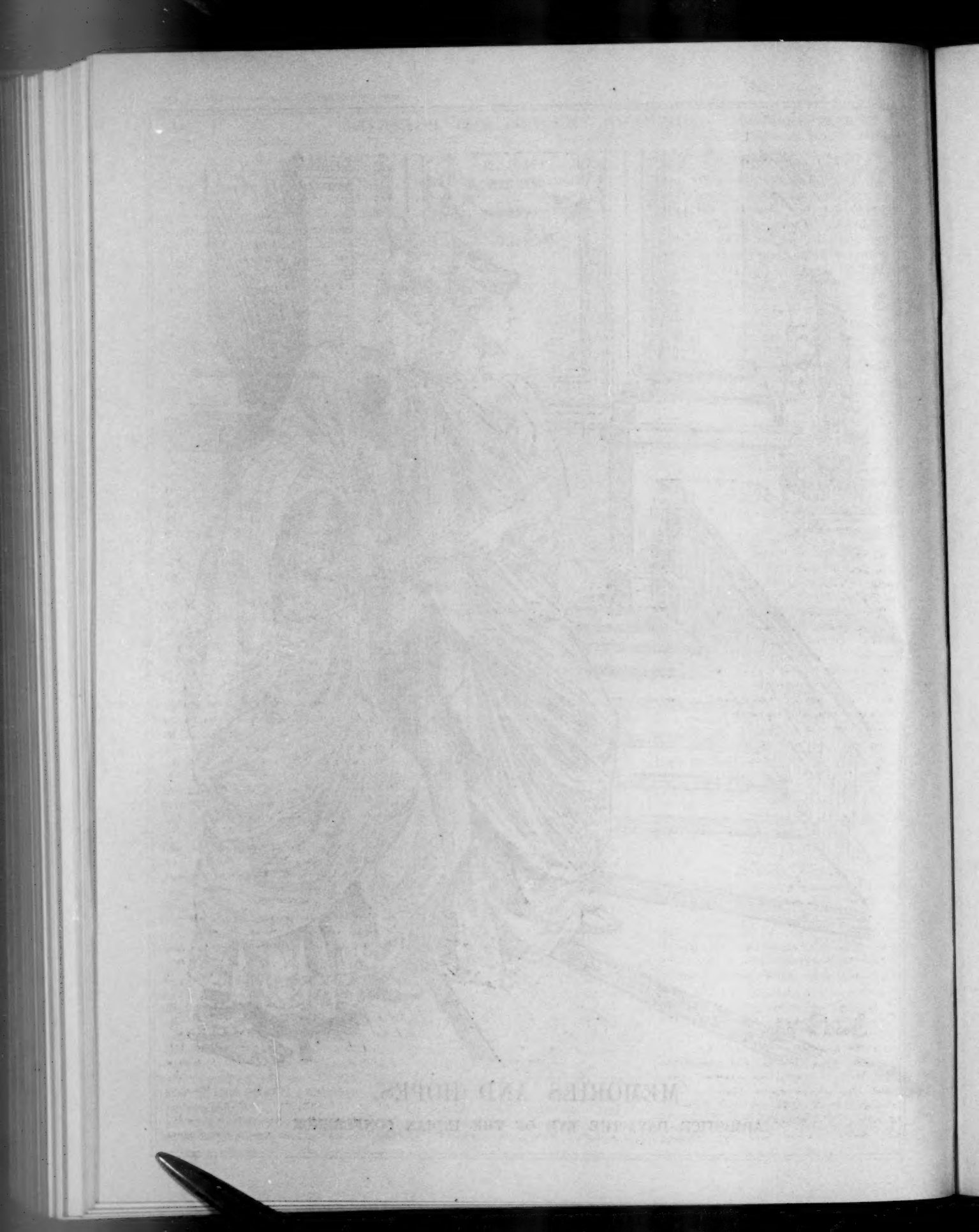
Our feeling is that both may still recover.

* *Editor.* What are Kurds doing there? I thought they lived somewhere else.
Author. Poetic licence. Or perhaps they 'd migrated.



MEMORIES AND HOPES.

ARMISTICE DAY, THE EVE OF THE INDIAN CONFERENCE.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 3rd.—For once in a way the Soviet Government emerged from Question-time with something to its credit. Mr. GILLETT informed the House that all goods exported to Russia from this country under the Export Credits Guarantee Scheme had been duly paid for, and it further appeared that the Soviet Government had purchased no less than seventy per cent of the high-class British roosters exhibited at the Fourth World's Poultry Congress. All is not going to be quiet, we may conclude, on the chicken front.

Mr. LANSBURY tried to make light of the matter, but the House was clearly disturbed to learn that the new British Embassy at Washington had had to have electric refrigerators added as an after-thought. It does not seem to have occurred to Sir EDWIN LUTYENS that in a country like the United States it is always desirable to keep a certain amount of diplomacy on the ice.

The business of demonstrating the complete bonelessness of Mother Ramsay MacHubbard's legislative cupboard began in real earnest to-day when Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN moved the Conservative Amendment to the Address, humbly regretting that the Government had failed to propose any measures adequate to deal with the crisis in the industrial, agricultural and commercial situation or to check the continued growth of unemployment.

As long as he confined himself to regretting, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was adequate enough. In common with the Right Hon. Gentleman, the Member for Carnarvon Boroughs, he had failed, he said, to find a single business man who saw a gleam of hope on the horizon. All was inspissated gloom. It was so inspissated that one almost expected Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to produce a City man from his pocket and invite the House to count his ribs. Instead he read Board of Trade returns, which presumably amounts to much the same thing. Having shown that the Liberals, the Mosleyites, the Maxtonites, the Conservatives, everybody, in fact, except the Government, had one plan or another for dealing with the situation, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN modestly outlined the Conservative plan as "immediate Protection, in one form or another, by one method or another, of the home market and the ultimate attainment of economic unity throughout the Empire."

No word of food taxes to mollify Lord BEAVERBROOK'S inexorable ear, but also no mention of quotas. Instead Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explained what he meant by Protection, and the explanation sounded very much like more Safeguarding cautiously applied. As to Dominion Preference he besought the House rather vaguely not to emulate the Ballymena folk and ask, when reserving our markets for the primary products of the Dominions, "What is there in this for us?"



NOT A HOPE.
(*After G. F. Watts.*)

MR. WILLIAM GRAHAM SEES NOTHING ON EARTH BUT DEPRESSION.



REVERSION TO TYPE.
AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN BLOSSOMS OUT IN A SLIGHTLY ORCHIDACEOUS MANNER.

Mr. GRAHAM, replying for the Government, modestly declared himself "a hopeless choice for the mere purposes of Party debate" and passed on to a minute examination of the industrial troubles of other nations. Observation with extensive view was a "piker," as they say in America, and Ulysses a mere stay-at-home by comparison with the far-roaming PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE. The House gathered that what with one thing and another it was idle to expect to do anything about it. When it came to trotting out Government proposals to cope with industrial depression at home, leaving China and Peru to look after themselves, the Hindu philosopher who sat under one palm-tree for sixty years without speaking was a frenetic busybody compared with Mr. GRAHAM.

Tuesday, November 4th.—With the result made a foregone conclusion by the Liberals' announced intention of abstaining from the Lobbies, the concluding stage of the Debate on the Amendment to the Address proved something of a hollow mockery. In point of fact five Liberals, including the Party's Chief Whip, Sir ROBERT HUTCHISON, and its chief ornament, Sir JOHN SIMON, did support the Amendment, and four others, including Mr. RUNCIMAN, voted against it. Meanwhile Lord WOLMER had resumed the thread of the Conservative discourse and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE followed. His bombinations against the Government would have been more effective if he had not stopped to assure Mr. MACDONALD that they were being uttered *in vacuo*, that "every opportunity would be given to the Government to develop a policy." Therein he differs from Sir JOHN SIMON, who thinks that seventeen months has been quite long enough for the Government to develop its policy—if it has one.

It fell to Mr. HERBERT MORRISON to defend the Government; but Mr. MORRISON, after trying to "pass the buck" of inanition to the local authorities, fell to bickering with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as to how soon certain relief works could be started. This led Mr. WISE to urge the Government to stop "meandering about schemes that were not really effective, take its courage in both hands

and say what it thinks and what it means to do." It led the still more outspoken Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN to declare that in the King's Speech there was no real apprehension of the crisis in the country, and to add rather unkindly that "it was no good the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT coming there with a provincial debating speech and hoping to get away with it."

It fell, as it always does, to the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION and the PRIME MINISTER to conclude the entertainment with a genteel exhibition of heavy-weight shadow-boxing. Mr. BALDWIN, always at his best as a Higher Philosopher, twitted the Government with being in the position of Fundamentalists who have just begun to read DARWIN. All was philosophic doubt on the Front Bench, but faith was still alive in the Benches behind.

Mr. MACDONALD, notwithstanding that neither Mr. LLOYD GEORGE nor Mr. BALDWIN had really attempted to land a punch, showed signs of aggravation, which the "hecklings" of the Conservative rabble did nothing to allay. Having threatened the cotton industry that if it did not hurry up and reorganise itself the Government might "ask for powers," Mr. MACDONALD subsided, muttering into the ear of Mr. SNOWDEN, and incidentally into that of *The Times* and other reporters, what his friend, Herr EGON WERTHEIMER would euphoniously refer to as a "*schweinerie.*"

Wednesday, November 5th.—Undoubtedly the House of Lords has missed a lot of harmless fun through the self-denying ordinance that restricts the choice of Prime Ministers to the Lower Chamber, but the loss is largely made good by the presence in its midst of the PRIME MINISTER of Malta. Pandora's box was not fuller of trouble than Lord STRICKLAND'S tight little island seems to be, and it is very nice for the noble Lord to have a place where he can unbosom himself without being potted at by a disciple of Italian culture or bitten in the leg by a Maltese bishop. And Lord PASSFIELD is so sympathetic. To hear him asking Lord STRICKLAND to withdraw his motion was like listening to a mother crooning her child to sleep.

Few of us but have been moved by the stirring poem which describes how "the little *Revenge* ran on." It therefore came as a shock to the House of Commons when Mr. MOSES asked the FIRST LORD to explain how and why the crew of the big *Revenge* had run off. Mr. ALEXANDER was fortunately able to declare that there was no foundation for the reported discontent and insubordination aboard that famous fighting ship.

Mr. MONTAGU explained to Major GLYN that the Air Ministry had abandoned its idea of having a bombing practice-ground on White Horse Hill, near Lambourne. It had been represented to the Ministry that the existing methods of putting artificial pep into racehorses were causing trouble enough as it was.



MORE LIBERAL LINEN FOR THE LAUNDRY.
SIR ROBERT HUTCHISON AND SIR JOHN SIMON.

A private Member's motion on the sad state of the steel industry is not calculated to draw a full house, much of the subject being remote from common knowledge and the steel industry being only one among many in a world of industrial depression. Moreover the case presented by Major THOMAS was weakened beforehand by four years of resolute refusal on the part of Mr. BALDWIN to give the steel industry even a Safeguarding inquiry.

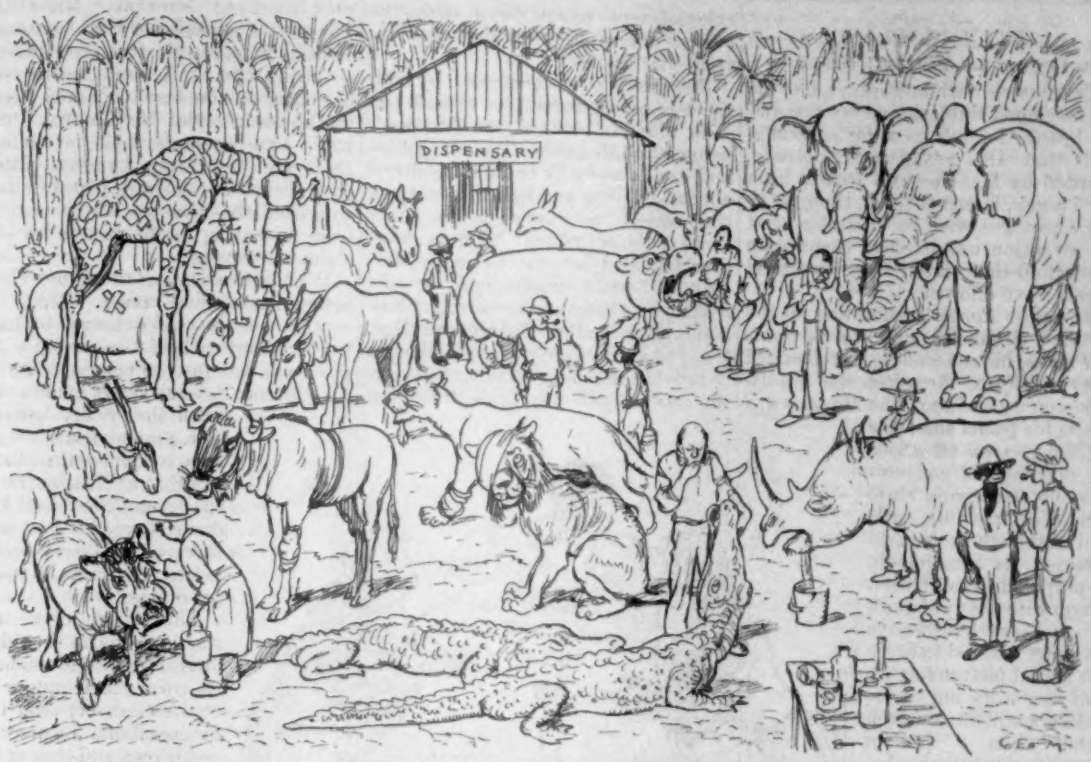
Major THOMAS and his seconder made out a clear enough case, proving that the competing foreign steel that is closing down our mills is "dumped" here at considerably below the price at which it is sold in protected home markets. But that is common knowledge. It was interesting to hear Miss WILKINSON, who represents Middlesbrough, saying she would not object to steel being protected if only the industry were properly reorganised first; and Mr. STRACHEY, another Labour Member, declaring that the state of the steel industry was "one of the unfortunate results of Free Trade."

Thursday, November 6th.—Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN suffers from a sort of inverted class-consciousness. That is unfortunate, because education is the great destroyer of class-barriers and should not be entrusted to an amateur proletarian who mistakes class-consciousness for Socialism. On the Second Reading, last night, of the Education Bill, the MINISTER'S main plea for it seemed to be that it "has red corpuscles in it." It has; but it has also, like the philosopher's gruel in *The Crock of Gold*, "lumps in it." Sir CHARLES dwelt lovingly on the corpuscles; Lord EUSTACE PERCY enlarged upon the lumps. Sir CHARLES was at great pains to prove that he was merely crowning the labours and implementing the promises of the Conservative Government. Lord EUSTACE was equally eager to demonstrate that, while in principle there was no division of opinion on the advantages of raising the school-age, there was no justification in fact for trying to do it at this time. "We don't want to do it," was the burden of his theme, "for, by jingo, if we do, we lack the schools, we lack the teachers, we lack the money too."

Mr. HARRIS of Bethnal Green produced the Liberal blessing, though he was subsequently unable to deliver all the Liberal votes. Mr. BUCHAN produced the Conservative curse, which he delivered with some of the vigour of the Caledonian about to be deprived of his bawbees. Sir HILTON YOUNG echoed the curse and added a few knobs on his own. He could imagine, he said, the country recovering from the industrial depression that had overtaken it, and he could even imagine it recovering from "such a misfortune as the present Government, but he could not see it emerging unscathed from that co-incidence of calamities, the two at once."

"POLITICAL SENSATION: THE TRUTH."
Daily Paper.

It would be.



SCENE ON A BIG-GAME RESERVATION.

ANIMALS RECEIVING FREE VETERINARY TREATMENT.

THE CHINK OF GOLD.

WHENEVER, during the past few years, I have had anything to do with the financial magnates of our great City I have invariably been given to understand that there is absolutely no money anywhere, dear old boy. Only the other day I broached the subject to a man with a very large cigar.

"What you mean," I said knowingly after he had spoken his little stock piece, "is that money is very tight."

He said that "tight" was not the word for it. I did not find out what really was the word for it, because someone with an even larger cigar asked him to have something and he went away; but it was quite clear that things were no better.

The fact that there is never any money anywhere, dear old boy, puzzles me a good deal, because at almost every street-corner I see a large bank or else a mass of masonry and scaffolding out of which one day will emerge a large bank. I may be, and indeed am, a child in money-matters, but I know enough of finance to feel sure that these massive and ornate structures are not built solely to provide the community with accommodation for amateur dramatic and operatic societies. They have another purpose, and that purpose is to hold money. I know this, because whenever I have gone into a biggish bank to fill my fountain-pen I have seen people queuing up in order to pay in and draw out money.

My solution of the problem of this extraordinary invisibility of money to the eye of the financial expert is that we have reached the pitiable state of being practically unconscious of our money even when we have some, and the more money we have the less (relatively) we actually see of it.

What we do see of it nowadays is mostly paper. Once our money gets beyond nine-and-elevenpence-three-farthings it ceases to be good solid coin and becomes almost as light as air. A man may carry a million pounds on a slip of paper in his waistcoat-pocket. Our mediæval ancestors would have required a stout and picturesque treasure-chest for one-thousandth part of that sum, and the possession of it would have made life an exuberant melodrama. You could not be unconscious of your money when you had to sleep on it with a battle-axe or a blunderbuss at your side.

I do wish the Government would give back to us the chink and glitter of gold. It is not as though gold were not knocking about somewhere. They put lorryfuls of bars and ingots in the vaults of a bank and then they cart them away with great secrecy and put them in the vaults of another bank, mostly in America or France. What is the sense of that?

In these days of psychology and reactions and what-not it should be clear to everyone that a nation that has the chance occasionally of banging down a gay gold coin on the shop-counter is bound to feel more affluent than a nation that has to change a soiled piece of paper that makes no blithe music and probably blows away whilst one's back is turned, thus arousing distrust and ill-feeling.

Besides, what of the one-time makers of sovereign-purses now wistfully brooding over their lost craft? What too of the idle factories which might be busily turning out washleather cases for those sovereign-purses? What, most of all, of literature and the drama which has been robbed of so much romance by the abolition of the lure of shining gold pieces?

Give back to us, I repeat, the chink and glitter of gold. D. C.

AT THE PLAY.

"AN OBJECT OF VIRTUE" (DUCHESS).

CERTAIN old-fashioned plays, like the old-fashioned child, should be seen and not heard. I won't go so far as to suggest that this comparative classic, adapted by Mr. EDWARD PERCY from the French, is one of them, though the stage pictures were so charming that my attention wandered to them more often than the comedy they decorated should have allowed.

Monsieur Poirier's salon had all the 1830-ish elegancies, and the *Marquis de Presles*, his son-in-law, who lounged so gracefully on the settee, was beautifully upholstered too. The *Marquis* was telling his friend the *Duke de Montmeyran* all about the marriage of convenience he had made since their last meeting, and that, although he was still enjoying its honeymoon, he proposed to establish a liaison with a lady of quality. And as each successive character entered to carry this period picture further (and the story on), it remained a still life to watch rather than a human comedy in which to become engrossed.

It was not that the actors failed to do justice to their parts or that the play itself lacked style or action. But even now in retrospect I find that the foreground of my memory is occupied, to the prejudice of more vital matters, by such passive details as the salon's choice appointments, the February vignette of snowy roofs and trees framed by the French windows, and the delightful costumes of the characters.

Yet in its way the piece is a classic canonised by the Comédie Française, which has often played it, and in its native idiom and for native playgoers its points may still be sharp. But over here in this barbarous island we are prone to rate people in plays at their current rather than their traditional value, and this domestic conflict between the code of the old *régime* and the pragmatical virtues of the *nouveau riche* seemed a sham fight protracted by puppets.

We could have passed (in a play) such a bourgeois gentilhomme as *Monsieur Poirier*, who, having bought a Marquis for his daughter, was prepared to pay the piper while allowing so fine a son-in-law to call the tune. But our complaisance broke down over the curious discord between dirge and fantasia that ensued.

The marriage was recognised by both the contracting parties for what it was—an alliance between the *Marquis's* name and *Monsieur Poirier's* gold—and each was ready to fulfil his literal obligations; the one having perhaps a tradesman's reservations, the other those of the old *régime*. Tragedy, however, intruded, because the young *Marquise*, hitherto so passive, unexpectedly developed a heart and resented her husband having other distractions than those which her love was able and eager to provide. She wanted him to observe the contract not only to the letter but in the spirit. And so, being barbarous islanders, did we. And so at times, it seemed, did he.



"HUSH, CHILDREN!"

Monsieur Poirier . . . MR. C. V. FRANCE.
The Marquise de Presles . MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON.
Monsieur Verdelet . . . MR. HORACE HODGES.

Accepting the play's conventions, we might have taken this emotional intrusion for the stage device it was for furnishing the young couple with that quick-fire exchange of compliments, pathetic *tu quoques* and renunciations that led to the last-moment reconciliation that set the action so late ablaze. But it merely served to reveal the extra strings by which the dramatist kept his puppets jigging.

Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON, as the young *Marquise*, looking lovely in her wide-shouldered frocks and, surviving a somewhat unsympathetic wig, blanched or flushed dutifully, got up on her high horse and got down again less at the dictates of her heart than at those of a plot that hardly deserved such touching devotion. Mr. C. V. FRANCE, a straightforward bourgeois gentilhomme, and Mr. HORACE HODGES, a beautifully-turned-out porty old bachelor, bickered and boomed about the house in style; Mr. GEORGE CURZON's tact humanised the attendant *Duke*, and Mr. BRIAN AHERNE, with a rush of curls to the front, picturesquely embodied the *Marquis* whose descent from fire-eating forebears was his sole claim to renown.

With one exception the minor characters made small noise. That exception was the *chef*, outraged by having to substitute beef-à-la-mode for the epicurean banquet he proposed, whom Mr. ROBERT FARQUHARSON made a firework that really banged. Three moneylending duns were such incontinent varlets that at their entrance the scene wilted, as if Madame TUSSAUD had sent three of her direst period pieces to shame a polite *bal masqué*.

The failure of such a classic to charm should be attributed not so much to its own shortcomings as to the clash between two irreconcilable insularities—our own and that of the French. Paris is as Paris does, indeed has always done. But it was a pity, because Mr. LAURENCE IRVING had created so admirable a *mise-en-scène*, and the actors were all so willing to please. H.

"NIPPY"
(PRINCE EDWARD).

Perhaps this gay affair, with book by ARTHUR WIMPERIS and AUSTIN MELFORD, lyrics by ARTHUR WIMPERIS and FRANK EYTON—and jolly good unlyrical lyrics too—music, very bright and hummable, by BILLY MAYERL, the whole produced by JULIAN WYLIE—perhaps this gay business, I say, definitely marks the completion of the social revolution in England. The naughty Baronet and the haughty Lady Vere de Vere of the Manor give place to Nippy—Nippy, the darling of the Corner House, Nippy, winning wealth and fame, not by waiting to be asked, but by swift meteoric progress across the silver screen. And there is a further significance in this entertaining epic of what may come to be known as the Leonine era in English social history. Did not some knowledgeable observer observe that the astute and efficient house of business, that gave

the general gender something to eat and somewhere to eat it, has had more influence on manners than all the schools of deportment and all the Lady GROVES in the world? Indeed, in these days of ubiquitous advertisement I cannot but suspect that the scenario of this comedy was scribbled on a half-sheet of paper by the masterful Major IS-D-RE GL-CKST-IN himself.

However that may be, we have no reason to complain. I saw this on its fourth night, a Monday, the supposed and general black day of the theatrical week, and Miss BINNIE HALE had actually to come forward and thank us very much for liking the show so obviously.

Boat-Race Night: A Corner House. *Bob Dering* (Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON), having made a bet to secure a clutch of policemen's helmets (a clutch is six), has made a capture and brought it into the restaurant, incidentally extemporising a game of rugger with it and touching down behind the cold buffet—a smart piece of work for one who has been celebrating in another and less austere place.

Engaged to *Mary Massingham* (Miss MARJERY WYN), he has only to cast eyes on *Nippy* (Miss BINNIE HALE) to think the world and *Mary* well lost for her. *Mary* will do for the happy idiot, "*Cheesie*" (Mr. REGINALD PURDELL), a comedian of most excellent parts, who made it difficult for his colleagues to keep their faces and caused "the drums" in Mr. DEBROY SOMERS's band to dissolve into such hopeless laughter that his drumsticks became as cooked macaroni in his hands. Mr. PURDELL may congratulate himself. Not thus do members of the orchestra usually conduct themselves. On the contrary, *Sir William Dering* (Mr. ERNEST MAINWARING) was not amused. Seeking his care-free son, he is bonneted by the assembled undergraduates and haled to Vine Street by the *Sergeant*.

Next morning. Outside *Nippy's* home at Stanning. *Bob* and his chance friend of the night before, *Mr. Albert Crumpet* (Mr. ARTHUR RISCOE), who is in films, arrive in a raped car with the most terrific heads on them and entertain us vastly with a vague reconstruction of the night's happenings. *Nippy* refuses to marry *Bob* unless he takes a job. He actually mends a puncture and is accepted. The heavy father persuades *Nippy* to reject him for his own good. *Bob* reels brokenheartedly towards the river; *Nippy* goes off to Hollywood with *Albert*, to return within the year a made star, *Bob* having meanwhile invented a gadget which has brought him in a fortune.



CORNER HOUSE COURTSHIP.
Nippy Grey . . . . MISS BINNIE HALE.
Bob Dering . . . . MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON.

Behold the romance of the Corner House; may it inspire many a disdainful maid to smarter service!

Miss BINNIE HALE, clever mimic and agile dancer, worked indefatigably and capably as the heroine. An army of lesser Nippies and a company of those little brown precocious midgets of Lyonnesse, together with a *Manager* (Mr. PHIL LESTER), more like the real thing than the real thing, made the first scene go with a bang, especially when the Nippies downed trays in sympathy with BINNIE, sacked for being kissed in this vestal shrine, and *Miss McTavish* (clever Miss MARGARET BAIRD), dismissed for defending her.

Three pleasanter comedians than Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON, Mr. REGINALD PURDELL and Mr. ARTHUR RISCOE can scarcely ever have played into each other's hands so engagingly. Each has a quiet rather than a boisterous method. When *Albert*, indeed, returned from the other side a full-blown film-impresario, with accent, chewing-gum, chewed stogie and happy trans-Atlantic epigram complete, we were treated to something broader and fuller.

An interpolated scene from Toyland, and a very sound rag of the more egregious fatuities of imported screen-technique, graced the last Act.

Mr. DEBROY SOMERS has some passable comedians in his band and some very skilled performers. We should have liked to see more of Miss SHEILA DEXTER, the dancer—or (lest I be misunderstood by the unseemly) to see the same amount of her more often.

A very jolly affair. T.



THE LONG FANTASTIC LEG.
Mary Massingham . . MISS MARJERY WYN.

An Ice Carnival will be held at the Ice Club, Westminster, on Thursday, November 27th, in aid of the National Council of Girls' Clubs, whose President, the Duchess of YORK, will attend. Skating will begin at 9 P.M. and continue till 2 A.M. Prizes for Winners of Skating Competitions, the Best Costumes and Lucky Numbers will be presented by Princess MARIE LOUISE. There will be skating exhibitions by the World Champions, SONJA HENIE and KARL SCHAEFFER.

The first six hundred tickets (to include Supper at Reserved Tables and Buffet) will be Two Guineas each, or six for Eleven Guineas. They may be obtained from the Organising Secretary, Miss ADELINE BOURNE, 6A, Blomfield Road, Maida Vale, W.9, and all Ticket Agencies and Libraries.

AT THE PICTURES.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

THE angels of Hell might equally, I suppose, be the devils of Heaven. In plain English they are aviators, and the United Artists' film at the London Pavilion, called *Hell's Angels*, deals with the part played by airmen in the Great War. The placards hail it as the "most stupendous" film yet accomplished, and I daresay that is true; but "stupendousness" is not all, and I found myself to be both dazed and wearied before the end arrived: wearied because there is still too much of it—although one who knows, having lately returned from headquarters, tells me that some thousand feet have been cut out—and dazed because there are too many aeroplanes in the air at once and the spectator doesn't know what is happening. As a triumph of perilous photography—everything having to be taken in full flight from adjacent machines—*Hell's Angels* deserves the highest praise, while the flying staff who assisted must be champions, one and all; but I am very doubtful if the results justify so many risks and the enormous expense of which the programme boasts. My own bewildered eyes carried away from this riot only one impression that I want to remember, and that was of



LADY IN DISTRESS (WITH HE-KNIGHT).

Pancho Lopez. . MR. WALTER HUSTON.
Ruth . . . . MISS DOROTHY REVIER.

the beauty of smoke. There are several very convincing explosions, as well as the destruction of a Zeppelin, each of which leads to the most glorious vapourous outpourings.

I hope, by the way, that the division of *Hell's Angels* in two by a ten-minutes' interval has something to do with the conditions of the London Pavilion lease. After the continuous performances at cinema theatres proper the interruption wore an air of barbarity.

One would have thought that to set before us groundlings such miracles of the ether would suffice; but no: having secured his flying army, Mr. HOWARD HUGHES, the projector of the picture, bends it to a plot. It is a poor plot, turning on the love of two brothers, Mr.



PULSE AND TEMPERATURE.

A HYPOCHONDRIAC'S HOBBY.

Henry Williams . . MR. EDDIE CANTOR.

BEN LYON and Mr. JAMES HALL, for the same vamp, Miss JEAN HARLOW, and it is negligible. The end, however, departs from precedent in killing off both heroes, not in the air but behind the German lines. Except for the fact that they would probably have returned to the vamp, who is, I think, the most worthless woman the screen has yet displayed to us, their death is to be deplored, the story not being serious enough to require it.

Even more than the death of the fraternal aces do I deplore that of *Pancho Lopez* in *The Bad Man*, an excellent First National film, in which Mr. WALTER HUSTON gives a most persuasive performance as a Mexican brigand. This moving-picturesque outlaw is in the line of ROBIN HOOD and PHILIP SNOWDEN, taking from the rich and giving to the poor; but he goes farther than they, in dealing out death with the careful discrimination of a Court of Appeal. The Bad Man that provides the story with its title is not *Pancho Lopez*, who has our sympathies all the time, but *Morgan Pell*, played by Mr. SIDNEY BLACKMER, a Wall Street operator, swindler, wife-beater and wife-brander, one of the old type of villain that the gallery used to hoot. Mr. WALTER HUSTON'S *Pancho Lopez* can be ugly enough and wicked enough, and he eats with his knife; but there is a streak of kindness somewhere, whereas *Morgan Pell* knows no mercy. The immoral result is that we long for the escape of *Lopez* even more than we hope to see *Pell* bumped off. A strange place, the cinema theatre! We are, however, frustrated in part, for, although *Pell* is bumped off all right at the second attempt, *Lopez* foolishly lingers in order to be sentimental, and the sheriff gets him. A grossly unnecessary death, for Mr. HUSTON, who is magnificent, ought to have made the rascal into a serial.

From time to time in the talkies we have had glimpses of the American comedian, EDDIE CANTOR, but not until *Whoopee* appeared at the Tivoli has there been the chance really to appraise this top-of-the-salary-list star. He is of Jewish descent, young, with a humorous mouth and mobile eyes. There is no one on the English stage to whom to liken him, but in the quality of his remarks, dry and uncompromising and packed with worldly knowledge, he resembles our Mr. ROBEY. *Whoopee*



SEQUESTERED SQUAWS.

(Wigwams supplied by Mr. ZIEGFELD).

gives EDDIE CANTOR, as a hypochondriac with a passion to show his scar, many opportunities, and he uses them all and is always funny. It gives also opportunities for dancing and parade by ZIEGFELD beauties, more or less dressed, of whom I confess I grew very tired, not a little perhaps because the music which sets them in motion is mediocre. But EDDIE CANTOR is a real recruit to the world's merrymakers.

E. V. L.



First Stalker (*meeting second ditto from another beat*). "HOW DID YOU GET ON WI' YOUR GENTLEMAN, ANGUS?"
Second Stalker. "VERRA BAD. HE SHOT OVER THE BEAST AND HE SHOT UNDER IT AND A' ROUND IT. THEN HE FLUNG HIS RIFLE AFTER IT, AND HE WASS AS NEAR KILLIN' IT THAT WAY AS ANY OTHER WHATEVER."

THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA.

I HEARD the other day that my doctor was ill. He is not a bad fellow really, in spite of the fact that he attributes all my ailments to lack of exercise. It's all right for him, of course. He has a car, earned mostly by the sweat of his patients' brows; that's why he always recommends me to take long walks.

However, I decided to go and cheer him up in his illness. When I got to his house his housekeeper told me that he was in bed but would be delighted to see me. I had overheard part of his message, but hesitated to disbelieve his housekeeper; so I went up.

Outside his door I composed my features to a proper bedside manner and entered briskly, rubbing my hands together and exclaiming, "Well, well, and how are we this morning?"

Dr. Martineau (a nominal error, I think, for Martinet) *was* in bed, and a single glance at him confirmed my resolution never to be a doctor if patients habitually look as revolting as he did.

He raised his head slightly, glared at me and observed, "Don't be a bigger dam fool than you can help!"

I have often wondered what was the right answer to give to a doctor when he asks how we are this morning. And even now that I know I shall still hesitate a bit with it.

We talked for some time (after all, we were boys together—at least, I was), and just as I was getting up to go the Young Doc. arrived on a professional visit. He is a mere child, five years junior to my doctor, so his importance was simply awful. He wanted to turn me out of the room; and when I didn't go he began to bully Martineau. He told him that he was suffering from overstrain and fatigue, and couldn't get up for three days at least. Martineau obviously wanted to get up, so this was quite the right remark for the Young Doc. to make.

Did the patient say, "Yes, Doctor," as you or I would have done? He did not. He said, "I'll get up when I choose; and you're no dashed use, anyhow."

The Young Doc. thereupon repeated his remarks in a firm but kindly tone and left the room.

Martineau turned to me. "The Young Doc.'s a fool," he said. "I'm quite fit to get up. What do *you* think?"

I temporised. You see, it might be my turn to be ill next. Then a wonderful idea struck me.

"You really are consulting me?" I asked.

"Are you deaf?" snapped Martineau.

"Then I should certainly get up," I said. "Take my advice and do just as you like."

But he was already halfway out of bed by this time, so I bade him farewell and went off home, a great peace in my heart. Even the three-mile walk back failed to shift it.

For, you see, I have Dr. Martineau in the hollow of my hand. He had already had advice from a qualified practitioner, and in taking mine afterwards and acting on it he was guilty of the worst kind of unprofessional conduct.

Let him beware. Next time he tells me that I am lazy, not ill; next time he tells me that exercise is what I need; next time he says that a few nice brisk ten-mile walks will do me good, let him have a care. For on that painful day it will be my melancholy duty to tell the General Medical Council what I know. And in the interests of humanity I shall not shirk the duty.

"I have been placed in the position of being an unwilling party to breeches of faith."
Speech reported in Montreal Paper.

Faith discards braces.

MEMORIES OF A VICTORIAN PREP-SCHOOL.

I.

THOUGH built in years when WYATT'S style
Was at its worst and most aggressive,
The school-house was a solid pile
And in its homely way impressive;
With grounds well tended, ample space
For all the usual games providing,
With a large court for prisoner's base
And the delights of giant striding.

Though less than thirty miles from Town
We lived secluded and sequestered;
Hard by the silver Thames flowed down,
By Cockney picnickers unpestered;
The rustics to a man wore smocks
And spoke the broadest Berkshire lingo;
The village green displayed its stocks,
The village inn dispensed its stingo.

Our formidable head, "OLD P.,"
Derived a disputable glory
From being (wrongly) thought to be
The Tadpole in TOM HUGHES'S story;
Rebels he ruthlessly subdued—
Except among the "parlour-boarders"—
And the unruly numerous brood
Of children who defied his orders.

Yet one great virtue he possessed:
He chose his masters with discretion,
And some were of the very best
That ever honoured their profession—
Inspiring teachers, hearts of gold,
Pure gold not merely 18 carat;
Oh, still in reverence I hold
The names of COTTERILL and BARRETT!

For French and pianoforte two
Instructors, both non-residential,
A Polish and a German Jew,
Were for our culture deemed essential—
Survivors of an old *régime*,
When refugees were giv'n admittance
Into our academic scheme
And laboured for a meagre pittance.

Figures of fun we thought them then,
But with the insight that comes after
Came pity for these worthy men
Whose poverty provoked our laughter—
The Pole, unshaven and unkempt,
The German, snuffiest of grammarians,
Who woke, at best, amused contempt
In threescore hearty young barbarians.

In days when "belles" their ringlets curled
And sealed their notes with wax and taper,
Faint echoes from the modish world
Reached those who seldom read a paper:
And yet romance *did* come our way,
And life to me was richer, fuller,
When, dashing through the street of Bray,
I saw the famous CHARLEY BULLER.

(To be continued.) C. L. G.

A SOCIETY ROMANCE.

(The first attempt of a well-known gossip-writer at short-story writing.)

THE Duke of Berkshire (whose mother was, of course, a Hogge) reclined on a divan in his luxury-flat not a hundred miles from the Green Park. Curtains of sacking hung at the windows and the walls were decorated with frescoes in treacle and coal-dust by Parfaitement Puant, the famous French Chaotist painter. Chaotism, by the way, is *le dernier mot* in artistic circles—but that is another story.

The Duke, who is known to his intimates as "Snoofles," has curiously magnetic eyes (his mother was, of course, a Hogge), but at the moment they were suffused with a dreamy light. He was thinking of the play he had seen on the previous evening at the new Gala Theatre, whose *décor* is so original and striking. The *première* had attracted a large number of celebrities, including Lady ffitz-ffolliott, formerly Miss Bobo Boggs, the popular musical-comedy actress, who was chatting vivaciously with several of her previous husbands; the beautiful and charming Comtesse Sanscorset, with her daughter Yvonne, who is a talented painter in water-colours, and Mr. Watta Schwein, the noted financier.

And now in imagination he lived again every moment of the play. He remembered with what transports of pity he had watched Delilah Cinch in the moving last scene, in which she wore a too marvellous frock of white brocade fitting snugly over the hips and hanging in skilfully-arranged flares trimmed with discreetly-cut bands of silver *lamé*, and realised that love had first dawned at the moment when the lady (who had been playing this part in America for three years) had been overcome with emotion at the tragedy and wept spontaneously when taking her call.

With a sudden gesture characteristic of his impulsive nature (his mother was, of course, a Hogge) the Duke laid down *Love Lies Leering*, the much-discussed novel by Miss Prudence Gray, whose first book, *Shrieking Sins*, was recently banned, and removed the amusing telephone-cover made from toothbrushes and wire-netting by Mr. Tubal Caine, the young artist who is just now the last word in Mayfair. Lifting the receiver, he gave a certain number in that rich voice of his which Edithberta Situp, the famous poet, novelist, playwright, journalist, painter, sculptor and musician, describes as "dark brown."

Three-quarters of an hour later the voice he awaited floated over the wire.

"Delilah," said the Duke, with well-bred restraint, "will you do me the honour of becoming my wife?"

"Who is speaking?" parried Delilah prudently.

The Duke laughed heartily.

"I am," he said, "sixteenth Duke of Berkshire (cr. 1100), b. 1900, e.s. of fifteenth Duke of Berkshire, sixteenth Earl of Wapping, seventeenth Baron of Stepney; my mother was, of course, a Hogge. I was educ. Eton and Oxford, have three country houses, two town houses and a flat, and own one of the finest racing stables in the country. Rec.: racing and yachting. Clubs: Marlborough, Turf, Royal Yacht Squadron. My income," he added, "is five hundred thousand pounds a year."

"Oh, boy," murmured Delilah with that fascinating accent she had brought from across the Atlantic, "lead me to it!"

Such then was the romantic courtship of the Duke of Berkshire, known to his intimates as "Snoofles." The magnificent wedding took place shortly afterwards at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride, who wore a simple mediæval gown of white satin and carried Madonna lilies, was attended by four-and-twenty bridesmaids and one page—or half-a-page, as the Hon. "Pip" Crashgate, referring to the boy's diminutive size, wittily remarked. His Grace was also present.

"At my husband's request I am leaving the stage," said the new Duchess of Berkshire to a representative of *The Daily Non-stop*, "but I have decided to take up journalism."

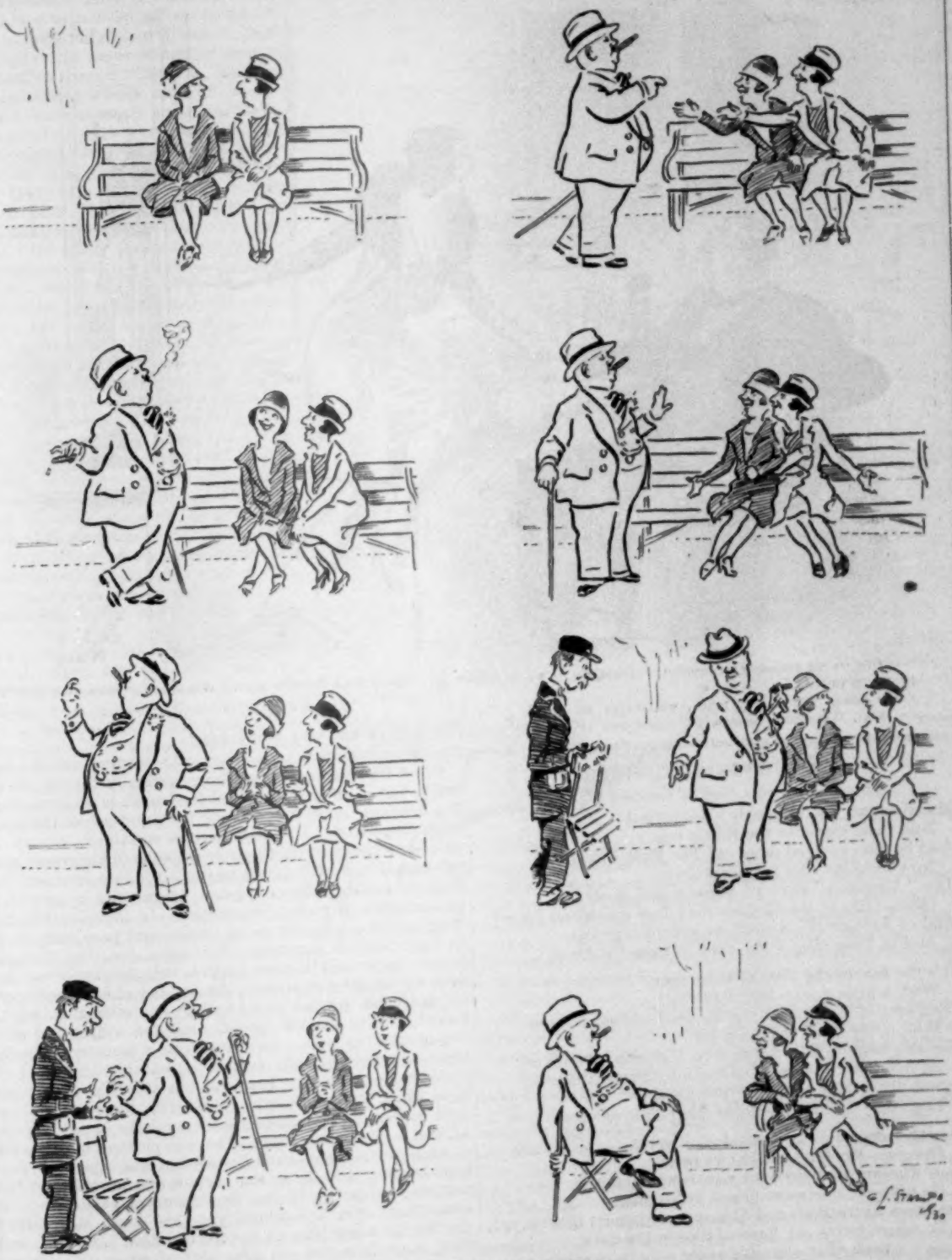
And, *entre nous*, she was engaged at enormous expense by *The Sabbath Talk*, and may be read every week explaining to harassed housewives how they can keep a family of seven on twenty-two shillings a week, and why pink crêpe-de-chine sheets are the most economical in the long run. *Noblesse oblige!*

The New Classification.

"LIVE STOCK.

Mrs. —— requires capable willing young nanny; for two children under five."
Provincial Paper.

This is the sort of thing that gets a nurse's goat.



THE RICH RELATION.



Girl (*to old friend of the family*). "DARLING, I'VE BROUGHT MY YOUNG MAN TO SEE YOU. WE WANT A JOB FOR HIM IN YOUR OFFICE."
Friend. "WELL, MY DEAR, WHAT CAN HE DO?"
Girl. "THERE'S *NOTHING* HE CAN'T DO. WHY, YESTERDAY HE *GOT* AN EAGLE AT THE NINTH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MR. KIPLING knows worlds without end
And their works to the tiniest cog,
And he who evolved us of old The First Friend
Now fashions *Thy Servant a Dog*—
The "Aberdeen" story of *Slippers* and *Boots*
(*Boots* talks in the English that dogs speak and know)
And of *Ravager* (Foxhound, of gallant reputes)
And of *Toby, Dog Toby* come in from the Show.

It's the tale of the lives of these four,
With a little young boy, badly hit
By a love of the Chase; eke his Dad and some more
Who really don't matter a bit;
For this book (which the Messrs. MACMILLAN send out
At five bob, with some pictures by STAMPA thereto)
Is not about humans at all, but about
Dogs only and always from dog points of view.

Whether dogs talk as *Boots* does I won't
Discuss—Mr. KIPLING knows best;
But, whether they do so or whether they don't,
He ma[illegible]ne more plume in his crest,
For, from where *Boots* and *Slippers* are puppies that played,
To where brave old *Ravager* dies in the dark,
Here's a book that a master could only have made
As his masterpiece, maybe, where little dogs bark.

Of all the good novelists whose originally robust constitution the commercial demand for length is undermining, Mr. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG is to my mind one of the most misappropriated. His early novels sustained, almost, it seemed, without effort, the lyric impetus of his verse; but, although *Jim Redlake* (HEINEMANN, 10/6) has its moments, they are hardly sufficient, I feel, to animate so unwieldy an aggregate of romantic particles. In its essentials the story is almost as naïve as its name—and personally I am all for naïvety in romance. You have *Jim*, the average, decent, upper-middle-class English lad, sighing in vain for the only daughter of an earl; cheated out of his inheritance by an almost spectral grandmother, and ultimately pitchforked into the arms of the only relation willing and able to provide him with quarterings and a fortune. Finally there are wedding-bells and an acceptable allotment of poetic justice all round. Inset you have the War in German East Africa intimately and graphically depicted; and an even more intimate and graphic prelude describing an African farm in peace-time. The war-pictures are not, for all their writer's first-hand knowledge, distinguished, perhaps because they bring the horrors and heroisms of the campaign to no particular touchstone of repugnance or acceptance. On the whole you feel that Mr. BRETT YOUNG has taken *Jim* on for the duration (787 pp.), and that, apart from the exquisite idyll of which the African farm is an all sufficient heroine, he finds both his hero and his hero's circle rather unsatisfying company.

How dearly does Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT love to see the wheels go round! And in *Imperial Palace* (CASSELL, 10/6) he uncovers a more elaborate piece of mechanism than ever before. Here are wheels within wheels, and all in perpetual, simultaneous and interdependent motion. For the Imperial Palace, overlooking St. James's Park, is the greatest luxury hotel in the world, and Mr. BENNETT, removing its stately Queen-Anne façade, displays to our wondering eyes its most intimate economies. He revels in his showmanship, lingering as lovingly over a dripping tap on the eighth floor as over the splendours of a New Year's Eve banquet. His book, which is three times the length of most novels, is a maze of detail, in which the private story of the sentimental problems of *Evelyn Orcham*, the god in the magnificent machine, is constantly getting lost. But we do not mind that, for *Evelyn* tactfully managing his devoted staff or quietly fighting the millionaire who is trying to nobble his darling hotel is at least as interesting as *Evelyn* being made love to by the millionaire's capricious daughter, perhaps the most conventional of all the eighty-five speaking characters who (with mutes innumerable) make up Mr. BENNETT's cast. But from the page-boys upwards, and including the temperamental *Gracie*, they are all alive, and Mr. BENNETT knows all about them. If *Evelyn* is a miracle of efficiency, so too is his creator. And, though Mr. BENNETT would have us believe that none but *Evelyn* could have run the Imperial Palace with such resounding success, we do not believe it. He could have done it himself.



"IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T BROUGHT ONE, UNCLE, HERE'S MY SHIP."

"With scholarly seriousness and with the jesting which is seriousness's sister," Principal MAURICE HUTTON, now retired from University College, Toronto, gives to the world yet another genial series of essays, lectures and addresses. Theirs is an English Hellenism, for their author "yokes a smiling with a sigh," as becomes not only a disciple of PLATO but a compatriot of SHAKESPEARE. The fact that he left Oxford for Toronto half a century ago gives his twofold loyalty—and especially the English aspect of it—a rather wistful and, for an English reader, a rather accusatory charm. The Oxford he urges on his students as a nobler alternative to Chicago, the Oxford whose gravest defect is her unpractical loveliness, has vanished: and there is no reproach so bitter as praise for virtues long forfeited. Yet Principal HUTTON is no contemner of youth. He sees what co-education has done for men and women—and what it has undone. He excuses youth's present taste for gross reading and "parlour Bolshevism" on exactly the right grounds—youth's extraordinary ingenuousness. Yet he pleads with JOHN STUART MILL for an equal asceticism of mind and body, and harks back again and again to the surpassing happiness, the immortal romance of the Christian adventure. For the rest there is an essay on *Alice* and her creator, with cunning Greek originals of Carrolline lyrics in the manner of "Father Prout"; and a whole-hearted appreciation of "Gilbert and Sullivan Opera." Seldom have *The Sisters Jest and Earnest* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 12/6) been more impartially and chivalrously served.

When they found *Mr. Andrew Grant* dead in bed in the vicarage at Belbridge, which is somewhere away on the Border, it was extremely puzzling to determine how and why he had died. Having just had a fall in the hunting-field, resulting in severe concussion of the brain, he was not at his best in any case. But the queer thing was that he seemed to have been slain by a blow to the point of the jaw, besides having blood on his pyjamas and a knife-wound in his chest. Obviously someone had had a grudge against the man. Who was it? ANTHONY WYNNE tells you this in *The Blue Vesuvius*, which is published by HUTCHINSON at 7/6; but he doesn't let you have a notion of how it occurred till right at the very end, though he keeps you guessing on every page. Obviously I have a grudge against ANTHONY WYNNE. I didn't start reading *The Blue Vesu-*

rius until a few minutes after twelve P.M., and I couldn't go to bed until I had finished it, although the fire went out. I might easily have caught double pneumonia and been found a mysterious corpse next day, like *Mr. Andrew Grant*. The additional blow on the head with a poker would have been done by myself in rage at my stupidity. I ought to have known immediately what the discovery of the half-smoked cigarette implied.

The jump from *Rossetti* to *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies* was so spectacular that one wondered in what direction Mr. EVELYN WAUGH'S next excursion would lie. We have the answer in *Labels* (DUCKWORTH, 8/6), a travel log. The excursion took the form of an indeterminate tour centering upon the Mediterranean, and the book is a series of essays with a geographical background. Mr. WAUGH did what most of us have often longed to do. He travelled with plenty of luggage, prepared to change his plans at a moment's notice, and free to roam where he liked. *Labels* is neither the product of the itinerant gossip-writer nor of the Grand Tourist, but that of a young man who appears to carry critical guns of sufficient calibre to allow of a balanced estimation of people and arts and customs. In it we catch few glimpses of the creator of *Mrs. Melrose Ape* or of *Captain Grimes*, but only of a new Mr. EVELYN WAUGH writing soberly and freshly of old places. There are many statements in the book with which one may not quite agree, but they must be forgiven to an author who attempts no false economy of ideas. Amongst many good passages I liked best his honest treatment of the great ramp of Parisian night life, the description of Port Said, and the excellent appreciation of GAUDI'S architecture in Barcelona.



Wife of Motorist. "AND WHAT MAKES IT DOUBLY ANNOYING IS—MY HUSBAND'S A STRICT TEETOTALER."

In *The Left-Hander* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 5/-) Mr. CHARLES TURLEY proves once again his craft as a maker of school-tales and his intimacy with the working of the schoolboy mind. He does not strain himself to invent thrilling incidents or smart dialogue, knowing well that the average boy's opportunities for adventure are as limited as his conversational powers. But beneath the common pattern impressed by tradition and form he suggests the nicest distinctions of character. If there are no heroics in his picture of *Jack Gresham* there is also nothing sinister about him except his bowling arm. For, like certain others who paint the life of a public school, Mr. TURLEY claims the artist's right to select his own material; but, unlike them, he prefers to reject the unsavoury. And he justifies this choice by never giving us a chance of suspecting priggishness either in his subjects or himself, even though the boys of Lexham do not take for their model the language of a great school, where (according to the author of *Decent Fellows*) they constantly employ an epithet long ago *démodé* in the best bargee circles. The only moral in Mr. TURLEY'S tale—and it should hardly offend the most enlightened—is that the honour of the School should come before that of the House. I hope it is not too early to commend this book (which has, by the way, a most alluring jacket) as a Christmas gift for any sound boy.

While reading Mr. ELLERY QUEEN'S *The French Powder Mystery* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) I found myself devoutly thankful that I have never been cross-questioned by the American police. No bullying schoolmaster, in his efforts to put the fear of death into a fractious pupil, can ever have been more brusque than *Inspector Queen* chose to be when examining those who were remotely connected with the murder of *Mrs. French*. But if my astonishment at the *Inspector's* methods was great my admiration for a story most neatly constructed and ingeniously contrived was even greater. On page 278 readers are told that they are "fully cognisant of all the facts pertinent to the discovery of the criminal" and are challenged to answer forthwith the question: "Who killed Mrs. French?" I accepted that challenge, but I failed to spot the murderer; and, on thinking over the clues that are given, I frankly admit that a fair chance to solve the mystery was offered to me. This tale is a worthy successor to that excellent detective story, *The Roman Hat Mystery*.

Staunch admirer of *The Man with the Club-foot* as I am, my expectations on meeting *Mannequin* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) ran high. But, although this story of criminals and of those who were victimised by them is briskly told, it lacked the thrills that I was expecting Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS to provide. Its scene is laid mainly in the French Riviera, where *Mrs. Hersent*, an outrageously vulgar woman with a murky past, and a man who is described as "the merry Argentine," made trouble for the lovely and exceedingly simple-minded *Jacqueline Morrissot*. From the devices which the Argentine employed to trap *Jacqueline*, and from the efforts her friends made to save her, Mr. WILLIAMS has constructed a tale that is readable enough and fairly convincing. But my sympathies with *Jacqueline* would have been deeper if she had shown more common-sense, and though I tried my very best I could find little that was attractive in the young man who ultimately rescued and married her.

Mr. Punch welcomes *Wisdom for the Wise* (METHUEN, 5/-), a collection of verses, most of which have appeared in his pages, by A. P. HERBERT. The illustrations are by GEORGE MORROW.

"AT THE VILLA ROSE,
The novel by A. E. W. Maison."
Cinema Programme.

We must get him to write about our maisonette.

"The little known Isoko country in Southern Nigeria is mostly under water for about half the year."—*Church Paper.*

What chance has it with such a name?

CHARIVARIA.

A MARKED decrease of crime in Scotland is officially reported. Warnings to beware of pick-sporrans are no longer necessary.

* * *

It is said that Costa Rica's entire army consists of one band. Still, if it's a jazz-band, it ought to keep off a lot of enemies.

* * *

A Hollywood actor has sued his wife because she threw a pudding-basin at him. Personally we cannot but respect her spirited attempt to break away from the rigid custard-pie tradition of Hollywood.

* * *

A magistrate has suggested that footpaths should be tarred in order to deter hunting-people from riding on them. In hunting circles there is a strong feeling in favour of tarring the magistrate.

* * *

Dean INGE wishes it had been his luck to live in the reign of QUEEN ANNE. Dean SWIFT, on the other hand, who was writing at that time, is believed to have deplored the lack of an evening paper to which he could have contributed a weekly article.

* * *

Dr. ERNEST GRIFFIN has expressed the opinion that some women smoke because they like to copy men. Another view is that they like to copy women.

* * *

From his room at the new B.B.C. building, we are told, Sir JOHN REITH can toss a biscuit against the spire of All Souls' Church, Langham Place. That should be great fun.

* * *

An organist has been convicted of driving a motor-car dangerously. It was not, however, urged in extenuation that habitual use of the pedals had rendered him peculiarly liable to "step on it."

* * *

In view of the large quantities of seasonable articles made in Soviet Russia which are on sale in England it is not believed that there is any genuine desire among Bolshevists that the anti-Christmas movement should gain strength in this country.

A renewed demand that the London Stock Exchange should open on Saturdays is made in the interests of business, it seems, and not, as might have been supposed, with the object of relieving the congestion on the golf-links.

* * *

With reference to the apparatus for Sir JAMES JEANS's lectures at the Science Museum, it is explained that models of the spiral nebulæ on the same scale as that of the solar universe would extend as far as the Albert Memorial, a distance of half-a-mile. The inconvenience of this is apparent.

* * *

Contemporary authors support the theory that the word "Whoopee" was introduced into America by the early English pioneers. There is, however, no convincing evidence that the Pilgrim Fathers were in the habit of addressing one another as "Big Boy."

* * *

When a burglar stole a ukelele and a saxophone from a London house the neighbours gave the alarm. It is supposed that they were misinformed as to the nature of the swag.



Victim (cheerfully). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN."
Motorist. "WELL, YOU NEEDN'T BE SO BEASTLY FAMILIAR."

The behaviour of burglars at Brighton, who drank a number of bottles of beer and three bottles of whisky, has created an impression that burglars are inclined to take more than they should.

* * *

Moss-gathering was stated in a case at Leighton Buzzard to have become a nuisance to property-owners. It is understood, of course, that the offenders are not rolling stones.

* * *

A clergyman relates in *The Daily Mail* that his best bit of luck was when he won a bowls tournament through a worm moving the jack half-an-inch nearer to his bowl. Among lay-players the feeling will be that it is unfair of Providence to favour the clergy.

* * *

The natives of Ethiopia have twice tried to poison an American negro who is their Air Marshal and once turned the petrol off in his aeroplane, after which he decided to resign. He seems to be one of the rare type that can take a hint.

* * *

A new edition of Field Regulations lays down details covering a war of the first magnitude. In such an event our instinct would be to turn up the chapter entitled, "What to Do till the Sergeant-Major Comes."

* * *

It is stated that Professor EINSTEIN has received an offer to appear on the music-hall stage. We doubt, however, if his theory would be popular even if it were syncopated.

* * *

Mr. W. MCCRACKEN, the ex-international footballer, says that Britons are the finest losers in the world. Well, look at the practice we've had.

* * *

Bowls is to be included for the first time in the programme of the next Olympic Games. Halma's turn will come.

Help for the Liberal Party Fund.

"CAT BURGLAR LEAVES LOOT ON L.G.'S LAWN."
Evening Paper.

"My mother was born in London Wall and my grandfather before her."
Interview in Evening Paper.

This, of course, is the usual sequence.

"IF WINTER COMES. . . ."

LINES COMPOSED FOR A TORY REVIVALIST.

THE annual leaves decay; they wilt and fall;
Yet there is every expectation,
Based on experience of the past,
That Winter's horrid pall
Will, in the rota's course, be cast,
Discovering Earth's repullulation.
(You 'll call the relevant tag to mind:—
"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind"?).

The Delegates from overseas depart.
Like to those leaves, now sere and sodden,
Their hopes, once green, go down the gale,
On RAMSAY'S rubbish-cart
Are piled, or stuffed in SNOWDEN'S pail,
Or into pulp by GRAHAM trodden.
Yet, if our Winter proves unkind,
There's Spring (in Ottawa) not far behind.

By way of curtain, Labour does its best
To simulate an Indian summer
With tints of purple, bronze and red,
To please the Orient guest
Who likes his colours bravely spread—
And after that the frost and plumber.
Still, if MACDONALD'S doom is signed,
Can BALDWIN be so very far behind?

To song and dance these vernal thoughts invite.
Early in March I look to wear a
Spring-suit in lieu of Winter's shard,
And see that lovely sight,
STANLEY in full cry, blowing hard
Upon the pipe of Primavera;
Indeed, unless my faith is blind,
Christmas should see him pretty close behind.

O. S.

HEALTH AND DUTY.

A NOTORIOUS scientist—myself—has just discovered that the world will come to an end in about seventeen years from now, reckoning 30·4 days to the month.

The verdict will be that it died of overstrain, induced by excess of devotion to health and duty.

You can see examples of what I mean every day in the papers. That photograph, for instance, which fixes a stern gaze on you and observes, "Young man, Do *You* Suffer From Any Of The Following?" You glance down his list of alleged complaints and cures and are promptly attacked by vertigo, lumbago, cirrhosis of the liver, shortness of breath, housemaid's knee, clergyman's throat and gout in the off big toe, all because you take your health too seriously.

It is of course all very foolish. So is drinking sour milk, living on vitamins, taking exercise all day long in a perpetual draught and behaving like KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR after he had lost his senses.

If you really want to live a long time and enjoy your life, stop this nonsense. And don't worry about your food; not even about vitamins. There is only one vitamin in this world that is worth tuppence, and I invented it myself. It is Vitamin X—the Spirit of Sunshine, I call it—and it cures all such things as that empty feeling before eating; it makes your jaws function properly and keeps your teeth in perfect order. And—this is the grand secret of it—it is *not* contained in old crusts, nor in glue, nor in offal, nor in anything like that.

Vitamin X is contained in all the foods you like best; for instance, lobster salad, plum-pudding, steak, trifle and old port are simply crammed with it. On the other hand, nothing that you happen to dislike contains any Vitamin X at all. . . .

In addition to discarding all other rules of health, you should give up a further bad habit, that of doing things because they are Good for You. This disease of devotion to totally unnecessary duty is the cause of most present-day ailments.

Consider. We sun-bathe because it helps the arterial system and motor because it expands the arterial system of the road. We play golf as a health duty, and bridge as a social duty, and we pay taxes because they are a state duty.

In fact, to hear most people talk, you would think they had dedicated their entire existence to Duty. Yet even the man WORDSWORTH, who practically discovered Duty for poetical purposes, always did what he wanted to in spite of it. He used to go and look at clouds and sunsets and daffodils and rainbows and Westminster Bridge; but not because it was his Duty. No, he liked doing it; it made his heart leap up and with rapture fill, and even dance.

Why not let us follow his example? In other words, let us do what we want to, go where we like, drink what we can get and smoke anything obtainable before eight P.M. because we enjoy doing it.

I myself wrote this article because it amused me to write it. You, on the other hand, have read it because you had nothing better to do at the moment. Don't tell me you read it from a sense of Duty. If you did I hope it makes you sick.

"EMBARRASSING MOMENTS."

[The following narrative, which has fallen into Mr. Punch's hands, seems to have been intended for inclusion among those recently published under the above heading by *The Evening News*.]

"SOME years ago my husband and I were staying at the Hotel —— in Florence. We had gone up fairly early to our room after thoroughly enjoying a lavish Italian dinner. Suddenly my husband was seized with the most violent internal pains. After giving him some brandy, which temporarily allayed his agony, I rushed downstairs and out to search for the nearest chemist. Having purchased what I always consider *the* remedy, I hurried back to the hotel and mounted to the room which I felt quite sure was ours. Opening the door I entered, and in the dim light saw what I took to be my husband sitting up in bed. Waving the small bottle which I was carrying I cried out, 'This stuff will soon put you right—it's good old castor-oil!' I advanced towards the bed. Suddenly an icy glance from two formidable eyes froze me with horror. I had rushed into the wrong room. The occupant of the bed was MUSSOLINI!"

Q. V. S. (*Surbiton*).

Cold Facts Upon Which We Do Not Harp.

"Dr. —— said color-blindness occurs most often in people of high intelligence. Only 1 per cent. of the women examined are found to be color-blind."—*Colorado Paper.*

A West-End Glimpse of the Obvious.

"It was generally agreed that Eros should be placed facing the same direction as before removal, but the basic plinth should be increased in height by 16 inches. This will increase the height of the whole statue by 16 inches."—*Evening Paper.*

Following upon the recent disastrous floods in various parts of the country we understand that several riparians have changed the name of their bungalows from "Mon Abri" to "Mon Débris."



HORSE-NONSENSE; OR, THE LOGIC OF THE LAW.

HOSPITAL NURSE. "WON'T YOU TAKE A TICKET FOR OUR SWEEP, LIKE THE GOOD SPORTSMAN YOU ARE?"

P.C. CLYNES. "NOW THEN, WHAT 'S THIS? GAMBLING FOR A GOOD CAUSE! NOBODY IN THIS COUNTRY IS ALLOWED TO GAMBLE, EXCEPT WITH BOOKIES OR ON THE TOTE."



THE YOUNG WOMAN IN BUSINESS.

Commercial Magnate (entering large office). "TAKE MY CARD TO THE MANAGER, AND HURRY, PLEASE. I WANT TO SEE HIM ON IMPORTANT BUSINESS."

Flapper. "MANAGER SPEAKING."

THE VICAR ALWAYS WINS.

IT was during a week-end in the country. We had reached that point of after-dinner stupor where conversation is apt to flag, but it was not time to go home. Bridge was no good; in the first place there were five of us, and in the second two didn't play. Poker was out of the question, for two of the five were women, and you know what that means. *Vingt-et-un* was also undesirable; the Vicar was one of the party and considered it immoral, partly because it induced "a reckless spirit of gambling," but principally because it had a French name.

It almost looked as if we should be reduced to sleeping unobtrusively, one of the most difficult after-dinner sports I know.

Then Staggers roused himself.

"Played an awfully good card-game at a house the other night," he began with forced enthusiasm.

There was a languid "What was it?"

"It was a kind of whist, only with different scoring. It had a system of forfeits."

The Vicar looked a trifle shocked. We realised that to him, veteran of many a children's Christmas-party, "forfeits" meant promiscuous kissing.

"The forfeits are pennies," Staggers explained hurriedly.

The Vicar looked a trifle less shocked, not to say a little disappointed.

"I don't know that I care for any game which involves the passage of coin of the realm," he said stiffly. "This modern fever for wild gambling . . " and he began to quote from his sermon for the Second Sunday in Lent in Aid of the Church Roof Restoration Fund.

"This isn't gambling. It's forfeits. Listen."

We put on listeners' expressions. Staggers explained. We maintained our expressions. He explained again. He then looked at our faces once more and said, "Well, it *is* a bit difficult to understand. Suppose we try it, and then it might be easier."

We agreed—all except the Vicar, who stood out. He intimated that he quite realised that it wasn't gambling even in the secular sense, but that, although he wasn't afraid of forfeiting money now and then in—ah—the cause of sociability, he would not be able to reconcile himself to *winning* anyone else's forfeits; in short, Making Money out of what should be Merely a Game.

Staggers told him that he probably wouldn't make any money. Staggers, I may say, comes from another parish. He doesn't know our Vicar as well as we do. If there is any money going anywhere the Vicar is well in on it, whoever else is left in outer darkness, gnashing teeth.

On this occasion, however, he insisted that he would only watch. He didn't mind—ah—umpiring, that is if Staggers would tell him just what decisions to give. He felt that the game would be scrupulously fair if it were conducted—ah—*coram judice*, so to speak. *Justum et tenacem*, if he might say so; no doubt we knew the reference.

Under Staggers' lead we began. We each put all our spare pennies in front of us and an ash-tray was placed in the centre of the table for the kitty. Someone called it the offertory-plate, but it didn't go well with the Vicar, who put on his in-the-presence-of-profanity look.

The game was a queer one and quite

novel to me. As far as I remember it was a kind of upside-down whist, in which one played under whist rules, but to *lose* tricks, not to win them. For every trick you were forced to take you paid a penny forfeit into the kitty. Hearts were perpetual and most damaging trumps; that is to say, not only did they often land you with a trick which you were trying to avoid, but every heart included in your pile of tricks meant subsequently an extra penny forfeit. To find yourself, therefore, forced to take a trick in trumps was practically a financial disaster. The Jack of Hearts for some reason counted a double forfeit. If you could manage it you were, I think, allowed to cheat by the rules—but not by the Vicar. If caught by anyone else you paid a heavy fine, and if caught by the Vicar you also suffered for some considerable while under a moral stigma amounting almost to excommunication.

It wasn't a bad game, even though Staggers didn't remember the rules frightfully well. The kitty soon bulged with coin and began to show glints of silver as the available coppers had to be taken as change and brought back into circulation.

After a dozen hands we decided on a final one, and as we were finishing it someone said, "I say, we've put all that money in; who gets it out? And how?"

"Eh, what?" replied Staggers, much taken aback. He relapsed into thought. "I think it's the man with fewest—no, we can't calculate that! Then the man with—no, that wouldn't do. . . . Or perhaps . . . No! Heavens! I say, I'm frightfully sorry, but I haven't the vaguest idea. I've forgotten."

There was a long discussion. Some were for tossing for it, but the Vicar, still slightly cool from an ill-advised joke on my part about the Last Trump, arbitrated against that. Then a cold hand of poker all round was suggested; but the Vicar's principles wouldn't countenance such a disgracefully immoral method of securing a large sum. At last we unanimously appealed to him for some constructive rather than destructive criticism. He placed his finger-tips together and said that as one of us had earlier on and somewhat profanely alluded to the—ah—kitten, was it? as an offertory-plate, he thought the fairest thing to do, to prevent any one of us making this—ah—somewhat unmerited profit, would be to devote the money under dispute to the Church Roof Restoration Fund, on behalf of which good object, in his capacity of Treasurer, he would be—ah—happy to accept it.

And, by gosh, he *did!* A. A.



THE NEW EXCLUSIVENESS.

"I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT YOU CAN'T DINE HERE IN EVENING DRESS. NO, SIR, NOT EVEN A BLACK TIE; IF WE ONCE ALLOWED THAT, THERE'S NO TELLING WHO WE SHOULD GET."

THE WAR-CRY OF THE FUTURE.

(Lines suggested by an article about the influence of science on the conduct of war.)

THE warrior in former days
Seldom had time to sit and laze;
Henceforth his labours (if I'm right)
Ought to be relatively light.
He needn't learn to ride or shoot,
To drill, dig trenches or salute;
He'll do his fighting at a distance,
Disposing of the foe's resistance
By an extremely simple act—
The pressing of a knob, in fact—
Designed to loose upon their ranks
A cloud of poison-gas from tanks.
By these remarks be not misled
And deem tradition wholly dead;
For, since his finger does the job
Of pushing down the fatal knob,
He'll have a war-cry none the less:
"*Dieu et mon doigt!*" he'll say—and press.

An Unsuspected Marriage Market.

"PROVIDING HOMES FOR YOUNG MEN. WORK OF THE Y.W.C.A."
South African Paper.

"Taking the kick from a difficult angel, Nicholson succeeded in placing the ball between the uprights."—*Penang Paper.*

It's tricky work combining with an obstreperous winger.

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

X.

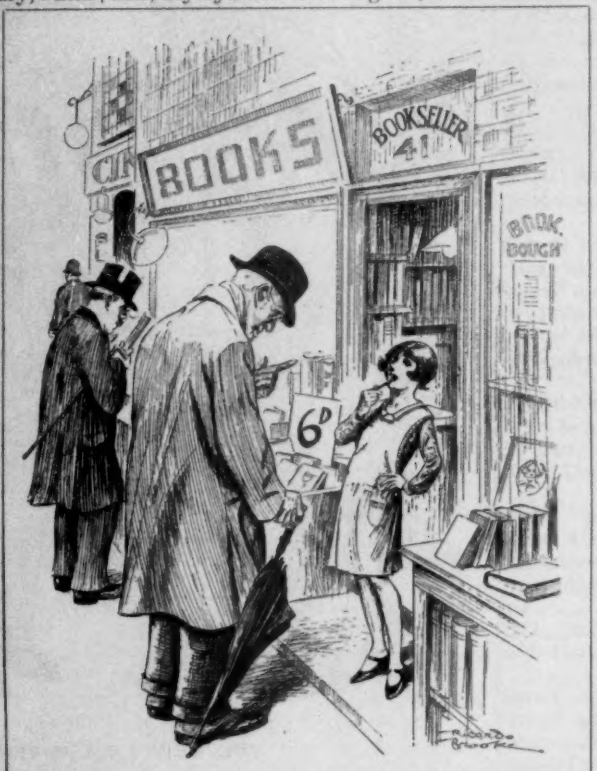
Tuesday.—Really, I don't know what has come over me. I seem to be growing positively impulsive. Perhaps it is the effect of London. Yesterday I received notice that I have been at last elected to the Royal Conventional Club, and I went there for lunch. It is a little alarming at first, the columns and staircases are so large, and there seem to be a great many members. I was a little surprised by some of the statuary, which is hardly in the best of taste, but Lord —— is the President, so I suppose it is all right. In any case, I do not care for sculpture.

I felt a little forlorn among so many strangers. But in the wash-place I heard what seemed a familiar voice complaining about one of the hot water-pipes, which was furred and made a noise. I made way for him at my own basin and it turned out to be that Mr. Honeybubble who took the Chair at the Municipal Councillors' Dinner. He recognised me at once, so we had lunch together (they do a very good underdone steak) and he has asked me to accompany him to Paris for the week-end. The extraordinary thing is that I have accepted. I have never been to Paris, and one ought, I suppose, to see the Louvre and Notre Dame before one dies. If it had been Masters who proposed the trip I should certainly not have gone (after my Dieppe experience), but Honeybubble, I am sure, is as safe as houses.

Saturday.—Here we are in the French capital. The hotel is on the Quai Voltaire, looking over the Seine, which is muddy and much narrower than the Thames. The crossing was quite smooth, but a fool of a Customs official made a fuss about my tin of tobacco, *although* I declared it. The result was that we were kept back till the last, and got poor seats facing the engine in a very crowded compartment. Honeybubble insisted on having the window kept open because of the heat from the water-pipes, and, as I feared, I received a foreign body in my eye from the engine. I am not sure that it is out yet, but one can never tell; it is certainly very uncomfortable.

Our plan last night was to see the MOLIÈRE play at the Comédie Française; I remember so well reading one of them at school, though I cannot remember which. But we were both tired after the journey and somehow lingered over our dinner, which we took at a place called the "Deux Matelots."

Honeybubble, I find, is fond of a glass of wine, and made me help him with his bottle of claret. He can talk amusingly when he likes, and had a lot to say about some typical French people we saw. I had no idea so many of them wore *beards*. Suddenly we found that it was too late to go to the theatre. In any case, my eye was troubling me, so we took a short stroll and sat down for half an-hour at a *café* in the Mont-Something-or-Other, which was full of the most *peculiar* people I have ever seen. Honeybubble said he thought they were the artistic clique; all I can say is, if they are artists I am glad I have never had anything to do with art. To-day we are going to the Louvre and, if there is time, Notre Dame and the Arc de Triomphe.



Antiquary. "HAVE YOU GOT ANY OLD CHAP-BOOKS?"
Shop-minder. "FOR WHAT KIND OF OLD CHAP?"

Sunday.—Our sight-seeing yesterday did not progress very well. Before going to the Louvre we strolled into the centre of the town to see if we could get an English paper. They had not arrived yet, but by that time it was getting on for one, so we decided to do the Louvre after lunch. Before lunch we sat down at a *café* called the "Deux Sabots" and watched the people. I must say there is something very friendly and likeable about these *cafés*. We sat in the open-air, but there was a coke-stove near. Honeybubble said that the heat might draw the foreign body out of my eye, but, though I held my face close to it, there was no real relief. I have now tried everything, from pulling down the upper lid to blowing my nose and even hopping on the opposite leg (another of Honeybubble's notions). At the moment it is better, but I believe the thing is still there.

All the *cafés* seem to be always full, and it is no wonder that a nation which spends so much time sitting about is so inferior in many ways. I said to Honeybubble, "One can almost *see* the beards growing," which made him laugh. On the other hand, they do not seem to drink much, except coffee and coloured tonics, so I suppose no great harm is done. I had some stuff called Dubonnet, which I believe is made of quinine; it was not very pleasant, but my eye seemed more comfortable. We lunched at a place called the "Café English," which Honeybubble discovered. Nearly all the waiters were English, and we had a very good chop and potatoes. On our way to the Louvre afterwards we suddenly saw the London papers on a stall and bought quite a handful. It was quite a relief to see one's own language again, so we sat down at a *café* and had a good read. There have been some very high tides in London, and Mr. SNOWDEN seems thoroughly discredited; if only *The Times* had printed my letter we might be rid of him by now. But, to make up for that, the HOME SECRETARY has acted on my private letter to him insisting that he should stop people sending money to the Irish lotteries. Quite a little triumph. But I dare say I shall never get the credit for it.

When we had read our papers it was too dark to go and see pictures (that is all there is, I believe, at the Louvre); in any case, with my bad eye, I scarcely felt like it. So we bought some eye-lotion and came back to the hotel for a nap before dinner.

We dined at a place called the "Deux Soldats" and, I am sorry to say, had rather an argument. It began by Honeybubble declaring that the word



Maid (*returning from dining-room*). "OUR MIDGET GOLF-BALL'S BEEN FOUND."
Cook. "WHERE?" *Maid*. "IN THE SOUP."

apéritif meant cork-screw. I never bet, but this time I was so certain he was wrong that I went so far as to wager ten francs on it, and of course when the waiter came I won. Then he said that he would like to see the *café* system adopted in England. I said, No, we could not trust our people to that extent; and he said, "Then how can you say that the English are superior to the French?" (a subject we have frequently discussed). "That," I said warmly, "is hardly the point," and for a minute or two we did not speak to each other. However, we soon made it up, and H. told me an interesting story of his boyhood. By that time it was too late to think of going to the play, so we turned in. By the way, Honeybubble allowed me to pay for the dinner without protest; I distinctly understood that I was to come to Paris as his guest. I slept poorly on account of the traffic, so lay in bed rather late this morning, I fear. This afternoon we are going to do Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower, and, if there is time, a place called the Invalides, where NAPOLEON had a long illness.

Monday.—We are all packed up and waiting for the bill. We lunched yesterday at the "Deux Matelots" and said good-bye to our nice waiter. On our way to Notre Dame we were delighted to find that the English Sunday papers had arrived, so we stopped at our favourite *café* (the "Deux Sabots") and had a look at the news. Mr. GARVIN was very interesting on India, and by the time we had finished him it was too late for sight-seeing. We had a farewell Dubonnet at the "Deux Soldats," where the waiter told us that we should get a good dinner at the "Retraite Russe." This turned out to be a very quiet but entertaining place. There was rather more music than I approve of on a Sunday, and a sword-dance, which seemed definitely unsuitable, but I believe that all the orchestra are exiled Russian noblemen. They made quite a fuss of us as we listened attentively, and the violinist played a tune called "My Little Grey Home in the West" for our benefit. Quite an enjoyable week-end, though I am sorry we have not seen more of the sights. It was unfortunate getting that thing in my eye. I went to a chemist yesterday, who turned up the eyelid and poked about with a brush, but said he could see nothing.

They have just brought up *two* bills, and, rather unwillingly, I have paid one of them. Apparently Honeybubble intended me to pay half the expenses. It is a pity, perhaps, that he did not explain this before he gave the invitation. My eye is very sore again. A. P. H.

"This morning she finished with a three and a four, known in the jargon of golf as a 'needle' and a 'birdie.'"—*Evening Paper*.

We find it almost impossible to follow the thread of these golfing yarns.

"Serious novels from his pen, written under a nom-de-plume, commanded a thoughtful public."—*Liverpool Paper*.

"A Prune a Day" should make a good slogan for a publisher.

THE CHOICE OF A DOG.

A LETTER published in one of the daily papers a short while ago surprises even me, who read nearly all the letters in the daily Press. The writer says:—

> "I want to buy a dog for a pet and a house-guard. Will any of your readers give me their honest advice in this matter? I have been told already to buy a chow, a fox-terrier, a bulldog or an Alsatian."

He goes on to say that he has been warned also not to buy any of these dogs, because the chow is surly and untrustworthy, the fox-terrier is perpetually barking, the bulldog is stupid and delicate, the Alsatian is highly-strung and prone to fight.

I should not have thought that there remained anywhere in the world so much naïveté and innocence regarding dogs. Still less should I have thought that they could remain in Hampstead, from which this letter would seem to have been addressed. But I am perfectly willing, as always, to give my own advice about dogs to any humble seeker after truth.

In the first place, then, a great deal depends on how much dog you require. They can be obtained in almost any size, from roughly (or even smoothly) four foot six inches by one foot, to eleven inches by five. I am speaking here of the lengths and breadths in which they are sold; but the heights vary also, from that of a calf to that of a fair-sized stoat. Some have a rough tweed, others a smooth hairy finish. In considering breadth it should be mentioned also that the ratio of breadth to length is far from constant, since many dogs in all styles, owing to constantly getting things somewhere, or sitting up *so* sweetly in the drawing-room, are far wider than the norm. Muffins and wedding-cake induce width in dogs. Perpetually rabbit-hunting where no rabbits are to be found reduces the diameter to a remarkable degree.

In choosing a dog of suitable size for the home, attention should be paid to:

(1) Floor-space,
(2) Domestic budgeting.

The highest kind of dog requires about two pounds of raw meat a day, and even then likes to have some postman as well. The flattest dog may be content with truffles and chocolate éclairs, but it has to be waved, dressed and manicured. It is safe to say that no tall dog need be permanently waved. On the other hand, no outsize in dogs can be carried conveniently in the muff, and as all dogs of whatever make have to be carried down or up the moving-staircases on the Underground Railway, the disadvantage of having two very wide, high or long dogs as constant companions in London, if one also carries an umbrella and a small attaché-case, is fairly plain. Big touring dogs also knock over more furniture than the midget models, but they are not so easily killed by being trodden on. Probably nothing creates such a bad impression on a host as being shown a small yellow pancake on the floor of the drawing-room, which, a few moments before the visitor came in, was the darling and delight of the household. Many low-built dogs resemble double chrysanthemums in repose, and it is better in such cases to attach labels to them, stating simply, "*This is the dog.*" There is nothing else, beyond perhaps the fragrance, to distinguish them from these Oriental blooms.

Colour is also a point to be considered in choosing a dog, the darker kinds being more easily confused with the hearthrug, and the lighter demanding more time to clean. Nor is the use of an electric vacuum-sweeper on either type to be recommended. It removes nap or pile, which the dog desires to retain, whilst leaving many things that it would prefer to discard.

On the whole, a medium size and a neutral colour without pin-stripe or herring-bone pattern are advisable, with both ends slightly blunted, and the legs, which should number four in all, of sufficient strength to carry the body without fatigue.

As to the psychology of dogs, it cannot be too clearly pointed out that they do not differ so much in accordance with make or model as they do from dog to dog. And even here the psycho-analyses of

(*a*) the purchaser,
(*b*) the vendor,
(*c*) the kitchen,
(*d*) the next-door neighbours,
(*e*) the occasional visitor,
(*f*) the cat, if kept,

do not always tally. Dogs of almost identical style and measurement may be as loyal and sagacious as elephants or as stupid and selfish as the Ponsonby-Browns. A small fat dog suddenly attaching himself to the seat of a caller's trousers may be very rightly described by its owner as highly-strung. The caller, less acquainted with Tooticum's peculiarities, will describe the action by a different phrase. The owner may even go further than this. He may regard the behaviour of Tooticum as intelligent (*e.g.*, "Poor Tooticum never did like grey trousers or barristers, did he then," or "Poor Tooticum thought he was going to be sat upon"), whilst the caller can see nothing but wild animal ferocity in the onslaught. Nor is he able to understand why a dog should invariably be called "poor" whilst in the very act of acquiring some new piece of property or some irregular type of food.

Delicacy amongst dogs, the word being applied here to their constitution rather than to their moral susceptibilities, does, however, depend to a certain degree upon altitude. High thin dogs, on the whole, suffer less from dyspepsia than low stout dogs. The view generally taken is that their front end is further from the ground as they walk and less exposed to the temptations of the carnal appetite. Thick rough dogs are less prone to influenza than thin tender dogs covered with ribbons and toilet perfume. Bluff tweed dogs swim better and fight longer than smooth deprecatory dogs. Low narrow dogs go through a small opening more easily than high broad dogs. Low dogs can be run over by motor-cars more often than high dogs, if they do not touch the wheels, but they cannot be entered for foot-racing contests so profitably as high dogs. Blunt-ended dogs are supposed to get a better grip on bulls, burglars, etc., than thin-ended dogs, but they have to be sat upon oftener when young in order to make their front legs go sideways.

We come lastly to loudness and the sense of civic responsibility in dogs. Many dogs bark

(1) from excitement or geniality,
(2) from fear,
(3) from rage,
(4) from cussedness,
(5) at policemen,
(6) at the moon,
(7) at motor-bicycles—and who will blame them?
(8) at fireworks,
(9) at their own reflection in a glass,
(10) at their own ideas and fantasies.

All dogs bark at the post. The attempt to make dogs bark only at letters franked by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, or sale catalogues, has entirely failed.

Many quite handy dogs bark all day and sleep all night. Many do the reverse. In choosing a dog for a household pet or a household guard it is therefore necessary to consider whether the silver in the safe is more valuable than the quietness of the baby next-door. Where a baby and silver exist in the same house, it is better to choose a day-shift dog who ceases barking about



Waiter (at public dinner). "I'M LEAVING YOU NOW, SIR."
Bored Diner. "OH, ARE YOU? WELL, YOU MIGHT TAKE THE SPEAKER WITH YOU."

nine P.M., since the baby is closer and the silver is probably insured.

I do not suggest for a moment that what I have said here about dogs is original. But I do live in Hampstead and I do wish to help any person (though I did not know that there *was* any person) in Hampstead who does not keep a dog. According to my own statistics, Hampstead is the only area in the British Empire in which every available acre is entirely under dogs. Tall silent dogs, low loud dogs. Surly, swift, untrustworthy dogs. Stupid, delicate, highly-strung, fighting dogs. With regard to my own—— EVOE.

WITH A PHRASE-BOOK IN SPAIN.

UNLIKE most travellers abroad, who in my opinion are far too timid with their phrase-books, I was determined to have my money's worth. There is only one way to do this: having found the appropriate section of the book, you must *use all the phrases in it at once.*

* * * * *

Accordingly I stood in the Spanish hotel at my bedroom door and took a long deep breath. Then, with my phrase-book open before me, I turned upon the bath attendant who was passing along the corridor.

"I want a bath," I called ferociously—"a bath with linen—a bath without linen—a bath with starch—a hip-bath—a bath with bran. Kindly prepare a vapour bath—a sulphur bath. Pray, heat my bath to 85, to 93, to 97 degrees."

The poor little attendant disappeared in a cloud of dust.

I lifted the receiver of the bedroom telephone and went on feverishly to the hall-porter.

"Is the bath ready? Ah! then bring me a sponge, a loofah, a comb—some soap scented with violet, with almonds, with lettuce-juice—some aromatic

vinegar. Can you rub me?—give me a massage? Can you rub me with a hair-glove? Is there a pedicure, a manicure in your establishment? Is there a swimming-master, and do you let out life-belts?"

I slammed down the receiver and panted for breath. The full phrase-book life moves so unceasingly, so overwhelmingly: there is never a moment's respite.

They rubbed me with a hair-glove; they gave me pedicure; they wrapped me in a tepid towel ("*Pray, can you wrap me in a tepid towel?*")—and I tore off to the barber's ("*Pray, tell me, is there a hairdresser's establishment near by?*").

Firmly the barber enclosed me in a linen cape. I laid my phrase-book on my knee and began stormily:—

"Shave me close, please—do not shave me close—shave my beard only—kindly twist up my moustachio—I want my hair cut—I want it brush-shaped—not brush-shaped—in the English fashion—a little pomade on my moustachio."

"Is it well thus?" asked the barber presently, dropping into the idiom with apparent ease.

"It is very well," I replied. "It is too short, too long, not long enough, not short enough behind, in front—I want a friction with lavender."

"Ah, you like a friction with lavender?"

"No, I prefer it with violet," I went on angrily, "with eau-de-Cologne, with unscented alcohol. Now, will you part my hair? Yes, on the right, on the left, down the middle. Kindly comb my whiskers a little and burn the ends of my hair."

When it was all over, I rose from the chair, went to the bureau and paid the bill.

"It is too much, too little," I observed cleverly. "I have no change—it is more, less than the last time—is there no percentage abatement?"

The shop-assistants looked timidly after me as I plunged into the street and when I had { turned to the right / turned to the left / marched straight on } after passing { the aqueduct / the viaduct / the town hall } I found my way back at last, thoroughly worn out, to the hotel.

There was nothing for it but a really good meal. Only a luncheon of true phrase-book dimensions could possibly revive me now.

"Waiter (waitress)," I said, "I want a separate table—one facing west—one facing south—a round table—a square table—a table with more room for my knees. Now that will do. I should like some bread—some new bread—some stale bread—some pickled gherkins."

"To follow?" asked the waiter (waitress), pencil (pen) poised (at an angle of 45 degrees).

"After that," I proceeded, "I shall have fried goat's-beard—*judias fritos en vinagreta;* I shall have it with stuffed tomatoes, with puffed potatoes, with dandelions, with bilberry jam—also fried egg-plants—*berenjenas fritas*—oh, don't mention it; bring them immediately. Now, waiter (waitress), I have a train to catch—bring me the Railway Guide, the backgammon board, the dominoes, the Telephone Directory."

"There, you may go now, waiter (waitress). Pray, direct me to a good physician, an apothecary, a doctor who is a specialist for bones."

* * * * *

"Good morning, Doctor," I greeted him cheerfully, "are you a specialist for eye diseases, for the nose, for bones which are out of place?"

"God bless you," replied the doctor.*

"Good morning—farewell—whom have I the honour of addressing? Can I be of any use to you?"

"I hope so," I said fervently. "Pray, listen to me. I have something to tell you. Briefly, it is this: look here, I feel unwell."

"Then I shall write you a prescription," observed the doctor magnificently. "Now, my good man, what ailments are you aware of?"

I examined my little book and began, deliberately at first but with rising vehemence:—

"I feel done up, doctor—I have no appetite—I have a headache, an earache, a throat-ache. My intestines hurt (*sic*)—I had a fall and now I suffer in my knee—I cough a little, very much, occasionally, in bed—I have cold chills. In short, I am nauseated—I have a stiff neck."

The doctor gazed at me for a time in silence.

"Ah," he pronounced at last, prodding me in the ribs, "I think you have sprained your wrist, your ankle, caught a slight cold, eaten too little, too much over-worked—you must lie up, you must take more exercise—you must eat vegetables, eat nothing. Come and see me again in a week, in a month, in three months, the day after to-morrow. Now, you owe me forty pesetas, forty-five centimos, sixty pesetas, a fifty-peseta note, a thousand-peseta note."

I emptied my pockets hysterically, handed him my traveller's cheques, circular letter of credit, phrase-book and all, and tore from the room in despair.

"God bless you!" shouted the doctor after me. "How do you do? Good-bye. Don't mention it at all."

W. C. S.



Boss. "YOU NEVER SEE *ME* MAKING MISTAKES."
Typist. "NOT ACTUALLY, BUT I KNOW WHAT YOUR GOLF HANDICAP IS."

* Being unable to understand a word of the doctor's Spanish, I assumed that he was using the language expected of him by the phrase-book.

"LEAGUE OF YOUNG LIBERALS.

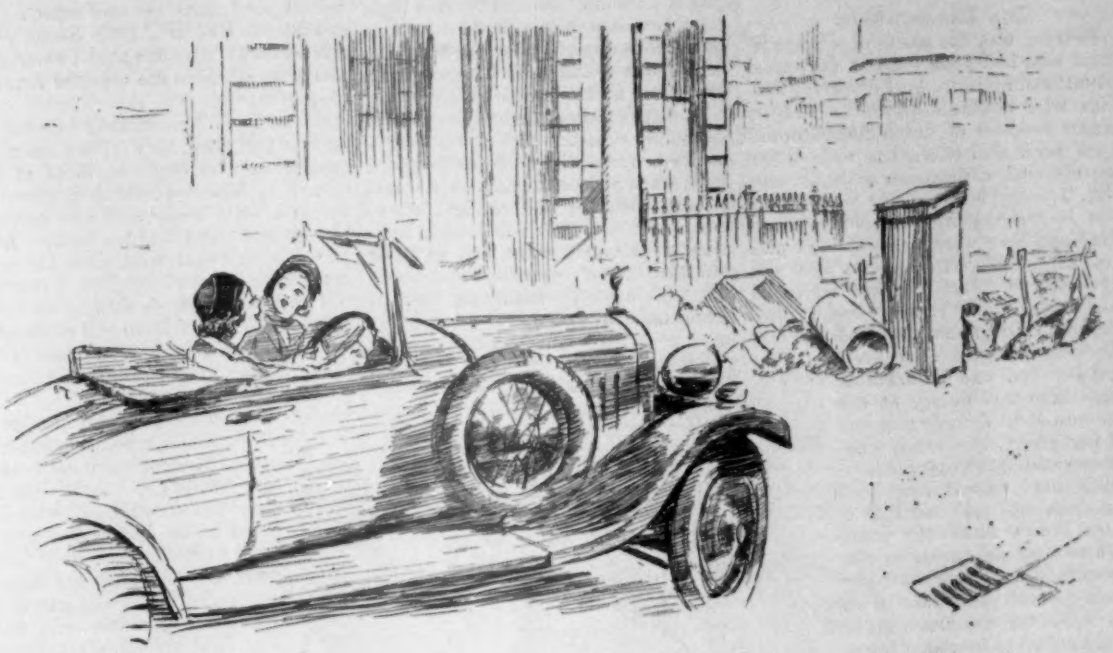
Views on the different matters were freely exchanged, out of which evolved the idea that a definite policy for Welsh Liberalism should be forged."—*Welsh Paper.*

Is that quite honest?

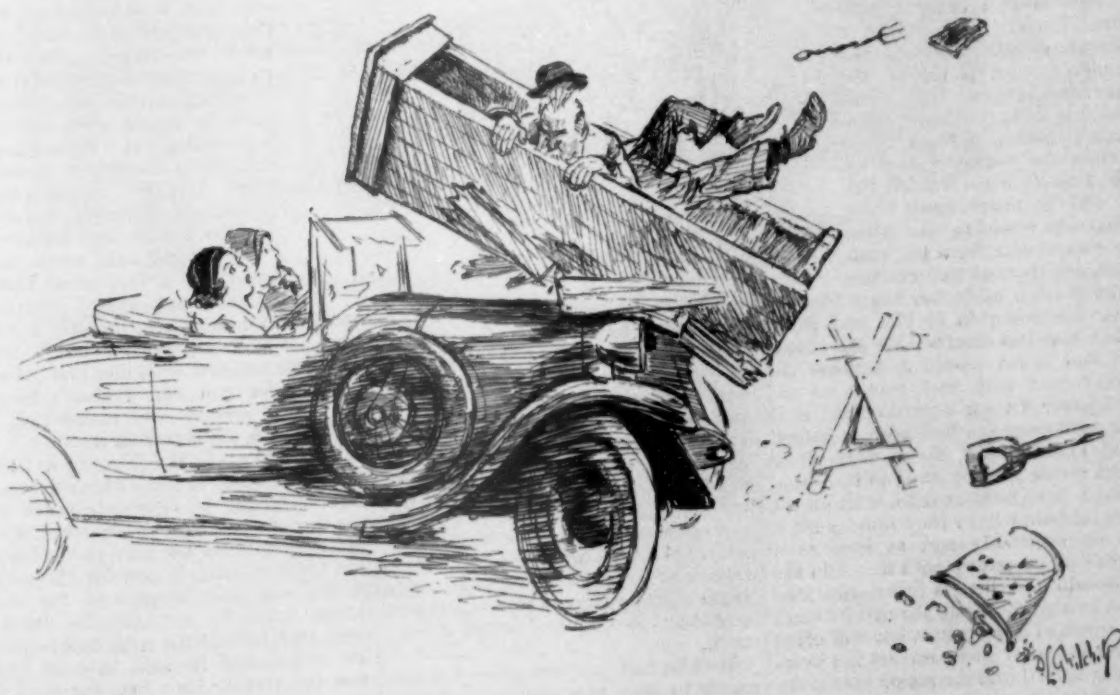
"So, too, an Anglo-Norman scribe could write of battles of Charlemagne against the heathen three centuries older than himself."

Introduction to an anthology.

We think CHARLEMAGNE should have hit someone of his own age.



"I SAY, ISN'T THIS JOLLY, DARLING? FIRST TIME I'VE DRIVEN THIS CAR WITHOUT A SINGLE MISHAP."
"TOUCH WOOD, DARLING."



DOES SO.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE PARLOURMAID.

Pettifer was the name of a parlourmaid who had been used to very good situations, and any lord or person like that who couldn't afford to keep a butler because of death duties would have been glad enough to engage her but she took a situation with Mr. and Mrs. Tumefy because her young man was a greengrocer near where they lived and they were the best she could hear of just there though not what she was used to. But they seemed to be fairly rich and there weren't any children or dogs and she liked the cook and the housemaid and her bed was comfortable and there was plenty to eat because Mrs. Tumefy was one of the greediest women ever known and didn't care for anything much except food, and the cook had told her that if they didn't have the same down-stairs as up-stairs she should give notice. So it really wasn't a bad place just to go on with till the greengrocer could afford to furnish a house for her, and it would be less of a come down to marry from there than from a grand house like the ones she was used to.

Well besides being greedy Mrs. Tumefy was rather a turgid woman and as she couldn't work it off on the servants because they don't put up with that now there aren't enough of them to go round she worked it off on Mr. Tumefy when she felt like it and he never quite knew what she would be like when he came home from his business, and the cook told Pettifer that it often made her heart bleed to hear her going on at him and if the place was less comfortable she should up and speak about it because she didn't hold with such goings on and had never known anything like it in the situations she had been in before. And Pettifer said oh we used to let them go on as they liked in the situations I have been used to, with all the rich food they have they must work it off on somebody and as long as it wasn't us we put up with it. And the cook said well there is just as rich food here as anywhere but the master can't eat much of it as his liver is out of order so he has to sit there and see her overeating herself and she masticates every mouthful thirty-two times because Mr. GLADSTONE did that and she was brought up a Liberal. If I were the master I should take and throw a plate at her but he won't never do that now, his spirit is crushed poor gentleman.

Well one evening Mr. Tumefy came home from his business feeling very low in his spirits because he had lost most of his money that day through buying a lot of stocks and shares which had gone down when he had thought they would go up. And he had enough left to be able to live in quite a nice little house with one servant but he knew that Mrs. Tumefy wouldn't care about that and he was wondering how he should break it to her.



"PETTIFER THUMPED HER HARD ON THE BACK."

Well he thought he would wait till dinner-time to break it to her because she was less inclined to be turgid when she was enjoying her food, and this evening she seemed in a fairly good humour and showed an interest in what he had had for lunch when they were sitting in the drawing-room before dinner and told him all about what she had had herself. So he hoped it wouldn't be so bad and was a little more cheerful in his spirits when he went up to dress, and he told Pettifer to get out a bottle of champagne which was poison to him but Mrs. Tumefy liked it very much.

Well he had just one glass of champagne to give him courage but Mrs. Tumefy told him he had better not drink any more as it was poison to him and she didn't mind finishing the bottle herself, and then he said how would you like to live in a little house with one servant? And she said I shouldn't like it at all, give me another helping of salmon.

So he gave her another helping of salmon and then he told her about a gentleman who had lost most of his money in business and had gone to live in a little house with one servant and his wife liked it much better. And Mrs. Tumefy said well then his wife must have been a born fool, I think I will have a little more salmon as there is only a saddle of lamb and asparagus and a gooseberry tart and herrings' roes on toast and cheese and dessert coming.

Well then he had to plump it out, and when he told her about losing most of his money she became so turgid that all he could do was to sit with his head in his hands and groan and wonder what had come over him to make him marry her, but of course she had been much younger then with only one chin and didn't take up half the sofa when she sat down on it.

Well when Pettifer came in to change the plates Mrs. Tumefy was saying that he was such a sawney that she didn't know how he had ever made his money but she thought it must have been by emptying pennies out of automatic machines when nobody was looking but if he had gone and lost it she should divorce him. And Mr. Tumefy was groaning in his tribulation and Pettifer's heart bled for him.

So Pettifer said never you mind Sir, if that great lump of suet and pastry divorces you I will marry you myself, I am engaged to a greengrocer but I am not quite satisfied with him and I feel so sorry for you that I shan't mind you being scraggy and rather old, I suppose it is the maternal instinct.

Well that made Mrs. Tumefy so furious that a piece of lamb which she was just beginning to masticate stuck in her throat and nearly choked her, and Pettifer thumped her hard on the back and enjoyed doing it and Mr. Tumefy rushed out and telephoned for the doctor. And by the time the doctor came Pettifer and the cook had helped her to bed and he said that he had seen this coming for a long time and if she didn't control her appetite more he wouldn't answer for the consequences and she must live on nothing

but barley-water for a week so as to get the poisons out of her system.

Well of course Pettifer hadn't really meant it when she said she would marry Mr. Tumefy if Mrs. Tumefy divorced him because she was really quite in love with the greengrocer and besides she hadn't known then that Mr. Tumefy had lost nearly all his money, but she was still very sorry for him and she thought there must be some good in Mrs. Tumefy and she would appeal to it. And Mrs. Tumefy was very low in her spirits because of the barley-water, and when Pettifer took it up to her and gave her a good talking to she cried and it was quite pathetic. And she said she knew she hadn't been such a good wife to Mr. Tumefy as she might have been through not controlling her appetite but she was going to turn over a new leaf and cherish him more. And when it came out about the little house with one servant Pettifer said she would be the one servant herself and would stay with them till she married the greengrocer. And Mrs. Tumefy said can you cook? And she said well I have never tried, but I shall have to when I get married and I may as well get some practice.

So it was arranged like that, and Mrs. Tumefy really did control her appetite, and as she couldn't eat much of what Pettifer cooked it wasn't so difficult as it might have been, and she lost two or three of her chins and was happier altogether and so was Mr. Tumefy because she cherished him more.

And Pettifer was the good angel of the house and learnt to cook quite decently through trying all sorts of ways of doing it, and by the time the greengrocer was ready to marry her Mr. Tumefy had won back some of his money so they could keep two servants now and didn't so much mind losing her. And Mrs. Tumefy gave her all her kitchen utensils and an expensive cookery book for a wedding present and said she had brought back happiness into her home.

A. M.

"THEATRE ——.
D'OYLY CARTE OPERA CO.
"Fri., 'Cox and Box,' followed by 'H.M.S. Pianoforte.'"—*Advt. in Newcastle Paper.*

We prefer Violinthe.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Castle Museum and Art Gallery, Norwich, November 26 to December 27; at Reading, January 3 to 31, 1931; at Lincoln, February 14 to March 14; at Wolverhampton, March 28 to May 9; at Blackpool, May 23 to July 4; at York, July 18 to August 29; at Burton, September 12 to October 24; at Manchester, November 7 to January 9, 1932.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4

"Henry —— was fined £5 or a month at Bootle Police Court."—*Liverpool Paper.*

The alternative seems a little harsh.



THE PERFECT PEDESTRIAN.

"P—PLEASE MAY I CROSS THE ROAD?"



Fireman. "IS THE FIRE DOWN THE ROAD, BOY?"
Boy. "YUS; BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE QUICK; IT'S GORN AHT TWICE."

FOR ENGLAND, BEEF AND BEAUTY.

IN a book recently published, called *The Art of Feminine Beauty*, the "meat mask" is recommended as a toilet preparation, and prescribed in the following words:—

"Fresh beef is cut into very thin slices according to a pattern made at home. Cut out pieces of paper—a strip to cover the forehead, another for each cheek, one for the chin, then a narrow strip for the nose. Leave openings round the eyes and lips. Give the pattern to your butcher, who will cut the meat accordingly. Pack the meat on the face and secure it with a strip of muslin, also cut to pattern, and leave it on for a couple of hours, or overnight if possible."

Let other maids with various aids
  Of fat and fard adorn
Complexions which pop up so rich
  To meet the smiling morn.

I little care though these be fair,
  I have no heart to praise
Their nightly toil with almond-oil
  And poultices of maize.

To each her luck with each new muck,
  To each her several mess,
I ask them not from what strange pot
  They earned their loveliness.

Let Chloe tell how, ere she fell
  Into a dreamless doze,
She smeared a jar of caviare
  All round her tilted nose.

Let Celia say how every day
  When resting she would tie
Some bits of pork or ham from York
  Below each radiant eye.

I shall not ask what meaty mask
  Elmira loves to peel
From her bright skin, nor if Corinne
  Is veiled all night in veal.

But Dahlia's cheek is quite unique,
  For ere her eyes are shut
She sets her face inside a case
  Of tenderest undercut.

And sure, I think, she looks so pink
  Because she did appoint
For that device a noble slice
  Carved from a perfect joint.

Inferior fat may form the mat
  On faces not so young,
And alien lard compose the guard
  For nymphs by others sung.

But Dahlia's brow is shining now
  In gracious queenlihood
Because the bit she put on it
  Was absolutely good.

For nothing chilled, I ween, was skilled
  These roses to secure,
Nor any line in Argentine
  Could make her pelt so pure.

I love her so because I know
  Beneath the envious dark
She gains relief from English beef
  Having the National Mark.

EVOE.

Our Go-ahead Cities.

"LIVERPOOL GALLOPS."
Poster of Evening Paper.

As usual, the Mersey also ran.

"COMMON COLD DEFIES U.S. SCIENTISTS."
Daily Paper.

Hands across the sneeze.

"The Juniors started very well in the —— Water-Polo League, but fell away in the last few matches, mainly because some of the members went down."—*College Magazine.*

Are water-wings barred?

"It appears that a slippery quality in a road surface is caused by the use of tar, or of bitumen, and that the condition can be avoided by the use of bitumen, or of tar."
Lincolnshire Paper.

Great fun for our Rural District Councils.



THE END OF AN IMPERFECT STAY.

MR. SNOWDEN (*bravely disguising his grief at parting*). "GOOD-BYE-EE!"
MR. BALDWIN (*hopefully*). "AU REVOIR!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 10th.—Why can the Burmese Railway buy a brace of tank locomotives in Hanover so much cheaper than from the highly-depressed engineering trades of our own country? We should all like to know, but clearly Mr. A. M. SAMUEL could hardly expect to get the answer from the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA. Mr. BENN made it clear that he did not propose *desipere in* tank *loco* with a lot more questions waiting to be asked.

"One can but ask" was the gist of Mr. HENDERSON'S amiable reply to Members who wished to know if representations to the Soviet Government on the subject of the Lena Goldfields arbitral award had produced any result. What about a spot of economic pressure? suggested Mr. MARJORIBANKS. Mr. HENDERSON looked pained.

The clam is a leather-lunged chatterbox compared to Mr. GILLETT on the subject of the length of credit being given to Russia under the export credits guarantee scheme. He made a mistake, however, in not satisfying Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER'S harmless desire for information on this point. "Was the hon. gentleman hiding the fact that he was giving better treatment to the Soviet Government than to other countries?" asked Sir PHILIP rather tartly.

It is a political axiom shared by all parties that a Committee a day keeps the dissatisfied voter at bay, so nobody looked surprised when the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY, in answer to a question by Sir G. PENNY, informed the House that fifty-three Commissions and Committees had been set up since the present Government took office. Was the personnel of these Committees included in the one-hundred-and-sixty thousand people to whom the Government claimed to have given work under its schemes? asked Captain CROOKSHANK brightly.

The Cunard Company is an institution of which every Englishman is justly proud. Its decision to build two new liners that in due course will be the fastest and biggest yet, is a thing on which we all congratulate ourselves, and the Government's decision to help it out on the insurance is universally approved. How then, you ask, did the House of Commons, without a single dissentient voice being raised, contrive to talk for two hours on the Cunard (Insurance) Agreement Money Resolution?

The answer is that that is what Parliament is for. Had the House been pressed for time it would have passed the Resolution in five minutes. As it was, Mr. GRAHAM'S pellucid explanation of what was being done and why was followed by a number of other speeches, in which the Member on his feet began by saying, "I do not rise to oppose or criticise the project," and



A NEW WHIP FOR THE OLD PACK.
SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR.

ended up by being called to order by the CHAIRMAN for rambling away into such irrelevant channels of discussion as the relative merits of state and private enterprise, or whether one or more of these Cunarders should not be constructed in the speaker's constituency.



A FAIRY GODMOTHER FOR CINDERELLA.
"DOMESTIC SERVICE IS BOTH AN HONOURABLE AND A SKILLED OCCUPATION."
Miss MARGARET BONDFIELD.

It was not without relief that the House passed on to the Small Landholders and Agricultural Holdings (Scotland) Bill. The Scots are seldom irrelevant, and even Mr. ADAMSON only deserted such germane matters as our imports of Danish butter and eggs to quote OLIVER GOLDSMITH on the subject of a "bold peasantry, their country's pride," which "once destroyed can never be supplied." Sir JOHN GILMOUR, while not fiercely opposing the measure, suggested that adequate reasons for the Bill had not been furnished, but hoped to hear them trotted out in Committee. Mr. MACPHERSON claimed that the Bill, unlike the Liberal Party's noble measure introduced last session, would not put a single soul on the land. So they went at it hammer and tongs, Mr. SCOTT, Mr. SKELTON and Mr. MACQUISTEN lending power to the Liberal onslaught, and Mr. TOM JOHNSTON holding the fort for the Government. But even Scottish smallholders only inspire a limited eloquence and nine o'clock found the House ready for home.

Tuesday, November 11th.—There was a certain restlessness among the clansmen when the LORD ADVOCATE, answering Mr. TRAIN, who is by no means as slow on the uptake as some Parliamentary trains, said that the question of illegalising Gretna Green marriages is occupying the attention of the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.

"Is there not a Bill in draft?" snorted Mr. TRAIN. Mr. AITCHISON admitted that there might be, but added that "nothing had been settled as to the form the legislation should assume." The difficulty seems to be to decide how to temper the draft to the shorn blacksmith of Gretna Green, some being in favour of scheduling him as an ancient monument, others of setting him up in a hotel.

Conservative Members who had painstakingly scanned the ceiling when the victor of South Paddington clambered aboard the good ship Opposition made up for it by greeting the new Member for Shipley with loud and orthodox cheers. It was the Socialists' turn to try to look as if nothing of the slightest importance was happening. It may have been the reaction from this effort of self-mastery that caused them to throw themselves into the debate in Committee on the Education Bill Money Resolution with unaccustomed ferocity.

Mr. MAXTON began it by accusing the CHAIRMAN of hindering instead of helping the Committee, a suggestion that Mr. YOUNG repudiated but wisely refused to take seriously. It was the comparatively harmless remark of Mr.

WOMERSLEY, who opposed the Resolution, that the parents were not at all anxious to leave their children at school which started the trouble.

"That is a lie!" shouted Mr. McGOVERN, the Labour Member for Shettleston. The CHAIRMAN besought the hon. Member to withdraw the offensive word, but Mr. McGOVERN was withdrawing nothing, so the CHAIRMAN very politely invited him to withdraw himself. Mr. McGOVERN was not prepared to confer even that favour on the House, so the SPEAKER, hastily appearing from nowhere, "named" Mr. McGOVERN, and Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN moved that he be suspended from the House. This time Mr. McGOVERN *did* withdraw himself, pausing, however, at intervals on his way to the door to shout "Baby-starvers!" and "Dirty lot of dogs!"—expletives presumably intended to embrace the whole 305 Members who had voted to be rid of him.

Evidently feeling that they must do something to restore their prestige, one of Mr. MAXTON'S Fearless Forty immediately began to ask the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES if he meant to make Mr. WOMERSLEY withdraw his "foul slander on the working classes." Ultimately they subsided and let Mr. WOMERSLEY go on with his perfectly harmless speech.

Others took up the debate—confined to the question of maintenance allowances for children in the new age-group—Socialists contending that the proposed means-test was degrading, and that in any case the proposed allowance was too niggardly, the Opposition arguing that the whole thing was an extravagance which the nation could not afford.

Sir JOHN SIMON pointed out that the working-man seeking a maintenance grant for his child could hardly object to stating on a form his "income from all sources" when the unfortunate income-tax payer was subject to just such a searching inquisition, and, while not objecting to the principle of the Bill as enunciated in the Hadow Report, condemned the manner and the circumstances of its introduction.

Mr. MAXTON found it a "trivial scheme," and seemed to think that the taxpayers' ability to find another six millions or so for education was demonstrated by the oversubscription of the South African Loan. The MINISTER in reply said that, the worse times were, the better was the reason for keeping the children at school.



"Remember, my lad, the proverb: 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' Let me see you in future trying to McGOVERN yourself."

Mr. McGOVERN AND Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN.

Wednesday, November 12th.—Lord PARMOOR is so accustomed to being bloody but unbowed beneath the bludgeonings of noble Conservative Lords that a full-dress lambasting from Lord BRENTFORD, vicariously suffered on behalf of his colleague, the FOREIGN SECRETARY, must have seemed all in the day's work. Lord BRENTFORD, though emphatic about the "wrigglings and wobblings" of Mr. HENDERSON, is not by any means the first to accuse him of offering buns to the Soviet bear when he should be tickling it up with a touch of the hot poker, and his bear-baitings disclosed nothing particularly new or startling. Lord PARMOOR in reply made it plain that alike as to Soviet propaganda and Soviet dumping the Labour Government expects to do exactly nothing.

While Lord BRENTFORD in another place was setting about him hammer-and-tongs — or should one say hammer-and-sickle?—Mr. HENDERSON was doubting in the Commons if it was any good his representing to the Soviet Government the desirability of granting the usual facilities to newspaper correspondents. "I am always trying to impress the Soviet Government with one thing or another," he complained almost tearfully. That is true, but, as Lord BRENTFORD was busy pointing out elsewhere, he has always "said it with buns."

Thursday, November 13th.—Dr. ADDISON moved the Second Reading of the Agricultural Land (Utilisation) Bill. It proved, in so far as Dr. ADDISON condescended to detail, a futile sort of measure that might be valuable if it succeeded, but is destined to fail. Ranch-farming in a small and overpopulated country, and the settling on smallholdings of industrial workers who detest the country, would be difficult things to achieve in any case.

With agriculture at the mercy of the foreign dumper even an annual expenditure of two or three millions of the taxpayers' money will not ensure success. So declared Mr. GUINNESS and other opponents of the measure; but the Liberals hailed the Bill as "right up their street," and there seemed no real reason for adjourning the debate instead of polishing off the Second Reading then and there.



There was an old man who said, "Where
Can impressions be made on this Bear?
I will sit on this stile
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of this Bear."

(*Lines and picture after* EDWARD LEAR.)

"I AM ALWAYS TRYING TO IMPRESS THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT WITH ONE THING OR ANOTHER."—*Mr.* ARTHUR HENDERSON.



[To photograph wild animals in their native haunts requires courage and infinite patience. Successful results can only be obtained when the animals are absolutely unaware of the presence of the photographer.]

The Hippopotamus. "SH—! GO AWAY. THERE'S A MAN IN THAT BUSH TAKING SNAPSHOTS, AND HE THINKS I DON'T KNOW."

MORE QUALIFICATIONS.

I.

Examiner. You want a post as overseer of road repairs?

Applicant. Yes.

E. Well, let us suppose that, having been appointed, you find it necessary, as it appears to be nearly all the time on any road all over the country, to arrange for temporary one-way traffic. How would you deal with the signallers—the men who hold up the red and green flags? Would you detail two able-bodied members of the gang for this simple task?

A. Of course. That's what's done.

E. You wouldn't keep those able-bodied men at work and engage older ones or even partly-incapacitated soldiers?

A. It would never occur to me.

E. Go ahead.

II.

E. You require a certificate of merit as a theatre architect?

A. If you please.

E. Does it worry you when the street chosen for a new theatre is narrow and already congested?

A. Not a bit. All I have to do is to build.

E. Tell me if it is your habit to sit in every seat in the house at the ends of rows to see if there is a good view.

A. Certainly not.

E. And you make a point of putting the stalls closer together than, for comfort, they ought to be?

A. Of course.

E. You seem to have the right notions. Certificate granted.

III.

E. You want to become an upper-floor waiter in a hotel?

A. Yes.

E. Have you any reason to suppose you would reach the standard of efficiency required?

A. I 'ave one reason, vairy good. When I make the tea with the 'ot water I take care she do not boil.

IV.

E. You want to be a dentist?

A. It is the dream of my life.

E. Well, so long as you are prepared to be inaccessible on Saturdays and Sundays, no matter how teeth may ache, you ought to do well. Are you prepared?

A. Fully.

V.

E. And what can I do for you?

A. I want to take a country hotel.

E. Have you any novel scheme?

A. Of course. I shall spend most of my time in the bar.

E. Then you are not likely, I take it, ever to go upstairs to see if things are all right there?

A. Never.

E. Even though your manageress is incapable?

A. No.

E. You won't even look to see if the nail-brushes have been removed from the lavatory and the roller-towel needs renewing?

A. No.

E. But you'll arrange to have the only light in the bedroom in the middle of the ceiling, and the bell-push and switch out of reach from the bed?

A. Naturally.

E. I see no reason why you should not succeed.

VI.

E. You say you want a job as engine-driver on a French railway?

A. Yes.

E. You know what is expected?

A. Yes.

E. Tell me.

A. When I stop at a station I do so with such a jerk that the passengers are flung forwards.

E. Good. Yes?

A. And when I start again it is with, if possible, a worse jerk.

E. You can count on employment.

VII.

E. And what is your ambition, my boy?



Shopman. "I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT—THAT EXTRA THIRTY YARDS AT THE END OF YOUR DRIVE."
Customer. "NO, IT'S THE FIRST THIRTY YARDS I'M WORRYING ABOUT."

A. I want a bicycle.

E. Will you undertake to ride in company, two abreast, as often as you can, and, whenever possible, three abreast?

A. Of course.

E. And after dark arrange your overcoat so that it covers the reflector?

A. Sure.

E. Then you will be a cyclist all right.

VIII.

E. You want to be a chauffeur in London? Do you know it well?

A. Very little.

E. Have you a memory for places?

A. None at all.

E. You would not even remember when a street is up? Say Regent Street?

A. Never. I should always go that way again and get into another block.

E. Excellent. Which do you prefer—to sound the horn at the right moment or use the brakes?

A. To use the brakes.

E. When on theatre duty, where do you like to stand—at the head of the row or the tail of it?

A. Right at the far end.

E. You will do. E. V. L.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

[Sir JAMES JEANS asserts that "we need no longer discuss whether light consists of particles or waves; we can think of it as either according to our mood."]

RESPECTING the ingredients
Of light I place reliance
On the knowledge and expedients
For tests of men of science;
That particles may fill it is,
They say, upon the cards;
And they will not dissuade you
If to waves you hold the ray due,
For both as possibilities
The scientist regards.

My niece, Aline, was firm anent
Her shingle's wild behaviour;
A moulding that is "permanent"
She welcomed as its saviour;
Her hair, begrooved and hillock-wise,
Undoubtedly behaves;
And when my gaze impinges
On its nuances and tinges
It's then that I soliloquise
That light consists of waves.

I had a bonfire recently;
The children thought it splendid;
I think it blazed as decently
As those of other men did;
Old clothes and other articles
Comprised a handsome guy;
And underneath a sprinkling
Of smuts I had an inkling
The glow was formed of particles
That lighted up the sky.

A triumph it should be, or is,
When things conform in practice
With scientific theories;
For instance, when the fact is
Agreed as indisputable
That light may well be viewed
As particles (or pieces)
Or as billows (like my niece's),
Whichever seems more suitable
According to one's mood. C. B.

This Week's Commercial Candour.

"THE —— LAUNDRY, LTD.
Specialists in Shirt and Collar Dressing.
Bag Wash 3/3 per Dozen.
Entirely Finished."
Advt. in Theatre Programme.

We can well believe it.

"At the —— Hotel there are now far more private bathrooms."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We gather that the doors have been furnished with locks and the windows with frosted glass.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MAN WHO KISSED HIS WIFE" (PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE).

MR. DONALD BUCKLEY, the author of this farcical comedy, ought to learn something from the (I should judge) new experience of seeing his play played at him. He will realise how fatally easy it is to weave engaging complications and how confoundedly difficult to unravel them. You have, in fact, to pay for your fun in this kind sooner or later; and later, of course, generally means the Third Act. Unfortunately the audience shares the "expense of spirit."

Let us take a glance at the complications. *Mrs. Lisden* (*Henrietta*), a comely red-haired rattle with two daughters—the elder (*Marjorie*) of marriageable, the younger (*Edna*) of the brightly cynical, age—and a son (*Frank*), a budding medico, engaged to the daughter of the local bigwig and bore, *Lady Seacombe*. This portentous lady has begun to have suspicions. *Robert Lisden*, a gentleman of a distinctly polygamous turn of mind and body, had in fact deserted *Henrietta* some seven years ago. *Henrietta* had created a picturesque legend to account for his long absence, a complicated and unlikely story about big-game hunting, digestive trouble and a weakness of the heart which necessitated his living in warmer climes than ours. A woman with a medical son might have done a little better than this, we thought; and so, in fact, did *Lady Seacombe*. Easy enough to buy a marriage-ring, to talk vaguely of big-game hunting. I must know a little more about this attractive person before I entrust my precious daughter to her son's care.

Not that *Henrietta* isn't an elaborate and circumstantial liar. Periodically there arrive (from the Army and Navy Stores) cases containing tigers' skins, bisons' heads, moufflons' horns and what-not. Her natural history is no stronger than her knowledge of medicine, but then neither is *Lady Seacombe's*.

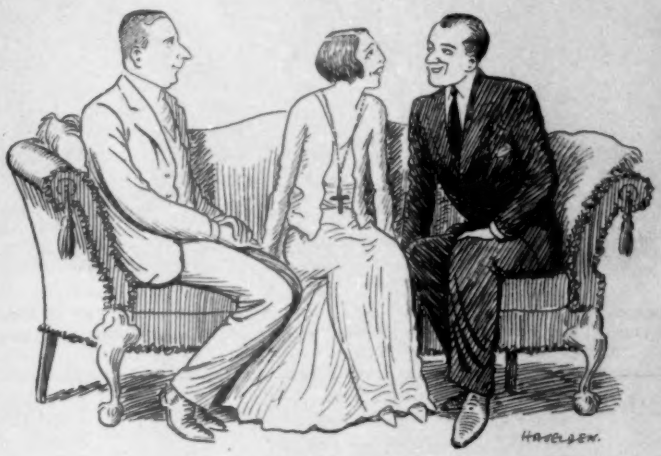
The situation is growing tense. *Lady Seacombe* is one of those cross-examiners that break the witness down by sheer weight of metal. Robert, thinks *Henrietta*, must obviously be produced. An advertisement is inserted in the Agony Column of *The Thunderer*. But there happens to be another *Robert* in Queen Anne's Mansions, to whom every Friday, unknown to her family, *Henrietta* repairs for tea and conversation; *thé simple*, not *thé complet*, we are given to understand—though that was not due to any lack of zeal on the part of *Robert* the second. So the advertisement is answered by both the *Roberts*. The Queen Anne *Robert* appears first and is welcomed with acclamation by the children as their long-lost father, a situation which for his own private ends he adroitly accepts and improves. He is introduced to *Lady Seacombe* in the capacity of the long-lost husband.

It is easy for the discerning to guess the kind of complications that arise when *Robert* the polygamist arrives upon the scene. It is only fair to say that all went as merry (nearly) as a marriage-bell until the middle of the Second Act, when those of us who are paid to know these things realised that it would be quite impossible to solve the little puzzle in a satisfactory manner. But the situation was even a little worse than this. The author manœuvred for position (having already lost his battle) at such length that we began to wish both claimants for *Henrietta's* affection well out of the way.

Which was a pity, because MR. FELIX AYLMER played the imperturbable adroitly-scheming *Robert* of the Mansions with admirable address, and MR. GEORGE BARRAUD gave us a most attractive study of a genial ne'er-do-well with a taste for jokes, women and whisky; and MISS IRIS HOEY did what she does so well—lied and laughed her way through the tangle, retreated, advanced, looked adorably pretty and desirable, wore the affectations and airs of an unscrupulous man-hunter with a merry grace, and in general did all that was required of her. The sad truth is that the play let the players down. All the same, there are the makings of a good farce-writer in MR. DONALD BUCKLEY. The dialogue is perhaps not exactly sprightly—it creaks a little, in fact; but his ideas are good and his characterisation, helped by reasonably competent acting, is plausible enough. It is true that *Lady Seacombe* (MISS HELEN FERRERS) has appeared in about two hundred plays within the last decade; *Henrietta's* sister, *Ada Crosswell* (MISS MARGARET DAMER) in about two hundred plays in the decade before that.

MISS KATHLEEN HARRISON, as *Henrietta's* maid, *Helen*, gave us one of those extraordinarily well-observed studies of the female half-wit of which she has made a speciality. While she is doing this business she *is* the half-wit from rubber-heel to badly-shingled hair.

There is, or should be, a limit, I think, to the kind of noises which can decently be emitted by orchestras during the entr'actes. A banged piano and a toneless violin were in this instance the principal features of this British aid to conversation. Of course, when one thinks about it one must withdraw the criticism. The wonder is, considering the attention they receive, that theatre-musicians stick to their jobs with such fine courage and honesty. T.



ONE ROBERT TOO MANY.

Robert Woking . . . . . MR. FELIX AYLMER.
Mrs. Lisden . . . . . MISS IRIS HOEY.
Robert Lisden . . . . . MR. GEORGE BARRAUD.

The Westminster Barnacles at Bay.

"Ministers, instead of asking to be relieved of their job, stuck to it with the ferocity of limpets. . . ."—*Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P., as reported in Daily Paper.*

"Mr. H. A. Vachell, the novelist, who made Harrow famous by writing 'The Hill,' was in the chair."—*Bath Paper.*

Just as ROUGET DE LISLE made France famous by writing "The Marseillaise."

"In the village of ——, near the capital, there is a fine old Cistercian Convict dating from the sixteenth century."

Guide-book to Vienna.

It sounds like an everlasting life sentence.



Fair American Visitor (getting made wise as to who's who). "SAY, WHO'S THE STOUT GUY IN FRONT ON THE PINTO?"
Native. "GREAT LAWYER. THEY ONCE THOUGHT HE WOULD HAVE BEEN MADE MASTER OF THE ROLLS."
Fair American Visitor. "NEVER HEARD OF THEM. VURRY PROVINCIAL PACK, I GUESS."

EASTWARD BOUND.

VII.—RANGOON.

RANGOON,
Famous to-day
And destined soon
To play
A greater part
In history.
It's not for me
To sing
Your meagre start,
Your mushroom growth:
My hat!
I would be loath
To do a thing
Like that:
To emphasize
The swamp
That lies
Below your pomp,
The fact that ere
The British came
And stirred the lair
Your claim
To fame
Was—well,
I'd rather tell
Of those
By whom you rose,
Of Scots
Not just a few,
Say one or two,
But lots and lots,
Almost a nation,
Who built their shacks
And chimney-stacks
Along these creeks,
The perspiration
Streaming from their cheeks,
Gaunt pioneers
Whose pluck
And luck
Have glorified the years;
Whom neither mud
Nor flood
Nor aching skies
Nor flies
Could drive from toil;
Who left their wives
Beside
The Clyde
To dedicate their lives
To things like oil
Or rice or teak
Or even hides—
Gad! how those hides did reek!
Battling with tides
And steamy rains,
Leeches and fleas
That brought disease
And every pest
That haunts a hot land,
Until their gains
Should give them rest
From all their pains
In Scotland.
'Twas thus they spent
Those years
Of hopes and fears,
And when they went
They left behind
Glasgow's great boon
Bequeathed to all mankind—
Rangoon.

J. M. S.

"THE SAUVE MR. COOK."
Evening Paper.

Yet only a few years ago he was the "sauve qui peut" Mr. COOK.

"On entering Room ——, we are immediately struck by the fine picture above the mantelpiece of Simpson and the Philistines."
Guide-book to Vienna.

Another schism in Bloomsbury?

"Besides being the author of 'The Stricken Deer,' Lord David Cecil has recently published a brilliant biography of Cowper."—*Daily Paper.*

He seems to have stalked poor old COWPER twice over.

THE LATEST IN RINGS.

SOCIETY in the United States, that home of useful enterprise, has, we are told, taken up a new invention. This is a divorce-ring; it is made of onyx and is worn on the third finger of the left hand by those who have got through the hedge of matrimony by the gate of divorce. It should be borne in mind that in that happy country this can be done without unpleasantness or disagreeable implication on either side; a touch of boredom, some small incompatibility, and there you are.

There is nothing to be surprised at in this novelty; the wonder is that it wasn't thought of before. It meets a need. In the old simple days an engagement-ring was worn as a mark of reservation, and a wedding-ring as a sign, from the lady's point of view, that she had brought it off, and, from the husband's, as a notice to others to keep off the grass. And that was all. Marriage was the culmination. But with the growth of luxury, divorce, once a rare thing, has increased in favour and popularity until it seems to have become a third element in the matrimonial system. It rounds a sequence. Wedlock is a hop, skip and jump. You hop into an engagement, you skip into matrimony and you jump out of it with divorce.

Clearly this new element, if only for symmetry, demands a ring just as much as the others; and now it has got it. Such a ring gives divorce its formal social recognition. It is a badge too. It shows that the wearer, in spite of her wedding-ring, is unattached and that tenders may be offered.

It is to be regretted that more details have not been vouchsafed to us. Take for instance the case of the lady who, so to speak, moves straight across the way from husband No. 1 to husband No. 2. Does she in that brief passage go in for a ring? I take it she does. Consider too the devotee of divorce who, one may say, moves lightly from flower to flower picking up rings as she goes. Does she wear the lot? Probably, as they would work up to a fine trophy. And, by the way, who pays? Not the lady, for there would be no fun in that. It is presumably the last act of the ex-husband.

Take it all round, this is a reasonable and satisfactory innovation. Something of the kind could be applied here, especially with regard to the male. The need has long been felt of some mark of distinction between the married man and bachelor; many a good sportswoman has been sold by thinking that her quarry was fair game, only to find that she was in pursuit of a flighty and unprincipled benedick who ought to be ashamed of himself. But the man who really wants a badge is the refused bachelor. Refusal draws him into himself, makes him shy of trying again and shows him up quite wrongly as a wary old trout who isn't taking any fly. A badge is the thing for him. It would stir up the sympathetic to a desire to offer consolation and it would kindle the sporting spirit of the huntress. With one or the other—and a little luck—he ought to bring it off.

But I don't recommend a ring (or rings). What he should have is a medal. It should be provided (gold) by the first lady who has the cheek to turn him down, and each subsequent disappointment, if any, should be marked with a bar. This decoration should be worn on the right side, like that presented for saving life by the Royal Humane Society. Only till matrimony. It could be discarded then.

DUM-DUM.



Teacher. "WHERE'S YOUR SISTER?"
Pupil. "SHE CAN'T COME; SHE'S GOT WHOOPEE-COUGH."

Precautions against Infection in the Underworld.

"Dr. —— ——, School Health Officer, will vaccinate all those who wish to be vaccinated. for interment in the family plot."
Canadian Paper.

MEMORIES OF A VICTORIAN PREP-SCHOOL.

II.

On foot we roamed, but seldom far
  Beyond the bounds of our few acres,
So long before the motor-car
  That we were innocent of bone-shakers;
No pastrycooks made glad our hearts,
  Like those at Eton and at Harrow,
But we could buy three-cornered tarts
  And sherbet from "Old Goaty's" barrow.

Although I loathed the pallid look
  Of the cold pork at Sunday's dinner,
Elsie, the buxom Scottish cook,
  Saw to it that we grew no thinner;
Indeed we throve upon a fare
  Which, though eked out by frequent hampers,
Unfavourably would compare
  With that of modern summer campers.

Our love of Nature was so slight
  As to be more than half barbaric;
We caught and made stag-beetles fight;
  Our skill with slings was Balearic;
For with our home-made catapults—
  As I to-day recall with blushes—
We warred with murderous results
  On blackbirds, sparrows, tits and thrushes.

* * * * *

In time "Old P." gave up his rule,
  Retiring to a country living,
Leaving his sons to run the school,
  Not without natural misgiving:
The wiser man went to the wall,
  The headstrong gambler proved the master,
Launched out and crashed, and in his fall
  Ended the dynasty in disaster.

In other hands the school dragged on;
  Heads came and went, but none re-kindled
The inspiration that was gone,
  And steadily the numbers dwindled,
Till, marked by failure's fatal stamp,
  And from its normal use diverted,
For years it was a prison camp,
  And then dismantled and deserted.

Once peopled by a cheerful host
  Of boys who worked and played and chattered
I saw it then, a dismal ghost,
  With blistered walls and windows shattered;
As though a stricken Flanders field,
  Strewn with barbed wire, with trees distorted
And all its hideous wounds unhealed,
  Had been to English soil transported.

Yet, as I bade a sad farewell
  To scenes endeared by recollection,
The force of Memory's magic spell
  Lent them a final resurrection:
The mists of sixty years rolled back—
  Years sometimes fruitful, often wasted—
And, heedless of the almanac,
  Youth's "red sweet wine" once more I tasted.

C. L. G.

THE BATH JEST.

An American housewife has been making public what I am sure she believes to be dreadful revelations concerning the English bathroom. It seems that a High Personage, whom I shrink from bringing to the blush, is compelled when he takes a bath in his official residence to do so under conditions which would fill the ordinary American citizen with shame. As for the average English bathroom, especially the "adapted" kind, she regards it a joke.

Now I cannot take this lying down, not because I resent the English bathroom being treated as a joke, but because I fear the possibility of its ceasing to be a joke. This painful contingency is not in the least unlikely, since every Englishman who can raise the money to buy or build a modern residence burgeons thickly with trans-Atlantic ideals of artistic and hygienic efficiency when he comes to consider the bathroom—or if he doesn't his wife does. It is impossible for this sort of thing to go on without bringing about a very marked and, in my opinion, deplorable change in the English character. Let us take the case of Ambrose Spikenard.

Ambrose has, as the City would say, done pretty well for himself, and in consequence he and his wife have recently attained the bathroom of their dreams. It is a sumptuous apartment with a vast sunken bath of roseate marble, into which you may step with the dignity of a Roman patrician or, if you are unwary of the beautiful polished tiles, flop with the ponderous abandon of a sea-lion.

It did not surprise me to discover that Ambrose no longer sings in his bath; I should as soon have expected him to dance a hornpipe in a cathedral. Yet there was a time when as a bathroom-singer Ambrose was practically irrepressible. We lived in the same road, and on the testimony of the neighbours there was little to choose between us. It was generally conceded that Ambrose won on timbre, but I knew this to be entirely due to the fact that the acoustic properties of the Spikenard geyser were slightly superior to those of our geyser. When we moved away and had a different geyser I got results with "Annie Laurie" and "Billy Boy" which surprised me by their beauty and resonance.

In this bathroom which Ambrose now owns, or rather which now owns Ambrose, such things are inconceivable. Ambrose, when tackled, said that somehow he did not seem to have time to sing in the bathroom, and, if he uses half the gadgets which modern hygiene and efficiency have supplied for his ablutions, this may to some extent be true. I, however, choose to doubt it. I prefer to picture Ambrose thoughtlessly trolling a stave while wallowing for the first time in marbled luxury and then sitting appalled by the humiliating effect. From that moment I see him in that overwhelming environment gradually reduced to little more than a cipher—a poor crushed shape of a man.

In addition to degenerating into a songless ablutioner Ambrose does not even tinker about with his bathroom, because in such bathrooms things scarcely ever go wrong, and when they do go wrong they are so complicated and so concealed that a mere householder can do no more than hasten to the telephone for the services of a plumber-de-luxe.

Herein lies the deadly menace to English humour. For generations it has thrived on men who, like *Mr. Pooter*, have painted their baths with grotesque results to their own persons; on men who have trodden on loose stair-rods while carrying a fish-kettle of hot water from the kitchen to the bath; on men who have made themselves the sport of recalcitrant washers, leaking pipes and apoplectic geysers, and yet have remained sufficiently masters of their bathroom to be able to sing in it *sans peur et sans reproche*.

"Ambrose," I said sadly, "it would seem that when luxury and efficiency come in at the bathroom-door laughter flies out of the window." I went on to remind him of the time when his young wife and I rushed upstairs to find him wedged between the bath and the wall and tom-tomming for help with the sponge-rack.

"Ugh!" he replied, obviously itching to demonstrate a gleaming appliance which hung over the massive wash-basin, "those old-fashioned bathrooms were *no joke*."

The italics are mine. Heaven help the man!

D. C.

Another Broad-Minded Capitalist.

"Shipley . . . The Liberal polled 12,795, while the Communist inherited his deposit."
Bristol Paper.

"Baked Deans on Toast."
Menu of Manchester Club.

An appetising alternative to Angels on Horseback.







THE ADMIRAL'S WATCH.

THE Admiral's daughter was all that was adorable;
"Darling, remember," the Sub-Lieutenant wrote—
He had lost his heart to her, a loss unreatorable—
"You 'll meet me in the garden, dear; to-night I go afloat."
All that now remained was to find a way to give her it;
He whistled to the garden-boy: "Like to earn a shilling?"
The garden-boy grinned and remarked that he was willing.
"Quick, take this, then, and see that you deliver it."
The carelessness of some boys really is deplorable.
The boy went and handed the Admiral the note.

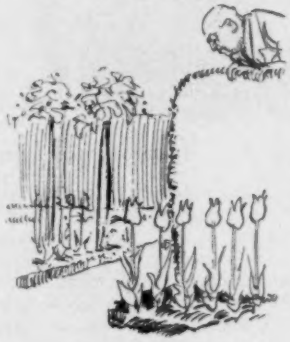
"Hey?" said the Admiral, fiercely perusing it;
"Ha!" (and a light step paused and withdrew);
"I've an only daughter, and I look like losing it.
Ho!" (and a bobbed head slipped out of view);
"'Meet me in the garden'? Eden and an Eve again?
What if he meets Eve's papa, though, instead?
That 'll teach Adam where to spend shore leave again;
Love among the roses—my roses!" he said.

"I'll go and meet him. Eh, but wait a minute—
Where am I to meet him? It doesn't quite say.
'Meet me in the garden'—but whereabouts in it?
It just says 'the garden' in a vague sort of way.
Now I come to think of it, there's nothing that shows one;
When he says 'the garden'" (the Admiral was rich),
"Does he mean the Dutch one? the Rock one? the Rose one?
The Vinery? the Pinery? the Herb one? or which?"

He called for a cocktail, and after he had drunk one,
"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "this needs care;
For does he mean the Kitchen one? or does he mean the
Sunk one?
The Orchard? the Pergola? the Nutwalk? or where?"

Round and round the garden industriously cruising
All through the long hot summer afternoon,
Less and less pretending that he found them amusing,
He studied the glories of a garden in June;
Studied the broccoli, the phloxes, the ramblers,
Trod between the rose-beds a quarter-deck beat—
But never had a sight of two fond amblers;
The Admiral tasted his first defeat.

And presently, behold his dark-eyed daughter
Tripping up the lawn, rather late for tea.
"Where have I been? Oh, down by the water—
Down beside the swan-pool, Dad," said she;
And the Admiral's daughter smiled at him deliciously.
The Admiral refrained, though it was pain and grief to him,
From making a remark or two that would have been relief
to him.
"Ah, yes," he said. "And the rose in your hair?
No doubt," said the Admiral a trifle maliciously,
"Down beside the swan-pool a swan put it there!"

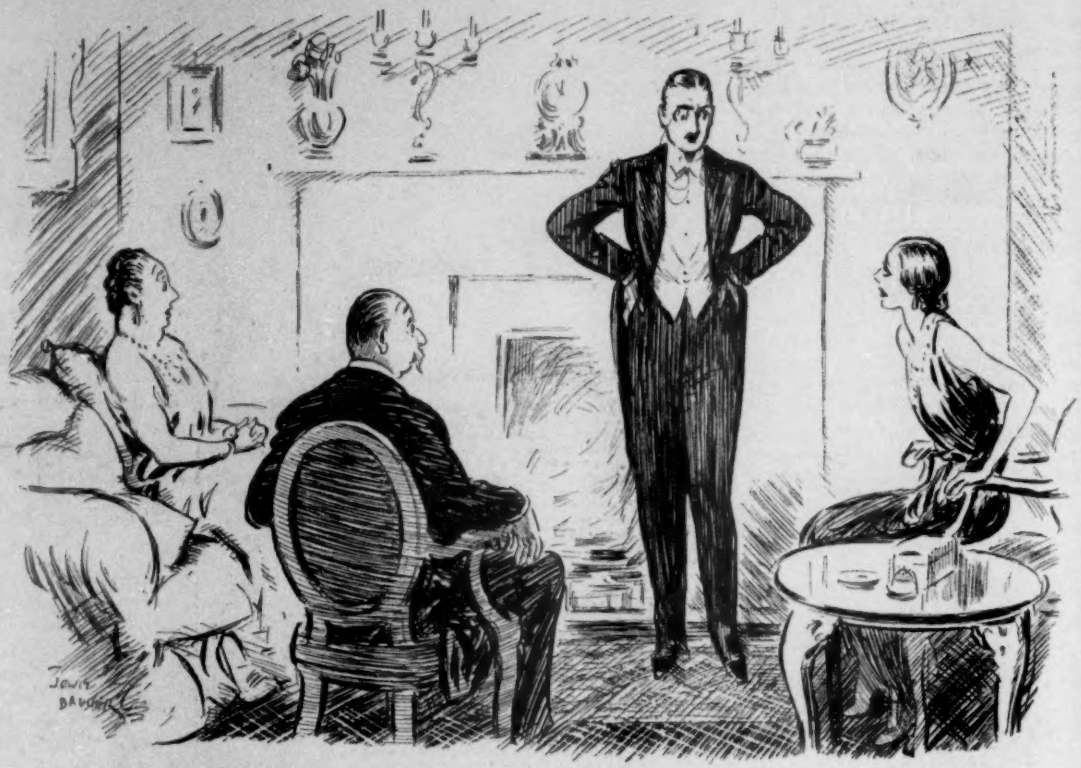












Weary and slightly absent-minded Hostess (rousing herself as clock strikes eleven). "WELL, JOHN, I SUPPOSE WE OUGHT TO BE GOING——"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HUMOUR, sympathy and shrewd observation are among the marked characteristics of Mr. H. W. NEVINSON's study of the English character which he calls *Rough Islanders* (ROUTLEDGE, 7/6 net). The scenery, the birds and beasts, and the climate of our island, the various classes which make up English society, from the KING to the labouring man, and their various absorptions, sporting, religious, political and artistic, all pass under the writer's acute, usually discerning and sometimes slightly acid review; and his comment is always stimulating and readable, however little one may be in agreement with his particular brand of political gospel. His viewpoint is of the order which used to be summarised in the word Radical, and would now, perhaps, be termed "Labour Right Wing," and there are times, it must be owned, when he allows it to bias his vision unduly. I very much doubt, for instance, whether, at the present level of Trade Union wages in most industries, many occupations could be found in which the combined earnings of a man and wife would be so low as forty shillings per week. Such has most certainly not been the case in the cotton towns of Lancashire for many years. Nor can I quite believe in the tyrannical Squire—Mr. NEVINSON is always a good deal less than fair to Squires in general—who demonstrates his power by terrorising the village into playing cricket instead of working on its allotments. Nevertheless the book is, as I have already suggested, decidedly one to be read, reproductions of paintings and drawings by Mr. C. R. W. NEVINSON providing an appropriate pictorial accompaniment to, rather than illustrations of the letterpress.

It is a poor compliment to human nature when a novelist of Miss ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK's calibre fails to produce one likeable character in a whole novel. Good points in plenty I concede to the cast of *Philippa* (CONSTABLE, 7/6)—it is part and parcel of Miss SEDGWICK's excellence to discern a jewel in the head of every toad she creates. But what toads—or, at the best, what invertebrates—she has chosen to assemble here! The least exceptionable company in the book, a sadly-wronged wife and mother, has no personal integrity. She exists solely in relation to her husband and children, and when these betray her she fades out like the traditional sycamore-tree when there's no one about in the quad. *Beth*, as she herself vaguely perceives, is the woman who has counted on the religious sanctions of marriage without having any particular faith herself or insisting on it in her husband and children. And her deplorable *Aldous*—an educationist who has failed to educate himself in the most elementary social decencies—betrays her with a very ordinary (I think too ordinary) vamp. Both father and mother wish to retain their daughter *Philippa*, but neither has any control whatever over this terribly-emancipated child. I gather that Miss SEDGWICK has a weakness for *Philippa*; but even Miss SEDGWICK finds it necessary to introduce the young lady to Nemesis before the fall of the curtain. A dreary book, in which such admirable skirmishing as the vamp's relations to her vampish sire poorly compensates for the ineffectual fire of the principals.

Tommy Picton and Certain Women
Describes with pleasant elaboration
A nice young fellow who lacks discrimination.

Whatever he does—and he's full of promise—
Travel, sport or out in the War, it
Appears to attract a vamp and *Tommy*'s for it.

But the story, by E. H. LACON WATSON
(From HERBERT JOSEPH, by whom it's listed)
Shows how *Tommy* gets all his knots untwisted.

His world was changed (on his *ipse dixit*)
By a girl he'd fancied himself too old for,
So the book's well worth the seven-and-six it's sold for.

It will be news, but I fancy good news, to many of us to learn that SOCRATES, whose caustic wisdom we thought incapable of envisaging new horizons, has sufficiently survived his hemlock to give his opinion of latter-day England. He came over—I have Mr. DOUGLAS WOODRUFF'S word for it—with young *Mylon* of Rhodes, whose pushful parent had heard rumours of scholarships. Young *Mylon*, I'm afraid, culled little from the adventure; but the sage saw enough of London, Oxford, the industrial North and the countryside to enlighten, when he got home, the symposium of which *Plato's Britannia* (SHEED AND WARD, 6/-) is the record. I am bound to admit that the old gentleman gave us every chance to shine. He betook himself, on arrival in Town, straight to the club of the Athenians, where he overheard deep converse about cars and crosswords; he sought out the Ideal Home, and was painfully surprised to find that it meant gadgets, not children; he fled to Oxford, only to find there the supreme example of the English talent for surrounding simple things with vast expense; and he explored Lancashire with the pious hope that she who sounded the onset for industrialism might furnish initiative for the retreat. For SOCRATES' prime counsel is a return to the simplicities, a return not sentimental but necessary and happily necessary. This is the refrain of a wise, witty and wholly good-tempered book which, while I foresee myself distributing it lavishly in duplicate this Christmas, I have earmarked for my own shelves.



Tipster. "NAH, DON'T GIT NERVOUS, YOU TOFFS; I AIN'T GOIN' TER PREACH. I WEARS THIS PARSON'S BIB 'COS I GOTTA WEAK CHEST."

In so remarkably vigorous and lively a style has Mrs. AMY STRACHEY fashioned her biography—*St. Loe Strachey: His Life and his Paper* (GOLLANCZ, 16/-)—that she has gone far to justify her smiling complaint that the Editor of *The Spectator* never properly appreciated her as a writer. It is the privilege of one who shared forty years of old-fashioned living-happily-ever-after to write subjectively, and indeed, though this record deals in workmanlike style with most of the major topics which engaged the great journalist's energies, it is written throughout from the author's own point of view. It is a record of the impressions he made on her from the moment of first acquaintance, on through a thousand vicissitudes, till his herculean task, to which she consciously and willingly subordinated her own personal impact on her generation, was finally completed. She herself figures in the story almost more than he does, but she figures as reflecting the light she willingly caught from him. This way of approach gives the book a defi-

nitely unusual character, which is enhanced by its charming and occasionally almost impish frankness and by the intimate living presence in its pages of persons as attractive as Miss MARY KINGSLEY or THEODORE ROOSEVELT or Lord CROMER. It is a volume which neither claims nor is required to be a complete record, yet, even granting there are omissions, one is still surprised to find no mention at all of Mr. JOHN BLACK ATKINS, who, while the great STRACHEY himself was incapacitated, rendered supremely important service in keeping *The Spectator* going.

The comparative maturity of *Tally Ho!* (PUTNAM, 5/-) is remarkable in view of the fact, for which the publishers vouch on the fly-leaf, that Miss MOYRA CHARLTON wrote it when only eleven. Fortune appears to have smiled on her, for in this biography of a horse she displays a real appreciation of the country and a sense of animals, combined with a prose style which for imagery and economy is quite out of keeping with her years. *Tally Ho's* story is told from his birth to his final return, as an old horse full of honour, to the wild herd on the hills of Mayo. As a youngster he is lucky with his masters. They see in him a hunter and jumper of rare spirit, and train him up in the way he should go. As the crown of his career he wins the local Hunt Cup after a glorious struggle, but at the expense of his wind, and he is sold to a third-rate livery stables in Dublin, where he has a period of misery before entering on his happy retirement. Miss CHARLTON gives us many quick sketches of the Irish countryside which vividly recolour one's memories. But what I like most about her writing is that it is entirely divorced from the sentimental vein into which so many books of this sort drift. She pays her horses the tribute of treating them as human beings, and when they talk they do so in an interesting and rational manner. Mr. LIONEL EDWARDS contributes seven charming illustrations to a book which makes one ask with delight and wonder what its author will do next.



Garage-Man (ex-dog-fancier, to prospective buyer of dilapidated car). "NO, SIR, YOU WOULDN'T CATCH ME PARTING WITH IT AT NO PRICE IF I DIDN'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN IT WERE GOING TO A GOOD 'OME."

"Who will be worthy of this Epos of futility?" asks RICHARD ALDINGTON in *Roads to Glory* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). "Who will tell its tragedy, comedy, pathos, horror, sacrifice, heroism, filth, degradation, misery, sorrow, cowardice, lust, exploitation, hypocrisy, greed, guilt, dreadful beauty. . . .? It will be done by one who did not endure it for those who will not care about it. For us the danger is that we shall say too much. . . ." Well, if not too much, perhaps with too unbalanced a stress on the base and the evil. Here are thirteen sketches of the War conceived in a mood of bitter irony and disillusionment. Nothing perhaps is too bad to say of war, of such a war, but the biased vision will perhaps make fewer pacifists of the still unconverted than a fairer presentation. Less cry, more wool. After all, life itself in peace-time can be seen through an appropriate refracting medium as a mere welter of greed, cruelty, lechery, tyranny and futility. But we all know there is more in it than that. So that I am afraid Mr. ALDINGTON'S too passionate aim makes him miss his mark. The writing is uneven—at its best vigorous, indeed passionate, and alive with a vehement bitterness. Nothing here described is impossible or even so bad as the truth. But the human spirit at its best does not react in this way to suffering however cruel and malignant.

Although Messrs. HEINEMANN state that *The Open Secret* (7/6) is worth "serious and immediate consideration," the fact remains that its theme is by no means uncommon in the sensational novels of to-day. But, if some of us are a little weary of tales whose main interest depends upon the plots and crimes of secret societies, we shall not be prevented from admiring the characterisation which gives distinction to Mr. OLIVER ONIONS' story. I cannot imagine, for instance, that *Clarry Moss* will easily be forgotten. He had been at Borstal, where, on entrance, candidates are dressed in plain grey, and subsequently are promoted to a uniform of blue if their conduct is meritorious. *Clarry* failed to get his blue, and indeed when we first meet him was a lad of whom Borstal would scarcely be proud. But Mr. ONIONS has traced his development with skill and sympathy, and the result is an indelible portrait of a young Cockney. The secrets of this story left me cold, but I am more than glad to have made *Clarry's* acquaintance.

Mrs. Tarrant was a lady with a taste for adventure, chiefly matrimonial. When *Norman Lock*, axed from the Navy, was given the command of her yacht, she had been twice a widow, and imagined that *Tarrant*, who had disappeared, was also dead. But *Lock*, though bound to secrecy, knew that *Tarrant* was still alive, and in the voyage that followed to the South Atlantic Ocean he required as much tact and courage as has ever been allotted to mortal man. Incidentally *Queer Partners* (MURRAY, 7/6) is the story of the lure of hidden treasure in Namaqualand and of a feud between two men, but its real interest lies in the actions and reactions of the curious passengers in *Cygnet*. Once or twice Mr. SINCLAIR MURRAY goes out of his way to be sensational, but on the whole he has told his story with dignity, and his description of the storm which *Cygnet* encountered is a really fine and vivid piece of writing.

How to Get a Full Church.

"In the evening the Rev. Canon —— preached with his wanton eloquence."—*Welsh Paper.*

"Defendant was paid 10s. for using obscene language."
Sussex Paper.

At this rate our old rowing coach should never starve.

CHARIVARIA.

THE cost of living is slightly higher than it was a year ago. This is because there is such a demand for it.

***

With reference to Sir JAMES JEANS' prediction that the moon will eventualiy break up into a number of small ones, so that there will be moonlight every night, confidence is felt that song-writers will readily adapt themselves to the changed conditions.

***

We understand that France is contemplating the construction of three battleships which will be the fastest in the world. The epidemic of world-peace seems to be spreading.

***

According to a paragraphist, Mr. HERBERT MORRISON's pronunciation of Magdalen College was corrected by Opposition Members to "Mordlen." Of course they rolled the "r" in the correct Oxford manner.

***

Variety artistes complain of the large sums which are paid to pugilists for appearing on the stage. Knock-about comedians never receive tempting offers to appear in the prize-ring.

***

The first exhibition in this country of the new American "all-in" style of wrestling, in which butting, ear- and nose-pulling and every hold that causes pain are permitted, was watched by many women; but it is not thought that they got any novel suggestions for the sales.

***

A burglar recently cut the telephone wire so that the householder had to run to the police-station in pyjamas. If the burglar's idea was to gain time he ran a grave risk of defeating his own ends.

***

We await confirmation of the rumour that the success of the Fleet Street Choir has decided Lord BEAVERBROOK to organise the Shoe Lane Troubadours.

***

The story told by a popular Sunday paper that in a London club a rich and eccentric peer wrapped up a cutlet in a serviette and put it in his pocket is not quite accurate. Eye-witnesses were positive that he used a napkin.

A lady relates in an evening paper that when her baby was born her dogs were so jealous that her husband gave them away. True dog-lovers would have given away the baby.

***

"SCARFACE" AL CAPONE has opened soup-kitchens for the "down-and-outs" of the Chicago underworld; but it is not believed that distress is so serious that in desperation at their inability to obtain regular criminal employment many are taking to honest work.

***

The fastest snail in the world, according to Mr. E. G. BOULENGER in his latest book, is the heliotis of the Channel Islands, which travels at the rate of nearly a quarter-of-a-mile an hour. This settles the question of the ideal breed for the chase of the electric lettuce.

***

Mr. G. B. SHAW is glad that his portrait was never painted by REMBRANDT, who drank and, in Mr. SHAW's opinion, made all his men look drunk. Still, we have seen portraits of Mr. SHAW that made him look carnivorous.

***

In view of the popularity of midget golf, disappointment is felt that there is not a corresponding vogue for a miniature type of golf-story.

***

We are told of a giant heavy-weight pugilist who is an authority on Elizabethan literature. Anxiety will be felt as to which side he supports in the SHAKESPEARE-BACON controversy.

***

A Society lady has just been married for the fourth time, her three previous marriages having been dissolved. There is some talk of making her an honorary film-star.

***

We can trust Mr. SNOWDEN to hold his own, says a Labour-writer. To say nothing of other people's.

***

From a recent gossip paragraph it seems that ADOLF HITLER has three hobbies—music, politics and ADOLF HITLER.

***

A reformer wants the Government to abolish hunting. But our legislators would be better employed making ends meet than meets end.

***

A mathematician observes that many people seem to be ignorant of how many noughts go to the million. We have never exhibited this defect when filling up our income-tax forms.

***

Fresh fruit by air is announced as an innovation. But Sir ISAAC NEWTON was served this way over two centuries ago.

***

Anglers complain that the big fish are leaving our coastal waters. One theory is that they are being drawn to American waters by the attractions of jettisoned bootleg liquor.

***

"One of our pupils earned over a shilling a word," states a literary correspondence school. Was the masterpiece: "Dear Dad, please send ten shillings by return.—BOB"?

***

A London police official doubts whether the recent assertion that a man is shot every five hours in Chicago is true. So do we. No human constitution could stand it.

***

A Judge says that people no longer seem to find any shame in going bankrupt. Soon they will be renaming it "Don't-Carey Street."

***

A writer urges that croquet is a far better game than rugger. Certainly croquet is seldom marred by those embarrassing intervals when a messenger rushes from the pavilion with a pair of shorts to replace those torn off by an infuriated opponent.



Objectionably cheerful Fellow. "WELL, WE MUSTN'T ALL MOPE ABOUT LIKE THIS. WE MUST DO SOMETHING TO KEEP CHEERFUL. WHO'S COMING FOR A BATHE?"

LONDON PRIDE.

[To judge from the evening posters, more than one sub-editor held the view that the announcement of London's luck in the draw for the Dublin sweep would appeal to the instinct of municipal patriotism.]

BORN as I was and bred in this
  Important town, it seems a pity
That England's large Metropolis
  (That is to say, her Mother City)
Has rarely made me swell inside,
Like a balloon, with natal pride.

My ample form is never found
  Wedged in a tier of massed spectators
That spend their dole on Tottenham's ground
  Watching the local gladiators;
Nor should I care a paltry damn
If Cardiff dashed the hopes of Ham.

The Lord Mayor's Show is my delight;
  I own it sets my pulses quivering—
The boom of clashing bands, the sight
  Of emblematic ladies shivering;
Yet any other Corporation
Would cause me hardly less elation.

As in the open I survey
  Crowds of indigenous fellow-creatures,
Not often am I heard to say,
  Noting their more obtrusive features—
A woman's bulging calf or knock-knee—
"Thank Heaven, I too was born a Cockney!"

If, when I want to cross the road
  Where traffic swirls in rotary tideways,
A waggon with a monstrous load
  Half through the traverse knocks me sideways,
It seldom makes me feel less sorry
To know it was a native lorry.

But, when I hear of Londoners
  Drawing a swift horse in a sweepstakes,
Then rapture in my breast occurs,
  Oh, then my heart ecstatic leaps takes!
The thought that London's gain is mine
Gives me a thrill all down the spine.

Grateful to all—I owe them much—
  Who to my better self appealing
By the true journalistic touch
  Infused a right parochial feeling,
Into an art-flower shop I stride
And buy a bunch of London Pride. O. S.

CONTRACTING OUT.

To N. A. Crackler, Esq., Messrs. Crackler, Crackler, Crackler & Crackler, Solicitors, 299, Bucklersbury, E.C.4.

Hunter's Hill, Bucks.
Oct. 30th, 1930.

DEAR NAT,—Will you read the following advertisement which I propose to put in the Personal Column of *The Times*? If it is all right and in correct legal lingo, please get one of your office-boys to run it down to Printing House Square for me. I expect it will cost about twenty-five shillings, and am enclosing that sum.

"I, Ronald Geoffrey Trewin Seymour, of The Summit, Hunter's Hill, Buckinghamshire, hereby give notice that I will not be responsible for my debts whensoever and howsoever incurred.

Dated this 31st day of October, 1930."

Yours, RONALD.

299, *Bucklersbury, E.C.4.*
R. G. T. Seymour, Esq. *Oct. 31st*, 1930.

DEAR RONALD,—The legal effect of issuing any notice, printed or otherwise, purporting to contract out of one's liabilities at common law is *nil*. Yours, NAT.

Hunter's Hill, Bucks.
N. A. Crackler, Esq. *Nov. 1st*, 1930.

DEAR NAT,—I know that when you put in *The Times* a notice saying you won't be responsible for your wife's debts (I don't mean *yours*, of course; nobody would marry you) it does not automatically get you out of paying for any she runs up. But it stops tradesmen tempting her. My idea is to stop old Veneer in Bond Street tempting me with his QUEEN ANNE things and putting them down to my account. He knows I can't resist. And old Pinxit in Duke Street, with his BONINGTON water-colours and such like things. Am I to be eternally broke because they *will* give me credit? Please put the advertisement through, and don't be too legally hidebound.

Yours, RONALD.

299, *Bucklersbury, E.C.4.*
R. G. T. Seymour, Esq. *Nov. 2nd*, 1930.

DEAR RONALD,—The effect of an advertisement crying down credit in respect of one's wife is to warn tradesmen not to allow the purchase of extravagant and unnecessary articles. Thus, if a general store, after the issue of such a warning, were to provide a wife with five diamond tiaras and one packet of patent breakfast-food, judgment could undoubtedly be obtained against the husband for the breakfast-food, but the firm's chances of getting paid for the tiaras would not be good.

In your case, however, there is no doubt that whatever you order you will be liable to pay for—advertisement or no advertisement. If you still wish to waste money on its insertion (it will cost twenty-five shillings), I'll get it done on receipt of the necessary money. In view of your present attitude towards the *giving of credit* I have felt it necessary to deduct the sum due for this advice out of your advance of twenty-five shillings. Detailed account is appended.

Yours, NAT.

ACCOUNT.		£	s.	d.
31.10.30.	Letter and advice *re* crying down credit	0	10	6
	Stamp			1½
2.11.30.	Further letter and advice on same	0	10	6
	Stamp			1½
2.11.30.	Telephone inquiry to *Times* office *re* charge for insertion of proposed advertisement	0	0	2
		1	1	5
	Advance of cash made on 30.10.30	1	5	0
	Balance in hand	0	3	7

Hunter's Hill, Bucks.
N. A. Crackler, Esq. *Nov. 3, 1930.*

DEAR NAT,—Can you recommend me an honest solicitor to consult regarding a proposed action against another solicitor for embezzlement? Yours, RONALD.

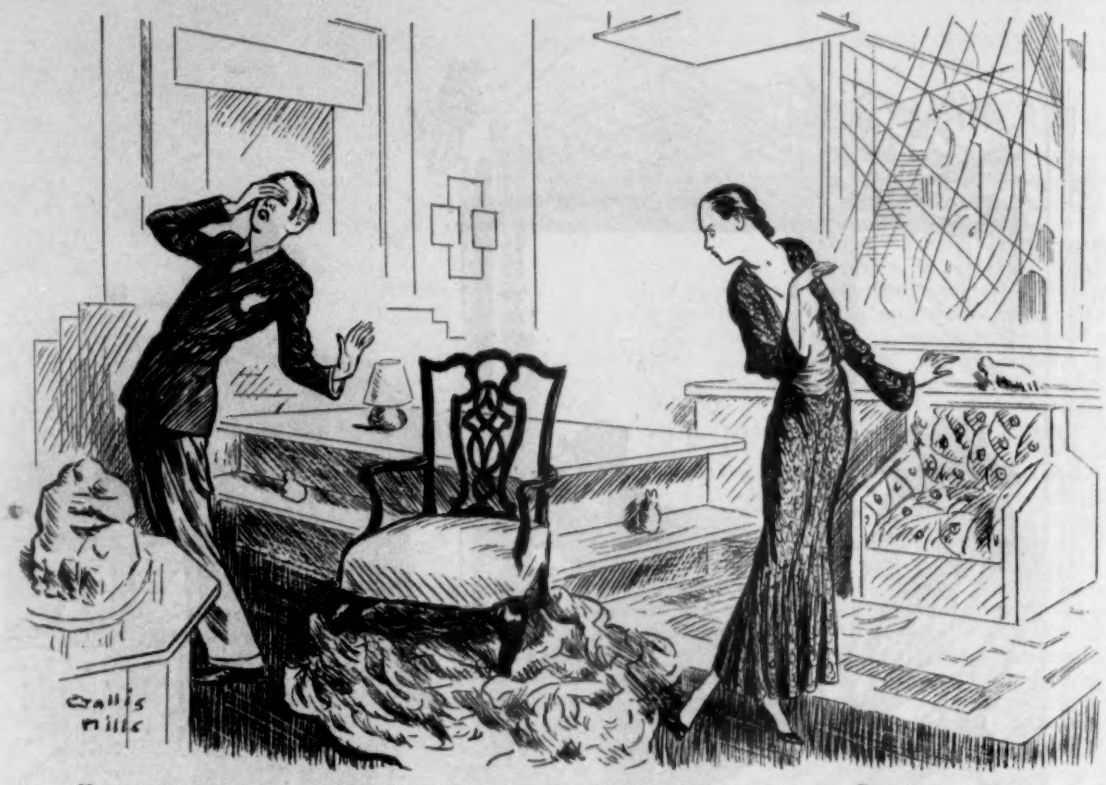
"GENERAL RAINFALL IN SOUTH AFRICA."
Headline in South African Paper.

Surely a near relative of General DE WET.



THE CAXTON HALL CURE.

MR. BALDWIN. "I HEAR THAT BOTH OF YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM AN ATTACK OF LOBBY-WOBBLES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE SECRET-BALLOT TREATMENT? I TOOK IT FOR A SIMILAR TROUBLE AND I'VE BEEN A DIFFERENT MAN EVER SINCE."



YOUNG MODERN FURNITURE-FANS REGISTERING HORROR ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A CHIPPENDALE CHAIR.

OF GAMING AND GAMES.

IT used to be the custom to praise "Merrie England" and the good old days when men were permitted to frolic at nine-pins the whole day long. But were they? Not a bit of it. Nine-pins were forbidden. Hop-scotch was heavily penalised. Croquet-players were excommunicated. Dice and squails were barred. A politician of three hundred years ago would be astonished, if he came back to earth, at the licentiousness of the present age.

He would discover an England almost entirely devoted to games of chance, or games that are partly chance and partly skill, and wonder why the State allowed it all to go on. For none of it, in his eyes, would advantage the moral character of the lieges, nor, on the other hand, would he see any compensating benefit to the Treasury.

"What are you getting out of golf?" he would say to the PRIME MINISTER. "All this land could be under wheat or meat. All these men are gambling at the rate of twopence a hole. The lewd and pernicious pastime should be forbidden at once. Players should have their ears cut off and be heavily fined. Far liefer would I see them in the pillory than following this devilment. Or if they be allowed to continue it they should have one eye put out and pay a service or duty to the King."

I may not have the phraseology quite exact. But such would be the tenor of any sand-hearted Tudor politician's remarks upon the Royal and Ancient game. Games and gambling and sport and healthy exercise he would regard as one and the same thing—disorderly, lascivious, and of no earthly use to the country's weal.

You may ask, for instance, why Henry VIII., chap. ix., prohibited, among other things, loggats and dash. The answer is that they turned men's minds from archery. Very likely they would have a similar effect even to-day. But so great was the esteem in which Henry VIII., chap. ix., was held that loggats and dash were still forbidden, because they interfered with archery, up to the year 1845, when our lax and degenerate Victorian grandfathers repealed the statute without getting any *quid pro quo* from the players of these games.

I perceive incidentally that FRANCIS DRAKE might have been arrested and clapped into prison for playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe. For bowls, like tennis and dice, like loggats and dash, were prohibited under Henry VIII., chap. ix. Possibly it was to wipe out the stigma of being concerned in that uproarious bout of bowls that DRAKE went out to tackle the Spanish Armada with a courage born of despair.

There were mitigations from time to time in the rigour of our laws. In 1618, JAMES I. made a declaration that the dancing of men and women, leaping, and May-games should be permitted. During the reign of QUEEN ELIZABETH therefore, I take it, men were not permitted to leap at all. Any suppressed desire for leaping that they felt inside them had to find expression in poetry or in scouring the Spanish main; and the milder *régime* of the STUARTS must have permitted many abuses to creep in. Men leaped *ad libitum*, and with indulgence in leaping there broke out, very likely, sporadic indulgences in loggats and dash. And by the time of GEORGE II. it was found necessary (chap. 34) to put a stop to roly-poly. Even golf (in Scotland) was rearing its dangerous head.

Obviously, then, England has always been prone to gaming and to putting money on games. I would suggest that England still is, and that our minds

are confused in this matter by the introduction of certain sports which, unlike loggats and dash, are said to be played for their own intrinsic amusement, or for welding the bonds of Empire, or for setting an example of clean sportsmanship to the world.

Probably the mediæval mind would have found no fun in these games. It would have failed to see any point in a pastime unless it was against the law, or somebody was going to be badly damaged, or a certain amount of money was involved. It would have discovered nothing holy or beautiful in the fact that very few wagers are made on cricket-matches or games of tennis. And we have to reckon with a certain survival of this sad old notion of gaming to-day.

You cannot prove to me by logic any reason why we should gamble on one game more than another. Nor any reason why, if the State does not forbid these disorderly and hilarious revellings, it should not make a little profit out of them, just as it does out of man-servants and crests and motor-cars and licences for guns and rods. Say, if you like, that cricket and football strengthen the moral fibre, and exempt them from duty. But what about croquet and backgammon and bowls? When I dissolutely play a round of golf with Jorkins for half-a-crown the money might just as well go to the Exchequer. And I would rather give half-a-crown to the Exchequer for every game of golf lost than an equal number of shillings extorted by the vile and pettifogging labour of filling up Schedule D. The glorious flame of hope would burn in me as I beat at the ball that this time I should win. And nothing is so bracing to the body, so warming to the mind, as hope. The gamer is the optimist, and the Government refuses to capitalise hope. I cannot see why.

That brings me at long last to lotteries.

I once, while staying at a seaside town, triumphed in a lottery. I took a half-crown ticket. The prize was a pig. I took the ticket at the bar of a small hotel. Never from that day to this have I been able to understand why the people at the bar were taking half-crown tickets for a pig. But the barmaid persuaded me and, wishing to pose as a jolly sportsman, I joined in.

I made no use of my pig. I gave it it away again to the hotel, though I have often wondered what it would have been like if I had kept it through life with me until now. But my point is that I would have willingly yielded to Mr. SNOWDEN a share in the proceeds of my pig, or at any rate a large slice of it. It was the thrill of adventure, the thought of ultimate victory, that moved me to take the plunge. How much more if the prize had been a quarter-of-a-million in Treasury notes would I not have been willing to give Mr. SNOWDEN a paltry hundred thousand or so!



Foursome Partner (from umbrella). "WE'VE GOT THIS FOR A HALF, BUT DON'T RISK GETTING WET, OLD MAN."

Anyone who compares the sensations of a man staking half-a-crown on a pig or five pounds on the Calcutta Sweep with the sensations of a man dealing with a buff form written by a departmental maniac in his darkest hours of delirium will see how different is the moral atmosphere. The pig, the money-prize, stand for adventure, for glory, for dreams. The buff form fills us with the pity and horror that we always feel when confronted with a case of paranoia or ossification of the intellect.

In short, if we are perpetually mulcted by the State, why should we not have a run for our money? Every income-tax form should have a lottery number on it, with a chance to win a hundred thousand pounds. If you don't think the State would score by paying a few hundred thousands in that way, you haven't studied what the State loses at present by the patient resisting powers of martyrs to the income-tax.

I am not forbidden to play roly-poly or loggats or dash any more. I can even play them for money, if I choose, in a private place. I welcome this concession to the tolerant spirit of the age. But I would sooner play Schedule D for a lottery prize. EVOE.

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

XI.

Tuesday.—We had a private meeting of the Licensing Commission to-day, as we have only another month or two of evidence to take, and must begin to consider our Report. We do not seem to be very unanimous. ——, one of the brewer members, raised the question of Haddock's proposals for controlling the eating of the people. Apparently —— took them quite seriously, unless, of course, he was pretending; but he seems a decent fellow, although a brewer, and is, I think, sincere. He said "Haddock is perfectly right; any doctor will tell you that over-eating does more harm than anything else, and this Commission has a grand opportunity to save the stomachs of the nation." —— was furious and tried to get the Chairman to rule —— out of order. But the Chairman said that we were inquiring into the Licensing Laws and licensed premises, and that that covered the sale of both food and drink. —— rather lost his temper then and upset an ink-pot. Then —— insisted on debating Haddock's proposals, and we had a fine old argument. I did not quite know what to say. The way —— put the thing, it seemed much more reasonable than when Haddock suggested it first. It is, I suppose, logical that, if you may say what a man is to drink at a hotel, you may say what he is to eat; and it is certainly true that many of these young women ruin their digestions. On the other hand I did not want to offend ——, though I do not go as far as he does. I have never seen him in such a rage. —— said that what the Commission ought to do is to create a moral *atmosphere* about eating. He said there was no national conscience on the subject, as there is about drinking; he said that to have it said that So-and-so *over-eats* should be considered as disgraceful as to say that he *drinks;* and he wants us to recommend that there should be lectures on eating given in the national schools, as the great thing is to get hold of the younger generation. I must say that —— speaks well and was very persuasive. I kept pretty quiet; but —— could hardly contain himself. He jumped up with a ruler in his hands and I quite thought that he was going to strike ——. He said, "If this goes on I shall walk out." The Chairman said, "Please control yourself, Mr. ——." —— snapped the ruler in two and sat down, looking quite white. I believe he has this blood-pressure.

—— then said rather impudently, "If Mr. —— was more careful about his diet he would be better able to control himself." At that —— got up and marched out of the room without another word. I saw that he had forgotten his hat and coat, so hurried after him with them. But before I could catch him up he had thought better of it and was on his way back. He and —— apologised to each other and all was well. That, after all, is the English way of doing things, and the best way.

The air was clearer now, and we voted on Haddock's proposals, one by one. Most of them were rejected by a good majority, as, really, they seemed too much like interfering with the liberty of the individual. We really could not expect the restaurants, for example, to submit their menus to the Ministry of Health for analysis, though I know how important these vitamins are. And, personally, I voted against the rationing of everyone for starch and sugar. But then we came to the question of four-course meals and late suppers. —— was all for the Two-course Maximum Meal; but that seems rather severe; personally I do not think that soup, fish (or a joint) and a savoury is too much. There was a good deal of discussion, and at last we compromised at three courses. So we are to recommend that not more than three courses shall be served to anyone, that is, in a public place (we decided that we could not do anything about meals in the home). So that is something settled.

Then we discussed late suppers. —— said that the doctors were all against the practice, as it made for indigestion and insomnia. —— said that he had seen people in the —— Grill Room eating *lobsters* at half-past twelve at night. I thought it was time for me to put in a word, and I said, "Lobster never agrees with me at any time of the day, and I am sure that at that time of night it would be poison." ——, who was against the whole discussion, said rather rudely, "Then don't eat lobsters." "That," I said, "is hardly the point." I am glad to say the Chairman supported me. "That," he said rather sternly to ——, "is a reactionary suggestion. The whole assumption at the bottom of the Licensing Laws, and indeed of this Commission, is that the State by proper regulations can and ought to protect the citizen against himself. It may very well be that Mr. Dough ought to be protected from lobster." —— had nothing to say to that.

——, who has some medical knowledge, said, "Lobster is one of the most indigestible of foods, and when treated with cheese, as it often is in these restaurants——"

"Why?" I said.

"For the flavour," he replied, and went on, "it must be pernicious to health at a late hour of night."

—— said, "There is also the question of *morals*. It is well known that oysters lead people into mischief. In fact shell-fish are dangerous in every way."

Thus encouraged, I made some inquiries of —— and ——. I have never taken late supper at these restaurants or anywhere else, but I know very well



Angry Pedestrian. "DON'T YOU KNOW THE RULE OF THE ROAD?"
Fair Driver. "BUT THIS IS THE PAVEMENT."

what sort of a night I should have if I did. I must say that I was amazed by some of the information I extracted; so, I think, were the Chairman and one or two others. It seems that these places are *full* of people night after night, often as late as two A.M., eating not only lobster but *sausages*, steaks, chump-chops and all kinds of heavy foods. There can be no excuse or necessity for it; it cannot be good for health or work and must set a very bad example to the waiters. I manage very well without eating a heavy meal at midnight, and what I can do I suppose others can. It was very soon clear that this was the general feeling (except, of course, for —— and ——, who all this time sat in a kind of daze, as if he could not believe his ears. I suppose he was ashamed of his exhibition of temper.)

It only remained to fix the last hour for food. One or two wanted to make it twelve, but that seemed a little late, and I suggested eleven. —— then said that that was just the time people wanted suppers, when they came out of the theatres. "That seems to fit in very well," I said. "It is not a question of what they *want*." So that is settled—no food to be served after eleven. Not a bad day's work on the whole. I little thought, when I heard Haddock giving his evidence, that we should adopt so much of it. Nor, I dare say, did he.

About the main issue I still do not *quite* know where I stand. —— and —— want me to go right out for Prohibition, but that is too much for me. Then there is —— with his Local Option, but that is much the same thing. ——'s Personal Licence Scheme is interesting (I believe they have something of the sort in parts of Canada), also ——'s State Saloon Scheme. ——'s memorandum seems to me to mean nothing less than secret drinking. After all this time we shall have to recommend *something*, I suppose, but I am afraid there may be a Minority Report. Personally (I have not told any of them), I was rather shaken by my visit to Paris: sitting in those *cafés*, it all seemed so simple and pleasant. But I suppose I dare not say that. —— would have a fit. On the other hand I am beginning to think that I do not care very much if he does have a fit. A. P. H.

Chimney Love.

"ROMANCE OF THE BIG SWEEP."
Daily Paper Placard.

"Plot is important, but the manner of preventing it is still more important."
Writers' Magazine.

To many modern authors its prevention seems to present little difficulty.



Beauty Doctor. "MADAM, I ASSURE YOU ONE OF MY CLIENTS IS NOW ABLE TO TRAVEL ON A JUVENILE'S TICKET."

One of Lambeth's Shining Lights.

"Replying to criticism, the Archbeacon of Surrey said . . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

"We have not many red-haired actresses. But then, red hair seems to be dying out everywhere."—*Daily Paper.*

On the other hand a lot of it is dyed in.

"—— is to be married for the fourth time this week. Her husband-to-be is an American."—*Daily Paper.*

The nationalities of next week's challengers have not yet been disclosed.

Culture for the Lower Creation.

"Dr. —— will give a Cinema Lecture on 'Insects and Health,' and would like to know how many are likely to attend because of making arrangements for size of hall."
Notice of "Association of Teachers of Domestic Subjects."

"The counterfoils . . . were emptied from the containers and spread on a number of immense tables. Some of them removed their shoes and crawled among the papers on all fours."—*Irish Sweepstake, described in Daily Paper.*

Ours walked right out of our life.

THE COMMUNAL GARAGE.

THE fact that petrol has come down in price makes no difference to Valerie and me. A short time ago we should have been delighted, but now that we have moved into one of a quartet of labour-saving flats, we are absolutely nonchalant. One of the great *features* of these flats, so our landlord told us, is their communal garage, which holds four cars. I will draw you, with my typewriter, a picture of the garage as it looked when we first saw it:—



The full-stops represent the sides and back-wall of the garage, which opens straight on to the road. A, our landlord told us, was Mrs. A.'s car.

"Then I suppose nobody else in the flats keeps a car?" said Valerie.

"Oh, only on and off," replied the landlord. "You will find the garage a great saving of labour; its position is quite unique."

The second time we saw the garage was on the day when we moved into our new flat. The garage then looked like this:—



A few minutes later, when we had inserted our Baby, it looked like this:—



It is, you see, as cosy a little garage as cars ever nestled in. We decided that D.'s position was quite favourable.

The next morning we went out for a run. When we came back to the garage we noticed that, though A and C were there to welcome us, B had vanished.

"Don't you think we ought to put the Baby at the back?" asked Valerie as I parked D in her original quarter.

"No, I don't," I replied firmly. "To trespass on B's pitch would be a great liberty. I see that her owner has left a duster on the floor to show that the space is engaged."

While we were lunching the bell rang, and I was told that Mr. B had called.

"Very sorry to bother you," he said when we had more or less introduced ourselves, "but I can't get into the garage."

It seems that I had been wrong about the motive of the duster. Mr. B suggested that I should move D into the space next to A, but, though I appreciated his hospitality, I declined, and ran D into the road, while the soup got cold, and Mr. B exercised himself by swinging B's starting handle. At long last we coaxed our cars into their right places and I returned to my lunch.

At a quarter-to-three Mr. B called again.

"Very sorry to bother you," he said, "but my wife wants to go out in the car, and so—I'm frightfully sorry, but you see——"

I saw.

Now, though I am not an inquisitive man and had no wish to pry into the wedded secrets of Mr. B, as I moved D into the crowded road I began to be filled with what novelists call "burning curiosity."

"Forgive me," I said, "but does your wife intend to return?"

"In time for tea," gasped Mr. B, who had been turning B's handle as heartily as an organ-grinder. "So it really might save bother if you moved into my space."

After he had gone, I did so, leaving the garage like this:—



At tea-time, Valerie suggested that we should go to a theatre in the evening, so we rang up for seats.

At half-past seven I returned Mr. B's call. I concluded that he was out, but not in his car. The garage then looked like this:—



Valerie told me to move B. I don't like tampering with other people's cars, but I turned on the switch of B's lights and waited for illumination. Nothing happened. At last I understood the reason why Mr. B had cranked his car by hand. His battery had run down.

It was a dark night and I dared not take an unlighted car into the road. Besides I hate exercise and am a natural button-pusher.

After Valerie and I had quarrelled for some minutes she rang up for a taxi.

I will not continue this story, but in case any of you care to make pleasure out of our pain and to amuse yourselves by working out all the possible positions of A, B, C and D, I will give you some word-pictures of their owners. Mr. B you know, though not so well as we do; his wife is a keen joy-rider. Mr. C is fond of early-morning drives. He is an author and has a house-keeping dragon who will not allow him to be disturbed. Mrs. A is small and helpless and has just learned, so she thinks, to drive a car. Her maid is a white liar whose favourite slogan is "Not at home."

I will now leave you with your pencils and paper to work out any new positions that appeal to you; we think we know them all now. In case any of you would care to play the game with real cars, we will sub-let our labour-saving flat and a quarter of the garage for almost anything.

SCIENCE FOR MOTHERS.

[Sir ARTHUR KEITH states that "every baby that comes into the world has a distinct pattern on its finger-tips."]

CRADLED in sunshine, reaping
The harvest of the morn,
A mother showed me sleeping
Her baby lately born.

He lay upon his torso;
She called him "Babycums"
And looked as proud—or more so—
As other new-made mums.

"His eyes recall his father,"
She whispered; "they're his pa's;
His forehead, though, is rather
Akin to his mamma's.

"The pattern of his grand-dad's
His mouth is moulded in;
And both his mother's and dad's,
We've settled, is his chin.

"His little nose's slant is
Reflected too in mine;
His profile is his auntie's,
And hers is reckoned fine.

"His ears are reminiscent
Of Uncle George's, though
I'm glad to say he isn't
A bit like Uncle Joe."

She stroked the little creature;
My turn had come to speak;
I said, "He has one feature,
However, quite unique.

"Where you observe his fingers
To terminate in tips,
No trace whatever lingers
Of blood-relationships.

"Their form is like no other;
The stamp that's fashioned there
No father, uncle, mother
Nor aunt can claim to share.

"In this he breathes defiance
To parent, kin and kith—
A little bit of science
That I'm acquainted with."

She gazed at him intently
And wistfully she smiled
And said, "Then evidently
He's not a model child;

"So soon his folk defying—
"You naughty baby, you!"
The baby started crying;
The scientist withdrew. C. B.



Maidservant. "I WENT TO THE OCULIST, MA'AM, AND 'E SAYS I WANT LONG-DISTANCE GLASSES. BUT I SHAN'T GET 'EM, AS I NEVER GOES FURTHER THAN TOOTIN'."

BUYING A FOUNTAIN-PEN.

THERE was a time when a fountain-pen was a small black thing that leaked slightly in any position, periodically poured out its inky contents over shirt and waistcoat, and had to be refilled through one of those rubber-and-glass affairs that are used by oculists for doping the human eye.

Of course it soon advanced beyond that. There was, for instance, a pen made of coloured glass on sale many years ago at the White City. It had a triangular cross-section and was supplied ready filled with violet ink for sixpence. The one I bought exploded while in use, or rather while I was trying to get it into use, and I do not feel that it can seriously be regarded as an ancestor of the fool-proof fountain-pen of to-day.

Then again there was one that was sold to me—and, I must suppose, to others—in Dieppe. When I came to fill it I found that it had no apparatus at all for conveying the ink from the *reservoir* (to use the local term) to the nib; just a hollow tube of something that looked like vulcanite but which flared up like celluloid when I struck a match to see what was wrong within. International drug-traffickers, I have since heard, carry sham pens of this kind.

But it wasn't until the other day that I discovered just how far the ordinary fountain-pen had evolved from the humble ink-pencil of my youth. What names! What colours! And what a size! Among its enormous brothers the huge orange marline-spike that I am now using is a mere dwarf. And what a fight I had to get it!

I knew from the moment the resplendent veteran opened the portals of the pen-palace for me that I had done the wrong thing. I felt shabby and old-

fashioned and rural. A sort of clammy nervousness came over me. I pulled my umbrella out with a jerk from the rubber mat in which it had become embedded, and the veteran replaced the mat. Then I crossed over to the far counter. But it was not my counter. It was a special counter for children called the "Kiddies' Kounter." I was humiliated. Before anyone could stop me I had walked the entire length of the shop and presented myself at a quiet counter where no one was about. It turned out to be the Repairs Department.

As I started to rush back up the shop I saw one of the assistants give a signal to the resplendent veteran. He left the doors unguarded while he came to combat the peril within. I tried to dodge him round a glass showcase, but it was no use. Walking beside me like a gaoler he conducted me to a counter where a sullen and superior beauty took me in charge.

"Fountain-pen," I blurted out nervously and moistened my lips in readiness to speak again in case I had not made myself quite clear. But it was all right; she understood.

"Do you see anything you like?" she asked, vaguely indicating shoals of variegated fountain-pens.

It was rather like asking a visitor at the Mint to choose a penny. My nerves went all to pieces at once, and I chose in quick succession the pen which she herself had just that moment put down on the counter, the pen that the lady next to me was trying to change, and a small black tube containing ink-tablets.

The assistant saw that I was hopeless. Clearly it was up to her. "Does anything like this appeal to you?" she asked enticingly, dragging out a great block of ornamental rock on which was mounted a box for stamps, a small barometer, a perpetual calendar and two fountain-pens sticking out like siege-guns.

"Isn't it rather heavy on the pocket?" I asked in a pathetic attempt at high spirits.

She was kind enough to overlook the attempt. "It is a desk model," she said coldly. "This is the pocket model." She thrust a thick yellow thing like a truncheon into my hand. "We have it also in flamingo pink, pelican white, kingfisher blue, mottled raven, parakeet green——"

"But I—I—I only wanted one," I stammered.

She ignored me. "Try it," she commanded. "It's ready filled," she added inexorably as I clutched it, wondering frantically what to write.

The man before me had written down *October, November, December, Oct., Oct.* That gave me a lead. I wrote down *January, February, March, Jan., Jan.* Then the assistant saw what was happening. She realised that she was dealing with something little better than a cheat. With a quick gesture of disgust she ripped the top sheet off the little block and kept her eyes fixed on me this time. The next page was blank. I was blank. Everything was blank. She waited. I waited. Nothing came. Then the idea of writing the date flashed across my mind. I did so and looked up eagerly for her approval. I could see that she despised me.

Still she waited. Still nothing else came. I was just about to drop the pen and dash from the shop in despair when the name MUSSOLINI crossed my mind. I promptly wrote it down. She looked surprised. Perhaps she thought it was my name. I crossed it out hurriedly. Then I saw a dark foreign-looking gentleman eyeing me suspiciously. I was taking no risks. I wrote the name MUSSOLINI a second time and underlined it just to show that no offence had been intended. The dark foreign-looking gentleman seemed relieved. I expect I did too.

"Do you like that nib?" asked the assistant, breaking in on my thoughts.

"Eh?" I said, startled. "You mean MUSSO——? Oh! I see; the nib. No, I don't very much, thank you."

"Would you like to see some others?"

I nodded. It would have looked like rudeness to refuse.

"Thick?" she asked.

"No, clear," I answered automatically.

It was a busy half-hour. The assistant brought more and more pens. With each of them in turn I wrote MUSSOLINI'S name. Sometimes I wrote my own as well. Together we filled pages. I made history. N. Footle rubbed shoulders with IL DUCE. And still she brought more pens. I held two or three in my hand at once. I stuffed them in my pocket. And still I wrote on.

The assistant seemed to feel the strain too. "Haven't you found one that suits you yet?" she asked wearily.

"Yes, this one," I cried desperately, snatching up a huge orange pen that lay on the counter before me.

"But you haven't tried that one yet!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"I can't help that now," I said hoarsely, "I'm pressed for time," and I tried to look like a man to whom minutes may mean millions.

She wrote out a bill with something like relief. We felt sorry for each other. I don't know which felt the sorrier.

Then I gave up all the pens I had about me, including (by mistake) my old broken one, and escaped to the door.

She came running after me. "You've forgotten the pen," she said.

The words, "Keep it" froze on my lips. I accepted it politely, bowed, sidestepped the resplendent veteran and walked away a free man.

That in brief is how I came to own a Tanager Scarlet Bairn's Bijou (I find that is the name) with an oblique nib when I wanted a plain black pen with a thin nib. It can't be helped now. I am not the sort of man who can go back and change things.



Bright Young Hostess. "NOW, COLONEL, BEFORE WE START, DO YOU LIKE BRIDGE WITH THE GRAMOPHONE ON, OR OFF?"

Mr. Bobby Jones' Real Status.

"Mr. Henry Gullen, secretary of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, said:—'Mr. Bobby Jones is an ordinary member of the Royal and Ancient Club, having paid his entrance fee and his annual subscription. He is not an ordinary member.'"

Glasgow Paper.

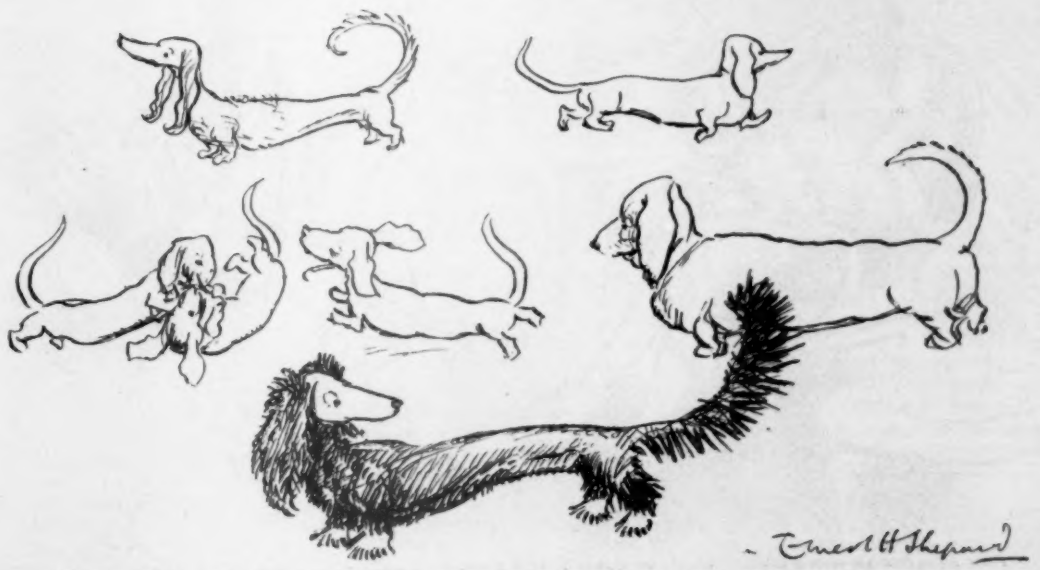
OUR ARTIST'S NOTES ON MAN AND BEAST IN MUNICH.



TIME WAS WHEN THE ENGLISH TOURIST COULD HOLD HIS OWN.



NOW HE IS NOT IN THE PICTURE AT ALL.



MEANWHILE DACHSHUNDS ARE BEING WORN LONGER AND LONGER.

WHY DON'T WE HIBERNATE?

THE autumn, alas, is passing, and once more winter with its increased fuel bills, burst water-pipes, fairy-like snow-flakes and streaming colds is threatening us. Or, say, is threatening *me*—if you are one of those poor fools who rave about cosy fires, drawn blinds, sticky muffins and the hard ringing earth, when Jack Frost, etc. And, if you are, a murrain on your perverted affections! As for me, it is just at this time of the year that I really envy all those creatures which, either by migrating to the far South or hibernating in a hole in the ground, manage to avoid any knowledge of winter.

As a matter of fact I have for some while been considering hibernating myself (since I can't afford the far South), and this winter I am definitely going to do it. I am not quite certain what plan I shall adopt, but I have been studying the various methods in use in the animal kingdom.

I have finally rejected the idea of burying myself in a quiet warm corner of the garden, as the common tortoise does. In the first place I feel certain I should never remember in the spring just where I had buried myself, unless I made a map with the spot marked by a cross and took it in along with me. And, secondly, some fool would be sure to go and build an incinerator or tool-shed over my hibernatory. And, thirdly, I am not quite sure how one goes on about breathing; what may do for a very common tortoise might not do for me. I should probably have to shove up a little air-intake pipe, and then you know what mischievous small boys are; they'd go and drop small stones and other wiffin down it or plug it up with moss.

This underground hibernation might just be feasible if I could get down into a good burrow, as a chipmunk does; and at the moment I have my eye on the unused space at the end of the Holborn-Strand shuttle railway. The food question, however, would be a little worrying; for chipmunks, I understand, lay up a store of nuts, beech-mast and whatnot, in case they are roused by a warm spell or just wake up in the small months and feel hungry. I too might lay up a handy store of food in case I am roused by a warm spell (or by a train overshooting its mark); but, whereas a chipmunk's kind of food "keeps," mine wouldn't—unless it were tinned. And imagine waking up in a warm spell feeling as if I could do with a sardine or two, and then breaking the only opener off short, exactly as if it were summer or any other time.

On the whole the best way out of the food difficulty would seem to be that adopted by the marmot. He lays up no outside store, but instead accumulates layers of fatty tissue as winter approaches. I expect I could do that, but, judging from the amount I eat already, I should probably miscalculate the business and find I needed a bigger subway, say somewhere down in South Kensington. I wonder, by the way, if the marmot ever experiences this difficulty.

To hibernate like a bat would not be a bad idea, because it would do away with the food question entirely. Bats just cut the "eats" right out from October to March. It would also solve the question of *where* to hibernate. Most houses have a good cupboard, and I could just put a coat-hanger inside my coat, hook myself up to a peg inside and hang till spring. For the first two months, till one had got into the way of it, it might be as well to have someone come around every week and see that one wasn't over-hung. We once had a brace of pheasants that—but no matter.

There are, I understand, real cases of human hibernation. The people of Pskov (the Pskoffers), for instance, huddle round the stove on the approach of winter with but a little dry bread



First Film Star (to second ditto). "WELL, OF COURSE, IT'S YOUR OWN AFFAIR, DARLING, BUT I NEVER THINK DECEMBER DIVORCES ARE THE HAPPIEST."

every twenty-four hours, and sleep day in day out, each man taking it in turn to keep the fire alight. Of course, if a fellow gets fatigued by his perpetual sleeping and lets it go out, he is pretty unpopular for the rest of the winter. No doubt they snore pointedly at him and won't let him have his fair share of the blanket. But this wouldn't work for one person only; and I don't think I could find enough people to hibernate with me to make it worth while. Moreover, it's not everyone I'd care to hibernate with.

No, my ultimate plan is this. Towards the end of autumn I shall go to a private hotel in Bayswater, selecting one which has gas-fires in every room, a good table, central heating and all mod. conv. Here I shall book right through the winter, which will immediately give me great standing with the manageress; for the aristocrats of Bayswater to-day are those who "book *right through* the winter." I shall further put myself in good with her by "depositing valuables at the office and asking for a receipt." I shall then carefully explain that I am eccentric, hate the cold, am not going to commit suicide, but merely like a long nap.

When the first cold snap comes I shall bid my fellow-guests "Good-Winter" and retire. I shall lock the door, shut the window, light the gas-stove and pile up all the bedclothes, carpets and spare garments into a hibernatory nest by the door. My reason for lying near the door is that food in the shape of thin sandwiches may every now and then be pushed under it close to my mouth and withdrawn if I don't want it. Not even a chipmunk could better this. Then I shall get into pyjamas, brush my teeth and probably wind up my watch, though this will hardly be necessary.

I shall then go to sleep. I am pretty good at this. When I wake up—some twelve hours later if I am in form—I shall tell myself I really must get up because I have to work, whereupon I shall go to sleep again. I am pretty good at this too. Whenever I wake subsequently I shall use similar methods for re-inducing slumber, such as remarking to myself that it is snowing outside, that I am going to have a cold bath, that Mrs. Horsetongue has called for a chat, that I am in the British Museum Reading Room, that I am listening to a speech on economics, or to Mr. —— giving a reading from his own poetry.

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"Marguerita ——, mammy singer de luxe, who appears in Radio Pictures' musical offering, 'Hit the Deck,' studied vice at the New England Conservatory of Music."
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"SHE'S RATHER A DARLING. WHAT COLOUR IS HER HAIR?"
"OH, INDESCRIBABLE. A KIND OF A RICH MOUSE."

THIS CONTRACT BUSINESS.

I HAD never quite grasped the finer points of ordinary Auction when they thrust Contract upon me. Towards the end of dinner Agatha gave me one of those swift lucid descriptions which are so helpful. "You know it's just the same as ordinary Auction except that the scoring's different and you can only count as many tricks below the line as you've contracted to make and when you've won a game you're vulnerable and must be stronger before you call as it's more expensive to go down and honours don't count unless you've four or five in your own hand and the first bid should be on definite strength—oh! and four aces counts one hundred-and-fifty above and slams score terrifically but I expect the Cunninghams will be here directly and really you can see the differences better as we play and you will soon get into it."

The Cunninghams did arrive shortly. I do not care for Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Cunningham has no noticeable liking for me. Agatha, however, feels we must ask them to "drop in for bridge." I am very fond of Agatha—so there it is.

We sat down and we cut for partners. I got Mrs. Cunningham, or rather Mrs. Cunningham got me. We cut for deal. I drew the King of Clubs. They said that it was my deal under the rules of Contract. That shook me; but I dealt.

Then Mrs. Cunningham to me, "Mr. Harlow, what about conventions?"

"Oh," I replied brightly, "don't bother about them. This is Liberty Hall."

Mrs. Cunningham smiled, not too sweetly, and said, "Do you play the Vanderbilt Club?"

Naturally I supposed she meant *at* this club, though I don't know it, so I said, "No, I really only play at home."

"George, don't be stupid," said Agatha crisply.

Mrs. Cunningham smiled, not too sweetly, and said, "Perhaps you prefer the Forcing Two Bid?"

"Do you really mean," I asked, "that I'm forced to bid—even with a Yarmouth?"

"Yarborough," murmured the taciturn Mr. Cunningham."

"Probably you would rather stick to straightforward bidding," said Mrs. Cunningham, smiling not too sweetly. "But just one other point. When slam-bidding do you show all your suits?"

"Only my dinner-jacket," I said. "Of course if you want to see the rest of my wardrobe——"

"George," said Agatha rather tartly. Then, "Perhaps we'd better start. You to bid first, George."

"No," I said, "I'm not ready yet. Now tell me, partner, do you revoke from strength? and do you play the Culbertson Double, having none?"

"Please, George," said Agatha.

That, in that voice, is generally enough for me, but somehow I did not care for Mrs. Cunningham. I sorted my hand, I pondered, I lit a cigarette, I meditated.

Then I spoke. "Three Forcing Vanderbilts," I cried.

"Hell!" murmured the taciturn Mr. Cunningham.

"Double!" I riposted, laughing hysterically.

The Cunninghams do not "drop in for bridge" any more.

"WHIRLWIND ENGLISHMAN.
SMASHING WIN FOR SOLLY SCHWARTZ."
Manchester Paper.

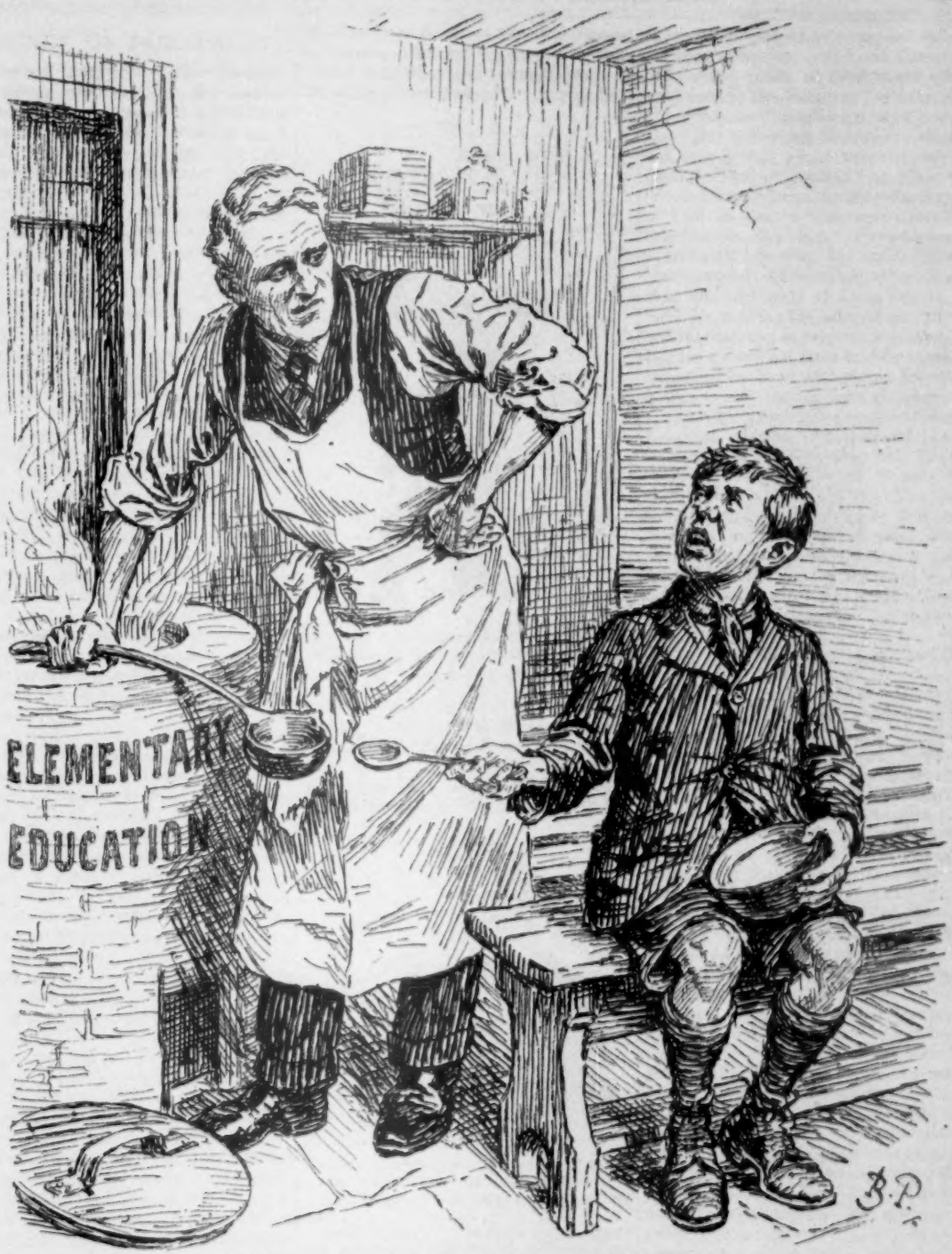
My country, what of thee?

"The author devotes an interesting chapter to his decade of professorial life at Cambridge from 1919 to 1920."—*Cambridge Paper.*

Our tutor often used to say that the first post-war year seemed like this.

"Mr. —— (Chairman of the Parish Council) presided over a general meeting of interested persons in the bathing-pool."
—*Devonshire Paper.*

We too are "interested."



THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.

MINISTER OF EDUCATION. "DOESN'T OLIVER ASK FOR MORE?"

OLIVER TWIST (*aged* 14). "WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, GUV'NOR, I DUNNO AS AN EXTRA HELPIN' O' THAT OLD STUFF'S GOIN' TO MAKE ME ANY FITTER FOR THE BATTLE O' LIFE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 17th.—To-night the outcry provoked by the famous White Paper culminated in a full-dress debate on Palestine, following on a formal motion to adjourn by the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY.

Had Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who raised the question, been content to point out that the Government "was using the fact that they were doing nothing for the Arabs as an excuse for forbidding the Jews to do something for themselves" he would have remained on safe ground, but he began by offering an interpretation of the Mandate as "a recognition of the special position of the Jewish people in the country whose name they had made immortal and the conferring on them of special rights and interests in that country," and not merely as "giving opportunities for colonization and settlement by Jews in Palestine."

This was going considerably further than the other critics of the White Paper were prepared to go, and the rest of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S speech, acutely as he spied out the barrenness, from the Jewish point of view, of the Government's declaration of policy, was pitched in too shrill a key to be statesmanlike.

Dr. SHIELS certainly did his best in defence. While protesting that a much misunderstood Government had nothing to withdraw or repent he suggested that the White Paper, so far from being the forthright statement of policy it had been taken to be, was merely a sort of *entrée en matière*. As he put it, "it had always been the intention of the SECRETARY OF STATE, before any legislative or administrative action was taken, that the Jewish Agency on the one hand and the Arab representatives on the other would have an opportunity of submitting their views."

This, coupled with Dr. SHIELS' reiteration of the Government's intention to carry out the Mandate in the letter and the spirit, and the opportune mention of a two-and-a-half million pounds loan, seemed to satisfy Mr. AMERY, who was content to regard the whole affair as a dreadful example of the "inevitability of tactlessness." But neither Dr. SHIELS nor the PRIME MINISTER, who rose after Mr. AMERY to pour a little more oil on the troubled waters, seemed to reassure Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, who doubted whether what they had said "left the position very different from what it was when the debate began." Dilating on the Government's duty to maintain the integrity of Arab rights Sir HERBERT declared that the Zionist extremists who did not agree to that "bore somewhat the same relation to the whole movement as the Independent



"Singing of Palestine, hither I come;
Mother of Parliaments, welcome me home!"
DR. DRUMMOND SHIELS.

Labour Party did to the Labour movement," a comparison that may have conveyed a slightly different impression from that intended. It was, Sir HERBERT concluded, "an added glory for the British Empire to be charged with the



SAFETY FIRST AT SEA.

Ship's Parrot (Lord PARMOOR). "STARBOARD YOUR HELM—NEW STYLE!"

Lord HOWE. "OLD STYLE FOR ME, MY BIRD."

Ship's Parrot. "THEN WE WILL REFER THE MATTER IN DISPUTE TO A JOINT COMMITTEE."

care of the Holy Land," and his chief desire appeared to be that the British Government should handle the trust with more optimism and energy.

Tuesday, November 18th.—Helm orders are a thing about which the present Government might be expected to be a thought sensitive, and Lord PARMOOR did indeed make a determined effort to persuade the House of Lords to give the Merchant Shipping (Safety Convention) Bill a Second Reading, pointing out that it was up to this country to take the lead in putting into effect the International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea, which was signed in London on May last. He was easily overborne, however, by Lords HOWE, MERSEY and MERRIVALE, who argued that the changing of helm orders, so far from making life safer at sea, would endanger it, and in return for getting his Bill read a second time had to agree to a motion by Lord STANHOPE referring it to a Committee of both Houses.

The adjourned debate on the Second Reading of the Agricultural Land (Utilisation) Bill found Mr. LLOYD GEORGE ready and eager to take the Bill to his bosom. If the MINISTER did the thing on a scale that was worth while, he observed airily, there would have to be provided a great deal of money that the Treasury would not see again. But what was a paltry hundred million pounds when it meant restoring agriculture?

The cheers that greeted this and like expansive utterances of the Liberal leader must have made the MINISTER wish he had been less modest in his own conceptions of what this "cylinder of oxygen for a moribund Government," as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE called it, should amount to. Critics were not wanting, but these for the most part confined themselves to urging the MINISTER to abandon his dreams of large-scale farming by the Agricultural Land Corporation. It remained for a sturdy left-wing Socialist—no other than the redoubtable Mr. KIRKWOOD—to protest against any scheme for making the poor unemployed wage-slave the still more wretched slave of land and stock—"the most tyrannical and slave-driving boss in the history of the world," and to ask what was the good, when the markets of the world were glutted with foodstuffs, of inducing more people to go on the land and further increase the overproduction.

Scarcely more complimentary was Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, who declared that to set up more small-holders on the land while the Government did nothing to redeem its pledges to the farming community as a whole was to add insult to injury. Mr. TOM JOHNSTON tried hard to close the Debate on a less pessimistic note. What was a paltry million for this Bill, he asked, when in 1922 the Government had thought it right to spend three million pounds on settling men in Western Australia and

Canada, at the rate of fifteen hundred pounds per settler?

Thereupon the House, having polished off Second Reading and Money Resolution, turned to the vexed question of the Government's memorandum on native policy in Northern Rhodesia, in respect of which Dr. SHIELS' protestations of unshakableness may perhaps prove more adamantine than those which he made about the White Paper on Palestine.

Wednesday, November 19th.—The House emerged from the coma induced by questions as to the number of gallons of spirits imported into the Gold Coast and the multifarious duties of a Londonderry postal-clerk to hear Mr. GRAHAM announce that the Government intended to let the Dyestuffs Act lapse on Jan. 15th. That brought Mr. BALDWIN to his feet with the demand that the House should be given an early opportunity of expressing its opinion on the matter. Mr. GRAHAM did not prove particularly responsive to this suggestion and was curtly reminded by the Conservative leader that it was always open to the Opposition to put down a Vote of Censure.

This week will clearly go down in Parliamentary history as LLOYD GEORGE week. He was the *pièce de résistance* of Monday's debate on Palestine; he was the sweet course (to say nothing of the stuffed olive branch) of Dr. ADDISON's feast of agricultural unreason on Tuesday, and to-day he unexpectedly appeared as the condiment that sauced the dish—or dished the sauce—of Lord ELMLEY, a Liberal Member who apparently combines a fine old brand of Cobdenism with an ingrowing disgust at the sad state of the British fruit-grower. Lord ELMLEY was able to tell the House all sorts of things that were wrong with the British fruit industry, but made light of what most fruit-growers consider to be the prime cause of their woes—the ability of the well-protected foreigner to dump his surplus fruit products into this country at less than production prices, with which the British fruit-grower cannot compete and as the result of which, while his fruit remains fruit, he himself, like his foreign rival's products, is reduced to pulp. Imagine Lord ELMLEY's dismay.

It cheered the Conservatives up mightily to hear Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with unpremeditated vigour telling the Government that "Free Trade ought not to have to carry the monster dumping on its back"; but one or two of the Liberals present wore that uncomfortable look that permeates the drawing-room when nobody quite knows what the *enfant terrible* is going to say next.

The House now emptied and neither Mr. ISAACS, panting to improve the amenities of the Elephant and Castle, nor Lady NOEL BUXTON, anxious to extend the privileges of unemployment to farm-workers, could fill it again.



Dr. ADDISON. "THIS OLIVE-BRANCH IS AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE AFTER THE RASPBERRY HE GAVE ME IN 1921."

Thursday, November 20th.—It was



A GRANT FOR GRAND OPERA.
MR. SNOWDEN "WAKES TO ECSTASY THE LIVING LYRE."

no doubt timely of Lord NEWTON to raise once more the question of Russian dumping, but it was not quite fraternal of him to suggest that last week's controversy on this subject between Lord BRENTFORD and Lord PARMOOR was "not, perhaps, of great importance." Lord PARMOOR excited some derisive laughter by solemnly pointing out that forced labour was a very different thing from State slavery and, after declaring that there had been a real advance in the conditions of the people to whom Lord NEWTON referred, was driven first to the admission that he had no idea what wages they were paid, and secondly that he did not know what "sweated labour was." The debate thereupon became a mere PARMOOR-baiting symposium, primarily conducted by Lords CUSHENDUN and GLASGOW, and it must have been greatly to the harassed Minister's relief that their Lordships turned to the Second Reading of the Grey Seals Protection Bill, opposition to which was gracefully withdrawn by Lord NEWTON after being assured by Lord DE LA WARR that grey seals eat nothing but dog-fish. Lord NEWTON, fresh from trying to make a meal of Lord PARMOOR, doubtless sympathised with this strictly limited carnivoracity.

In the Commons Mr. SNOWDEN explained, with a good deal of circumlocutious obliquity (Mr. AMERY even called it "equivocation," to the SPEAKER's pronounced displeasure), that it was the Government's intention to let the Safeguarding duties on gloves and cutlery lapse. He also told the House that the Government had agreed to subsidise Grand Opera (in conjunction with the B.B.C. and others) to the tune of £17,500 annually and £5,000 spot cash.

The Committee-stage of the Education (School Attendance) Bill produced no thrills, but, shortly after midnight, Mr. GUINNESS and Dr. ADDISON did get at loggerheads over the Agricultural Land Bill. They desisted in order that the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE might inform the House (moving the Second Reading of the Cunard Insurance Agreement Bill) that the new ships would be 1,018 feet long and of 73,000 tons displacement. Pretty big ships to get passed in the night, but they did.

"Who was the first advertiser?" asks a correspondent in a daily paper. We should have thought the earliest on record was the individual who persuaded EVE to eat more fruit.



STUDIES IN CRIME.

DISHONEST BUTTERFLY-WING MERCHANT ROBBING A YOUNG NATURALIST OF HIS PRICELESS COLLECTION OF LEPIDOPTERA.

EUGENICS.

A STUDY IN IRRESPONSIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

(*With acknowledgments to* EDWARD LEAR.)

How pleasant to know Mr. TUNNEY,
The handsome and erudite GENE,
With his smile so attractive and sunny,
His eager and affable mièn!

Once he played on the crude concertina
And leapt to the clashing of gongs,
But, on leaving the fistic arena,
Was wedded to classical songs.

Still youthful, but mentally mellow
Since physical feats he forsook,
He has grappled with BROWNING'S *Sordello*
And mastered *The Ring and the Book*.

His soul he's unable to solace
With scanty Pierian sips;
He finds no "awareness" in WALLACE,
No uplift in comical strips.

No longer the conquering crony
Of DEMPSEY and SHARKEY and sich,
In the sumptuous baths of Brioni
He's keyed to the Shavian pitch.

No longer to levity leaning,
Or crashing Society's gates,
He discusses eugenics with Dean INGE
And mystical magic with YEATS.

He's a pupil of PETRIE (Sir FLINDERS),
He studies JUSTINIAN'S Codes,
And is said to be editing PINDAR'S
August Epinikian Odes.

Despising the beefy and brawny,
He worships the beauty of brains,
Delights in the civics of TAWNEY,
The high economics of KEYNES.

Though he isn't included in *Who's Who*,
A fact which I deeply regret—
Mid the lions of Bloomsbury's new Zoo
He proves the most popular pet.

In the bank he has got as much money
As LILLIAN or DOROTHY GISH,
And the Mediterranean tunny
Beside him's a very poor fish.

He wears a most lovely silk topper,
He sports the most exquisite hose,
His language is precious and proper,
He is fonder of KEATS than K.O.'s.

Oh, how pleasant to know Mr. TUNNEY,
Who strongly reminds me of LEAR,
For, though he's not nearly so funny,
His customs are equally queer.

C. L. G.

"At least twice a year samples from every important source of the water supply were tested, and regularly advice was given to wholesale milk suppliers."—*Melbourne Paper.*

We have long been convinced that our milkman was not using the best water.

THE DEAD AND THE QUICK.

EVERYBODY has heard of the man who decided against embarking on a literary career "because there were too many dead men in the business." This shrewd objection voices the indignation which embitters the souls of most living writers, who are being perpetually blacklegged by the dead; not that I blame the dead, for they are not consenting parties to the nefarious deal. But the fact remains that most dead authors are paid no royalties and thus can undersell the living practitioner who must get money to live. It is far cheaper doing business with the dead.

Dead authors are understandably popular with readers. The latter naturally feel that a dead author has already done his worst and is unlikely to fatigue them into indifference by constantly rewriting the same story and the same thoughts. He cannot compel them by the mere splendour of his name to purchase a new book of his every year or every six months. His tyrannical powers are definitely limited. All this is true enough, but still the dead author is indisputably a blackleg and should be treated as such.

If there were a powerful Union of Writers, comparable with the Law Society or the British Medical Association, some firm measures would soon be taken. For instance the works of



M.F.H. "CONFOUND YOU! THAT'S THREE TIMES YOU'VE HEADED MY FOXES. HAVE YOU NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN DODGE ABOUT THESE LANES ALL DAY? WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME?"
Culprit. "'CAUSE I'M THE ROAD-INSPECTOR."

copyright-expired authors might be forbidden to be sold without the usual royalty being credited on each copy to the union. In this way dead authors would help to maintain the living. In return the dead would be elected honorary members of the union.

But writers are individualistic by temperament and I see no possibility of their combining on a grand scale. Any strong campaign therefore against the dead and their exploiters must be staged by individuals. Some do this already by writing books on dead authors. In this way they are able to get back on the blacklegs by devastating criticism and by scandalmongering. There has been a good living in this line for a few, but the market has reached its limit. Other avenues and even alleys must be explored.

My own idea is very simple and very logical. All dead authors have the advantage of being dead, and some of them have the further advantage of having died in romantic fashion. The circulations of SHELLEY and BYRON owe much to the circumstances of their deaths. And modern authors whose heirs still enjoy their copyright are most successful in sales when they have died in intriguing and, if possible, mysterious circumstances.

All that we have to do is to follow in their footsteps. For instance, suppose that I am an author named Judson Hounslow and earn a paltry living from the sale of a few thousand copies of each book I write. I report my imminent and inevitable death by violence in Albania, whither I have gone to study alleged Greek remains on the spot; and I get the usual notice published in a reputable newspaper, giving my own name as authority—and what better authority could any newspaper demand?

The trick is done. The works of Judson Hounslow sell like silk in a bargain basement. My publisher immediately announces a complete edition of my works, his shelves are forthwith cleared of remainders and an income for myself is assured. When the boom is nearly over a new author appears, named Hounslow Judson, upon whom, as the publisher truly proclaims, the mantle of Judson Hounslow has fallen. This new author at once does at least as well as Judson Hounslow in his living days and I have stimulated the sale of my old books by a legitimate device.

For, after all, Judson Hounslow is known to his readers only by his books; for them he has no separate existence. If therefore he ceases to publish books under his name—except perhaps a few posthumous ones to prolong the boom—he is as dead as dead can be. Then why not say so?

Success, we have often heard, comes to those who are the first to see an opportunity and profit by it. Who will be the pioneer in this field—or cemetery?

E. P. W.

Where is the Denmark Censor?

"COPENHAGEN (Denmark).
8.0 p.m.—Reading (Rude)."
Wireless Paper.

"OUR NUMB FRIENDS LEAGUE."
Maltese Paper.

We are tired of telling them to wear thicker woollies.

"Two persons were charged at Jarrow today with using unjust weighing machines. It was alleged that a spanner had been placed under the goofs end of the scale. . . ."
Newcastle Paper.

In our opinion the expert evidence of Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE should have been called.

AT THE PICTURES.

THE TROUGH OF THE WAVE.

IN the mad rush to add talkie to talkie and wantonly to change the programmes quality does not improve; and when people crowd to the Polytechnic to see how like they are to



THE PENGUINS' PROMENADE.

He. "DARLING, SHALL WE SIT DOWN?"
She. "I *AM* SITTING DOWN."

penguins, or penguins to them, it looks either as if the supply of stories must be giving out or a dead level of dullness has been reached. Never, at any rate, has there been so little attractive novelty as in the past week or so, and never have themes seemed so stale. But no one can deny that penguins are disquietingly funny.

The surprising thing is the rapidity with which the public get to know that a film can make no appeal to them. How do they learn this? That there should be poor audiences towards the end of a run is understandable; but at the beginning what machinery instantaneously sends the tidings round? What kind of magical wireless is in use? The Dominion Theatre promised a sensational drama of American circus life called *Swing High*, which once upon a time would have sounded swell enough; but on the second night this great building was almost empty. It was a very poor film, but how had everybody acquired that information? Why were so few finding out, as I had to do, for themselves? And where else were the people who, had it been a good film, would have packed the place? Strange mysteries.

Swing High, a mediocre production, cheaply produced and half-heartedly performed, takes its title from a trapeze act, the dangers of which are grossly exaggerated. Where one is led to expect perilous flight in the air from bar to bar, one finds only insipid suspension, without any risk whatever; while such economy has been at work elsewhere that the circus-ring is only a few feet in diameter. After having been tickled so long with screen lavishness we can't be put off with squalor, unless of course something very extraordinary in the way of personality accompanies it, and there is none here. A few more American films like *Swing High* and Elstree will be on top.

Incidentally I was interested to find in the dialogue, which purports to be of 1880, so many phrases of our own day. Were they saying "O K" as long ago as fifty years? And—an even more anxious question—will they still be saying it fifty years hence?

The circus motive exceeded its welcome some years ago, when wistful misunderstood clowns broke our hearts on every side. The alcohol motive, which I trust is dying too, gives a penultimate kick in *Anybody's Woman*, a Paramount film, in which Mr. CLIVE BROOK plays an American who, when he is not drunk, is a lawyer, and Miss RUTH CHATTERTON plays the magnanimous soiled dove whom he marries on an intoxicated impulse and who perplexes us in an otherwise consistent *rôle* by getting drunk too. I was so astonished by this totally unnecessary break that I thought she was pretending; but no, the hooch had got her all right, even though it was the evening of evenings on which she was due to behave



Mr. Sea-Lion. "OUGHTN'T YOU TO SEE ABOUT YOUR NECK—HAVE IT LIFTED OR SOMETHING?"

Mrs. Sea-Lion. "WELL, WHAT ABOUT YOUR OWN?"

and, in my opinion, would have behaved. The break, however, merely has the effect of delaying her reclamation of her husband, Mr. CLIVE BROOK, which, as you probably have guessed, is the basis of the play; but he never satisfies me that he is worth it.

What a very remarkable woman Miss RUTH CHATTERTON is! A vast range of impersonation is within her grasp as an actress; the other day she appeared as a dramatist; and she is quite beautiful enough. She also compre-



"THE AMAZING MARRIAGE."

Neil Dunlap (Mr. CLIVE BROOK) to Pansy (Miss RUTH CHATTERTON) after the binge. "YOU SAY WE WERE MARRIED LAST NIGHT? THIS IS THE FIRST I'VE HEARD OF IT."

hends both worlds, Old and New; for sometimes, as in the screen version of *Half An Hour*, an early talkie but still one of the best, she is English, and sometimes, as in her latest appearance, in *Anybody's Woman*, she is American. England, however, has the right to claim her; just as it can claim Mr. CLIVE BROOK, who in this play, I am sorry to say, is not at the top of his form, probably because it is a not very convincing slice of life.

The villain of the piece—who is not really a villain any more than he is a man of virtue—is in the hands of a capable actor called LUKAS—PAUL LUKAS. What an odd way to spell an honoured name! E. V. L.

The Stockbroker's Week-end.

"LONDON MARKET REVIEW.
Gilt-edged securities at first received a check owing largely to the golf efflux."
West-Country Paper.

". . . With him, paint is a lovely substance, used to produce highly decorative, reasonable-sized pictures that must be seen to be fully appreciated."—*Daily Paper.*

For ourselves we hold no brief for the school of art-criticism which relies on smell.

AT THE PLAY.

"WOODEN SHOES" (KINGSWAY).

INIMITABLE OUIDA! No need to have read the novel (on which Miss BEATRIX THOMSON has based this affecting play) in order to have your heart-strings wrung. No one but OUIDA could have seasoned the speech of a rustic heroine with the floral and faunal similes that are *Bebee's* native idiom; nor has there survived into this tight-lipped age a writer who could bedew such a history so copiously with tears.

Poor *Bebee!* From the very first we suspected that she was tragedy's toy, and the behaviour of the neighbours at her birthday fête rubbed that premonition in. The party seemed indeed less a congratulatory festival than a rally of ill-wishing fairies in bucolic disguise, so forced was each one's cordiality, so general the chorus of disparagement that arose. And save that *Bebee* preserved her honour (though at what a cost!) all their unfavourable prophecies came true.

The first calamity was the death of *Antoine*, who twenty-odd years ago had saved her from drowning and reared her as his own. Dear old *Antoine!* Having just enough strength to reach the cottage after watering his roses in the cool of the birthday evening, he took to his bed and quavered out his valedictory blessing ere quitting the scene for ever. And so tender was Mr. H. R. HIGNETT'S artistry that we (no less than *Bebee*) realised what a treasure was untimely lost in him.

So *Bebee* drees her weird with little relief for us from the cloying sweetness of its sentiment or its suffusing wealth of pathos. In the fever of her unspoken love for *Flamen* (a migrant artist) she equivocates with *Jeannaut* (her adoring clod) over the harvest picnic in order to be free to roam the woods with *Flamen*. We see her pose for *Flamen* with her spinning-wheel and bunch of daisies as the *Gretchen* that is to win him fame and fortune, and with angelic coquetry shirk the submission of true love's fortune to the old ordeal by flowers. Such a history as this, we feel, calls for more than mere incidental music, and, like other fairy-tales, it would be even more affecting told in the third person than in the first.

So dies the summer sun and winter nights come on. *Bebee* is now a thing of scorn to the neighbours, who invade her solitude only to dispute her possession of the cottage or to anathematise that love-born thirst for literature which *Flamen* is no longer there to slake. For, having fostered this fragile flower, he caressed but did not pluck it; and in his absence it withers on the stalk. In vain does honest *Jeannaut* proclaim his dumb devotion by hewing wood and drawing water. The flame the artist had kindled can neither be fed by the one service nor extinguished by the other. And *Flamen* does not return.

So we reach the Third Act crisis with the swart and wanton *Lisa*—arms as ever flauntingly akimbo and taunts upon her tongue—distilling from the lying letter that tells of *Flamen's* mortal sickness the poison poor *Bebee* drinks to the very dregs. Then, in the final entr'acte, she makes her famous walk from Brussels to Paris in the broiling sun and the wooden shoes that, like her broken heart, are to be quite worn out before we meet her again.

As she lies in her truckle-bed in the footlights' glow, so golden-curled, so deathly quiet, the faithful *Jeannaut* tells us and the neighbours the story of that tragic pilgrimage. How, following her by rail, he arrived in Paris in the nick of time to rescue her from the shocking ménage into which she had blindly rushed. How, stumbling through its haze of tobacco-smoke and chorus of ribald songs, she had caught a glimpse of the faithless *Flamen*, supine, it is true, but quite well, on a silken couch with wantonness in his arms.

And even as our heart-strings crack at this recital there comes a sigh, a gentle flutter from the bed to which *Jeannaut* impetuously responds. Poor *Bebee* lives. She gives a tear-starting cry for her shoes, the wooden shoes whose gaping soles we see as she threads one of them with a rose and begs that it be sent to *Flamen* as a token of his perfidy and the end of a febrile dream. And then, and then . . . no dying speech, but a dear and clear command to *Jeannaut* to raise and hold her, to forgive and protect her. And his ecstatic "Always, always!" brings the curtain down on our tear-dimmed applause.



"He is but a portrait-painter
And a village maiden she."
After "The Lord of Burleigh."

Bebee . . . . . MISS BEATRIX THOMSON.
Flamen . . . . . MR. GEORGE DE WARFAZ.

So much for the play and, if the play were all, perhaps too much. But Miss BEATRIX THOMSON'S charming art has ameliorated its cloying sentiment and made its pathos touching. Such devotion deserves reward, and she should now succeed to a part that shall show as clearly as this one does, though more universally, what a persuasive actress she is. Those of her colleagues who have them take their opportunities well, Miss MAY AGATE and Miss MARGARET HALSTAN being close-fisted, loose-tongued Flemish shrews; Mr. TRUMAN a devoted bovine swain, and Mr. GEORGE DE WARFAZ an admirable pseudo-*Faust*. H.

"THE TOY CART"
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

The production of this early Indian love lyric is so evidently a labour of love that criticism seems ungracious. "The period," says the programme, "is roughly about 192 A.D., but the origin of the story is shrouded in the mists of a far greater antiquity." Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS' version, founded upon the *Mrichchhakati* of SUDRAKA, has the literary graces one would expect, and such practical Orientalists as Sir E. DENISON ROSS and Major YEATS-BROWN have advised Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL, who is both hero and producer. Yet much of its native beauty seems only grease-paint deep.

The story is the ageless one of Virtue's difficult triumph over Vice, with exotic variations. It is simply told. A pious *Brahmin*, retired from the world, falls in love with a popular courtesan and incurs thereby the enmity of a sensual *Prince*. Falsely accused of murdering

her, he escapes decapitation through her last-minute appearance at the block. And there he makes an honest woman of her amid the rejoicings of the attendant populace.

This simple melodrama is unfolded in noble language and relieved with homely comedy. There are some pretty scenes. The *Brahmin's* barely-furnished house, with its view of the star-spangled sky, is a suitable setting for the preliminary discourse on life and love between the *Brahmin* and his faithful friend. This is interrupted by the entrance of the courtesan ablaze with jewels and seeking sanctuary from the sensual *Prince's* hot pursuit. And when she goes she leaves both her jewels and her heart behind, her heart with the *Brahmin*, her jewels in the toy-cart of his little son.

The carnal splendours of her house, to which by torchlight the *Brahmin* presently conducts her and her railing mother, are sufficiently well suggested. There, against his friend's advice, the *Brahmin* lingers long enough to see the love-dance that completes his subjugation and fix the morrow's fatal rendezvous. The old flower-garden where the supposed murder is committed (by the *Prince*) and the victim is discovered and revived by a mendicant friar, sonorous of voice and anti-feminist in fibre, supports the lyrical description of the text. But not until we reach the full-staged trial scene in the Second Act—and what full-staged trial scene has ever been known to fail?—do the bones of this old play really quicken into life.

True we laugh at and enjoy the broad-beamed methods of Miss MARGARET YARDE, who, portentous and spiteful in the yellow sari of a blameful mother, cannot induce her daughter to discriminate between the Dream of Love and its rewarding Business and so turns base informer at the trial. Whenever she appears this actress's assurance invigorates the play as might the presence of a rowing-coach stimulate the mixed endeavours of a crew.

We appreciate also the dignity with which Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL speaks, poses and faces death all garlanded with flowers, and the secular vitality which Mr. ARTHUR HARDY gets into the behaviour of his friend. The eagerness too with which we rise to the naïve time-honoured humours of some dicing knaves and the confidence trick they work in the garden before the murder is attempted shows that what pleased the playgoer two thousand years ago is pleasing still.

Even the higher brows of Hammersmith spontaneously unbent at the appearance of Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL as a



OUTRAGED INNOCENCE.
Charadutta . . MR. FRANKLIN DYALL.

sort of Lord High Executioner complete with awful scimitar, bloodthirsty assistant and the roguish air of one who would much rather sing his job away than precipitately decapitate.



LOVE'S LAST REWARD.
AN INDIAN LOVE LYRIC (HAMMERSMITH).
Vasantasena . . . . MISS MADELEINE CARROLL.
Prince Samsthanaka . MR. RONALD SIMPSON.

Indeed, the way in which this pious restoration seemed then to tremble on the Gilbertian brink suggested to the profane among us an alternative method of presentation by which these ancient rites might ensure that popular success which the present one may miss.

Mr. RONALD SIMPSON, as the sensual *Prince*, bragging about his family connections and temporal power, delighted us when his passions burst their formal bonds and took transpontine headers into farce. In the fuzzy-wuzzy varlets, Court officials and local what-nots, East does not meet West so closely as to disguise several old Hammersmithian friends. As for Miss MADELEINE CARROLL, whose beauty deserved a kindlier fate than its chocolate-hued endorsement by a Sanscrit wanton, her sacrifice of looks on this old and Oriental altar was positively heroic. H.

CHINOISERIE.

I WENT to dine
With a friend of mine
Who dined off porcelain plates
Of a kind so rare
That it stirred your hair
To think of their possible fates.

For some were Ming,
And others were Ch'ing
(Whatever those names may be),
And the food was divine,
And the wine, the wine,
Intoxicated me.

There were ices—those
Were of *famille rose*,
And coffee of *famille noire*,
And a choice dessert
Of *famille verte*
Preceded a choice cigar.

But alas for the end
Of dinner and friend!
For he happened his eyes to raise
As I started to rub
The burning stub
On a bit of his finest glaze.

He was perfectly nice,
But as cold as ice,
As he rang for my coat and hat,
For Ming is a thing,
And so is Ch'ing,
That mustn't be used for that.

High Velocity.

"Mr. —— stated that —— was born in London on October 16, 1896, and was 34 years old the next day."—*Windsor Paper.*

Winged Words.

"Mr. —— has by now earned for himself the reputation of being our foremost exponent of flying on the lecture platform."—*Municipal Pamphlet.*

"The Bishops of Truro and Ipswich are to be introduced in the House of Lords on Wednesday."—*West-Country Paper.*
We feel sure they will like each other.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL CRISIS.

BY MR. PUNCH'S FEARFULLY WELL-INFORMED STUDENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

(*"An epidemic of Influenza is raging in Poland."—Daily Press.*)

TROUBLE has broken out again in Central Europe and we fear the worst. In Warsaw alone two hundred thousand people have colds. Upper Silesia is coughing, and the temperature of Bydgoszcz is at fever point. We have never disguised our opinion that if the policy of the open door was continued at Dantzig it would create a draught throughout the Polish corridor. As all diplomatists are aware there is no more favourable forcing-ground for the microbe of influenza than the Poland of to-day. She is a Rzeczpospolita. She is divided into sixteen Wojewodztwa. These again are sub-divided into Starostwa, and these again into Gmina. A country so organised is bound to feel the ravages of any nasal or bronchial malady to the full. Wojewodztwa passes on the germ to Wojewodztwa till the whole terrain is infected from the Carpathians to the Bug.

Again, the Polish Parliament consists of two Chambers. The Senate has a hundred-and-eleven deputies, and the Sejm four-hundred-and-forty-four. These men are of several nationalities; they hold divers views on the questions of the hour. Let the deputy for Pinsk give vent to a single loud sneeze and the repercussions in the Upper and Lower Assembly are not easily permitted to die.

There has been much fierce debate on the origin of the scourge. Many patriotic Poles think it arrived from Czecho-Slovakia, and others that it originated in Buda Pest. But it batters little now. Suffice it to say that Cracow, like Czenstochowa, is in the grip of the malady, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that it will spread beyond the boundaries fixed by the two Treaties of Riga and Versailles. Nor are we putting it too strongly when we state that the whole of Europe stands at this very bobedd on the brink of a precipice.

What is to be done about it? Are the other peoples, are we in England, whose sole desire it is to see Poland manage her own internal affairs, to be implicated against our will? Are we to face another winter of detestable snuffling, of piercing headaches, of nasty shivering fits, of pains all over the frontier and hinterland? It would seem so.

Mussolidi has not yet spoken. And when we ask what action, if any, the League of Datiodz has taken, there is do reply.

Something may perhaps be achieved in the way of joint action to provide prophylactic remedies. The Dombrowa basin stands in urgent need of clinical thermometers and menthol pastilles. So does the Teschen basid. So does the Cracow. It might be well to fill both these basidz with hot whisky-and-water, and put a lot of ciddabod into them. Or, again, it might be possible to isolate the Silesian cold-field with a belt of powerful disinfectant before the whole of Northern and Western Europe are embroiled and overwhelbed.

But Poland must take her own share in shouldering the responsibilities of the situation. We are sorry for her troubles. We extend to her our heartfelt sympathy. But we say to her here and now that her representatives must not arrive at Geneva without an honest determination to be good Europeans first and good Poles afterwards. They must have something strong on their handkerchiefs. There are times when a hint of eucalyptus does more to promote an understanding with our fellowmen than the ventilation of a national grievance. They must take something hot and take it soon. There are crises when the cause of international peace is less readily served by acrimonious discussion than by ammoniated quinine. If there is any burning question that the Poles want to discuss at Geneva, let them shout it from the other end of the room, or even outside in the corridor.

We have never actually visited Tczew. Zgierz is unfamiliar to us. But when in funds and in good voice we have for many years made it our practice to mingle freely with the citizens of Zdunska; nor are we without understanding of the local politics which agitate Lodz. We realise keenly to how great an extent influenza must be disturbing their railway systeb, disorganising their telephode service and making it impossible for them to join heartily in community siggig on festal days. Dud the less we would ask them to realise that they are not only citizens of these places but bebberz of a great international brotherhood, the whole of which is liable to be undermined and disintegrated by the terrible onslaughts of zcatarrh.

We do not write these words with the desire to throw any of the present European Treaties into the melting-pot or to ruffle the surface of cosmopolitan peace. We would dever do that. Poland is entitled, as much as any other nation, to have her say at Geneva so long as she does not come too near and breathe right on to us before the complaint has run its course. In the meantime we must make a rigg round Poladd. We may not be able to eliminate the dread visitation entirely, but wherever and however possible we must czech it, and czech it at wudz.

EVOE.

OUR MEN OF LETTERS.

[Mr. E. H. LEEDER, in a recent address to the Surveyors' Institute, "uttered a warning against the hypnotic effect of strings of initials," which is becoming "the bane of democracy."]

TIME was I would mentally proffer oblation
To men with "initials," a privileged few,
Whenever I browsed on that sound compilation,
Who's Who.

At dinners it filled me with envious *brio*
To drink to the toast of Sir Somebody T——,
P.C., K.C.B. (or B.E.), K.C.V.O.,
M.P.

Degrees too I valued as priceless possessions;
But now it is safe on the whole to assert
That they're getting as common in divers professions
As dirt.

Which fact, with the increase of lettered officials,
Has led Mr. LEEDER, I note, to suggest
That it's time we afforded this plague of initials
A rest.

Pronounced opposition from some may await us;
But I, who no more to these baubles react,
Keep smiling, content to preserve my own status
Intact.

In me not a pang will a cut such as this stir,
Whose humble description no man shall gainsay—
A plain, an unsuffixed, an average Mr.
A. K.

"Owing to great demand for seats, there will be a midnight matinée, Friday at 11 p.m."
Cinema Advertisement in Gloucestershire Paper.

Followed by a noontide *soirée* breakfast at 2 A.M.

Mr. Punch much regrets to record the sad fate
Which has smitten a musical critic of late,
For his highly-strung nerves have become such a nuisance
That he can't any more say "Oboe" to a GOOSSENS.



"WHEN I LOOK AT SMITH, WHOM I USED TO BE AT SCHOOL WITH—



AND JONES, WHOM I USED TO BE AT COLLEGE WITH—



AND BROWN, WHOM I USED TO PLAY CRICKET WITH—



AND ROBINSON, WHOM I USED TO PLAY FOOTBALL WITH—



AND THOMPSON, WHOM I USED TO PLAY TENNIS WITH—



AND SIMPSON, WHOM I USED TO PLAY GOLF WITH—



AND JACKSON, WHOM I USED TO SAIL WITH—



AND JAMESON, WHOM I USED TO RUN WITH—



IT OFTEN STRIKES ME AS FUNNY THAT I HAVEN'T CHANGED TOO!"



HE MAY NOT LOOK LIKE A MAN WORTH £10,000—



BUT THAT'S WHAT THEY GAVE FOR HIM, ANYWAY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HERR EMIL LUDWIG'S gargantuan talent for biography has surpassed itself. To gulp down *Three Titans* (PUTNAM, 15/-) at a sitting is a feat given to few; and if symptoms of indigestion supervene one can perhaps commiserate, but hardly with surprise, the intrepid gourmand. To speak frankly, Herr LUDWIG'S triple study of MICHAEL ANGELO, REMBRANDT and BEETHOVEN strikes me as a well-nigh unjustifiable attack on a trio best given over to experts or artists. Herr LUDWIG, falling heavily between both stools, hardly sustains a seat on the lowlier if more comfortable *fauteuil* of the gossiping chronicler. You have only to compare his MICHAEL ANGELO with VASARI'S to note his inadequacy to deal with the lighter side of his *colossi*. REMBRANDT is the most successful of his studies. A Teuton, and considerably less of a Titan than his companions, with a career as strikingly cleft into light and shade as one of his own canvases, the painter gives his biographer a fine series of opportunities. And on the material side—among REMBRANDT'S women, bric-à-brac and creditors—Herr LUDWIG puts in a telling series of touches himself. With BEETHOVEN he is less happy, his most memorable solicitude being devoted to the musician's love-affairs and (more legitimately, perhaps) to his ill-rewarded efforts to found a family on his nephew. Cumulatively the three histories cannot fail of that harrowing impressiveness with which the inevitable other-worldliness of men of genius endows their uncomfortable lives. But very little of this impressiveness, save in the comparatively simple case of REMBRANDT, can be said to be enhanced by their biographer.

Are you fond of a bog, are you fond of a bird?
  Then Erin's the place for your fun;
If it's 'cock, if it's snipe that is chiefly preferred,
  And, if you'll go wanting a gun,
Here's *A Bird Watcher's Note-Book*; J. SEIGNE—please
  say SING—
  Is the author; you buy in this manner:—
Just ask PHILIP ALLAN to send you the thing
  And enclose him a twelve-and-a-tanner.

And, to see that they give you full weight for the same,
  MAURICE PORTAL contributes thereto
A paper on creatures unkindly to game,
  A sort of a criminal Zoo;
He makes his indictments with justice and wit,
  Yet there's rogues that just *ask* for a cartridge,
Who scare old Sir Pheasant 'most into a fit
  And jump out at plump Mrs. Partridge.

PHILIP RICKMAN has pictured these pages; you'll love
  His birds; and the book where they're shown
Tells too of the heron, the rook up above,
  But for me are its days that we've known
When the 'cock fly all softly with soft little squeaks
  In the twilight when summer is coming,
And the little brown snipe, in the wonderful weeks,
  Drops down the May mornings a-drumming.

The POET LAUREATE has a theme after his own heart in the story of *The "Wanderer" of Liverpool* (HEINEMANN, 8/6). It is just such a saga as might be made out of the lives of most sailing-ships which have passed away and left no memory behind them—a record, as Mr. MASEFIELD puts it, of "events often dull and trivial," of storm and calm, fine weather and foul, toil and endurance, hardship and misadventure—all that went to make up the life of ship and sailorman in the days that are gone. The *Wanderer* was not a ship of great note as a passage-maker—I take leave to view with some mistrust that run of 1321 nautical miles in four days which is here chronicled—nor had she that perfection of grace and proportion which belonged to the wood, composite and early iron clippers in the days when cargo capacity in sailing-vessels had not yet become so important a consideration. She had a rather dubious repute among seamen as a "man-killer"—undeserved, Mr. MASEFIELD thinks, yet from the disastrous beginning of her career to its end, when she was run down by a steamer in the Elbe, she had her full share at least of accidents. But, says her historian, "she had that about her which made men mind her": the same notable quality which impelled him, though he had no personal association with her, to gather together the fragments of her life-story before they were forgotten, as such things are all too often forgotten. The medium which he has adopted is an unusual one, a narrative whose plain record of bare fact is interspersed with occasional passages of poetic prose of a fine simplicity, breaking from time to time into an unrhymed verse form. The latter is not easy to classify. It is indeed something in the nature of a metrical experiment, and, though it too has its noble moments, it cannot be said to be entirely successful. The volume also contains some shorter sea poems, among them the "Masque of Liverpool," written for that city's recent civic festival.

For a recipient of the right critical tenderness I can imagine no more enchanting Christmas gift than Lady GERALD WELLESLEY's anthology from the *Keepsakes* of the Early Victorians, an anthology complete in the engraved emerald-green boards of its miniature originals and containing (as they did) agreeable letterpress and graphic embellishments. Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST contributes an irresistible introduction to *The Annual* (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 7/6) and its "onlie begetter," Mr. RUDOLF ACKERMANN, of Saxony and the Strand, who, not content with designing Lord NELSON's funeral-car and possessing the first gas-illuminated shop in London, put forth, in the winter of 1823, the first *Forget-Me-Not*. From this and its successors the editor has made a catholic selection. Mrs. SHELLEY, superbly anonymous as "the author of *Frankenstein*," contributes an Italianate romance; Mrs. HEMANS depicts in verse the "pure orisons" of schoolgirls; an anonymous jester is Byronic in *ottava rima*; Mr. BOWLES, Mr. BERNARD BARTON and other inveterate poetasters furnish their accustomed quota. But the choice does not wholly lie between boudoir pieces. His Majesty KING GEORGE IV. displays



"YOU WAS IN FRANCE A LONG TIME, JOE. WHY DON'T *YOU* WRITE A WAR-BOOK?"
"NO, I WAS ONLY A SOLDIER. I DID ALL MY GROUSIN' IN THE TRENCHES."

his classical scholarship in *The Bijou*; and TENNYSON, SHELLEY, COLERIDGE and the plaintive HOOD contribute some of the loveliest of their lyrics. It is interesting to find the lesser fry echoing—sometimes with startling poignancy—their betters, as Lady CAROLINE LAMB, for instance, echoes LANDOR. For the rest, I particularly commend the inclusion of H. CLAUREN'S long short story, *Mimili*, a delightful piece of Anglo-Swiss Rousseauism which, greatly daring, continues beyond wedding-bells and ends up with rumours of baby-linen.

Mr. JAMES LAVER'S *Whistler* (FABER AND FABER, 15/-) is a masterpiece of its kind. WHISTLER has been described as half charlatan, half dancing-master, as a mixture of prima donna and spoilt child, as a marionette, as a lovebird. Whatever country he lived in he was always a foreigner there; to be his patron was an "affair of infinite delicacy"; his favourite costume was a black coat with white trousers and silk hat, patent-leather shoes with pink bow, cane and monocle; and he took boxing-lessons because he had discovered it amused him to pummel a critic. He chose as his emblem a butterfly, a creature he conceived as carrying a sting. And this was the man destined to be the channel through which the simplicity and daintiness of Japanese art was to pass as a new inspiration into England. His ideal of decoration was a plain wall with two pictures—both by WHISTLER—and a succeeding generation has rightly remembered not the egotism that would endure no work but his own to hang on the wall left plain, but the instinct that first recognised its beauty. This screaming peacock, with harsh voice and bitter pen, was ordained to be the prophet of low tones, subtle veils of evening, river nocturnes. His portraits speak of a tranquillity that not for one moment would he endure in his own existence. It is little wonder that Mr. LAVER has written a biography which not only summarises the art movements of a century but fairly leaps with gorgeous episode and strident contrast.



The Man. "THAT FELLOW HAS JUST TAKEN A PHOTOGRAPH, AND I SUPPOSE IT'LL APPEAR AS 'LADY MARIGOLD AND A FRIEND.'"

The Woman. "OH, NO, IT WON'T. I ASKED THEM NEVER TO MENTION TWEEKIE AGAIN; HE'S QUITE CONCEITED ENOUGH AS IT IS."

All who, like myself, are grateful to Miss MARGARET KENNEDY for having created the *Sanger* family and have never quite got over the death of *Tessa*, that most constant nymph, will delight to welcome *The Fool of the Family* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) and to meet once more *Sebastian*, *Antonia* and *Caryl*, who is only a fool in his own eyes and the *Sangers'*. When the story begins, the two brothers, *Caryl* and *Sebastian*, each unaware of the other's presence, are living in Venice: the former plays a cinema piano and the latter punts vegetables and shares a room with *Gemma*, his erratic mistress. *Caryl* loses his job and during the process gains the love of *Fenella*, the well-brought-up daughter of Scottish parents, who accept him for the nice young man he is, until they confuse his morals with those of *Sebastian*. *Fenella* is whisked away to the Dolomites, and the brothers *Sanger*, with *Gemma*, her baby and some marionettes, set out in search of their fortunes and *Fenella*. They find *Fenella* first, and life for all of them becomes as complicated as only *Sangers* could make it. Miss KENNEDY'S novel will not please parish librarians in search of "nice" books, for the *Sangers* (except *Caryl*) are not "nice" people, and when they go to England *Fenella* soon becomes infected by their attitude to the conventions. The book has, in spite of many improbabilities, three of the great virtues of fiction: it is readable (many times readable), it is witty, and it is beautifully written. I find it difficult to give the author adequate thanks for her great gift of the *Sangers*.

Years of real adventure and strenuous life are admirably described in *The Journal of a Jackaroo* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 10/6); for at the age of sixteen-and-a-half Mr. FRANK HIVES went to Queensland, and with the assistance of Mr. GASCOIGNE LUMLEY he has given us a most vivid account of his own and of his brother's experiences. Life on the cattle run, where he joined his brother, was hard and dangerous enough in the Queensland of some fifty years back, but compared with their adventures after they had collected a little money and had decided to seek a livelihood by doing odd and odder jobs, it seems to have been almost a sheltered existence. Indeed those of us who read Chapter X, "A Close Call," will willingly admit that fact has again routed the most lurid fiction.

In their desire to get quickly off the mark I am beginning to wonder if our sensational novelists are not becoming too impetuous. Personally, at any rate, I prefer to meet their victims in the flesh, and form my own opinion of them before I have to encounter them as corpses. But the fashion of to-day—and I take *The Yorkshire Moorland Mystery* (JENKINS, 7/6) as an example—denies us this knowledge. In the opening sentence of Mr. J. S. FLETCHER'S tale we are told that a famous book-collector has disappeared; very soon afterwards we know that he has been murdered. And I protest that Mr. FLETCHER'S well-conducted chase after the criminals would have been easier to follow with zest had I been allowed to become more intimately acquainted with their victim. Otherwise no complaint can be registered against a mystery which any amateur sleuth need not despair of solving for himself.

Mr. Punch welcomes a Calendar for 1931, published by G. DELGADO, LTD., 53-55, East Road, City Road, N.1, which contains pictures reproduced from these pages.

CHARIVARIA.

TREASURY officials disclaim all knowledge of Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN's rumoured intention to have his next Budget orchestrated for production at Covent Garden.

* * *

It is reported that bookmakers have had a very bad year. It is felt that something ought to be done for them in the shape of a Charity Sweepstake.

* * *

Dog-racing, dirt-track racing and darts are stated to be the three main sports that cause domestic trouble in humble homes. Commiseration, however, should not be withheld from the shove-ha'penny widow.

* * *

Prudent people are shopping earlier this year to avoid the crush of those who will be shopping early to avoid the crush.

* * *

A farmer has written to a morning paper to say that sheep are not "cattle." No doubt it is uncertainty on this point which gives sheep the appearance of having something on their minds.

* * *

A new cigarette is absolutely guaranteed not to burn the tongue. A good test is to place the lighted end in the mouth.

* * *

In the opinion of a stipendiary magistrate Lancashire people are the most truthful in the country. This is, no doubt, an effect of the responsibility of saying to-day what England will say to-morrow.

* * *

Quantities of hazel-nuts found in a district of Scotland where no hazel-bushes now grow are believed to date from a warm period which immediately followed the last glacial epoch. There is little support for the theory that they are evidence of nutting-forays.

* * *

Surprise is expressed that no one before Sir JAMES JEANS had succeeded in writing a best-seller on astronomy. Evidently the fault was not in our stars.

* * *

In objecting that Sir JAMES JEANS' literary style does not assist the plain man to understand his theory of the universe as a mathematical concept, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT of course has in mind the reader who already knows how many towns make five.

* * *

With reference to the question whether touring cricket teams should play on Sundays Mr. A. E. R. GILLIGAN recalls that the M.C.C advised him to do in Rome as Rome did. No mention however is made of any test-challenge issued by Signor MUSSOLINI.

* * *

In a character-sketch of a leading Chicago gunman it is stated that his eyes are green when he is in a pleasant mood and yellow when his forefinger is thumbing a trigger. Nothing annoys a gunman more than to find that his fingers are thumbs.

* * *

The POPE has blessed the automatic telephone exchange at the Vatican. Nobody ever blesses automatic telephone exchanges in this country.

* * *

A bare-legged octogenarian backwoodsman in Louisiana, who was found to have been making whisky for fifty years, had never heard of Prohibition. This may explain his neglect to adopt boot-legs.

* * *

Signor MARINETTI, the Futurist, declares that the time is ripe for a revolution in Italian cooking. As yet, however, there are no symptoms of unrest in Soho.

Leading Society hostesses are to represent famous express trains at the forthcoming "Railway Ball," when it is anticipated that the dancers will also include suburban non-stops.

* * *

The experiment of tilting some of the House of Commons' benches was found to have increased the difficulties of short-legged M.P.'s in reaching the floor. It is now quite common for the word to go round that "So-and-so 's down."

* * *

There is still little news of the rumoured trouble in Russia, but one theory is that they are fighting for freedom from the freedom for which they fought last time.

* * *

A Judge says that doctors are notably bad at figures. It is a well-known fact that they rarely get beyond ninety-nine.

* * *

The newspapers mention a glass-moulder of Los Angeles who was given ten shillings for committing a murder. It may not be much, but ten shillings here and ten shillings there soon mount up.

* * *

A leading comedian in a new film is described as cracking jokes with his eyebrows. Some film tragedians look as if they could crack nuts with theirs.

* * *

The French Courts have discussed whether a motor-car is a domicile. In a traffic-block it often seems to be.

* * *

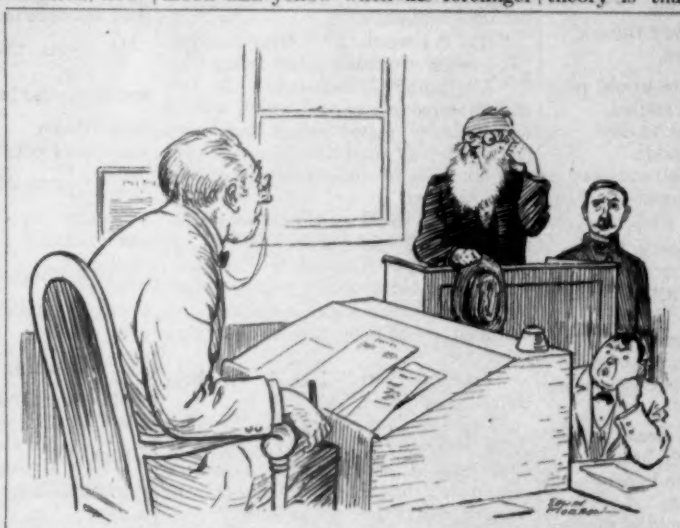
According to a contemporary writer, the vocabulary of the war-time sergeant-major, contrary to the general belief, was very small. That may be so, but look at the turnover!

* * *

The report that a man was fined at Acton for being drunk while wheeling a perambulator reminds us that so far no one has been convicted of taking another person's pram for a joy-push.

* * *

The practice of re-writing plays after they have been produced is increasing, and it is believed that some managers have decided not to call in an author until after the first night.



Magistrate. "NOW PERHAPS YOU WILL TELL ME IN YOUR OWN WORDS WHAT YOU REMEMBER OF THE ACCIDENT."

Professor. "THE MISCREANT DEBOUCHED UPON ME ABRUPTLY AND INAUDIBLY, AND THE RESULTANT COLLISION WITH MY VELOCIPEDE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR AN EXCHANGE IN THEIR RELATIVE POSITIONS OF MY HEAD AND BASIC EXTREMITIES, LEADING TO THIS EXTENSIVE CONTUSION, CONSEQUENT UPON THE IMPINGING OF MY LEFT FRONTAL REGION ON A HIGHLY-CAMBERED MACADAMISED THOROUGHFARE."

A SUSCEPTIBLE CHANCELLOR:

OR, HOW TO MAKE GRAND OPERA SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY.

THERE may be men that in their haste
And lack of self-control
Call SNOWDEN names for having placed
Grand Opera on the dole;
But I, with vision large and true,
Am certain he intended to
Uplift the nation's soul.

"Music hath charms" (so CONGREVE said)
"To soothe a savage breast";
For snakes and such, when seeing red,
This treatment is the best;
And often, if a person sings,
The pains of love and other things
Cease to produce unrest.

When Orpheus on his lute would play
Fierce tigers wept and smiled,
And this is what we want to-day
To make us soft and mild;
For millions now are much annoyed
At always being unemployed—
It drives them simply wild.

They ask for bread and get a brick,
But here's a fairer boon:
"Your wrongs," says PHILIP, "make me sick;
They shall be righted soon;
For jobs of work we give no date,
But you shall whistle, while you wait,
An operatic tune.

"The body's needs you 'll please ignore,
And let the soul take flight
On the orchestral wind and soar
Up to Valhalla's height;
Swim with the Rheingold's maiden guard,
Or hear old Tristan dying hard
At one-and-six a night." O. S.

A DUAL CURE.

AT first I thought that it was by natural transitions that the conversation passed from James' last round of golf, through the Renfrew election, to Unemployment and the Traffic Problem; but in the light of subsequent events I am reluctantly forced to believe that Anne was guiding it for her own base purposes.

When James and I had thrashed out both difficulties in our manly way and had agreed on the impossibility of their ever being overcome, Anne joined in the conversation.

"You men," she said with shrivelling sarcasm, "you think you are capable of governing an Empire, and you can't solve little problems like that."

"You, of course," I said, trying to be shrivellous in turn, "would merely pass a couple of Bills which would finally cure both evils in a month or two."

"Oh, it wouldn't take all that time," said Anne calmly, "and it wouldn't be necessary to pass two Bills. One would do. I would get it through Parliament in twenty-four hours, just as they did in the War, you know, and in about a week unemployment would be a thing of the past and we should have no more road accidents."

"I bet we shouldn't," I sneered.

"Will you?" asked Anne eagerly. "Will you really have a bet on it? A pair of silk stockings to a box of fifty cigarettes?"

"Six pairs to six boxes," I replied loftily. "But no," I added, "it wouldn't be fair to you. One doesn't bet on a certainty."

"But if I want to?" Anne pleaded. "If I really wouldn't mind losing?"

"All right," I assented. "If you can describe a measure which will at once reduce unemployment and lessen the number of road accidents I'll give you six pairs of silk stockings—expensive ones too."

"I didn't say I would *reduce* unemployment. I said I would *cure* it. If my plan were adopted no one who wasn't bedridden would ever be unemployed, and after about a week pedestrianism would be as safe as any other job."

"I am anxious," I said, "to hear this plan of yours."

"Oh, it isn't my own idea," replied Anne modestly. "It was thought of ages ago. I should only re-enact a law which has been un-enacted, or whatever it is they do to laws."

"My poor child," I said, "do think for a moment. You haven't too much money. I'll give you one more chance to apologise and admit you're talking through your hat."

"I may not have much money," said Anne, "but I've absolutely no silk stockings. I wish the bet to stand. James shall be witness."

"Done," I said, "and no getting out of it now."

"Thirty-four years ago," said Anne dreamily—"they've just been celebrating the event, that's how I know—thirty-four years ago an Act was repealed (that's the word) which made it compulsory for a man carrying a red flag to walk in front of every mechanically-propelled vehicle. I should merely re-enact that law. . . . Two beige, two nigger and two creole, please."

". . . A letter from the Board of Trade consented to the construction of a promenade, etc., at the foot of Roundham Head, below high-water mark."
West-Country Paper.

Mr. Punch has long urged the need of better facilities for paddling.

A NOTE ON HORSE-BREEDING.

BEING a child in these matters and speaking as one having no authority, I unhesitatingly offer the suggestion that the breeding of bloodstock in this country is being run on the wrong lines.

I have recently been in conversation with two fox-hunting men—not the "Shires" type of fox-hunting man, but the type that combines fox-hunting with horse-coping and gets a good deal of fun out of both—and each tells me the same story or very nearly the same story. Yet I am bound to note this radical difference, that, whereas Nike tells it of his father, Broderick tells it of his brother.

It seems that {Nike's father / Broderick's brother} was motoring in {France / Belgium} when his car broke down / ran out of petrol} outside a {slaughter- / sausage-} house / factory} into which he went to borrow a spanner. / some petrol.} There in a tumble-down stall / byre} in the yard he saw a miserable chestnut mare / grey horse} full of {farcy or glanders / bog-spavin or thrush} waiting to be slaughtered and sold for cats'-meat. Undismayed, however, by the poor brute's sorry condition, {Nike's father / Broderick's brother} offered a fiver / thirty shillings} for it, which was readily / after some haggling} accepted. This mare, / horse,} skilfully nursed by {Nike's / Broderick's brother / father,} was restored to health, was hunted for years with the {Quorn, / Belvoir,} and eventually won the {House- / Grand} hold Brigade / National} Steeplechase.

She / He} subsequently {foaled / sired} the winner of the {St. Leger. / Derby.}

This proves, to my satisfaction at least, that the proper way to breed hunters and race-horses is not to squander huge sums on pedigree stock but to keep a sharp look-out in canneries and abattoirs. WOON.

"DANISH STREAKY BACON Without Flank. Cut from our own Sides."
Stores List.

We take the precaution of going to an English grocer.



THAT RINKING FEELING.

MR. MACDONALD. "I'M NOT VERY SURE OF MYSELF."
MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "WELL, LEAN ON ME, BUT DON'T RELY ON ME."



BABY: THE NEW CULT. NO. 1.

MRS. BERKELEY-SMYTHE AT HOME. MARTINI AND BAMBINI.

ANSWERING QUESTIONS.

I WAS walking one evening through the outskirts of a village. With me was a friend—an American—who was having a look at what for some inexplicable reason he didn't call "li'l ole England." (Or else our magazines have it wrong.) The conversation was for the most part penetratingly curious on his side and evasively informative on mine.

It is staggering to realise how amazingly ignorant we are about our own country when confronted with the Transatlantic passion for knowledge and facts. Perhaps this is because we don't meet enough Americans. "What do they know of England who only English know?" as the poet might have written if he had wanted to be any help with this article. Our own countrymen, even when visiting unknown districts, are quite content to absorb passively such information as comes their way, without taking a lift-and-force pump to the source of supply. You can safely tell another Englishman that you aren't sure about some fact or other, and he is too polite or too bone-headed to press the point; but when a fellow comes three thousand miles to guess that that's a pretty old barn he'll want to know just how old is it.

Well, I mean, you have to answer right up at once with dates and figures, like the bright boy at the top of the class. For, if you murmur vaguely that you don't know, you and any Hands-Across-the-Seas dope you may have planted out slide down the drain together. If you tell him that you believe it's new, you are equally a total loss. An American doesn't come three thousand miles to guess that that's a pretty old barn and then have natives tell him they believe it's new. It hurts. What he wants—and what nine times out of ten he gets—is to be told that Yes, *he'd* call it old, no doubt, but really you know, old fella, it was only built in the late eighteenth century. If you wish to improve on this you add that it's called the New Barn by people hereabouts, and that the more ancient yokels still talk about the way the place do be expanding-like whenever they pass it. This impresses him no end. He makes a note to tell them all this one in Des Moines, Iowa.

Then of course you round the end of it and the damn thing makes a sap out of you by having 1873 over the doorway. Sometimes you can break even with this by telling him it's the phone number. Sometimes he believes you. Anyway, the incident leaves you pretty jumpy till his mind gets off on to something else.

That day my friend pulled one on me that got me all broken up. I felt like the poor old man in the ancient tale who, having been suddenly asked whether he slept with his beard inside or outside the bedclothes at night, worried so much trying to discover which he did do that he at last got in a huff, cut the pesky thing off and died of pneumonia. Well, as we were passing along the road, now and then returning labourers wished us Good-evening in the manner of the country, to which of course we responded with simple natural dignity. Suddenly my friend asked me why some of them said it and why some didn't; whether

they always did it first or whether I could start it, and whether . . . well, his queries covered every aspect of the subject pretty thoroughly.

To gain time I countered by asking whether people didn't say Good-morning and Good-evening to each other in the States. He said: Well, yes, they did and they didn't; but one had to be careful. That was to say that everyone would say Good-morning in the States if only the other fellow said it first. I gathered that apparently they all wanted to be certain that their own opening wouldn't be misconstrued. It seemed it might be taken as an endeavour to scrape acquaintance, or as a patronising move, or as a servile gesture, or as an attempt to be insulting by means of politeness, or even as an opening for the other chap to sell you insurance. . . .

He appeared to have gone into the matter thoroughly and it just about spoilt my day. For after that I couldn't be natural any more. I had to watch approaching strangers, concentrating deeply on the Good-evening question. This meant a penetrating scrutiny on my part, which I broke off short in case it became a rude stare, and abruptly resumed a few seconds later with words of greeting hovering uncertainly on the hither side of my teeth.

This had a startling effect on the villagers. Some of poor fibre, who would otherwise have passed out the friendly word and thought no more about it, were quelled into a shy silence and shuffled by with averted face, probably to brood on the matter till nearly closing time at the "Dog and Duck." One poor old fellow opened his mouth and eyes and stared tremulously at us, revolving painfully on his axis as we passed. He remained so staring till we were out of sight. He may be staring still. Others started to say something and then, as I started with gratified abruptness to reply, broke off in as much confusion as if they had been reprimanded for insolence, and passed on whistling with feeble bravado. Others, younger and more truculent, returned the scrutiny with interest and jerked out a hostile "'d evening" that was like a blow in the face. One primitive son of the soil spat on the roadside.

It was all very embarrassing, and my American friend asked if all English villagers were like that. I replied truthfully that I'd never seen them like that before. I then added severely, having ascertained that no one was approaching, that there was really nothing in having Good-evening said to you if you took it naturally and didn't wonder beforehand whether it might come. And at that moment someone on a bicycle came up silently from behind and fired a "Good-evening to you!" into my right ear.

The effect was worse than if I *had* been wondering about it beforehand. I gave a short yelp and ejaculated "Hell to you!" I then saw that it was the local parson and dived through the hedge and out across country.

My American caught me up some time later. He was now wanting to know something about English parsons. I forget what I told him, for I was quite unstrung. And now I hear he is writing a piece in a New York paper about English Country Customs. A. A.



THE PLUMBER'S FIRST.

A Cannibal Rechauffé.

"CAPTAIN FRIED AGAIN."
Birmingham Paper.

These marine dishes are not much fun cold.

Another Smith Minority.

"The races of Africa are the Tibestians, Zulus, Cafirs and Hottops."
Schoolboy's Answer.

How to Give an Impression of Maturity.

"Lady Iris's story was written entirely by herself—only a few spelling mistakes and full-stops have been added."
Children's Corner in Daily Paper.

Nagging Criticism.

"Councillor ——, at this afternoon's meeting of the Leeds City Council, drew attention to the minutes of the Watch Committee, which recorded successes of three horses and riders at a nagricultural show.

'I often wonder whether this detachment is kept for these purposes,' he said, 'and whether the Watch Committee have considered that the motunted detachment of the police force is no longer required.'"
Yorkshire Paper.

Personally we regard the motunted detachment of Robert as one of the glories of London.

THESE CHARMING CONFERENCES.

THESE Conferences! There are lots of things about them that make me knit the brow of puzzlement at breakfast-time. And one of them is this: Why is it that, whatever else happens, the British Government is always "taken by surprise"?

These Conferences are generally arranged a few months or even years ahead; but they always seem to come as a shock to the British Government. A few months before the Conferences the newspapers hear about it and print articles about it; a few weeks before the Conference the delegates from overseas pack their portfolios and book passages in ships; a few days before the Conference they land at Southampton and are given a banquet in the City. By this time almost everybody knows that there is going to be a Conference. But nobody lets the British Government know. Somehow or other, as a rule, the thing does leak out in Whitehall about the day before the Conference; secretaries and Civil Servants hustle about and the British delegates are actually got to the post in time for the first meeting of the Conference. But they give the impression of being flustered and out of breath—top-hats the wrong way round and so on. And they haven't the *faintest* idea what the Conference is going to be about.

Canada (*or somebody*). Well, what about Economic Co-operation?

Great Britain (*spluttering*). What on *earth* do you mean?

Canada. Well, I mean Tariffs and Preferences and all that.

Great Britain (*staggered*). But you haven't come here to talk about *Economic Co-operation*?

Canada. Yes, of course. That was the whole idea.

Great Britain. But nobody *told* us!

Can. Well, never mind. Let's have a Conference.

G. B. But we don't know anything *about* Tariffs and all that. The whole thing's been sprung on us.

Can. What have you been doing all these years, old boy?

G. B. I dunno. Been pretty busy. I tell you what; we'll get the Civil Service to look into the thing.

Can. But what are we going to confer about?

G. B. Well, let's have a Conference about Quotas and Import Boards.

Can. All right. What are they?

G. B. Well, nobody quite knows. But I saw something about them in the papers the other day. Of course your popping in like this has been a big surprise.

Can. Awfully sorry, old boy. I ought to have written.

G. B. Not your fault, my dear chap. Somebody ought to have told me. I tell you what; we'll ask the Civil Servants about Quotas. They'll know. And meanwhile what about a spot of dinner at the Guildhall?

Well, then they have a spot of dinner at the Guildhall; and meanwhile the Civil Service work overtime, looking up "Tariff" and "Quota" in the Encyclopædia. And by the time the Civil Service have found out what the Conference is about it's time for the Conference to break up, because all the delegates have dates elsewhere. So they give each other gold fountain-pens and arrange to have another Conference in a year or two.

Take the India Conference. There again, I see, the poor old British Government has been absolutely "taken by surprise." Nobody told them the Conference was going to be about self-government and federation and that sort of thing. They thought it was going to be about the keeping of bees, or what to wear in the tropics. And now I bet the Civil Servants are working overtime looking up "Federation" in the Encyclopædia. One of these days the Government will fail to turn up at a Conference and forfeit its bail.



Old-fashioned Lady. "NO, I NEVER LISTEN-IN ON SUNDAYS. I SHOULD HATE TO THINK I WAS CAUSING EXTRA WORK."

What I want to know is this: Is there *no* way of keeping the British Government informed about public affairs? There is a lot to be said for discussing nothing at all at a Conference, because a Conference of that kind can scarcely come to blows. But the thing can go too far. I don't want to boast, but when I have a conference with the Inspector of Taxes I know pretty well what the conference is going to be about; and so does he. We exchange letters about it beforehand; some of the letters are lost, and some of them are flung petulantly into the fire; but by the time we get together round the table, though the air may be pretty thick, the "issues" have been narrowed down to a fine point. And when he says, "Well, what about this assessment?" I can't honestly reply that I thought we were going to talk about gardening.

Well, now, can't all these Governments, who don't have to put stamps on their letters, make more use of the Post-Office? Take this next Conference at Ottawa. The first thing, of course, is to work it into the head of the British Government that there's going to be a Conference at Ottawa, that Ottawa is in Canada, and you have to go there by sea. Somebody ought to get the Government a really good whole-time Private Secretary, and she should start jogging the Government about Ottawa *now*. Tie knots in their handkerchiefs and murmur night and morning, "You'll remember about Ottawa, won't you? There's going to be a Conference, and somebody's sure to want to discuss something." There is a man called the King's Remembrancer. The very job for him.

Meanwhile the Civil Service should be quietly working away, looking up new Latin words in the dictionary, finding out where Ottawa is and generally preparing the ground. Then, about six months before the Conference, the Government might write to Canada and Australia (I believe there is absolutely *no* charge for Government letters) and say, "Look here, about this Conference. Our Civil Service have invented the *most* marvellous thing called a fish-*quorum*, which would be worked by an *ad hoc consilium*, with of course bulk-boards. We rather think we shall



Nurse. "HE 'S NOT BEEN AT ALL GOOD TO-DAY, MA'AM."
Modern Mother. "AH, BUT HAS HE BEEN INTERESTING?"

discuss this at the Conference. Enclosed please find a memorandum on the fish-*quorum* by an extremely able man at the Air Ministry."

Then Canada would write back and say, "We have studied your fish-*quorum* and the idea is a jolly one. But really we'd much rather talk about Tariffs, and when we say Tariffs we mean so-and-so. You'll find a lot about Tariffs in JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S speeches. The reason we don't so much like your fish-*quorum* is that it is, if we may say so, *moribundum ab ovo*."

After a few frank exchanges of this kind you would have a state of affairs quite without precedent in the recent history of Conferences. You would have all the delegates to the Conference knowing in advance exactly where they were and what the bickering was to be about. Nothing would then remain except to pack the British Government's bag and see that it caught the boat-train.

True, once that stage of understanding was reached it might be seen that it was superfluous to have a Conference at all. And no great harm in that. Next to a Royal Commission, an Imperial Conference seems to be the world's best device for delaying action. We can't do anything till the next Conference, years ahead; and when the Conference meets there's no time to do anything; and after that we can't do anything till the next Conference. If there were no Conferences, Governments would have to write letters and settle things, as you and I do. It's really extraordinary in this modern world, with its marvellous communications, that the Empire's statesmen can't get together without dining at the Guildhall. There's a wireless telephone to Australia; but they don't use that. Common business men can do business over the electric cables. But Prime Ministers have to see each other eating and drinking before they can exchange the simplest thought.

I wonder what is being done about Ottawa to-day. Do you suppose that busy men in Whitehall are working out the details of the plans to be produced at Ottawa by the British Government? Maybe. And maybe not. Or do you think that all those dockets about *quotas* and import-boards and tariffs have gone back into their pigeon-holes? Maybe. And maybe not. Never mind. Some bright lady-secretary, glancing down the calendar one day, will cry, "Oh, gosh! There's this Conference coming!" And the British Government will no doubt be there, taken by surprise again, but murmuring pleasantly, "What about a fish-*quorum*?"

A. P. H.

The Parent Body.

"It was a difficult point to decide, and both clubs left the mater in the hands of the Football Association."—*Manchester Paper.*

". . . The Lancashire and Cheshire Outboard Racing Club are breaking new ground by holding a meeting at Carr Mill Dam, St. Helens, on Sunday afternoon."
Manchester Paper.

We shall take care not to stand on the new ground of this overland club.

". . . The national swing towards Protection has extended through the Conservative Party to the Labour Party and has even drenched the feet of some amongst the Liberal Party itself."—*Sunday Paper.*

In the clubs they are asking: Can Mr. LLOYD GEORGE succeed where CANUTE failed?

BAH.

A LOS ANGELES IDYLL.

"STOCKINGS, please," I said to the sales-girl in the Salon des Dames.

"Bah," she replied.

An odd reply, for bare legs had gone out and stockings come in with the arrival of the Fall (Autumn).

"Light brown," I said; "silk and wool mixed; warm stockings."

"Ba-a-a-a," she bleated.

I looked at her.

"Stock——," I began again.

"This Fall's all French. Stockin's is 'bah' now. B-A-S."

"Well, I want light-brown bah, then."

"Ah dunno sef we've any browns. The noo Parus lot's jist in, an' Ah'm kinda mixed in the names."

"But you *must* have light brown!"

"Say, Sistur, you jist wait an' listun to the names. Here's a lot your size; bit there ain't no warm wans; ye gat ti wear sheer silk this wintur. 'Aphro-dittey,'" she read from a catalogue, "'frum the Gaddess uv Beauty; lends her name to a gor-geous noo Fall 1930 sun-tone.' Thet'll be nood. 'Aurora——'"

"That must be pinky bah," I interrupted.

"No, it's a delicut rose-ate flesh, inspired by the Gaddess uv Dawn, para-doxically ap-propriate ti wear with pastel fur evenin'. *And* with black.' Thet must be noodish. 'Diana——'"

"Forest green or brown?" I suggested.

"Naw; it says: 'The hunt-ress is responsible fur the name uv a nootral skin-tone colour created fur fashion rap-sod-ies in blue. Joono,'" she went on, "'was the guardian uv wumman-kind an' is the Gaddess whose name is given to a de-cidedly sub-tile hue thet hermonizes with Parus-sanctioned nootral tones an' luxoorious vivid shades. Cynthia——'"

"Ah, silvery," I said.

"'Cynthia is a skin-tone with more wurmth than the Moon Gaddess wud suggest. Vesta——'"

"TILLEY?" I finished eagerly.

"Naw. 'Named fur the Gaddess uv the Hurth, an' most ap-propriate fur furmal pastel-coloured tea-gowns. Zoos——'"

"But that must be men's bah; probably thick golf ones."

"Zoos is 'flame-coloured bah, sootable fur wearin' by the fire on cosy wintur evenin's,'" she said coldly.

I looked at the bah, all stamped "Colors Classique"; the cheapest was Zoos; he cost only five dollars a pair. But our hotel has central heating.

"Say, dearie," she said, "Ah'll tell yaw. Ahl this dope means nothin' bit nood an' skin an' beige an' diff'runt shades uv browns. We've gatten the cutest li'l numbers lef'-overs frum the spring, silk an' wool, jist whut ye want, an' goin' at a gift. You wait."

I waited. I bought one pair each of Aphrodittey and Diana and Joono and Cynthia and Tilley, five pairs of Colors Classique bah, or as like as made no difference, only they were warm winter bah, and I paid just five dollars for the outfit.

An Aerial Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Once again the future of the suspension bridge at Marlow is in the air."—*Daily Paper.*

Statements which Fail to Reassure.

". . . We are entirely at a loss to understand the rumours which have been circulated in the district regarding this Theatre, as there is no foundation whatever for same."

Architect's Report in Twickenham Paper.

A BALLAD OF BEETLES.

[Correspondents of *Notes and Queries* have of late contributed authoritative evidence of the ability of beetles to bite through gas- and water-pipes. The insect, we learn, "in its desire to gain the open," finds the metal in its way and perforce bites through the obstruction.]

LET good hymnologists applaud the insects of the hive
Who under matriarchal rule so prosperously thrive;
Let AVEBURY and MAETERLINCK impressively descant
Upon the economics and the ethics of the Ant.

Another theme, another aim, inspires my doggerel lays—
The earnest, passionate desire to sing the Beetle's praise,
And rescue from the enmity of ignorant mankind
An insect most unjustly and persistently maligned.

Yet, while I laud the Beetle I relentlessly exclude
From eulogy of any sort the gruesome basement brood,
Who are not Coleoptera or entered in the lists
Of genuine Beetles recognised by entomologists.

The very name of Cockroach inspires me with dismay,
Nor shall I easily forget the catastrophic day
When in a plate of soup I spied that nauseating grub
And ceased to be a member of the Dinosaurian Club.

But the true Beetle is not black; he does not crawl or creep,
He soars and sings on shard-borne wings, unlike *Uriah Heep*,
And, as in *Notes and Queries* I recently have read,
"The larva of the Goat-moth is undeterred by lead."

In perforating metal pipes without an awl or file
He is not moved by malice or premeditated guile;
It is the love of freedom that lures him from his lair
And urges him to bite his way into the light and air.

The Beetle, home returning through the circumambient gloom,
Emits a most melodious and soporific boom;
And with his bombination, as SHAKESPEARE truly sings
(*Vide* "Macbeth," Act iii., Scene 2), "night's yawning peal" he rings.

But even kindly WILLIAM, Avon's immortal Swan,
Alludes to the "poor beetle" as what we tread upon,
As if no other function in Nature's scheme he filled
Than by the heels of man to be incontinently killed.

True Beetles are heroic and indomitable chaps
(Not so the dingy "Churchyard" breed that bear the name of *Blaps*);
And most of all this gallant band I reverence and revere
The Tiger, the Goliath, the Stag, the Bombardier.

Then do not ban the Beetle or stamp upon his back,
But learn to differentiate the Blameless from the Black,
Learn too to recognise him as entirely up-to-date
In furnishing employment for the plumber and his mate.

C. L. G.

More Banditry in South America.

"Lila de Alvarez . . . has added still another sporting triumph to her long list in capturing the champion women's polo team in the Argentine."—*North-Country Paper.*

"SHIP'S SIRENS ATTRACT FISHING-BOATS."—*Daily Paper.*

One day these vamps will get a well-merited smack.

"The Eton motto of 'Floreat Etona' (May Eton Flourish) is sometimes rendered 'Howreat Etona' (May Eton Shudder) by irreverent Harrovians."—*Evening Paper.*

It seems unfair to make us all shudder.



Artist's Charlady. "'E DIDN'T OUGHT TO 'AVE PAINTED 'ER PHOTO LOOKIN' DOWN LIKE THAT—AN' 'ER WITH A DOUBLE CHIN."

TIME AND SPACE AGAIN.

I SELDOM open a book of science without finding some interesting and provocative matter with which I may or may not agree. It depends largely on the radio-active condition of my sub-conscious molecules on the particular morning in question: that and the weather.

To-day, in reading Sir JAMES JEANS' little treatise on "The Mysterious Universe," I have happened, page 4, on the following remarkable statement:—

"It was, I think, Huxley who said that six monkeys set to strum unintelligently on typewriters for millions and millions of years would be bound in time to write all the books in the British Museum."

This set me thinking at once how little attention is paid to science by statesmen, by philanthropists and by men of affairs. It is years and years now since HUXLEY made his proposal. Yet what do we find?

No steps of any kind have been taken to carry it into effect!

And why? we may well ask. The Zoological Garden is full of monkeys, many of them of rare shapes and unexpected colours, and the loan of six, even for a long period of time, would be scarcely any loss to the sightseeing public. There is no lack of typewriters, Heaven knows. There is no lack of large buildings. The Albert Hall itself is only used occasionally. And even during concerts, political meetings or boxing encounters the monkeys, if a screen were placed round them, could easily continue their work without being interrupted.

The fact is that Government after Government comes into power and takes no thought for posterity. I

gravely doubt whether most of the books in the British Museum are of perdurable quality. Time and mildew may well destroy them in two or even in one million years. And what will happen to civilisation then? Would it not be well if these monkeys were getting on with their job? Yet Mr. SNOWDEN, who is willing to vote money from the Treasury in support of a National Opera, turns as blind an eye as the Chancellors of the Exchequer who have preceded him on the survival of all that is best in the literature of the world. There must be several books of my own in the British Museum. And, remembering that statement of Professor HUXLEY'S, I shall find it difficult to conceal my indignation whenever in future I visit the Zoo.

But to pass on. Sir JAMES JEANS deals in another place with the principles of the conservation of energy (suspected by me as early as 1895). He points out that energy is never lost, but merely transformed. An apparent loss of energy of motion, for instance, is compensated by the appearance of an exactly equal energy of heat and sound:—

"The energy of motion of the rushing train is replaced by the energy of the shrieking brakes, and of the heating of wheels, brakes, blocks and rails."

I have often tried to explain this fundamental law of science to a man who has missed his train at a railway-station. The energy of the speed with which he has approached the station is not, as he supposes, lost, though the train may be. The heated condition of his face, the very words which he shouts in his anguish and despair, the panting motion of his lungs, are the channels into which energy has been transmuted, so that, in spite of his own momentary and private annoyance, nothing has been actually wasted to the universe. Even the rapid cooling-off which he is obliged to undergo finds its counterpart in the loss of heat that is being experienced by the millions of stars around and about us, and which in not more than a few hundred million years will reduce the whole cosmos to the same temperature as that of the general waiting-room on platform 6.

Another point. There has been a trace of coolness lately between my old friend, Professor EINSTEIN, and Professor DE SITTER of Leiden. As far as I can make out, EINSTEIN got hold of the notion that the curvature of the universe was due to the matter in it, whereas DE SITTER was equally certain that the universe curved whether there was any matter in it or not. Sir JAMES JEANS rather tolerantly attempts to hold the balance even between these two hot-headed young bloods:—

"The universes of Einstein and De Sitter," he says, *"may rightly be imagined as placed at two ends of a chain. But we shall go wrong if we imagine them engaged in a tug-of-war. They merely mark the limits of possible universes, and the universe which starts at or near the Einstein end of the chain must gradually slip along the chain to the De Sitter end."*

I should not care for this to occur. It would be far better, in my opinion, to get DE SITTER and EINSTEIN to meet privately and shake hands. I feel that all of us who are interested in the universe—as who is not?—should try to pull together instead of taking opposite sides, especially at a time like this, when there is so much unemployment about and the whole drift of the nebulæ is antagonistic to world-trade.

"As Einstein's unstable universe expands, the matter in it becomes more and more sparse until it ends up as an empty universe of the kind pictured by De Sitter."

Would not Christmas, the season of goodwill, be a suitable occasion for bringing EINSTEIN and DE SITTER together, say at the Garrick Club, and getting them to hammer out some kind of compromise?

With Sir JAMES JEANS' dictum on page 101, that *all the phenomena of electro-magnetism may be thought of as occurring in a continuum of four dimensions, in which it is impossible to separate the space from the time in any absolute manner*, I should be the last to quarrel. MINKOWSKY agrees with the proposition, and I heartily concur. Anything MINKOWSKY says goes down with me. In fact, I prefer to agree without coupling this continuum of four dimensions to the Cornish Riviera express, as Sir JAMES JEANS, like nearly all other believers in relativity, insists upon doing. I know the Cornish Riviera express. It is a thoroughly good train. But that it really helps to prove relativity even the station-master at Paddington, when I last spoke to him, refused to concede. Relativity must stand on its own legs. It has MINKOWSKY and EINSTEIN behind it if it wavers, and requires no help from our railway systems, whose financial position at the present moment makes it doubtful whether any of them should have been dragged into the dispute.

In any case I am inclined to think that the position of the electron-wave has been definitely enhanced by Sir JAMES JEANS' book. It has gained in character and prestige. Leaders of Society are talking of it without *hauteur* and without *gêne*. Bishops who feel that they have censured it too harshly are trying to make amends to it. But perhaps the greatest triumph of the author is that he has fitted the fine old electron-wave not only into monkeys and mathematics and EINSTEIN and the railway time-table, but even into *the concept of the universe as a world of pure thought!*

Pure, mark you. It is scarcely necessary to say what a stir this has caused in literary Bohemia amongst the writers of novels and the writers of plays.

EVOE.

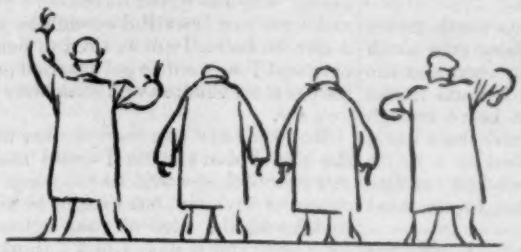


Lady. "POOR FELLOW! I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HAD TO PINCH AND SCRAPE ALL YOUR LIFE?"
Mendicant (indignantly). "NOT SCRAPE, LADY!"

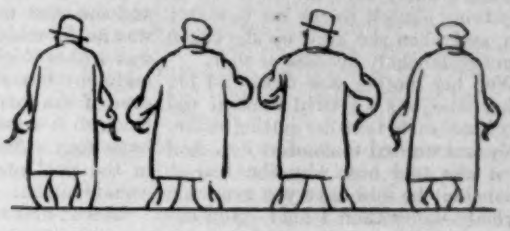
"THE —— GALLERIES.—10.6 daily. Exhibitions by MARK GERTLER and ETHEL BERT WHITE."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*
We don't know Miss Bert White.

FOOTBALL FROM THE BACK.

Fougasse



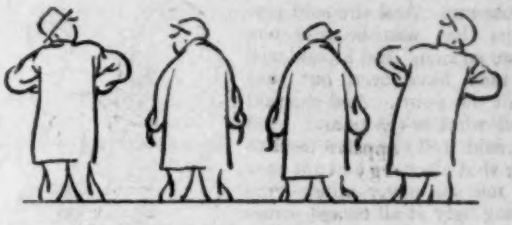
"IT LOOKS AS IF THE ROVERS WERE PRESSING.



NO, THEY 'VE BEEN PULLED UP FOR SOMETHING.



IT 'S A FREE KICK TO THE UNITED.



NO, IT ISN'T; IT 'S A PENALTY AGAINST THEM.



PRETTY BAD FOUL, APPARENTLY.



OR PERHAPS IT WAS ACCIDENTAL.



ANYWAY, THE ROVERS HAVE MISSED IT.



AND NOW IT 'S HALF-TIME."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE UGLY HEIRESS.

ONCE there was an heiress who had a heart of gold but she was so ugly that it wasn't likely that anybody would ever bring himself to ask her to marry him, and when she grew up she began to get melancholy because of that.

Well her mother was dead and her father who was a retired General and very kindhearted saw her getting melancholy and wanted to comfort her. And when she told him why she was so melancholy he said have you ever seen anybody uglier than I am? And she said well I did once in a nightmare it was after eating lobster which never agrees with me. And he said well there you are, and yet your mother was so beautiful that seventy-four people asked her to marry them and she chose me. And she said perhaps that was because you were so rich. And he said well it may have been but that isn't the point. And she said well what is the point? And he said well she often used to say that after she had got used to me she never minded me being ugly at all except sometimes when she wasn't feeling very well, I expect it would be just the same with you, and you are luckier than most ugly girls because you are an heiress besides having a heart of gold, and anybody who wants to have your money will have to take you with it, so I shouldn't despair if I were you.

Well she wasn't much comforted by that though she knew he meant well but she didn't want somebody to marry her because of her money and she got more and more melancholy about it until one day her father said to her look here my dear I don't like to see you in this state, there is nothing that takes off the bloom like worry and you can't afford to be any more repulsive than you are already. I have just thought of something that may be worth trying. I suppose you know about the Fairy Pool?

And she said well I know where it is but what has that got to do with it?

And he said well there is an old legend that anybody in our family can have their looks changed for them if they wash their faces in it at midnight and the fairy takes a fancy to them.

And she said why ever didn't you tell me that before, and why didn't you try it yourself? And he said well to tell you the truth I was rather proud of being the ugliest officer in the British army and winning a competition for it, and then I forgot all about it until I read something in an old book this morning.

So she thought it was worth trying and she went to the Fairy Pool which was in the middle of a wood and she was rather frightened because it was midnight but she was brave enough even if she *was* ugly and there was a moon so it wasn't so bad as it might have been. And she washed her face in the pool and waited to see what would happen.

Well at first nothing did happen but presently there was a little ripple in the pool and a smell of lilies-of-the-valley and there was the Fairy who looked very sweet and delicate but rather older than most fairies, and she said what do you want dear, it is a long time since I have been disturbed and I was beginning to think that people had forgotten all about me.



"DO YOU SEE ANY DIFFERENCE IN ME?"

So the heiress told her what she wanted and she said well I do approve of you because you have a heart of gold and I should like to do what you want but I am not quite sure that I can now as I am getting rather old and have had so little practice lately. And the heiress said I didn't know that fairies ever grew old, and she said well some do and some don't, couldn't you be content with staying as you are and I could do something easier for you like winning a lottery or never having indigestion. And the heiress said I don't want to win a lottery because I am quite rich enough as it is and I never do have indigestion except from eating lobster which is worth it, couldn't you make me just beautiful enough to get a nice husband, I am so tired of being ugly and I do want to get married and have several children and somebody to love me.

Well the fairy was sorry for her and she said I don't think I could make you beautiful, it would be too much to expect of anybody, but I might be able to take off the edge of your ugliness for a year and a day, I don't think I could make it work for longer than that but it would give you time to get married.

And the heiress said well that is all I want for the present and then the fairy waved her wand over her and said something that she didn't understand and there was another little ripple on the pool and no more scent of lilies-of-the-valley and she was gone.

So then the heiress rushed back to the house and looked at herself in the glass, and although she wasn't exactly beautiful which she could hardly expect she was really quite decent-looking, and yet she wasn't so much changed that nobody would recognize her. And she felt so happy that she started singing, and her father who always sat up late doing jig-saw puzzles heard her and came up to see what she was singing about. And she told him what had happened and said do you see any difference in me?

And he said now you ask me I really don't think you are quite so revolting in appearance, but I have been drinking a good deal of port so perhaps I am not such a good judge as I might be, I think you had better go to bed now and to-morrow morning we can see whether it has worn off.

Well, it hadn't worn off by the next morning and when the General saw her he said there was no doubt that her appearance was less nauseating than it had been and he would ask several young men to come and pay them visits which he had never done before because he hadn't wanted remarks made.

So he did that and one of the young men called Lord Palestine fell in love with her, and he was so handsome and clever that she fell in love with him too especially as he was so rich that she knew it wasn't because of her money.

and she was so happy that she seemed to get better-looking every day, and by the time Lord Palestine asked her to marry him she was almost beautiful and he thought she was quite.

So they got married and Lord Palestine loved her so much that he could hardly bear to go away from her to play golf, and they had a perfectly adorable baby called Periwinkle.

But at last the year and the day came to an end and the heiress got up at midnight and looked at herself in the glass and sure enough she was as ugly as she had been before. And she didn't sleep any more that night but nearly cried her eyes out because she thought her husband couldn't possibly go on loving her. And in the morning when he woke up she was still crying and he said what is the matter darling? And she cried some more and said I am so ugly now that I am sure you can't go on loving me any more. And he said what nonsense you are just as lovely as ever.

Well that comforted her a little and she said can't you see any difference in me since yesterday? And he said no except that your face is all screwed up with crying, and he kissed her.

So then she told him all about it, and he only laughed and said well perhaps I may have fallen in love with you at first because you were rather beautiful outside, but I love you now because of your heart of gold, and nothing can make any difference to that, so dry your eyes and let us ring the bell to have Periwinkle brought in. A. M.

WHERE NOW THE HAUGHTY UMPIRE?

[The practice of behaving with extreme rudeness to the umpire is said to be becoming steadily more prevalent among the competitors at lawn-tennis tournaments.]

The Lawn-tennis Star sings:—

"WHENE'ER I deign to grace the courts,
The Press with loving care reports
On how I look and what I wear,
The way in which I do my hair,
My taste in mascots, hose and shoes,
And begs me to disclose my views
Upon the STEINS (GERT, EIN- and EP-),
Or Mr. BALDWIN'S lack of pep;
They pay me quite a pleasing price
For signing pars of trite advice;
And—hall-mark of authentic fame—
They call me by my Christian name.

The umpire comes from who knows where;
I doubt if he is quite all there;
Among the people in the swim
No one has ever heard of him;
His views on morals, art or dress
Are never mentioned in the Press;
And shall a wash-out such as he
Presume to lord it over me?

It seems, from what our critics say,
That weak-kneed idiots who play
Other and far inferior games
Respect the umpire's monstrous claims
And with a lack of proper pride
That cannot be too much decried
Over his ruling make no fuss;
That sort of thing's no good to us.
With us the umpire knows his place,
Or learns it in condign disgrace,
Taught by the order to withdraw
That here the *player's* word is law."

More Followers in the Kitchen.

"Dining-room Maid required, over 21 quick and willing. Love in."
Adv. in Daily Paper.



Shopper (buying pyjamas for her husband). "I DON'T WANT ANY OF THOSE SILK THINGS—MUCH TOO EXPENSIVE."
Salesman. "PITY, MADAM, IF I MAY SAY SO. GO WHERE YOU WILL, I DOUBT IF YOU'LL SEE MANY GENTLEMEN IN ANY OTHER NIGHT-WEAR."



DISTINGUISHED DINERS CAUGHT IN CONVIVIAL MOOD.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO "THE CANDID CAMERA."

CAVEAT BRITANNIA.

["Better times may catch us napping."—*Headline in Daily Paper.*]

When Britain's guardian-angel grows less surly
And foreigners in some far future year
Our home-made goods solicit,
It would be a shame to miss it—
If you're waking call me early,
Mother dear.

When British boxers, mammoth-weight to pigmy,
Succeed as well with fisticuffs as nibs
And win the bays, supposing
That I happen to be dozing,
Be good enough to dig me
In the ribs.

The same applies when Englishmen are making
Their weights (and figures) felt upon the links,
Or Britannia lays the foe low
At the he-man sport of polo—
I've a fear I may be taking
Forty winks.

When its wits the British Government has smartened,
Or a better one is chosen in its stead,
Or the DUCE'S turgid row stops,
Shout it out upon the house-tops,
For I may have lost all heart and
Gone to bed.

And when we bask in Empire Trade improvements,
And British trousers, pigs and sealing-wax
And curling-tongs and squeegees
Are admitted to the Fijis
With their immigration movements
Free of tax;

When British boots, unpenalised, have got on
To the jetty at Quebec or Sydney Quay,
Or a dutiless banana
Is conceded to Guiana
In return for letting cotton
Enter free;

When a reasonable price the British loaf is,
Or any British subject (more or less)
From the Shetlands to Socotra
Wallops TILDEN and BOROTRA,
Or acquires the running trophies,
Or the chess;

When Cockneys, soured by many a traffic jam, rock
With elation that the bridge has been begun
At the village known as Charing,
Or the Fleets (the Grand and Herring)
Usher home the victor, *Shamrock*
Twenty-one;

When the Treasury is feeling rather stronger
And the income-tax a shilling in the pound—
Raise the rafters! for I ween I'll
Then be somnolent and senile
(If indeed I'm any longer
To be found).

C. B.

". . . mix into a soft dough (not sticky), grease both tin and lid. Put mixture in and lie flat in the oven."
Cooking Hints in New Zealand Paper.

Our feeling is that *Mrs. Beeton* would have preferred to direct operations from outside.



THE BEGGAR'S GRAND OPERA.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
WENT TO THE CUPBOARD
AND FOUND HER POOR DOG A TROMBONE.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, Nov 24th.—"We constantly have the point before us," said Mr. GILLETT, when reminded by Mr. HANNON that the Germans are getting the cream of the South-West African trade. This is not thought to be so effective as constantly having Mr. HANNON behind them.

Birmingham, Dr. ADDISON explained in answer to another of Mr. HANNON'S searching inquiries, is taking so kindly to National Mark Beef that the MINISTER is proposing to extend the scheme to another city. No Member, curiously enough, seemed to want to know which city is to be asked to buy British and be proud of it or what butchers are to be urged to sell British and be a little more specific about it.

"So far as I am concerned," announced Mr. LANSBURY with some vigour, "the speed limit in the Royal Parks is going to be kept and may be reduced." Members were not surprised after that to hear that in the interests of the flower-beds the FIRST COMMISSIONER declines to relax the rule which requires dogs entering the Parks to be taken on the lead.

The Kangaroo, a form of closure which gives the Chairman of a Committee power to select for debate only such Amendments to a Bill as he thinks are of importance, is not new, and there is precedent, set by Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN in 1921, for investing its powers in the Chairman of a Standing Committee. Hence when Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD moved to apply the said precedent to the Agricultural Land (Utilisation) Bill (urging the need to steer between the Scylla of undue haste and the Charybdis of intolerable leisureliness, and the especial need for the Bill in question to become law before the young small-holder's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of spring greens) there was little for Mr. BALDWIN to say in opposition save that the powers in question were fraught with potential evil unless sparsely invoked. He darkly accused Mr. LLOYD GEORGE of having had a share in the paternity of the Kangaroo, because, as he explained, the kangaroo is notable for the speed with which it can cover the ground, the accuracy of its leaps and the care of its young.

This insinuation the Right Hon. Member for Carnarvon would neither admit nor deny, but, if it is indeed his young, he took care of it to the extent of pointing out that Ministers were in the habit of invoking this and other forms of closure when they wanted to push Bills through, and denouncing them as infringements of Parliamentary liberty when invoked by the opposite side in behalf of Bills which they in turn desired to promote with expedition.

At any rate, said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE rather unkindly, the speedy kangaroo



Nero. "Enough of this fiddling. Send for the Fire Brigade!"

MR. JACK JONES.

was a preferable animal to the sloth, whose main quality is the tenacity with which he clings to his perch. With some force he traversed two arguments of the Conservative Leader: that it might be difficult to find a Chairman



The Coon (Sir C. TREVELYAN) to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. "DON'T FIRE, COLONEL GEORGE; I 'LL COME DOWN; BUT *UNDER PROTEST*, MIND YOU!"

of Committees of a wisdom and experience commensurate with the responsibilities that the "Kangaroo closure" entailed, and that long discussion improved a Bill. Sir DENNIS HERBERT found himself at one with the Liberal Leader on the first point, but urged that the responsibility was too onerous to be placed on the shoulders of a Member who was at one moment Chairman of the Standing Committee and at the next a private Member taking sides for or against the Bill. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE locked horns with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE on the second point, declaring that, if the Kangaroo closure had not been applied by the Conservatives to the GEDDES Bill in 1921, the L.M. and S. Railway would not be in the mess it is now. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN urged that in 1921 there was extreme national urgency; in this case there was none.

So the evening wore on, Lord EUSTACE PERCY applying the words of HORACE to the "Scylla below the Gangway"—*desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne*—a lovely lady with a fishy end, while Mr. JACK JONES, crying like a reformed NERO, "Enough of this fiddling," reminded the House that, while they were wrangling, Britain was burning.

Tuesday, November 25th.—Mr. TOM SHAW, whose ample proportions gave piquancy to his declaration to Major Ross (who, if he is not careful, will get himself nicknamed Major Ross-on-Why) that he "always gives a preference to British oats," was able to assure the apprehensive Mr. SINKINSON that no British soldiers were being "experimentally gassed" at Porton. Those who "assist" at the experiments, he explained, get 6*d.* or 1*s.* a day extra pay. Their position, as even Mr. SINKINSON must realise, is to that extent better than that of the men who get nothing at all for being experimented on by the Company Sergeant-Major.

The mentality of Labour politicians is difficult to follow. Why, for example, should they cheer loudly when the MINISTER FOR WAR stated that the unsatisfactory recruiting returns were due not to lack of offers, but to the low physical standard of the applicants? *A propos* of fitness, it was rather discouraging to the thin but not red line of Liberal heroes to find Mr. MANDER asking the PRIME MINISTER if he is aware that there are over five million Liberal voters in the country who are "very inadequately represented" in the House.

They sat suffused with indignant blushes while the House shouted derisive approval, but had an adequate revenge a little later on when Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN was compelled to explain that he had ("under protest," as he explained elsewhere) accepted the Liberal "suggestion" that

the coming into force of the Bill raising the school-leaving age should be postponed from April, 1931, to September, 1932, by which date, Sir CHARLES'S colleagues are keenly aware, they may be well past the office-leaving age.

Sir CHARLES also explained, though not very lucidly, that the Government were prepared to receive or put down Amendments giving local authorities some sort of say in the matter of maintenance grants. This announcement followed, though it may not have been induced by, a rousing attack by Lady ASTOR, in the course of which the well-stung Socialist back-benchers shouted, "Go back to New York!" and were tartly reminded by the noble lady that "any ass can be personal."

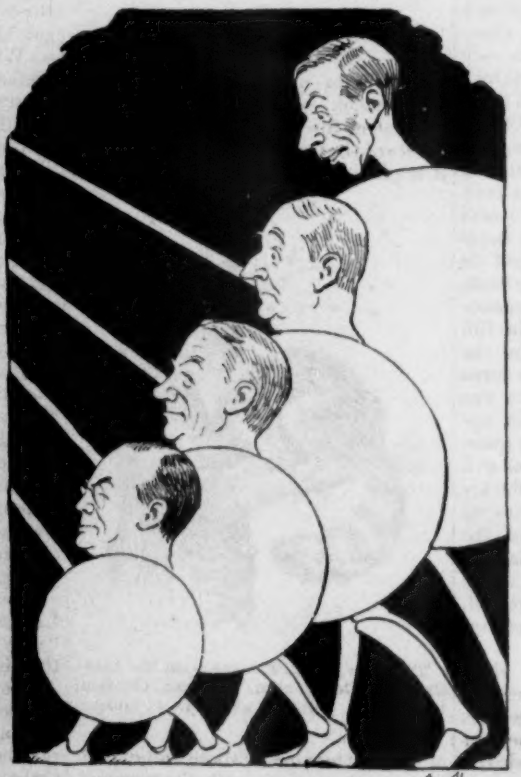
In view of the concession made, the House, which adjourned at midnight with Clause 1 still under consideration, was none the less able to report considerable progress.

Wednesday, November 26th.—Mr. KELLY'S Bill to relieve spiritualists from the pains and penalties to which they are still theoretically subject was not fortunate. Against it came Mr. MACQUISTEN, somewhat to the surprise of the House, which has always regarded him as a keen champion of the spirit-world. It did not appear, however, that his arguments were directed against the spirits themselves or their corporeal associates but against Mr. KELLY'S suggestion that mediums should be licensed. Spurning this *via media* and the bureaucratic interference to which it seemed to lead, Mr. MACQUISTEN wondered why Mr. KELLY had not urged the abolition of all antediluvian laws against witchcraft. On the other hand, Mr. KELLY'S argument that under the law as it stands a good many Members might get a year's imprisonment or be put in the stocks struck him rather as a reason for preserving the *status quo*. In spite of Mr. MACQUISTEN'S rappings the spirits won the day, and the House turned to the more concrete problem of wheat-dumping.

Thursday, November 27th.—"I have here seventeen thousand five hundred small gold objects," said Mr. SNOWDEN in effect, when asked to explain the Grand Opera subsidy, and he proceeded with baffling dexterity to slip them into the P.M.G.'s trouser-pocket and extract them a moment later from the waistcoat of the B.B.C., whereupon they again vanished in air and were once more retrieved from the lining of the Treasury's hat. Somehow or other they failed to return to the taxpayer from whom they had been borrowed in the first instance.



"ARE WE TO BE CONDEMNED BECAUSE WE SAY OUR POLICY IS GREAT BRITAIN'S?"
MR. J. THOMAS BULL.



SIZING THE TORY PHALANX.
MR. AMERY, MR. BALDWIN, SIR ROBERT HORNE, LORD WINTERTON.

Words can be very killing things, and it only took two to deprive Mr. BALDWIN'S censure motion—charging the Government with failing to make anything of the opportunities for increased Empire trade offered by the Imperial Conference—of any useful vitality it might otherwise have had. Mr. BALDWIN, politely detached as ever, soliloquised that he was "neither a cannon-ball Protectionist nor an acid-drop Cobdenite." "Then this," retorted Mr. J. H. THOMAS, "is a cough-drop Vote of Censure.

Needless to say, he had nothing resembling an answer to the indictment except to declare rather rudely that Mr. BENNETT'S offer at the Imperial Conference of another three per cent or so of preference for British manufactures in return for a duty by this country on foreign wheat was "humbug."

On being challenged he explained that what he meant was that the offer was of no value, but did not explain why the Government had not thought fit to make a counter offer. He concluded by declaring that the only man present who could conscientiously support the vote of censure was the Empire Crusader, Admiral TAYLOR.

Thus handsomely introduced, the gallant Admiral launched a maiden speech of notable vigour in behalf of Empire Free Trade. He was congratulated by Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, who *con amore* ransacked the Tory cupboard for all its old Free Trade skeletons. Then came Mr. SNOWDEN, the COBDEN acid-drop at its most acidulous, and wrung the Conservative withers by remarking that, to judge by the reception accorded to Mr. BALDWIN'S speech by those behind him, there would soon be another Whip, signed by a still larger number of Tories, calling for a conference to decide whether "BALDWIN must go."

It seemed a poor enough jibe, but the heat and fury it engendered finally worked itself up into a scene in which Mr. SIMMONS, perhaps remembering the fellow in the poem who "threw his glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face," allowed his Order Paper to take a like liberty with the features of Lord WINTERTON. Later he offered handsome apology, which Lord WINTERTON not less handsomely accepted, with generous doubts if there was anything in the trivial incident that called for an apology.



A GENTLEMAN OF MELANESIA ARRAYS HIMSELF IN CEREMONIAL COSTUME FOR THE PURPOSE OF GIVING NOTICE TO HIS COOK.

CURIOUS BEHAVIOUR OF "THE DAILY SQUIFF."

Extract from column by "The Old Viveur."

YESTERDAY as I walked down Bond Street (I never walk *up* it) I saw signs that the long night of our economic depression was coming to an end. A tall smartly-dressed man entered a shop with the evident intention of making a purchase. I followed him into the well-appointed establishment—it was a hosier's—and heard him ask the smiling attendant for a pair of braces.

This was only an isolated instance. For in every direction there are signs of optimism in the air. Buyers are beginning to buy. Sellers are commencing to sell. Trade is on the upgrade. The old country that has stood so many buffetings will yet weather the storm.

Short Leader on the Political Situation.

Once again a promising British industry has been ruined. Buttons are being dumped hourly in enormous consignments from Lithuania, at prices with which the British button-grower is unable to compete. Unless the Government takes action at once, a prominent member of the Master Buttoners Guild assured me yesterday, the whole of this trade, which was once entirely in British hands, is bound to go under. Lithuanian buttons are being manufactured by the million from a compound of celluloid and mares' milk, and flung by sweated labour on to the English market for the sole purpose of destroying it.

"Do they come off easier?" inquired our representative, "than the home-grown variety?"

"Much," replied the Master Buttoner. "But the consumer seldom realises this until it is too late."

From "Round the Shops."

Never were the shops crowded with so many laughing happy faces, intent on Christmas shopping for their dear ones at home and all over the world, as yesterday afternoon. Obviously everyone had taken to heart *The Daily Squiff's* adjuration to "shop early and shop often" in order to avoid the Yuletide rush. I am in a position to personally vouch that the queue at Harridge's extended for nearly two miles and was marshalled by mounted policemen at either end.

"We have never had such a season," remarked a well-known figure in the sales world to our Home Page Editor. "It almost seems as if everybody was shopping-mad!"

Further Political Note.

Once again the dreary total of unemployment is increased by another fifty thousand men. Yet the Government remains supine. Czecho-Slovakian collar-studs, created by slave-labour, are pouring into the country in an unprecedented stream, and to the long list of workers on the dole must now be added the many hundreds of operatives from Messrs. Ezekiel and Sons' Bone Factory at Rottenwick, which has been forced to close down.

Paragraph by the City Editor.

Have we come to the end of the long slump? Trade experts everywhere assert their opinion that British industry is turning the corner at last. There is a note of confidence in commodities. Articles are brighter. The will to purchase shows a tendency to soar. The steely determination of vendors to vend is meeting with long-delayed success. The announcement that this week is to be a Buying Week has been hailed with letters of rapture from thousands of enthusiastic subscribers to *The Daily Squiff*.

More Political Information.

One thing is clear. Unless the Government is turned out to-morrow, England is dead. Her ships are idle; her



He. "THAT'S OLD DIGBY'S FAVOURITE HORSE, ISN'T IT?"
She. "LOOKS LIKE IT, ANYWAY. HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO HAVE HIS ARMS ROUND ITS NECK WHEN I SEE HIM."

trade is ruined. She is about to become a second-rate nation. The Opposition cannot save her. Their lack of policy surpasses in puerile irresolution the pompous futility of the Party in power. The only hope for the future lies in the policy set before its readers every other day or so by *The Daily Squiff*.

Sensational News Item.

The amount subscribed by this country to the Grand National Lottery promoted by the Dutch Tulip Cultivators in aid of their Orphanage Fund has now reached the astonishing total of five million seven hundred thousand pounds, so that Mr. George Polwhiddle, the Highbury bootlace pedlar, who has drawn the favourite, Garstrake, stands to win a colossal fortune if all the other horses sit down. A man of strongly-marked features of a characteristically British cast, Mr. Polwhiddle has caused the greatest enthusiasm in Highbury by refusing to sell even a portion of his expectation. Asked by our representative what he would do if he won, Mr. Polwhiddle replied quietly, "I have not decided that yet. But I expect I shall retire from business, for a while at any rate, and see something of the world."

Mrs. Polwhiddle is a graceful blonde.

Aunt Semolina talks to the Chicks.

One of the most amazing features of Garrage's Fancy Toy Bazaar will be the Fairy Palace of a Thousand Delights, in which every tiny purchaser of a toy costing more than two-and-sixpence will be permitted to ride in a gondola towed by real swans on the miniature lake which has been installed. Purchasers of toys worth ten shillings and upwards will be allowed to keep the swans. Every chick in *The Daily Squiff* yard should tell its mother about Garrage's Fancy Toy Bazaar.

The Editor speaks out.

We stand at the parting of the ways. Another year of government by the old gang—we care not to which Party the old gang may belong—and the word "*Finis*" must be written on the scroll of our Imperial destiny.

Answers to Correspondent.

I am afraid, Bertie, you do not understand the policy of *The Daily Squiff*. It is quite true that if all this muddling and incompetent mismanagement of our national affairs goes on any longer the old country will be ruined. On the other hand, if we tell people that story every day they keep saving the old bit of soap instead of going out and buying a new piece. And there is nothing that our advertisers hate so much as that, especially at Christmas-time. You must look at the reverse side of the medal, Bertie, and remember always that *richesse oblige*.

EVOE.

PEEPS AT POSTERITY.

ROYAL COMMISSIONS.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on Royal Commissions (appointed in 1937) was issued to-day, and provides some interesting reading. Undue importance perhaps may be attached to the Minority Report, signed by three somewhat irresponsible members whose names we prefer not to print. This document, in what purports to be a statistical analysis of the Royal Commissions of the past, says:—

"We find that 95 per cent of Royal Commissions have been appointed to get a Government out of a hole. Prime Ministers call for them as a guilty person calls for a jury, knowing that they will delay the proceedings and hoping that they may disagree. Not more than 20 per cent have discovered any matters of fact which were not already familiar to every intelligent citizen;

and only 3 per cent have discovered anything which ought not already to have been known to the paid advisers or servants of the Crown.

"About 30 per cent have made recommendations which, if carried into law, would have been beneficial to the nation. Of these recommendations (*a*) all but 5 per cent have been utterly ignored by Parliament; (*b*) 4 per cent have been acted upon but have been so much twisted in the process by Parliament as to be scarcely recognisable; and (*c*) only 1 per cent have been passed into law in a form resembling the original sufficiently to give satisfaction to their authors.

"We find that the total man-time expended on or by Royal Commissions (reckoned by man-days for every Commissioner, witness, official, secretary, commissionaire, charwoman, etc.) amounts to 457 man-years. As to cost, we find that, if the total units of expense be divided by the total units of benefit accruing to the nation from the recommendations of Royal Commissions afterwards passed into law, under (*b*) and (*c*) above, the cost to the nation of every 1*d*. unit of benefit has been £89,783 18*s*. 11*d*. We find that this expenditure is excessive.

"We find that the following areas or amounts of public stationery, etc., have been devastated by or as a result of Royal Commissions:—

By Commissioners.

Foolscap	1,439,687 acres.
White Blotting-Paper	487,411 "
Ink	344,495 pints.
Pens	975,008 lbs.

By Printers.

Paper . . 2,604,928,751 square miles.

"*Health.*—A distressing part of our investigations concerned the number of deaths from melancholia, nervous diseases or suicide of persons who, elated by the recommendations of a Royal Commission, have spent the remainder of their lives vainly imploring Parliament to pass them into law.

"Against these deaths, in the account of health, must be set the sedative effect of Royal Commissions on (*a*) Ministers; (*b*) Oppositions; (*c*) Commissioners; (*d*) members of the public; and (*e*) newspaper-men present at the hearings. In 1932, during the third year of the Labour Administration, no fewer than 37 per cent of the population were engaged upon Royal Commissions, and the rest of the nation was fast asleep.

"We find that the Royal Commission is the only institution honoured by that august adjective which does not command the respect of the people. We find that Ministers of the Crown, Members of Parliament and His Majesty's Civil Service are paid sufficient salaries for the alteration or making of laws; that they should be able to discover the facts and form the decisions necessary for this purpose without invoking extraneous assistance and casting additional burdens on the public purse. We therefore humbly pray HIS MAJESTY that he will graciously decline to appoint any further Royal Commissions." A. P. H.



ALL QUIET ON THE FINANCIAL FRONT.

"*. . . Chacune son gout*, of course—and every woman to hers."
Miss ETHEL MANNIN in Film Magazine.

Ainsi disait-elle, connaissant la langue.

The Anti-Banters.

"Numbers of shoppers are larger than at this time last year."—*Evening Paper.*

They will probably be even larger by December 27th.

"In the House of Lords there was a large attendance of peers when Lord Baden-Powell took the oat."—*American Paper.*

Most of us consider that he deserves the whole cake.

"Thieves who broke into the home of Mr. Claud Walker Henoage took a collection of about fifty snuff-boxes. . . . Mr. Henoage is a collector of snuff-boxes."—*Sunday Paper.*

That in itself would largely account for his having a collection of them.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MOUTHPIECE" (WYNDHAM'S).

THE hard professionalism of his Chicago gangsters, in *On the Spot*, makes these native crooks of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE seem almost homely. Their machinations lack the grip, themselves the discipline, that give their Transatlantic confrères a grim ascendency. And after seeing them in action one is tempted to vote this later work a minor example from the WALLACE collection.

Yet it is stouter stuff than critical rumour had led me to expect. Its author had evidently overhauled it, and I share the surprise that was felt at the announcement of its untimely withdrawal.

The story hugs melodrama more closely than life and demands of both players and audience that kind indulgence which is melodrama's due. It begins firmly enough with the widowed *Mrs. Smith* flitting from pension to pension, with *Jacqueline*, her daughter, whose looks and charm she is desperately anxious to capitalise, resentful in her wake. This Continental Odyssey is strewn with her dishonoured cheques, and family councils are darkened by the blue jowl of an egregious police official who retrieves those cheques with a monotonous pertinacity. Her feelings towards him are tartly expressed in the aside that threatens him with the gift of a safety-razor.

When first we meet *Mrs. Smith* the matrimonial prospect is set fair, for she has captured *Jim*, a blond young Englishman of supposedly incalculable wealth and generous disposition. He has proposed to and been formally accepted by *Jacqueline* and has paid her mother's bills as an advance on the marriage-settlement, the deed of which a lawyer is bringing from London to be signed.

Jim looks, speaks and all but consistently behaves as a perfect gentleman, though *Jacqueline's* manner makes it sometimes difficult. And if his own manner seems to crack at moments, or its surface appears a gleam too shiny, such suspicions of him are probably a throw-back on our part from wisdom after the event. For he is the partner and agent of a gang that, armed with the exclusive foreknowledge that *Jacqueline* has come into a fortune, has sent *Jim* to Cobenzil to make sure of it by marrying her.

Once this large and plotty pill is safely swallowed, one is free to follow the conflict that ensues between the good and bad instincts of the lawyer who is also a member of the gang, and that between his blackmailed loyalty to his confederates and the dictates of his heart, which *Jacqueline* has captured at first sight.



THE DOPED BEER.

"WELL, HERE'S WISHING YOU THE WORST!"

Charles Stuckey . . . MR. W. CRONIN-WILSON.
Colonel John Lutman . MR. JOHN TURNBULL.

This dual fight is staged in the lawyer's office, which conveniently if somewhat sadly overlooks the Pool of London. This office, we quickly realise, is a nest of shady secrets, the rendezvous of squalid criminals, a sort of half-way house between Dartmoor and the dubious freedom of the Continent. Tall ships ride at anchor within deck-leaping distance of its windows. Its staff consists of a sepulchral-voiced and joyless clerk and the pert back-answering typist he has constantly to remind that the firm's motto is "No names, no pack-drill." He, knowing all his master's secrets, is on blood-curdling telephone terms with the clients; she, having caught the local virus, is an expert at opening locks with a hairpin for her sesame.

The dearth of alcoholic stimulants is a feature of the play and might seem to date it. Only soft drinks, a rare whisky and a glass or so of beer—lager when the scene is laid in Austria, bottled and doped when it shifts to Rotherhithe—are consumed. But, though somewhat smoky in quality, the latter scenes do not lack fire. This is successfully fanned by the mutually just suspicions of the gang towards each other, and it blazes up one dark and stormy night with the drugging by the lawyer of his principal's beer and the shipping of his comatose body to Antwerp in time to prevent the wedding between *Jim* and *Jacqueline*, which is fixed for the morrow.

Thus love finds a way to declare itself between lawyer and client and be reciprocated. The hocus-pocus is finally resolved by the lawyer with some SYDNEY CARTON heroics, which include a full confession to *Jacqueline* of his past crimes and present unworthiness; the break-up of the gang in conscience-stricken confusion; the mother's undiscriminating delight in her daughter's good fortune, and a tableau of love triumphant.



THE RIVALS.

(ULTIMATE WINNER ON LEFT.)

Charles Stuckey . . . . . MR. W. CRONIN-WILSON.
Jacqueline Smith . . . . MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.
Jimmie Casson . . . . . MR. JAMES RAGLAN.

The acting honours are shared by Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS, whose sterling technique triumphs over the mother, and by Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS, whose polyglot intrusions as the Viennese sleuth are beautifully explosive. Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN'S looks and smiles cover the histrionic nudity of *Jacqueline*; Mr. W. CRONIN-WILSON is suitably sad as the converted lawyer;

Mr. GROSVENOR NORTH, as his joyless clerk, is more hollow than the tomb; Miss DORA LENNOX is brightly pert as the flimsy typist, and Mr. JAMES RAGLAN, as *Jim*, a convincingly warped Etonian. H.

"LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER" (DALY'S).

Though a gentler specimen than usual, this musical comedy is true to type. It blithely defies the laws of nature and has its own weather, geography and jurisprudence. Amid its bright scenes life goes to a tune that has mercifully become less syncopated. A connubial hullaballoo, it opens in a thunder-storm (that passes ere one can say it lightens) and a baronial hall that is super-Cinderellean. And after the traditional trip to the Continent it returns in the twinkling of a scene to night-club London for the wholesale and summary cutting of its Gordian knots and its crass iteration of nuptials.

The baronial hall is graced by no less a butler than Mr. LEO SHEFFIELD, whose sonorous snatches of recitative not only recall braver days aboard the *Pinafore*, but make one regret the absence of SULLIVAN'S solos, and whose quick-service of cocktails enables the chorus of mackintoshed maidens and emblazered youths to begin as they mean to go on.

Then the stage is cleared for the several and lively entrances of the four Young Things, whose hymeneal vacillation is to furnish the narrative thread on which the scenic and choric splendours and the humorous tarradiddles are strung. These two young couples fall in and out of love with their own and each other's sweethearts more often and more arbitrarily than memory can register; and light-hearted chatter diversifies their progress to the altar when they are not bursting inconsequently into song. I will spare you a too detailed statement of these amorous equations; sufficient to say perhaps that reason as seldom dictates as probability countenances them.

In the intervals of the choric manœuvres, of marching and countermarching, dress parades and kaleidoscopic gyrations, Mr. GENE GERRARD, the leading comedian, does all that is demanded of him with neat assurance. A specialist in the flinch, his nervous anticipation of kicks that sometimes come, and blows that more often do not, wins him our sympathy from the first. His accomplished confederate is Mr. MELVILLE COOPER, who, sighing no doubt for other worlds to conquer, has deserted (temporarily, I hope) the classic and modern fields in which he is wont to shine, and has taken to these less exacting frolics and a loud check suit with professional aplomb.

Miss RITA PAGE, making of schoolgirl gawkiness an art and of tomboy impulsiveness good comedy, plays the soubrette in a manner that defines her true vocation. She has Mr. DUDLEY ROLPH for her reluctant but ultimately captured quarry and pursues him with amusing zest. The two daughters of the baronial establishment, *Tommy* (*née Thomasina*) and *Angela Tucker*, are forced by paternal penury to conquer a complaisant world with their own resources. Hence the cabaret interlude at sunny Biarritz, in which *Tommy*, impersonating an already impersonated Russian princess, sings for her supper, while *Angela* prefers the



BEHIND THE WIRELESS SCENES; OR, NOT FOR PUBLICATION.

Thomasina Tucker . MISS IVY TRESMAND.
Bill Coverdale . . MR. GENE GERRARD.

matrimonial clutch which fastens and unfastens on the right and the wrong young man bewilderingly.

The father of these two peaches is a foolish fond old Baronet, to whom the broker's man is a familiar menace and his genealogical pride a continual (indeed the only) feast. His daughters, the one so sweet and the other so tart, are played by Miss IVY TRESMAND and Miss JANE WELSH respectively. Miss TRESMAND has an appealing simplicity that seems to deprecate rather than master her leading-lady opportunities; Miss WELSH the direct and, in the circumstances, slightly disconcerting attack which the legitimate stage has given her.

An easy-going rather than subtle burlesque of a broadcasting studio confirms our suspicions of the behaviour of *Merrie England* songsters at the microphone and of the ha-ha-ha zest of a male-voice quartet in the same venue. With the aid of a false moustache, vicariously worn by a cigarette-holder, and the drum-sticks of an al-fresco bandsman, Mr. GERRARD keeps our laughter alive during the trip abroad and generally reconciles the rough with the smooth of his *rôle* as a wireless announcer on holiday.

This traditional entertainment makes its own terms for your acceptance with tunes that serve rather than enchant, a plot that is designedly neither here nor there, and a highly disciplined chorus that dances well. The collective opinion of the audience that enjoyed these revels with me would deem this a tepid account of a show that is British throughout, book, lyrics and music. H.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—I have just found, in a new great history of dogs, by Signor CARLO ALBERTO GIRARDON, published in Italy but not yet issued in English, the legend of the origin of that most ingratiating and, when young, agile of creatures, the Pekinese spaniel. No sooner had I read the first sentence than I realised how true it was and wondered why I had never thought of it before: "Many years ago, in ancient China one of the royal lions fell in love with a squirrel." Of course!

His passion was reciprocated, but the incompatibility of size was a source of sorrow.

"If only he were not so big and strong," the squirrel would murmur tearfully; and the lion was saddened too.

At last he decided to call in the magician Hai Ho, who lived near by. "O great sage," he roared, "I love to distraction a beautiful squirrel—the most beautiful squirrel in all the world—but I cannot marry her because she fears my thunderous voice and my great frame."

"Nothing to worry about," said Hai Ho. "You merely have to take this potion and in two days you will become little too, and your beautiful squirrel won't be afraid of you any more."

"But my courage," said the King of Beasts, "my dignity, my distinguished shape, my tawny coat—must I lose all these?"

"No," said the magician, "you will still be royal and majestic. You will gain love and sacrifice nothing. Your body will become small but your courage will remain immense."

On receiving this assurance the lion swallowed the drug, and in two days everything happened as Hai Ho had promised. With his head high, his

feathery tail waving in the wind and an air of supreme gravity the lion made his way to the abode of the squirrel, and they lived happily ever afterwards and had adorable progeny.

I suppose you know that the hero of the moment in this great city is the French music-hall artiste, now a cinema-star, MAURICE CHEVALIER. On the screen he has easily surpassed all the other household gods, and in his own person at a London theatre he has been receiving the highest salary ever paid. But why I mention him is because he has written a letter of advice to young Frenchmen and young Frenchwomen who, fired by his success, are meditating a similar career at Hollywood, and some of it is very practical.

Roughly translated, he says: "If you don't know English, learn it quickly, and don't fear to use the few words you may have got. No one in America will make fun of your grammatical faults or comic pronunciations." As a matter of fact, I might interpolate here, MAURICE CHEVALIER has found in his own grammatical faults and comic pronunciations a gold-mine.

"When you embark for America don't think you are going to a land peopled by Red Indians, but by the most civilised of races, and lest you forget this say it to yourself several times a day.

"If an American shows you boastfully his sky-scrapers, cinemas and other buildings as the greatest in the world, don't say, 'Oh, yes, but what price the Louvre, Notre Dame and Versailles?' He hasn't forgotten those.

"When speaking of the War, don't say, 'We shouldn't have won but for you.' Don't bring in the names of LAFAYETTE and ROCHAMBEAU, but merely remember the blood shed by both countries on the same battle-fields and hold your tongue.

"Don't utter cries of astonishment or make grimaces when you are offered sweet vinegar under the name of Mersault or Côte-Rotie.

"Don't neglect your compatriots over there, but don't remain permanently hidden among them. Mix as much as possible with Americans.

"Don't spell New York with a hyphen, or refer to the bandits of Chicago, or call San Francisco 'Frisco.'

"Don't let homesickness get you; treat it like the plague. The best way to escape it is to work hard.

"Don't forget that Americans value you not for what you say or the letters of recommendation you may bring, but for what you do.

"And, as a last piece of counsel, be sure, if you visit Hollywood and I am there, to give me a call. We will then talk together about Paris and France and the wine of Anjou and love. America is fine, great and beautiful, but France is the only real home for you and me and all of us."

For your collection of odd names I can give you the most unsuitable one for a public-house that I can remember—that is if one knows any French. I noticed it as I was passing Ranelagh the other day: the "Boileau." When our own Boileau—Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER—wanted a name for an inn in a comedy he chose the Bird-in-Hand. Far more suitable. Yours, E. V. L.

A CHANCE FOR MUTED MILTONS.

A DAILY paper, reviewing a revival of *Marigold*, cast its critique in the form of a poem disguised as prose. Why the critic should not burst frankly out as a straightforward poet is to me a mystery, for there should be quite a good opening for frankly metrical reviews. Thus:—

SPONTANEITY THEATRE.

GIRLIE, COME OVER!

Book by Cyrus Hearn, Franz Ludelmeyer and Wilbur Bindley. *Mise-en-scène* by Adolphe Messler. *Lyrics* by Otto Goldsmid. *Additional Lyrics* by Rud Snyder.

Reviewed by

JAMES E. AGATE.

A taxi out of petrol and my fate
Combined, on Tuesday last, to make me lose
Well-nigh an Act, for I was parlous late,
Of *Girlie, Come Over!* Would I could enthuse
About the threads I gathered up with grief!
Three authors wrote it. It's beyond belief.

I take it someone of the name of *Claude*
(A nimble dancer, bathed in brilliantine)
Was labelled guilty of that type of fraud
That's always useful in this type of scene;
And *Mavis Trent* (with ditty, "You're my Heaven")
Believed him blameless till long past eleven.

The artist who designed "The Manor Hall"
Has looked too long on salmon in the tin;
To pink young Messler seems to be in thrall,
With kitchen-shovel heaves the colour in.
Where grows the lettuce that shall cool those chairs,
The cucumber to mitigate those stairs?

Act II. (*Claude's* Yacht) was stated in the Press
To have cost thousands to design and build;
My gorge arises at such sterile stress
And with familiar sickness am I filled
When ladies amorously bay the moon
In serried ranks (and now and then in tune).

Then the libretto: there are thirteen jests
Whose age should claim some reverence of me;
They've stood a century of acid tests
And clamour to be buried decently;
The rest is silence, and a wild desire
To have a word with HEARN and LUDELMEYER.

The vocal numbers lay no claim to art
But trickle, glucose, through the antick scene;
Sometimes one caught a fragment of MOZART
And once a pilfered phrase from SCRIABIN;
STRAUSS shows which way the (wood) wind's blowing here:
Turn, turn, defrauded spirit, in thy bier!

As for the ladies: may one breathe it low
That sunshades are not carried on the moors
When following the guns; and (woe on woe!)
That shooting-lodges lack revolving doors;
While nude-tint hose may be a charming vogue
But not when wedded to the sporting brogue.

Pensée amère! the public roared again;
Each *cliché* sought (and found) their sense of fun;
Balham will rock with every plugged refrain;
Tooting will beck at every wreathéd pun;
Yet, though quite half the time I spent in slumber,
Long live the pleasure of the greatest number! RACHEL.

Entertainments from which we Avert the Eyes.

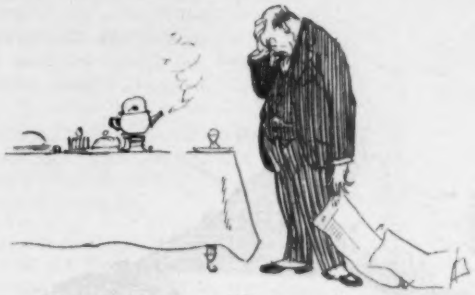
"—— TAVERN, DOWNHAM WAY.
Where nighty attractions surpass the West End."—*Advt. in Lewisham Paper.*

"The Bishop of —— has announced by cable the fact of his engagement.
May I ask for your loyalty, enthusiasm and co-operation in the difficult times ahead?"

Extract from Vicar's Letter in Parish Magazine.

Even to Mr. Punch this pessimism appears a trifle premature.

WHEN GRAND OPERA PENETRATES THE HOME.



YOU BREAKFAST TO "PAGLIACCI"—



GO CITYWARDS TO "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"—



TAKE YOUR BATH TO "TOSCA"—



YOUR HEAT TREATMENT TO "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG"—



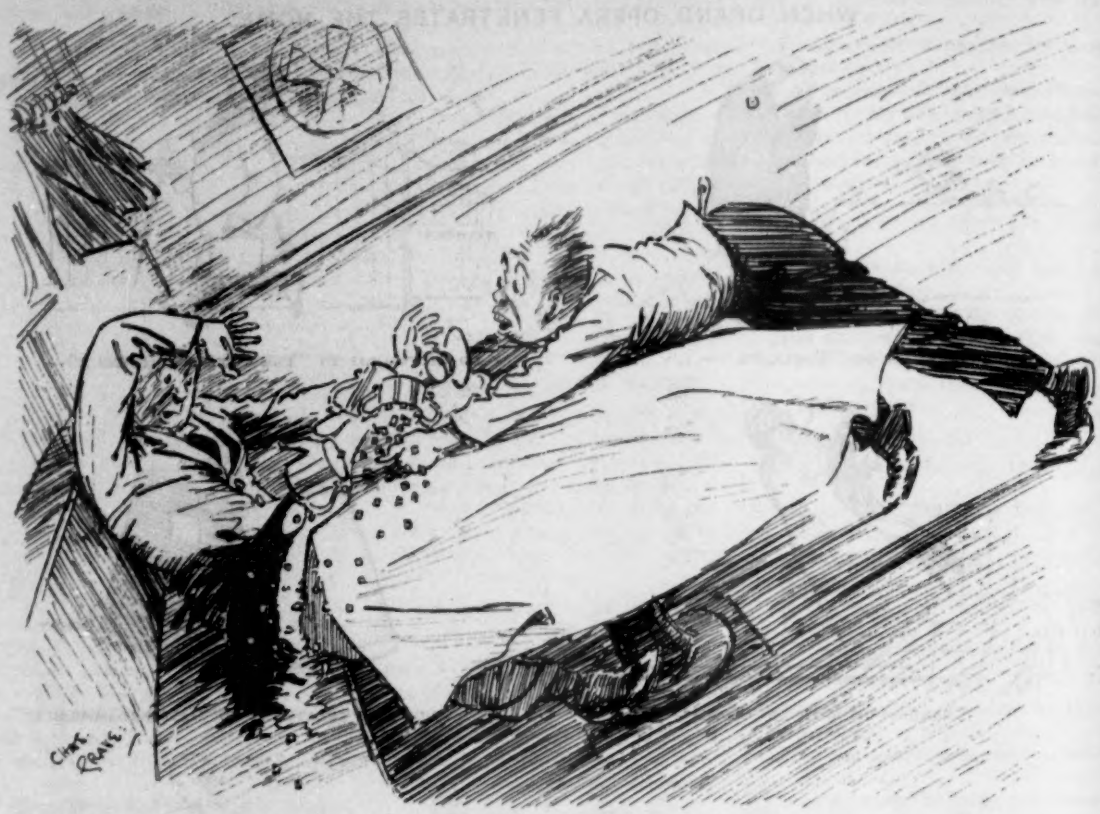
DECORATE YOURSELF TO "FAUST"—



AND DISROBE TO SALOME'S "SEVEN VEILS"—



WHILE, BELOW STAIRS, COOK ENTERTAINS TO "AIDA."



USEFUL REMARKS.

Steward (serving coffee). "IT'S FRESHLY MADE, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT was a brave and discerning choice that took the Scottish span of MARY STUART'S tragic history for sympathetic reconsideration. Mr. GRANT R. FRANCIS has already dealt with the fortunes of her House without any blinking of facts or abatement of loyalty; and in taking up the most decisive (and admittedly the most damaging) seven years of his heroine's career he has admirably preserved his reputation for honesty and zeal. His self-denying ordinance excludes the pathos of MARY'S exiled youth, the all-condoning tragedy of her exiled death. Yet, retracing the terrible story of Holyrood, Dunbar and Lochleven, and reviewing the pictured countenances of MORAY, MORTON, BOTHWELL, DARNLEY, KNOX and MAITLAND of Lethington, we may well doubt whether the luckless Queen was ever more efficiently exiled than she was in her own country. Two points in her defence are particularly urged here. Her reputation both at home and abroad is proved to have been systematically undermined by her own advisers—her bastard half-brother, MORAY, in particular. Moreover that reputation's worst and most fatal smirch, the BOTHWELL marriage, is claimed as the outcome of desperate policy rather than wanton passion. Mr. FRANCIS, in *Mary of Scotland*, 1561–1568 (MURRAY, 16/-), sympathetically shows how much her faith contributed to such public and private integrity as she managed to maintain—an uncommon feat of understanding in a historian plainly out of his element as regards Catholic terminology. His narrative rises notably to a dramatic occasion; and the chapter on the murder of RIZZIO is one of the most memorable in the book.

Decent Fellows (MUNDANUS, 3/-), by Mr. JOHN HEYGATE, is the story of a colourless and totally undistinguished Etonian—a prize scug—in his penultimate year. The usually interesting period in the development of character, when a naturally unsociable boy begins to lose his inferiority complex, make friends and take his place among his fellows, merely produces in the hero a phase of naïve snobbishness, a banal taste for infringements of school rules and an idleness which leads in the last chapter to his failing for a scholarship and his removal to a crammer. It would be a great mistake to imagine that this book is a sort of "Mother" Eton, full of lurid revelations. It is a fairly accurate and rather humdrum description of Eton as seen through a pair of observant but unimaginative eyes. There is one sad error. Mr. HEYGATE betrays himself as an ignorant drybob when he says that in the Procession of Boats on the Fourth of June stroke stands up first. Cox stands up first, stroke last. Some descriptions are good, notably those of the O.T.C. Camp, a House Debating Society in a tongue-tied session, and "Mr. Raven's" peculiar but effective methods of teaching history. The author's sketches of some masters and of a dame are drawn sympathetically, but his portrayal of the various boys who play their parts in the scene never goes below the surface. The book has one merit. It does not

deal only with the small clique who win a host of athletic distinctions and get into "Pop" and the limelight, but with the great body of ordinary Etonians who constitute the backbone of the school and on whom its reputation ultimately rests.

J. G. LOCKHART, in *Blenden Hall*
(From ALLAN at ten-and-six),
Tells how a whole ship's company fall
Into a difficult fix.

They are cast away on a desert isle
(One of the Tristan group),
Where the weather and everything else is vile,
Including sea-elephant soup.

The passengers wrangle and jangle away,
There's mutiny, thieving and riot—
In fact, on the island, surprising to say,
The last thing obtainable's quiet.

The story—a true one—would seem to suggest
That, if you can manage to do so,
When wrecked on an island, it's sometimes the best
To get one to yourself—like *Crusoe*.

I am not sufficiently versed in the rigour of the game to know if M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK has laid science under a new obligation by his researches into *The Life of the Ant* (CASSELL, 6/-). But for a critical spectator of modern democracy I can imagine nothing more intriguing and (up to a point) illuminating than the Belgian philosopher's account of a community of kindred spirits. The ant, he says, is one of a crowd or nothing. Not a single species of solitary ant is known to exist. And the more civilised the race grows the more dishonest it becomes. Male ants, who toil with the single-minded industry of Main Street, live five or six weeks. Their womenfolk survive for twelve years. And nearly every worker possesses a pouch of honeydew, which is no sooner filled than it is at the service of every idler in the community. Not an ant-hill but is infested with spongers and parasites, who, tolerated and even pampered by their hosts, not infrequently end by ousting them. As for their wars—they have been carried to so progressive a pitch that the ant has been known to die of his own poison-gas. We too, M. MAETERLINCK insists, are the playthings of an hour; we too hover between instinct and intelligence and bungle the operations of both; but, unlike the ant, we have the grace to be discontented. Though I am far from sharing the preacher's defeatist philosophy, I own that I have seldom heard the well-worn text *Vade ad formicam* more usefully embellished.

Mr. WICKHAM STEED presents Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN, the "political enigma." He declares that the Conservative leader is unintelligible, not, of course, to Mr. STEED, but to the rest of us, because, it is alleged, a kind of paralysis seems to have seized him at certain critical moments to prevent his stretching out his hand to grasp his own and his party's winnings. In *The Real Stanley Baldwin* (NISBET, 7/6) much recent history, domestic and foreign, is recapitulated in clean brisk English, and bit by bit the author lets us into his secret. Mr. BALDWIN is so essentially an artist—one whose "mind inhabits the dangerous borderland between thought and emotion"—that he feels a deed has been accomplished when once an idea has been fairly set forth in spoken



"OFF TO GOLF AGAIN, JOHN? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THIS IS THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING?"

"BY JOVE, SO IT IS! AWFULLY GLAD YOU REMINDED ME, LITTLE WOMAN. I MUST TRY TO CELEBRATE IT WITH A REALLY GOOD ROUND."

words, his chosen medium for expression. He visualises a noble city and describes it glowingly; then stops when he should be flogging his followers on to the building of the walls. All this may mean, of course, no more than that Mr. STEED, being an Englishman, finds it difficult to forgive a statesman for being a poet, and that he does not seem to have always fully assessed a statesman's difficulties. He does well in recalling that patriotic gesture, the anonymous sacrifice of a fortune as a self-imposed war levy, which quick-changing generations of politicians may readily forget; and his own respect and admiration are throughout made satisfactorily clear. Respect and admiration for Mr. BALDWIN, to be sure, are qualities which Mr. Punch for one has never affected to dissemble.

As that great tapestry of the Victorian age, *The Letters of Queen Victoria* (Third Series, Vol. I., 1886-1890, MURRAY, 25/-), continues to unroll in the skilful hands of Mr. BUCKLE, the small and lonely figure of VICTORIA dominates with an ever-increasing force of personality the stage on which she had been the chief actor for fifty years. Age mellowed her without wholly removing the personal likes and dislikes to which she was wont to give vehement expression in heavy underlinings. I cannot sympathise with Mr. GLADSTONE in the jobations which he not undeservedly drew down upon himself any more than I can with that "mad and odd" RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, whose "unprecedented" manner of resigning office earned the just censure of the QUEEN. But, though I can easily understand SALISBURY'S view that MORIER'S "existence generally is not a matter to be reflected on at Christmas," I am sure the QUEEN exaggerated the "awful mischief" wrought at St. Petersburg by that able diplomat, just as she did the "most monstrous behaviour" of BISMARCK on many occasions. Nevertheless she was frequently right in her shrewd comments on men and events—never more so than in regard to her own grandson, KAISER WILLIAM II. Unlike that ill-balanced monarch, QUEEN VICTORIA had discovered that in "*hard* work" and in "sympathy with the sorrowing, suffering and humble" was to be found the only path leading to true greatness and to the esteem and affection of her subjects.



DRAMATIC STEP TAKEN BY A MEEK GENTLEMAN WHO PREFERS NOT TO "CAUSE INCONVENIENCE TO OTHER PASSENGERS" ON THE 8.43.

The many admirers of Mr. J. H. DOWD'S magic pencil should make haste to acquire a copy of *Important People* (COUNTRY LIFE, 15/-), a sketch-book of children, to which Miss BRENDA SPENDER contributes an entertaining introduction in defence (and very rightly) of our important people of this generation, and also about thirty brief and charming word-studies. Mr. DOWD'S technique is curiously vital. With a few supremely economic strokes he has infused into this delightful kindergarten the very spirit of childhood. His crawlers, toddlers and Scintillating Young Persons pass across his pages in a riot of fat curves and abandoned postures; his arrogant babies blow out their cheeks at us, his skinny Cockneys turn their backs and get on with their tiddling, his small girls and his puppies dance deliciously over the paper; and every now and then he treats us, when one of his models is out of breath, to a portrait in repose. Mr. DOWD is no sentimentalist; he scorns truck with angel-faces. There is only one lamb in the whole collection, and all his subjects possess a proper dollop of Original Naughtiness. And you must see for yourself his beautiful bulging nannies of the old and generous build. Miss SPENDER makes many interesting points in her essay, and stresses how very little the fundamentals of childhood are affected by changes in the fashions of education and nursery government. There is a limited *de luxe* edition of this enviable book at 42/-.

M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC'S *French Wines* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 6/-), capably translated by GUY KNOWLES, is quite the best book on its entrancing subject that I have come across for a decade or so. Cleverly summarising what one may call the standard knowledge of the chemistry of wine and the proper handling of the divine fluid, M. CASSAGNAC writes a free and witty commentary, pointed with apt anecdote. "Do not drink to no purpose" is the epitome of his philosophy. Drinking to no purpose is drinking bad wine, or good wine badly served, or good wine well served with badly-married dishes, drinking cocktails, drinking more than is good for one. As for smoking, abstain, says he, at least two hours before dinner (I imagine that our author really meant abstain altogether). As for smoking during dinner, the only cure for such a crime is to beat the miscreant upon the head with an empty; though M. CASSAGNAC is too polite to say so.

Mr. E. G. BOULENGER, Director of the Zoological Society's Aquarium, has used his knowledge and experience with excellent effect in *Animals in the Wild and in Captivity* (WARD, LOCK). Not only is his book beautifully illustrated and issued at a popular price (7/6), but it is also written in a style that will appeal to the popular imagination. Whether Mr. BOULENGER is concerned with beasts, fish or birds he is always informing and never pedantic, and some of the anecdotes which he relates are really amusing. In his final chapter he says that "public enthusiasm for animal study grows with every generation," and I am glad to assure him that this attractive volume will materially stimulate the growth.

Mr. Punch welcomes a new edition of KENNETH GRAHAME'S *Dream Days* (BODLEY HEAD, 7/6), which is delightfully illustrated by ERNEST SHEPARD.

"ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS.

2. The initials N.B. can stand for North Britain, nota bene (Latin 'not well'), and New Brunswick."—*Provincial Paper.*

This kind of thing makes us feel nota bene.

In a Good Cause.

THERE is no good cause that is nearer to Mr. Punch's heart than The Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. Thirty years ago he made a very special appeal for it, and so generous was the response of his readers that the sum contributed by them amounted to more than £16,000. Since then the development of the Hospital's work has outgrown its accommodation and a very large sum is urgently needed for new buildings. Times are bad, but on the other hand the appeal which Mr. Punch makes to-day is addressed to a very much larger circle of readers.

This Hospital, founded in 1852, is the oldest voluntary hospital for children in the Empire; it is the pioneer and recognised exemplar of this form of service. Including its branch hospital at Tadworth, it has 322 beds. Last year its in-patients numbered over 7,000 and its out-patient attendances over 100,000. Since its foundation it has restored health to a million-and-a-half sick children. Meanwhile its buildings have grown up piecemeal with its growing demands; and to-day they are altogether inadequate not only to meet the requirements of work in its wards, its laboratories, special clinics and research department, but to supply suitable housing for its nursing and medical staffs.

It was found impossible to sell the present site and move into the country, because it is essential that the Hospital should be close to the homes of the children in those poorer quarters of London which it serves. The new buildings will therefore be constructed on its present site; but meanwhile the Hospital's doors will not be closed. Nor will the Governing Body need to wait till the full sum for which they ask is subscribed, the architect having so planned his scheme that it can be carried out in stages.

The claims of this noble Institution—for which great writers have pleaded, from CHARLES DICKENS to Sir JAMES BARRIE, who has recently enriched it with that most charming and appropriate of gifts, the copyright of *Peter Pan*—have increased incalculably by reason of its research-work and its application of new developments in medical science. As its Chairman, Lord MACMILLAN, reminds us, those who respond to the Hospital's appeal "will not only be helping the thousands of suffering children who pass through the Hospital, but will also be promoting the advancement of treatment and research for the direct benefit of their own children and the whole community."

For, indeed, the services rendered by this Hospital are not confined to the children that it cares for and heals within its walls. In Mr. BUCHAN'S words "it has been a power-house to provide the impetus, and an intelligence department to furnish the knowledge, for new departures in the treatment of the diseases of childhood."

It is inevitable that in times of depression the flow of charity should be checked. But, whatever good causes are affected by compulsory economies, the cause of children must not be allowed to suffer. Poverty, sickness, helplessness—each makes its appeal to gentle hearts; but, when they are found together, the appeal is irresistible. Mr. Punch is certain of the sympathy of the children among his friends. He is confident that they will easily be persuaded to make some sacrifice, to surrender at least one of their many Christmas gifts, for the sake of those of their own age whose lot has fallen in less happy lines. He counts with equal confidence upon the readiness of their parents to pay some tribute of gratitude for the health and comfort and security of their own children.



AT THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, GREAT ORMOND STREET.

Reproduced from "Punch," April 4, 1900.

The Board of Managers of this Hospital find it necessary to replace its present buildings, which have become altogether inadequate to serve its growing needs. Mr. Punch is anxious to raise a fund of his own in support of this good cause, whose claims are set out in the accompanying article, and he makes a very earnest appeal to each of his readers to send some gift, great or small, addressed to the Secretary of "Punch," 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

As for those of more advanced age, Mr. Punch does not think it necessary to appeal to their instinct of self-defence, but, if he did, he would suggest, being himself a veteran, that the best way to recover youth of heart and preserve it is to associate oneself with the joys and sorrows of children. Such a relationship acts as a protective colouring against the assault of the years.

In this connection he recalls some lines, addressed to him by one of his own staff, which appeared in the Souvenir of a special matinée given in 1900 by the Palace Theatre, under Mr. Punch's auspices, in aid of this Hospital. In spite of their affectionate and flattering terms he permits me to quote some of them:—

I know a secret culled from Nature's book,
Whereby the hunted creature, timely wise,
By way of self-defence assumes the look
Of those respective spots in which he lies.
Or feeds or flies.

The rabbit grubbing in the grizzled copse,
On gaudy boughs the garish cockatoo,
The weasel like the earth from which he pops,
The khakied warrior on the dun karoo—
Of such are you.

For you, whose chosen haunt is Childhood's heart
(Witness to-day, and this memorial scene),
Playing in children's guise your veteran's part,
Amid the bolts of Time you move serene,
Dear Evergreen.

Mr. Punch, then, makes his appeal to all ages. The season sacred to Charity draws near. He can imagine no better object for a Christmas gift than this Hospital that makes the cause of suffering children its care.

He proposes to open a list of his own; and the Proprietors of *Punch* are starting it with a donation of £1,000. He very earnestly begs his loyal readers to respond as generously as before to his appeal for this best of good causes. Cheques—and the smallest will be welcome—should be made out to The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, and addressed to the Secretary of "Punch," 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. O. S.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. A. V. ALEXANDER'S advice to those who think of becoming Cabinet Ministers not to choose such an anxious time as the present is believed to have been intended as a kindly hint to the Opposition.

* * *

Signor MARINETTI, the Futurist and diet-reformer, is conducting a campaign against macaroni; but it is anticipated that he will find himself up against overwhelming odds in the Spaghettists.

* * *

In a survey of the growth of *The Sunday Express* since it first appeared twelve years ago, it is recalled that the old office in Shoe Lane soon became too small. Room, of course, had to be found for Lord CASTLEROSSE.

* * *

There is a persistent rumour that M. MAURICE CHEVALIER has been seen in London recently.

* * *

A correspondent writing to a morning paper declares that women have no sense of humour. This assertion suggests that the monumental practical joke played on ADAM by EVE has been forgotten.

* * *

"Probably CAIN was EVE'S favourite," says Sir JAMES BARRIE. But surely it is rather late to start raising CAIN again.

* * *

A newspaper report states that "caddies were entertained by members of a golf-club in Hertfordshire." Still, a good caddie always hides his smiles.

* * *

The increasing practice among M.P.'s of calling one another "dogs" is resented by dog-lovers.

* * *

A writer on the subject of boxing expresses the hope that a leading British heavyweight will arise. Leading British heavyweights have impressed us, however, as not seeming to care about arising.

* * *

A lady informs a daily paper that since she gave up golf four years ago her feet have become two sizes smaller. Ladies who despair of having their handicaps reduced may be grateful for the idea of getting down to scratch in shoes.

* * *

An eminent medical writer points out that asthmatics who are sensitive to sheep must not eat mutton. Nothing is more distressing than the wheeziness induced by cold shoulder.

* * *

At a recent speech-day a headmaster complained of the type of boy who always cribs when a master's back is turned. There is still less to be said for the intelligence of a boy who cribs when a master is looking.

* * *

A young Society lady is said to have been told by a palmist that her hand was unreadable because she was an "old soul." It is a moving thought that souls are received into Society without regard to what their antecedents may have been.

* * *

The reason why Mr. LLOYD GEORGE never speaks from Savoy Hill, we are told, is that he requires a visible audience. One of the present imperfections of wireless is that the broadcaster has no assurance that anybody is listening to him.

* * *

An actor who was dissatisfied with the free seat allotted to him at a Berlin cabaret had a free fight with the manager. These actors get everything free.

* * *

In the course of a duel between two Hungarian Counts the combatants twice dropped their swords and went for each other with their fists. It is very regrettable when these displays of ill-feeling occur upon the field of honour.

* * *

A West London woman complained that she looked in her husband's pockets for money and found a love-letter from a girl. We incline to the view that it served her right.

* * *

Burglary doesn't pay in America, it seems. In these days of competition it becomes increasingly difficult for Americans to earn a dishonest living.

* * *

The modern girl's readiness to rush into a love-affair on a short acquaintance is attributed to the influence of the rapid progress of romance on the films. Our suggestion is that film-romances should be shown in retarded action.

* * *

In view of a Surrey Vicar's explanation that he is not holding a Watch-night Service because, in his opinion, such services have never recovered from the early closing of public-houses, there is a strong local feeling that licensees should apply for extensions with the object of inducing him to reconsider the matter.

* * *

A daily paper has published a picture of dockers at London Bridge unloading Christmas-trees. The superstitious always regard this as a sign that Christmas is approaching.

* * *

AL CAPONE, the Chicago gangster, boasts that he is a self-made man. There was a time when he barely had a pea-shooter to his name.

* * *

A certain Russian gazette is written by its readers. This is considered much more refined than taking in each other's washing.

* * *

"Candle-light is kindest to the face," writes a beauty expert. But "dusk with a light behind" is sometimes kinder still.

* * *

A Christmas slate-club is sharing out partly in coal. This is a refreshing change from coal-clubs sharing out partly in slate.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF DIVORCE.

[A film-star who is about to re-marry her recently-divorced husband states that it takes divorce as well as marriage to make two people acquainted.]

WHEN first I met you, Cutie,
And fell beneath your thrall,
Though dazzled by your beauty
I knew you scarce at all:
We sulked and wrangled when I came to woo,
For you were strange to me, and I to you.

And after I had wed you
(Let sober truth be told)
Lord! what a life I led you,
And how you used to scold;
I soon became a tyrant, you a shrew,
For you were strange to me, and I to you.

To loose this irksome tether
The two of us were forced
To put our heads together,
And plan to get divorced
(Collusion? Yes—but what were we to do,
Since you were strange to me, and I to you?).

With new-found fellow-feeling
We faced the sordid Courts,
The winked-at double-dealing,
The censored Press reports;
And in the process, strange to say, you grew
Less strange to me, and I less strange to you.

I will not let you go, dear;
We can't endure to part;
Let's off to Prince's Row, dear,
And make a second start;
And this time you'll be kind and I'll be true,
Since now we know each other through and through.

Our Cynical Advertisers.

"—— Hotel.—Ideal home for married couples, temporary or permanent."
Advertisement in Birmingham Paper.



THE EXECUTION OF JUSTICE.

(SOVIET STYLE.)

BOLSHEVIST JUDGE. "PRISONER AT THE BAR, HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY WHY SENTENCE SHOULD NOT BE PASSED UPON YOU?"



BABY: THE NEW CULT. NO. 2.

Photographer. "H'M—IT MAKES RATHER A STIFF COMPOSITION. YOU—ER—HAVEN'T A THIRD BY ANY CHANCE?"

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

IT was Henry's idea, of course, born in the Piccadilly Tube and nourished on the best part of my cellar. As Henry said, there was no doubt that as regards their personal appearance most of our fellow-passengers had been treated scurvily. For instance, although the stout gentleman opposite might be a very charming fellow to know, only the frivolous-minded could derive any pleasure from that nose of his. Of course I told Henry not to be vulgar, and that for that matter he could apply his remarks to himself, except the part about being charming. Still, his comments on our fellow-passengers had impressed me, and the result was that we conceived the Consolidated Reshaping Company, with Henry and myself as partners and myself as sole capitalist.

Probosco was our first product. We spent some time over the design of Probosco, and, looking back, I must say we had every reason to be proud of him. By a workmanlike arrangement of screws and pulleys Probosco could pull or push the most obstinate nose in any direction; and I still maintain that any person who followed the directions and wore Probosco nightly for six months would barely recognise himself at the end of it. We made two models of Probosco, No. 1 for long or bulbous noses and No. 2 for the snub or pop-nose, and either model could be obtained in silver-plate or in good serviceable brass for family use. We had a small number manufactured, advertised ourselves discreetly and did rather well. I was the treasurer and did the brain-work generally, and Henry did the rough stuff, packing and so forth. I began to think that Henry had certain abilities after all, and we were both very pleased with ourselves, Henry immoderately so.

That was the trouble. There was no holding Henry down now. He saw no bounds to our development. The world, he said, was full of teeth that protruded, chins that failed to, ears that spread or flapped and tummies that attracted attention. He would attend to them and did. Almost immediately he produced Corporando, the electro-pneumatic girth-reducer.

From the first I disapproved of Corporando. It was too bulky, too noisy and altogether too drastic. Henry, however, was enraptured with it. In plain fact, Corporando was a tummy-pummelling machine of revolting appearance and with the breezy racket of a pneumatic-drill. I warned Henry that it was a menace to the firm. I conceded that if persistently applied it would probably reduce the most aldermanic waist-line in time, but no patient, I contended, would have sufficient endurance to complete the treatment.

Henry, however, was unshaken. Even after he had tried Corporando on himself his enthusiasm was only slightly dimmed. He admitted it needed adjustment, but that, said Henry, was easy. Either Corporando was marketed or we dissolved partnership.

In a reasoned moment I should have jumped at the chance; as it was I gave in. Corporando appeared on the advertisement side by side with Probosco, but mercifully no one ordered it. Henry

attributed this to the expense, for Corporando had nearly as much machinery as a weaving-shed. But I knew the real reason; I had insisted on accurate illustrations in the advertisements, and that was enough for any sane person.

Of course we lost money on Corporando, but the finance of our operations was not Henry's department. Meanwhile I sold Probosco and Henry cherished Corporando, polishing it and packing it and unpacking it in his spare time.

This morning a bombshell arrived. I didn't like the look of that envelope when I first saw it on my table. Only solicitors use envelopes like that, and I don't like solicitors. Henry is more hardened, so I gave it to him. He opened it and there was a pause. Then, "Oh, Lord!" said Henry, "what a mess!"

He seemed so concerned that I was sure it was his fault, whatever it was. "What's the matter?" I said severely.

"It's from a solicitor," said Henry.

"Of course it is," I said; "anyone can see that."

"He wants a small fortune or he'll bring proceedings."

"My dear Henry," I said gently, "they always do. You shouldn't have done it." I felt impartial. It was obviously Henry's business.

"He says his client's been injured by one of our appliances," said Henry dully.

I became excited. "What!" I shouted, "you've sold a Corporando?"

"No," he said; "it's Probosco. It's injured his nose."

I took the document from him. It was quite clear.

Scroggs and Yourselves.

DEAR SIRS,—We are instructed by our client, Mr. Albert Scroggs, to inform you that he intends to proceed against you for the recovery of damages resulting from his use of an appliance supplied by you for the purpose, we are instructed, of reshaping our client's nose.

Our client is a professional temperance orator of some repute, and in consequence of the severe and highly noticeable discoloration of his nose, caused by your appliance and likely, as he is informed, to be permanent, is totally prevented from continuing his occupation.

Our client's claim is for £5,100 for medical expenses and the loss of his employment.

Yours faithfully,
SMITH, HARBOTTLE, BULLWINKLE & Co.

"Well," I said, "we'll go bankrupt. We haven't got £5,100 between us."

"We could confine ourselves to Corporando," said Henry eagerly.



HAVEN.

Before I could deal with him there was a knock at the door and a large crate was carried in.

"What's this?" I said.

"Better open it," said Henry.

We did. On the top of the inside cover was a note.

DEAR SIRS,—I enclose your Probosco which has nearly killed me what with the noise all night and the hammering it give my nose. You will hear from my solicitors.

Believe me to be,
ALBERT SCROGGS.

"Probosco?" I said. Then all at once I knew. I lifted the cover. Inside was Corporando.

A Nasal Salute.

"Maurice Chevalier kissed Sophie Tucker on the rostrum."—*Sunday Paper.*

Our Candid Advertisers Again.

"——'s SAUCE.
AN AID TO INDIGESTION.
GIVE IT A TRIAL."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"A WREN BUILDING IN BATTERSEA. COUNCIL'S OPPOSITION TO PRESERVATION."
Daily Paper.

Up, bird-lovers!

"What is believed to be the smallest church in the world is situated in Germany, one of the Channel Islands."—*Canadian Paper.*

Does HITLER know about this?

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

XII.

Tuesday.—I wish that Mrs. Wheedle would not *talk* so much. She is a good soul, but I am never in a very talkative mood at breakfast-time. She will stand at the end of the table and relate anecdotes about her past employers. She appears to remember best those who laughed heartily at her jokes (which are not very amusing). For this reason her favourite is a Mr. Spicer, who seems to have laughed continually. "Mr. Spicer did give his face a treat," she informed me yesterday (she has some very queer expressions), and this morning it was "Mr. Spicer laughed fit to kill a military horse." It is foolish, I suppose, but I have formed quite a dislike for this Mr. Spicer. I cannot help feeling that Mrs. Wheedle is comparing me unfavourably with Mr. Spicer, for with the best will in the world I am unable to "give my face a treat" at the morning meal.

It seems no use reading the morning paper, the talk goes on. Perhaps I am too kind-hearted. I cannot bring myself to send her away in so many words. I have tried sending her out of the room for toast and other things, but this does not help much, as on her return she takes up her old position and watches me eat it. This morning, in despair, when I had eaten much more toast than was good for me, I sent her out for some Worcester Sauce (which I *never* take). By the time she came back I had finished my kedgeree and thought that I should now be left in peace. But not a bit of it. It seems that Mr. Spicer had a habit of *drinking* Worcester Sauce in the morning, and the good woman, assuring me that it was a *tonic*, insisted on pouring out a wine-glassful for me. I said, "I never heard of such a thing," and of course refused. But then she began a number of stories about Mr. Spicer and his strange ways, how he laughed after his Worcester Sauce, and so on; and she was so insistent that at last (posterity, I fear, will hardly believe this) I was forced to literally *drink* the stuff. It was not so unpleasant as I feared, but I have felt very queer all day.

I learn that this Mr. Spicer, who is an actor, is in London, and I am wondering whether I could seek him out and persuade him to employ Mrs. Wheedle again. I do not think I shall ever have the courage to dismiss her, as she certainly does her work well. On the whole, perhaps the best thing will be to have my breakfast in bed; I do not think she would venture to loiter in my bedroom. But one never knows. She has only just revealed to me that in the evenings she acts as a "dresser" at one of the theatres. I hope it will not get about Burbleton that I am mixed up with the Stage.

Wednesday.—There is many a true word spoken in jest. Here I am in bed, not at breakfast, but at *lunch-time!* All yesterday I felt queer, and I woke up in the night with a violent pain in the——. I at once thought, "Worcester Sauce," and bitterly regretted my kindness to Mrs. Wheedle. I could eat no breakfast and the pain was worse, so I sent Mrs. Wheedle for the doctor. I must say she is being very attentive. I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself about the Worcester Sauce, and she seemed quite contrite. This, however, did not prevent her from telling me several stories about the illnesses of Mr. Spicer, who appears to have laughed heartily even when he was ill. Being in considerable pain I had to speak out at last. I counted five and said, "Please leave me, Mrs. Wheedle." She seemed hurt, but obeyed. At any rate I have now asserted myself in that quarter, and what one has done once one can do again. It is extraordinary that tedious people cannot realise how tedious they are.

When the doctor came the pain seemed less severe and I had almost decided to get up. I told him that the pain was in my ——, but he insisted on tapping my chest and back in that ridiculous fashion. Really I have no patience with doctors! At last I was compelled to say sharply, "The pain is in the *abdomen*." He then examined the abdomen, and at last said that it was a case of acute appendicitis. I said, "Impossible! I lead a regular life. I have never had an operation in my life and I do not propose to begin now." He then began to pommel my back again. I said, "I can tell you exactly what is the matter; I was compelled yesterday to *drink* some Worcester Sauce after breakfast and it has disagreed with me." That for some reason seemed to amuse him (he was only a young pup). He said, "You should be operated on to-day." I was very angry and said, "Nothing would induce me to allow you to cut me open. It is just a fad, like all this taking out of teeth." (I am writing all this down carefully in case he sends in a bill.) He said, "I will not answer for your life." "Fortunately," I said, "you are not required to. All I need is a good stomachic, for which I shall send out to the chemist." I then sent him about his business.

Really, if one did not stand up to these doctors they would cut you to pieces as soon as look at you. As it is, he has brought the pain back with his foolish arguments. I have sent Mrs. Wheedle out for some stuff; and I hope she will not be long, for I do not feel at all well.

Saturday.—Well, this is a nice thing! Here I am on my back in a hospital, writing with some difficulty. Appendicitis, if you please—or so they say. At any rate, they have removed my appendix. I am positive there has been some gross mistake, and as soon as I am about again the medical profession will have a piece of my mind. Mrs. Wheedle is a witness that I was brought here protesting. In any case it was she who sent for that doctor again. It is true that the pain was very much worse, and I do not very clearly remember that afternoon, but if there is no simple antidote to Worcester Sauce then there ought to be. If they think they are going to squeeze a large fee out of me for operating they are very much mistaken.

I remember expressing my opinion very clearly up to the last minute, as, if they are honest, they will admit. On



Battalion Sergeant-Major (to Company Commander, who has his sword at the slope instead of at the carry). "CARRY YOUR SWORD, SIR! CARRY YOUR SWORD!"

Absent-minded Company Commander. "THANKS, SERGEANT-MAJOR; I CAN CARRY IT MYSELF."



Head Waiter (to inquirer for table). "VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT THE LIBRARIES HAVE BOUGHT ALL OUR TABLES FOR WEEKS AHEAD."

the other hand, the pain was so severe that the actual anæsthetic was almost pleasant, though the whole thing is very undignified. It is all so *fussy*, and the operating-place smelt *disgustingly* of chemicals.

I had a most curious dream while under the anæsthetic which is perhaps worth recording. It began in a place which was half like a cathedral and half like the Licensing Commission. Someone was giving evidence about Worcester Sauce—Mrs. Wheedle, I think. The POPE was present; I remember him saying, "Councillor Dough is drunk," and for some reason I was unable to reply. I do not know why I should dream about the POPE, I am sure. Then there was a very absurd pursuit; we were at Burbleton and Mrs. Busy was dancing along the cliffs with Councillor ——, both behaving most unsuitably. I did my best to catch them up, but my legs were like lead and my feet kept sinking into the ploughed field (though I cannot recall any ploughland on that section of the cliff). All the time I was myself being pursued by an extremely offensive man with black hair (Mr. Spicer, I suppose) who had threatened to force Worcester Sauce down my throat. At last I had to turn and face him (in any case, Mrs. Busy had disappeared, I think). I somehow knew that if only I could make a short speech to Mr. Spicer I should be able to dissuade him. But speech would not come; I could not utter a word. The man raised his bottle and was just about to strike, when at last I managed to cry out, and then I woke up feeling very sick. It only goes to show that whether I have had appendicitis or not, Mrs. Wheedle's unfortunate advice is at the bottom of the trouble. I must stop now as I am rather tired. My nurse is pleasant but talks too much. A. P. H.

ORNITHOLOGICAL OUTRAGES.

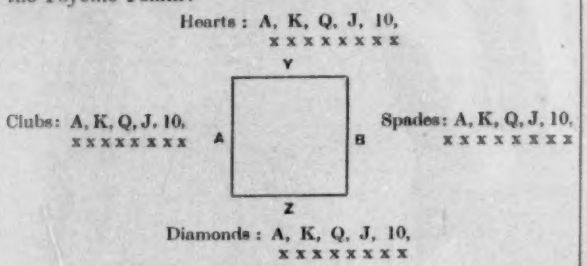
How lengthy and how varied is the list
Of subjects for the ornithologist!
Does not Dame Nature's lavish hand produce
Full-bodied fowls (as Turkeys) for our use,
And countless other feathered friends to cheer
The eye, like Peacocks, and, like Larks, the ear,
Producing Puffins too and Penguins, lest
Her crowded catalogue should lack a jest?
And yet ungrateful man is not content
But must with misdirected pains invent
Fantastic variations, freaks and sports
Of most peculiar and superfluous sorts—
The saxe-blue Swallow and the Gull bright green,
The fearsome Finch that seems a cross between
The twisted Tomtit and the tartan Owl,
And, worst of all, that most unnatural fowl
The trade or wholesale Robin, gaudy, stout,
A rather vulgar bird to have about,
But, though these freaks in fevered fancies thrive,
None ever saw a specimen alive,
For not in croft nor copse their nests you'll find,
But in the Christmas-card-producer's mind. W. K. H.

BRIDGE NOTES.

THE PSYCHIC BID.

THE Psychic Bid differs from the common bid in this respect: the latter is based on the cards you hold; the former on the cards you do *not* hold. In recent years the Psychic Bid has become increasingly popular, because the cards you do *not* hold are generally so much better, and there are more of them.

The following game, taken from recent play, shows the Psychic Bidder at his best, and is also an illustration of the Psychic Pslam:—



At love score Z dealt and picked up his hand. He immediately went very red, shifted uneasily in his chair and simulated a troublesome cough. He kept his eyes fixed on his cards, knowing that if he looked up and met the eyes of the others he would burst out laughing.

He saw that if he bid straightaway the full value of the hand—seven diamonds—his opponents would know exactly what he held; and they, realising that the hand would be useless in any other suit, would outbid him. The situation demanded delicate handling, and a spot of guile, he thought, was necessary. Accordingly he took a deep breath and in a steady voice bid "One Club."

When A recovered he decided that Z must be fishing for information. Well, he (A) was not going to rise to the bait. He therefore bid "One Diamond," neatly giving his *quid pro* Z's *quo*. And Z would have given another quid to know what the call meant.

Now Y, holding thirteen Hearts, thought how perfectly lovely it would be if A could be induced to call "No Trumps." The way to secure this was to call a suit in which A, B were likely to be well guarded. So Y called "One Spade."

B glared furiously at Y for a full minute, and then snapped out "Four Spades." This pleased Y.

But Z could not leave Y to compete with B for Spades without giving him (Y) a truer indication of what to expect from his partner—himself (Z).

So he bid "Six Diamonds"; and A, realizing that Z was now showing his true colours, sought to forestall him by calling his hand to its maximum of "Seven Clubs."

This upset Y's calculations, but there was still a chance to induce A to call "No Trumps." If he (Y) doubled "Seven Clubs" B would overcall into Spades, and A, having evidently little or no support in Spades, and having, further, the Ace of Diamonds (had not A called Diamonds originally?), might very well switch to "No Trumps."

Thus Y doubled "Seven Clubs." B called "Six Spades," as Y had foreseen, only much more loudly. Z and A elected to pass.

Again Y's calculations were upset. There was now nothing for him to do but to show his Hearts, and he bid "Seven Hearts."

B shouted "Spades!" This would have closed the bidding, but for the fact that Z was doing some astute thinking.

He assumed that Y's double of Clubs indicated top honours in Clubs, and Y must hold solid Hearts to have called "Seven." Further, from the way in which A had denied B's Spades (with a poly-club call) Z gathered that A must be void of Spades. Hence if A had the lead he must lead either a club up to Y's tops, or a Heart, obviously Y's strong suit.

Clearly, then, thought Z, the enemy were delivered into Y's hand and with no more ado he called "Seven No Trumps."

This was doubled by A, redoubled by Z (who had the courage of his convictions) and consigned to perdition by Y and B.

The result was, as previously stated, a Psychic Pslam, which was some consolation to B for having to waste all his beautiful Pspades.

Y and Z have taken up Psnap.

THE BEAUTICIANS.

[Speaking at the recent convention at Washington of the National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists' Association (calling themselves "The Beauticians"), the Managing Director stated that in their Beauty Parlours they would soon be prepared to remodel women's personalities as well as their faces, and provide them with "the more subtle forms of feminine charm."]

THEY have handled the saddest of cases,
Plain Janes they've contrived to repair,
Polished up the most fatuous faces,
Scored a hit with the wispiest hair;
Caused the weediest woman to flower,
Bade the weightiest cease from alarm,
And to-day they propose to endow her
With personal charm.

They will show her the way to be wistful,
To develop the sweetest of smiles,
To appear at her ease with a fistful
Of dangerous feminine wiles;
They will teach her the dodge of the dimple
And the lure of the languishing eye,
Or the knack of emitting the simple
But tactical sigh.

These may win her a fleeting dominion
O'er the manly but wavering breast;
All the same, in my humble opinion,
She will fail at the ultimate test;
Strive she never so hard not to show it,
The truth will be always betrayed
That the charmer, as well as the poet,
Is born and not made.

A. K.

The Forest Lovers.

"The Punams of Borneo are so primitive that they are not even agricultural. Mahogany is the rule among them, and marriage is for life."—*New Zealand Paper.*

The Lapghing Chevalier.

"Chevalier can realise contrasted moods with absolute ease and cetainty—his lively and lapghable 'Dites-moi ma mère' . . ."
Daily Paper.

We should love to hear him sing, "Lapgh, Clown, lapgh."

An Acid Answer.

"T. —— (Porthill).—To remove creosote stains from marble steps, use a little salts of lemon with a paint brush, and wash off with water. The same would apply to 'Constant Reader' (Manchester)."—*Daily Paper.*

Is this the way to treat one of the main props of modern journalism?



Butcher. "I OFTEN THINK, MADAM, I MADE A GREAT MISTAKE IN MY CHOICE OF A PROFESSION. I'M SURE I SHOULD HAVE MADE A FEARLESS SURGEON."

THE PROBLEMS OF DOGHOOD

(*With acknowledgments to students of* FREUD *and all that kind of thing*).

THE outbreak of hysteria among racing greyhounds, of which we have heard a good deal lately, calls attention, or so it seems to me, to the whole problem of canine neurosis and raises the question whether it is not high time to apply the arts of the psychiatrist and not those of the ordinary veterinary surgeon to the dog-ego and the dog-self as a whole.

We have surely got past the old bad days when correction and chastisement could be employed with advantage on the dog-child, and begun to realise that a system of obsolete and meaningless taboos must end by establishing morbid and troubling fixatures in the dog-soul such as transferred rat-suspicion, illusory parasite complexes and untidy bone-sepulture. Psychopathology is what the dog-soul needs. I might even go further than that. I might say psychotherapy. Or psychopthomphoolery. Almost any long word starting with "psycho" will do as long as you understand what I mean.

We want the dogs of this new generation to become different and better sires and dams, producing broader-minded and less irrational puppies in the next. There is urgent need of a body of sympathetic cyno-analysts who will study the individual members of a given litter with kindness, reason and understanding. The sense of sin which dominates many young dogs and drives them to introversion, or even dodging out of the back-door, is the cause of endless trouble. The feeling that food and love are wicked tends to sap and thwart their mentality. It often has an equally deleterious effect upon their would-be educators, giving rise to sadism, masochism, irridentism and a host of other

things with "ism" at the rear or backward end.

Consider the case of A, an Airedale terrier, who contracted a habit of pursuing sheep. Roughly checked upon his first indulgence in this practice, he was driven in upon himself and, beginning to brood, became melancholy and out of sorts. He was often noticed to bark in his sleep, probably enjoying the experience of "wish-fulfilment" dreams. Beaten with a whip on a second occasion for attempting to gratify his natural anti-ovine libido—or, since the words are open to misconstruction, perhaps I should rather say his ovi-sequacious libidinousness—he began to snarl at X, a frequent visitor to the house, who had a face amazingly like a sheep, and once pursued him, barking, from the gate of the drive to the front-door, where he had to be held off with an umbrella. In the end he was given away by his owner, Q, as a wedding-present to a man against whom Q had a grudge because he wanted to marry the girl himself, and, after biting a sewage-inspector in the left calf, was ordered to be destroyed.

A little knowledge of psychotherapy or the purchase of a few dozen books on psycho-exegesis would have told Q instantly what ought to be done. A's attitude towards X was a clear case of ambivolent love-hate, X being identified with the object of A's repressed libido, *i.e.* a sheep. The proper course was to have taken A out for several walks on a strong lead, accompanied by a sheep, which could have been borrowed for the purpose, attached to another strong lead, until A became thoroughly familiar with the idea of anti-inimical relations with an ovine pet. Subsequently X should have been introduced as a fourth member of the party and treated conversationally in such a manner that A began to distinguish him clearly and continually from a sheep, so that both complexes would have been finally resolved.

Take, again, the case of S, a Sealyham, who at the age of two-and-a-half years developed a custom of sleeping on the drawing-room sofa when his mistress was away and leaving hairs on it. The tendency among small dogs towards sofa-eroticism has been dealt with by Bung in two large volumes and need not be emphasised here.

What was M, the owner of S, to do? It was impossible to detect S in the actual practice of sofa-hypnosis, since he always jumped off as soon as the handle of the door was turned, and not only assumed an air of complete innocence but expressed an extravagant delight at seeing M again. Finding all remonstrances of no avail, M did a very foolish thing. She put several large books bound in morocco on the sofa and then left the drawing-room, with the result that S, jumping up, received the surprise of his life.

Thereafter he manifested a nervousness of all flat and shiny surfaces, and could only with the greatest difficulty be induced to walk over polished floor-boards or even cross a tarmac road. He exhibited his neurosis by sitting down suddenly on his hindquarters in the street, so that he had to be dragged along by a chain.

A better device for eliminating the sense of frustration in S would have been for M to remove the sofa every time she left the room or to have employed a paid companion to sit on it whilst she was away.

The case of C, a Cairn, which commenced scavenging at the age of one-and-a-half, is even more serious. Rudely jerked away from a piece of putrefying hake which he was in the act of consuming by the side of the road, he suffered for the whole of the rest of his life from a sense of thwarted ichthophily and could scarcely be tempted with any ordinary food. C was eventually damaged by a retroverting motor-car while nosing at a piece of moribund cod, whereas, if he had been allowed to feed himself a sufficient number of times on decaying fish until subliminal fish-disgust had supervened, his inordinate fish-fulfilment desire would have been transmuted into a fish-rejection fixature, or even into a complete ichthophoby, except perhaps in the case of red herrings or extroverted sardines. Instead he continued to nourish a fish-urge, but began to associate its inhibition with the presence of motor-vehicles, so that he scarcely took any exercise outside the garden and smelt like sin.

All this goes to prove that canine clinics, where psychiatry is thoroughly understood and benignantly practised, are one of the crying needs of the day. The break-up of family life renders the importance of dog-culture more paramount than ever. But too many dog-owners are influenced by the old and tyrannical superstition which regards the dog-soul as a possession-object rather than a responsibility-motive, or by the equally abominable idea of dog-idolatry, which substitutes the pet-wish and the pamper-love for a true appreciation of the dog-dog's moral and spiritual good.

It may be in the end that the State will have to take over, in the cause of humanitarianism, the whole early training and development of doghood, only returning the creatures to their so-called masters and mistresses when the libidinal impulses of the canine self-consciousness have been guided into the proper channels for the true self-expression of doggery. The effect of pre-natal influences upon dogs of mixed parentage has received at present far too little analytical study. The same applies to the subjective constellation of apperceptions which reflect the manner in which each individual dog has dealt with his inner life of instinct. And, in a lesser degree, to the dam silly way some dogs have of pawing the affection-object's trouser-legs and putting mud-mud all over them.

EVOE.



Gushing Modernist. "SHALL I SHOW HIM HIS PORTRAIT?"
Unromantic Keeper. "YOU CAN, MADAM, BUT IT IS ONLY RIGHT TO REMIND YOU THAT THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS!"

The Vegetable Orchestra.

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Apples, potatoes, onions, carrots, parsnips. Price according to quality. Delivered in City and Suburbs."—*New Zealand Paper.*

We have heard of a man who could make a noise like a turnip, but the voice of the parsnip has not yet been heard in the Old Country.



HAVE A CIGAR.

MORE LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

MAISIE THE MULE.

WE had been one down on our battalion mulage for some while, and then Maisie arrived just two days before a General Inspection. Lieutenant Surcingle, our Transport Officer, was so excited about the lucky event that he made us all come down to the stables to be introduced. He even got Swordfrog along, which just showed how persuasive he was, for Swordfrog has never felt the same about mules since an elderly, heavy and deaf pack-mule called Clarkia stood on his foot at a ceremonial parade and wouldn't move off for four-and-a-half minutes.

Maisie was certainly a fine creature, with an unusual white patch on the rump. She had the comfortable appearance of a mule who had obviously not been slimming during the last few months. We stood round for a few minutes, meanwhile indulgently permitting Lieutenant Surcingle to justify his spurs by descanting learnedly on spavins and ingrowing houghs and other generic diseases. We have to let him talk horse now and then, otherwise his erudition turns inward; he becomes broody and blows on his porridge. Eventually we stopped him, by a request that he should now look at Maisie's teeth and tell us her age and sex; also—this was Swordfrog's inquiry—what he thought she would weigh if she stood on one foot—his foot; and so returned happily to the Mess.

There is more in a mule than meets the eye, even when it has a white patch on therump. I am not talking about what meets other parts of you if you pass too close behind the animal; I am referring to temperament. And Maisie, it seemed, had a lot of temperament. For next morning, when Surcingle produced a light cart—of the type which battalions have hurriedly to hide at intervals because their existence is due to a combination of a dark night and an opportunist Quartermaster rather than to any War Office decision affecting transport schedules—and tried to put Maisie between the shafts, Maisie definitely refused to be put.

Now, when mules refuse to be put, nothing can be done; not even a mounted sergeant of twenty-one years' service can induce them to reconsider their decision, though he shocks everyone else within earshot. So Maisie simply stood there. At least a dozen men tried to move her back into the cart, but she stayed stock still, and even established a sort of moral superiority by blowing from time to time into their faces. Then another dozen men, applying the Mohammed-mountain principle to the Maisie-cart problem, moved the vehicle up to her. Maisie still stood. Amid applause from the crowd which had now collected they managed to buckle her driving clothes round her. Next Corporal Forage mounted, gathered up the reins and shook them vigorously. Maisie just stood.

Corporal Forage, after sternly rebuking Private Pullthrough for an ill-advised grin, dealt her a smart blow on the white patch and said, "Git up, lady!" Maisie, on the contrary, abruptly lay down. Forage, who had in the sudden collapse of his surroundings involuntarily dealt a second smart blow to his own knee-cap, again spoke to Maisie. This time he did not refer to her as a lady, but as something quite the opposite. It was apparent from his remarks that her moral character had absolutely gone by the board. He then got up and transferred his concluding statements to Private Pullthrough, who this time had grinned quite audibly. Finally, and as if by way of setting a semi-official seal on all that had been said and done, he saluted Lieutenant Surcingle and said, "Begpardonsir, she surprised me, like."



"MAISIE WITH HER PAIR OF NO. 16's."

Surcingle, however, was for the moment paying no attention to him or to Maisie. His thoughts were with his precious light cart. For when a cart officially does not exist it is difficult to get a hard and unimaginative Ordnance Officer to repair or replace it. Finding the damage not excessive he had it removed to a place of safety and ordered a heavy G.S. wagon to be produced. Maisie during all this had been reclining on the ground on one elbow with the air of an affable film-star being interviewed on her divan. When the threat of work was removed she got up; when the G.S. wagon appeared she lay down again. We all began to have a regrettable suspicion that Maisie was constitutionally a shirker.

We spent most of the morning at it, trying her in G.S. wagons and in limbers and with pack saddlery, but Maisie defeated us every time. She was impervious to cajolery, blows and bad language, though Pullthrough was overheard to state that he saw her blush at a certain regrettable insinuation of Sergeant-Major Magazine's.

All this was the more annoying because it was the next day that the General was coming to inspect us and every animal would have to be on parade. Maisie was far too fat for us to leave her in a stable and call her sick, yet we did not see how we could parade with one of our mules reclining in Oriental abandon between the shafts of a limber. We at last decided that if the worst came to the worst we should have to parade her as a pack-mule. Certainly she looked least silly that way.

The situation was saved, however, next morning by an informative Sapper Officer, and we are beginning to think that possiby there is a reason for having R.E. in the Army after all. Three harassed drivers were trying to induce Maisie to stand up, under any pretext, for long enough to enable another three (concealed) to slip some pack-saddlery over her, when this Sapper Officer—snooping around other people's lines, as they will—came past.

"Hullo!" he said. "I know that mule with the white patch. We used to have her."

Beyond a brief wish, expressed through the teeth, that the R.E.'s had her still, Surcingle made no comment.

"Do you want her to work?"

Surcingle saw just in time a helpful

gleam in the other's eyes and so choked down a selection of good come-backs.

"That," he said stiffly, "is the idea. She's got to stand up on parade in half-an-hour."

"That mule," began the R.E. dreamily, lighting the kind of pipe that Sappers alone can smoke, "was a good, honest, hard-working girl when she left the Rectory—I mean the Remount Depôt—till one afternoon we thought she'd do nicely to pull our lawn-mower. For this we had to put those big leather grass-boots over her hoofs. She was as pleased as hell with them, and pulled that mower over half the lawn and a couple of flower-beds before we could stop her.

"Now mark the vanity of the sex. Next day she refused her ordinary work—in fact *any* work—unless we put the boots on her again. Indeed, till we got rid of her we were never able to get her to do a stroke without those infernal boots. It looked darn funny on a route-march, but as we were R.E.'s nobody thought anything of it."

All in one breath Surcingle thanked him, cursed Maisie for a vain jade and despatched a man to the Mess gardener for "Boots, grass, animal, ladies', sets. . . . 1."

The Sapper officer was quite right. Maisie leapt up the moment she saw them. At the inspection no mule was more upright or more proud than Maisie, with her pair of No. 16's. Moreover, Surcingle had had half-an-hour to get a plausible answer ready for the General—which was too easy, for usually on an inspection one only has about four seconds.

"That pack-mule, Sir, is the one we are training to use with an advance party in hostile and mountainous country at night. We put shoes on her to keep her hoofs from rattling against the rocks, and her white patch behind, Sir, enables the connecting files to keep touch in the dark."

The General was so pleased at the originality of the idea that he passed on silently; or else he was merely too staggered to speak.

But we are taking steps to ease Maisie off on someone else. Other units are beginning to be *so* funny.

A. A.

"A dinner of Mr. G. C. —— was given at Hotel ——, Auckland, on Saturday evening by some of his friends."—*N. Z. Paper.*

Cannibalism seems to die hard in New Zealand.

THE CUPID STAKES.

[As a regrettable consequence of a recent drastic reduction in the staff of our local paper, the Racing correspondent has had to take on the duties of the Society gossip.]

Little Titterton. Tuesday.

BRILLIANT weather favoured the opening of to-day's fixture. Long before the appointed time (2.30) the enclosure adjoining this historic village church was thronged with a fashionable crowd. The chief event on the card was the wedding of Mrs. Diana Dalrymple, widow of the late Dr. Phineas Dalrymple, and the Hon. Claud Tetherby, younger son of Lord and Lady Punter.

Amongst the early arrivals were the bridegroom and the best man, a brother to the bride. Both gave an impression of being very fit and well, though during the inevitable delay before the start the first-named was noticeably inclined to be restive.

The bride, a firm favourite in the neighbourhood, carried the same colours as on her former successful outing (ivory, no sleeves, silver-and-orange cap). By no means lacking in admirers were the four bridesmaids (old rose, gold belts, gold caps), while others to



Short-sighted Lady (proffering hand-shake). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR MR. HIRAM."
Short-sighted American. "PUT IT THERE."



Publisher (to very modern author). "MY READER TELLS ME WE SHALL HAVE TO CUT OUT AT LEAST HALF THE BAD LANGUAGE."
Author. "WELL, I DON'T MIND, IF YOU DON'T MIND A SLENDER VOLUME."

sport silk were two really smart youngsters in buff shirts and quaintly-cut riding-breeches.

Description.

Setting the pace, the bride was led by her father (the only grey), with the bridesmaids a length away and the two six-year-olds bringing up the rear. Entering the straight, one of the latter stumbled and had to be pulled up, otherwise the order remained the same. At the distance the bridegroom made a well-timed advance and, drawing level with the bride, took up a position by the rails. At this point the Vicar found an opening and, challenging, assumed the lead, closely followed by everyone present. Shortly afterwards the bride began to falter and, refusing to obey, was not further pressed. The Vicar then proceeded to assert himself and, maintaining his position, went on alone long past the official finish. Several failed to stay.

The objection to the Vicar for boring was sustained.

Time: 21 min. 18 2-5 sec.

"Good Opening for Dentist in Doctor's surgery."—*Evening Paper.*

These hardy fellows will guarantee to fill almost anything.

TO AN EARLY POTATO.

HERE, when the year was young,
I struggled with a spade;
Here the green haulm upsprung
From tubers neatly laid—
Haulm long ago amid the rubbish flung,
Damp, dirty and decayed.

Here the potato, boon
Of Lowland Scottish birth,
From all disease immune,
Proper in growth and girth,
When new potatoes still were opportune
I wrested from the earth.

Now bare the fallow lies,
Bare as the winter bough,
Chill as the wind that sighs
With mournful sough (or sough);
And in the frosted ridge the wireworm dies,
Stretched out all anyhow.

'Tis well; but still I know
That, where your sire was set,
Twelve inches deep or so,
Spud, you are lying yet;
Perhaps you got a bit beyond the row
And thus we never met.

Or in your shape and size
You mocked the pebblestone,
To cheat my careless eyes,
To sleep aloof, alone,
Till you turn over in a sweet surprise
With Spring's reveille blown.

You shall discover not,
Waif of the parting year,
O lingerer in the plot,
Potatoes planted here;
The crops rotate; the crops rotate, though what
You'll find is not too clear.

Yes, by the frost unhurt,
Undamaged by the sleet,
You, for so long inert,
May instantly compete
With cabbage, or preoccupy the dirt
Where sweet-peas should be sweet.

Doubtless of ADAM'S due,
This grief that gardeners share,
To know one spud, or two
(Or three perhaps) lie—where?
To which the answer relatively true
Is "Thereabout," not "There."

Yet, though my prescient mind
Sees beauty you will mar,
I do not feel inclined
To excavate afar;
Needles in haystacks are ill things to find,
So you stay where you are.



THE LAW'S ACCELERATIONS.

FIRST PEDESTRIAN. "HOW DID YOU GET LAID OUT?"
SECOND PEDESTRIAN. "SPEED-HOG. AND YOU?"
FIRST PEDESTRIAN. "SPEED-COP."

[To carry out the new Traffic Act, a thousand mobile police are to be mounted on motor-cycles, with the idea of pursuing and overtaking those who drive to the public danger.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 1st.—There is nothing of the de-whelped tigress about "Uncle" ARTHUR HENDERSON; all the same, it does not do to go too far with him. It was going altogether too far for the Soviet Government to charge the late and present British Governments, as it has done in the comic State trial now being staged in Moscow, with conspiring to overthrow the Soviet *régime*, and Mr. HENDERSON takes exception to it. He told the House to-day that he had taken exception to it through the usual diplomatic channels.

Mr. LEES-SMITH, the Postmaster-General, revealed that he has been considering action of a much more practical character, namely, telephonic communication with Brazil. An appropriate remark with which to inaugurate the service would seem to be "Sorry you've been troubled."

It was Mr. LEES-SMITH's turn to answer questions about subsidised Grand Opera. He did well enough, but looked a bit nonplussed when a sturdy supporter behind asked him if minimum standards would be required of the company for all classes of workers who are employed. Mr. LEES-SMITH, who has no idea what the minimum standard is for a basso profondo or a second viol d'amore, replied evasively that all such questions would be answered in due course.

After Question-time Miss BONDFIELD invited the House in Committee to consider the "advisability" of slipping the Unemployment Fund another ten millions on account. On loan, of course; but, as Sir JOHN SIMON pointed out, there are poignant moments when the formula "Of course, I don't want you to give it me" simply means that a charitable soul is being touched in more senses than one. Miss BONDFIELD took that aspect of the case rather for granted, and confined herself largely to stating the problems which would arise if and when the massed industrialists of the nation grasp the full advantages of a system, already popular, by which the worker's income is made up half of wages and half of doles.

Sir H. BETTERTON and others of the Opposition enlarged on that aspect of the matter and asked why the Government had shirked the whole question of putting the unemployment insurance house in order, and had appointed a Royal Commission when it already had all the evidence before it.

All this was more or less old stuff. The really exhilarating contribution to the debate came, as often, from Mr. JACK JONES. He has no use for unemployment insurance schemes, because when you boil it down it is the workman who contributes all the money. Nobody would think of trying to boil Mr. JACK JONES down, but the thought of him as an elemental wealth-creating force does not come easily.



THE BOXING FRATERNITY.
COMMANDER KENWORTHY AND THE NEW RECRUIT, LORD CLYDESDALE.

Tuesday, December 2nd.—When the House of Lords wants to land on the Government with both feet it cannot do better than select Lord HAILSHAM as one or both of its extremities. In to-day's debate on the Government's failure to make hay while the Imperial Conference shone he stepped upon Mr. J. H. THOMAS and his colleagues with pulverising ponderosity. He quoted all the Dominion Ministers at length; he quoted *The Times*; he even quoted *The Daily Herald*. The "cheap personalities" of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the "wilful perversions" of the SECRETARY FOR THE DOMINIONS, Mr. SNOWDEN's acid mutterings of "bunkum" and Mr. THOMAS's heartier references to "humbug" alike came under his lash. His sound but general theme was that the Government had spurned the potentialities of the Conference, flouted the Dominions and risked the Imperial birthright for a mess of Mr. SNOWDEN'S Cobdenite pottage.

Lord SANKEY replied on an even higher and less particular plane, discussed Imperial constitutionalism and quoted VIRGIL to prove that even Mr. SNOWDEN'S catalysing acidulity would never break down the British Empire. "Who are we," he asked, "that we should despair or be despondent when difficulties arise for us?" Whereupon an unexpected difficulty in the shape of Lord BUCKMASTER arose for him, and the learned LORD CHANCELLOR was told not indeed who he was, but what he was—"a noble and learned Lord full of noble and irrelevant sentiments." Lord BUCKMASTER was not for making too much of Mr. THOMAS'S "casual word." What worried him was that Mr. BENNETT'S definite practical three-per-cent proposal, which none of their lordships would have dreamed of accepting, had got



The Bat (in a state of suspended neutrality, reviewing, as in Æsop's fable, the battle between Birds and Beasts). "CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHICH SIDE I OUGHT TO BELONG TO?"

LORD BUCKMASTER, LORD HAILSHAM AND LORD PASSFIELD.

mixed up with the abstract question of Free Trade. He was not, said Lord BUCKMASTER, prepared to say that in no circumstances and for no end ought one to consent to put a tax on food—a limited admission but, coming from such a source, something of a portent.

Lord PASSFIELD began by offering to bring the debate back to where it started—not a difficult matter, as it had not got very far—and endeavoured to show that all the Government had done was to adjourn the whole question of taxing foreign imports, and so securing Empire preference, until the Conference to be held at Ottawa next year.

In the Commons Sir BASIL PETO sought from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER the promise of a grant for the production of SHAKESPEARE and other classical British authors along the lines of the Grand Opera subsidy, but without success. The same considerations do not apply to the two cases, said Mr. SNOWDEN, forgetting that he has not yet detailed the considerations that moved him, in these days of national depression, to subsidise foreign opera.

Members in Committee dotted more of the i's and crossed more of the t's of the Education Bill. The debate was featureless except for the Duchess of ATHOLL dotting the eye (figuratively speaking, of course) of Mr. HORE-BELISHA, and the somewhat sentimental interjection of Mr. KIRKWOOD at one point in the debate to the effect that the best teacher of a boy is his mother—a suggestion which Dumbarton Boroughs, where it is the custom of fathers to lend a hand, will not accept in its entirety.

Wednesday, December 3rd.—"It may be that we still do not know all we shall know about this subject," said Mr. MORRISON, replying to a question about the supply of automatic coloured light signals for traffic-control. Not every Minister indulges in such flights of Ministerial modesty.

Patience is always rewarded, and to-day Sir KINGSLEY WOOD's prolonged and patient inquiries as to the welfare of the "poor old Trade Disputes Bill" was handsomely recompensed, the PRIME MINISTER intimating that some time before the Christmas recess he would be asking Members opposite to find time for the introduction of the Bill. Aware of the significance of this utterance Conservative leaders were observed to gaze at each other with a wild surmise. Visions of a pacific ocean of Lib.-Lab. co-operation swam before them.

Members had scarcely recovered from their surprise when Mr. HENDERSON sprang another by informing Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON that he had instructed the British Ambassador to protest against the broadcasting from Moscow of revolutionary propaganda in the English language. The MINISTER did not admit that it amounted to an "incitement to revolution," but was of the opinion that it violated the Russian Government's anti-propaganda undertaking. "How many of these protests are now outstanding?" asked Sir KINGSLEY WOOD; but "Uncle" ARTHUR, who must be feeling that life is just one damned protest after another, did not reply.



MUTUAL PROPS.

[A new stage of the situation indicated in Mr. Punch's Cartoon of last week.]

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Accidents in Mines and the Woes of the Woollen Textile Industry—both matters raised on private Members' motions—produced long and no doubt useful debates, without, however, promoting the chances of legislation in any desired direction.

Thursday, December 4th.—Doubtless the approach of the festive season inspired Colonel HOWARD-BURY to ask the MINISTER OF LABOUR if she would consider the issue of vouchers for groceries in part-payment of the dole. It certainly inspired Mr. KIRKWOOD to ask if she could not see her way to giving the dole-drawers a double allowance for Christmas week. These projects born of a soft heart found no responsive echo in Miss BONDFIELD's hard head.

Sir CHARLES CAYZER had a few words with Mr. GREENWOOD about the contamination of green cheese by tinfoil wrappings. He suggested that the sale of such cheeses had, as the milkman in the *Punch* picture put it, been paralysed by the Public Anarchist. Mr. GREENWOOD rejected the *casus belli*. The distinguished analyst had analysed, the Ministry of Health had reported and that was that.

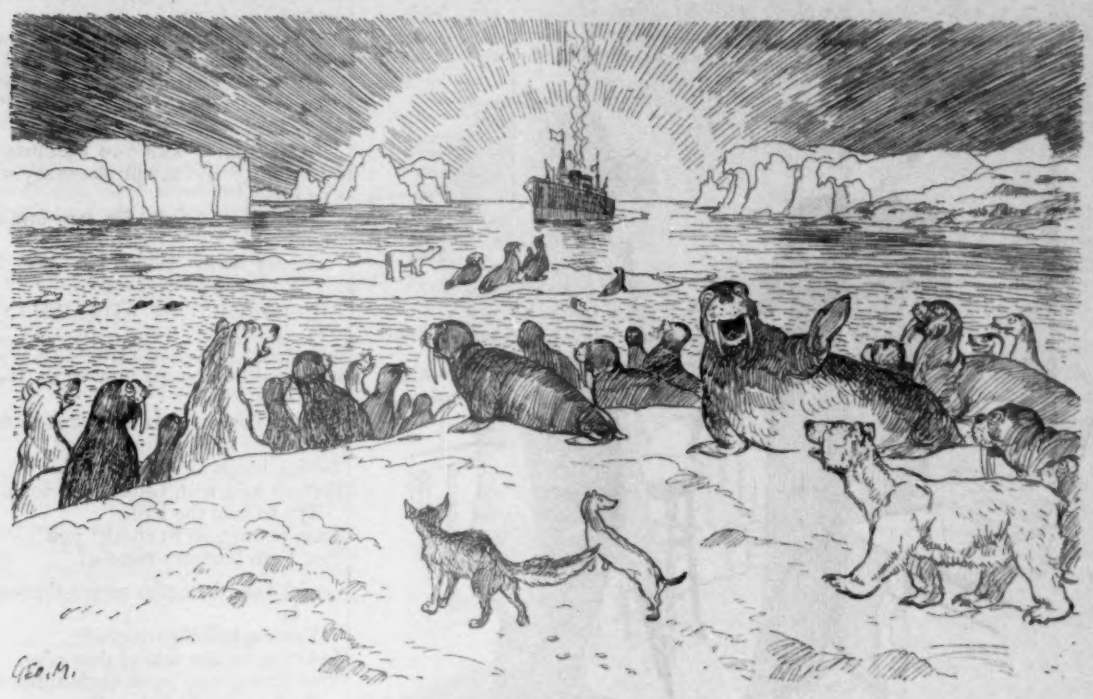
Members who on the previous day had failed to catch the significance of the PRIME MINISTER's announcement that the Trade Disputes Bill would be forthcoming before Christmas received enlightenment when to-day he announced, in reply to Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, that the Electoral Reform Bill, as envisaged in the King's Speech, would also be forthcoming before that date. This mutual stuffing of rich gifts into one another's stockings by the Liberal and Labour leaders opened up all sorts of vistas to the hungry Opposition, but its full force and effect were somewhat marred by the ensuing debate on the expiration of the Dyestuffs Act, wherein—Sir HERBERT SAMUEL having duly blessed the Government's decision to let the fast dye industry bury its dead Act—Sir JOHN SIMON, as determined a Free Trader as ever smote a tariff, promptly rose and declared that the Act, as Mr. ASQUITH had always maintained, did not involve the fundamental question of Protection *versus* Free Trade, that it had built up an efficient industry, materially promoted research and developed British science. On balance there was made out a clear case for continuing the Act until careful inquiry could be made into the whole question.

To the same effect and with clarity spoke Labour's Mr. WISE, but in spite of this formidable opposition and the expected abstention of some of the Left Wing Socialists, Mr. GRAHAM, Cobdenite to the last, managed to defeat Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER'S amendment to the Expiring Laws Continuation Bill by the comparatively small margin of 30 votes.

Advice to Litigants.

"KEEP RACING OUT OF THE LAW COURTS."
Headine in Evening Paper.

Better still not to rush into them at all.



THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.

IT IS PROBABLE THAT IN THE NEAR FUTURE PLEASURE TRIPS TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS WILL BECOME POPULAR.

The Old Walrus. "COME ON, BOYS! *Buns!*"

PANDEMONIUM.

A METROPOLITAN REVERIE.

O BEAUTY! the way that it draws us
(As poets have often remarked),
Whatever fatigue it may cause us,
To places where cars can be parked;
O Glory! O Fame! how exciting
It is for a moment to stand
Half-a-furlong from Someone alighting
To reach his hotel in the Strand!

Their food and their families scorning,
The ladies of Penge and Blackheath
Have arisen at five in the morning
For a glimpse of a gentleman's teeth;
There were shouts, and the vision seraphic
Smiled out at the Press from its car;
The ladies got fixed in the traffic,
But they waved at the noise from afar.

There's a thrill at the Yard of Detection
And a meeting amongst the Big Four;
They must work out a scheme of protection,
For London is filled with a roar;
They must stand at the points of carousing
And marshal the mobs by their rule,
For to-day, at the third time of spousing,
A Folly has wed with a Fool.

They have taken their truncheons to rout us,
They have builded the big barricades,
They have fastened a cordon about us.
And called for the Red Cross first-aids;
For a cry has gone up from the nation,
It surges by Tube and by tram
To salute upon Waterloo Station
A Wop with a fist like a ham.

As for me, when the suburbs have clustered
In anguish, in hope and in fear,
And the squads of policemen been mustered,
As though Revolution were near,
And the faint and the wounded and dying
Are taken by ambulance off,
All because of some bloke who's been flying
Or has beaten some beggar at golf,

I am stirred at the thought of my city
And the warmth of its wonderful heart—
But I think it's the deuce of a pity
When I find that my bus doesn't start;
I infer that some elegant torso
Or face in the distance has shone,
But I feel rather piqued. And the more so
As I never remember what's on.

EVOE.

THE SALESMAN.

"HAIR'S coming out a bit, Sir."

"It is."

I waited for him to trot out the name of some useless specific. My reply was ready, and he would not be the first hairdresser I had flattened.

"I 'm afraid there's nothing will really stop it once it 's made up its mind."

I could hardly believe my ears; here was a rare bird among barbers. "You're quite right," I smiled, "but if the Amalgamated Society of Hairdressers heard you make such a remark wouldn't they blackball you or something?"

"Oh, I have my own views," he said, "and I'm not afraid to air them. I know, and you know, Sir, that, if you could stop hair falling, you wouldn't have dukes and millionaires with bald heads."

"Exactly the remark I made to my wife this morning."

"Oh, she's been at you, has she, Sir?" he chuckled. "Ladies don't like their husbands to be bald, do



Very Fashionable Tailor (coldly, to customer who has explained his modest requirements). "I SEE, YOU WANT A FREAK SUIT."

they? I know that because of a gentleman who comes here of the name of Jackson; quite a big man in the City, I believe. Perhaps you know him?"

"No."

"Came about six months ago and bought a bottle of 'Bush-hair Imperial' which I happened to have on the shelf here. I told him it was only a traveller's sample, and I didn't believe in such things anyhow, but he said his wife wanted him to try something and he must obey orders. I told him he'd much better buy himself a couple of cigars, but he *would* have the lotion.

"A month later he came back for another bottle; said it had worked wonders with his hair, and he was very glad he had potted it."

"And what did you say?"

"Well, I was a bit startled, of course, Sir. There was no doubt his hair was in much better condition, but I felt sure it had nothing whatever to do with the lotion. An improvement in general health, you know, will often do the trick, and I told him so. But he wouldn't listen; told me not to talk through my hat, but order a stock of it double quick."

I laughed as he sprayed and finished me. "And he still believes in it?" I asked.

"Has a bottle every month, Sir, and swears by it. Of course I don't mind; there's a nice little bit of profit in it for me—there always is in that sort of stuff."

What a delightfully candid man! It was a real pleasure to listen to him. I put on my coat and wished him good-day.

At the door I paused. It was absurd, of course, but after all this fellow Jackson *might* not have been altogether mistaken; at any rate the cost was not—and my wife would—and there could be no harm.

"I suppose you haven't got a bottle of this ridiculous stuff handy?" I asked.

He looked surprised, even a little grieved. "I have, Sir, of course," he said, "but——"

"Oh, I agree with you absolutely," I broke in, "but it will please my wife, you know."

"Oh, in that case, Sir, four-and-six. Thank you, Sir."

A very honest fellow. C. M.

COMFORT IN ADVERSITY.

[A writer says that "the poetry of motion is nowhere better exemplified than in a good movement culminating in a try in Rugby football."]

WHERE the sward is bare of stubble
And the mud bespatters all,
Taking heaps and heaps of trouble,
Sixteen men with backs bent double
Try to heel the ball.
I am resting, so to speak; you
See, I am a centre-three-q.

Look! Their half who serves the scrum is
Passing to his partner; he,
Leaving, by the sale of dummies,
Two strong men upon their tummies,
Feeds a handy "three";
And the outlook threatens "stormy"
As he heads directly for me.

Swifter is his pace than eagles',
Lion-strong his every limb;
While the watchers bay like beagles,
With a stance like LEO DIEGEL'S
I'm awaiting him;
Then, with hopes his aims to diddle,
Fling myself around his middle.

Hear the ladies shrieking "Oh, dear!"
As I fell him at the cost
Of a badly raked or hoed ear;
But, alas, that fleeting roe-deer
Has already tossed
To a brother buck the leather;
Buck and ball fly on together.

Though my ear is buzzing queerly,
Though they score, elate am I,
For I love a poem dearly,
And as such esteem sincerely
My opponents' try;
As a rhapsody the movement
Hardly could have shown improvement.

Search, my friend, from now until Yule,
In the air, upon the road,
On the briny, where you will, you'll
Never beat a Rugger pilule
For a Moving Ode;
Though perhaps they scorn the notion,
Rugger men are Bards—of Motion.

C. B.

"Advertiser requires information as to how to manage a one string fiddle."
Musical Paper.

Has he thought of removing the string?

AT THE PICTURES.

THE MARX BROTHERS AGAIN.

THERE is a pleasant surprise in the first few minutes of *Animal Crackers* at the Carlton. After it has depressed our spirits by starting as an all-singing musical comedy, song suddenly turns to speech and choruses give place to antics and all is amazingly well. Just as one was fearing the worst too.

"If you can't laugh," says a Chinese proverb, "don't open a shop." If you don't want to laugh, I advise, don't go to *Animal Crackers* at all, for, funny as the MARX BROTHERS were in *The Cocoanuts*, they are now funnier still, in exactly the same way. It may be the fun of the asylum, but it is ordered too and gets its full effect. An idea of the insane nonsense that inspires their acts and words may be conveyed by the burlesque of a detectives' conference between GROUCHO, the MARX with the spectacles and moustache, and CHICO, the MARX with the Wop accent and hat. GROUCHO has undertaken to find the thief who stole the picture, and



THE LION OF THE PARTY
(straight from the Jungle).
Captain Spalding . . MR. GROUCHO MARX.

CHICO offers his advice. "You must go to everybody in the house," he urges, "and ask them if they stole it." "Vell, and if they are all innocent?" "Then you must go to everybody in the house next-door." "But there isn't a house next-door." "Then we must build one," is the devastating reply; and the two idiots sit gravely down and plan the new house, even to the bathroom decorations. Pure nonsense is so rare that *Animal Crackers* should be seen if only for the five minutes occupied by this fantastic duologue.

According to the programme the original play was the work of four authors, but, if ever words seemed to proceed from the actors themselves



A SOUL'S ANGUISH.
MR. HARPO MARX.

spontaneously, these do. Not, of course, that HARPO has any. HARPO, the fool of the family, is still dumb and still a thief, even to the stealing of a birthmark from the picture-dealer's arm!

In writing the other week about EDDIE CANTOR, another of the American-Hebrew comic invaders now with us, I said that he was of the school of ROBEY; the MARX BROTHERS are of the school of LENO. Their inconsequence is radiant. That is to say, GROUCHO'S, CHICO'S and HARPO'S is. But what of the fourth, ZEPPO? ZEPPO is a problem. In fact, the only serious moments in this revel of madness are when we ponder on his place in it. In *The Cocoanuts* he had little enough to do, but here he has less, and if GROUCHO did not dictate a travesty of a business-letter to him he would not exist. Is he ever funny? Or is he perhaps the cement that binds the brotherhood together, the power behind the throne? If not, how more than fraternal of GROUCHO, CHICO and HARPO to let him in on an equality!

If ever there was a story over which broods the spirit of fatalism, it is HERMAN MELVILLE'S *Moby Dick*, and if ever there was a man of conflicting passions, dominated by one revengeful purpose, it is *Captain Ahab*, vowed to the destruction of the white whale that had cost him his leg. The programme of the WARNER BROTHERS' screened version of this masterpiece at any rate has some notion of the book's superficial character, for it describes the film as "a dynamic drama of the whaling days, when windjammers sailed the Atlantic crewed" (do we like the word "crewed"? No) "by lusty men with a thirst for peril." But of *Moby Dick's* deeper quality the film understands nothing. The producer has chosen to treat the story as a cheerful anecdote, checkered by drunkenness and Shanghai-ing, while Mr. JOHN BARRYMORE'S *Captain Ahab* is only one remove from a mountebank, to whom the loss of a leg is a mere incident. He begins as a jaunty philanderer, and, although at the end Miss JOAN BENNETT is in his arms, he gives no indication of having changed. Meanwhile ten years of whaling and waiting have passed, yet not a minute older is either of them. *Ahab* has not been aged by his duel with the sea monster, nor *Faith* by her patient vigils. On the other hand the Newfoundland dog, which was a puppy in the opening scenes, is fully grown.

Strange things can happen in film studios, but I never saw so wholesale a sacrifice of an author's atmosphere and idea. Any invented pretext would have carried this picture: why drag in *Moby Dick*? But, although Mr. BARRYMORE evidently has not realised *Ahab's* character or has preferred an interpretation of his own, I cannot withhold commendation of the skill with which he wears a wooden leg. Not a vestige of his own limb is disclosed. Where can he keep it? Up his sleeve?

I do not pretend to have followed every moment of this disappointing



AHAB UP!
MR. JOHN BARRYMORE (*Ahab*) has the mount of *Moby Dick*.

film; but, as the old Frenchman said, when accused of nodding at a *répétition générale*, "Sleep also is a form of criticism."

E. V. L.

A Sweet Gift, Indeed.

"Mr. ——, of Dulce Donum, Tunbridge-road, Southend, who won half the 'News of the World' £1000 crossword prize."
Competitors' Guide.

"NEW BILL FORGETS THE GIRLS."
Headline in Daily Paper.

A fault of which "Old Bill" could never be accused.

AT THE PLAY.

"A MURDER HAS BEEN ARRANGED" (ST. JAMES'S).

THE nicest thing about the murder which Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS has arranged is its frank theatricality; the nastiest thing about it is—but I must not anticipate. By sub-titling his play "A Ghost Story in Three Acts" he disarms much pettifogging criticism. The best ghost stories are seldom the most rational, and this one succeeds less by its deference to work-a-day logic than by the ease with which it takes terror in its stride.

The scene is laid on the stage of a supposedly empty theatre, and the murder which we see committed there has two interdependent *motifs*: the fate of a fortune of two million pounds which *Sir Charles Jasper*, a middle-aged student of Black Magic, will inherit provided he is alive at eleven o'clock to claim it, and the liberty his murder gives to the occult forces of whose manners and customs he has made a lifelong study. He has a young and dutiful wife, and only one surviving kinsman, to whom the millions will go should he die untimely.

Though it is perhaps as well that a character whom we are to lose so soon and so horridly should not be allowed to establish himself too firmly in our affections, *Sir Charles's* occult enthusiasm, like his attitude towards his wife, strikes us as sub-human. At any rate it leads him to give the fancy-dress supper-party that is to celebrate his inheritance of the fortune on the stage of a haunted theatre. Murder committed there long ago has involved the theatre in an evil spell that makes it one of the outposts of the inferno. Hence the fearful aftermath to the murder which the kinsman commits, and the ghostly alarums and excursions that expose the murderer in such a hair-raising fashion.

The play moves a little stiffly to this dread conclusion, but the action is never less than interesting and often highly exciting. In the Third and best Act the author, taking a leaf out of *Macbeth*, makes the dead man walk, seat himself, like *Banquo*, at the supper-table and there turn accusing eyes upon his murderer. Indeed he plays such havoc with our nerves that, had *Lady Jasper* rushed to the footlights crying out to us, "Do you believe in ghosts?" we must have responded with an enthusiasm that would have made *Tinker Bell* even more jealous than she is. But we were supposed not to be there, and *Lady Jasper* to see beyond the candle-lit confines of the stage nothing but empty seats and the auditorium's black unfathomable void.

By giving neither his humans nor his spooks the advantage in logical behaviour, and using them merely as pawns in his horrific game, Mr. WILLIAMS displays that sense of the theatre that silences many awkward questions and makes his future as a dramatist so promising. Of the two, his spooks are perhaps the more convincing. And although even they seem reluctant to manifest either their presence or their power until the humans have exhausted not our patience but the author's evocatory arts, they make full amends once their evocation is complete.



A WHISKY WITH BORGIA.

Maurice Mullins . . . . . MR. HENRY KENDALL.
Sir Charles Jasper . . . . MR. J. H. ROBERTS.

The murder itself is well done; the murderer one who rejoices in his crime. So much so that on the first opportunity he advances to the footlights and there gratuitously but magnificently declaims his apologia of crime for crime's sake. This character, acted by Mr. HENRY KENDALL with admirable bravura, dominates the play, whether smiling fatuously in mufti or sneering in the crimson trappings of CESARE BORGIA, the masquerade he suitably adopts for the supper-party.

It would be unfair to hold a dramatist's future up against him, yet the promise Mr. WILLIAMS shows in the contrivance of this play is even more exciting than its performance. One might have deduced from the play's internal evidence that he is young. His inventive spirit is fresh and eager in impulse. His play has not only something of that *embarras de richesse* which is one of the most engaging characteristics of drama performed in and by the nursery, but also its take-it-or-leave-it assurance. And if, under the sort of critical scrutiny brought to bear upon matters of fact, it should collapse like a house built of cards, the building is at every stage firm, interesting and provocative. As it passes the first storey its style becomes bolder and more free, and the somewhat over-meticulously laid foundations are justified by the manner in which its pinnacles soar and glitter in the murky air.



Lady Jasper. "I SUPPOSE IT'S A WOMAN, BECAUSE THE PROGRAMME SAYS SO."

A Woman . . . MISS VERONICA TURLEIGH.
Beatrice, Lady Jasper . . . . MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT.

Like all Transpontine drama, it should be met halfway. This is made the easier by its own self-confident advance and by the persuasive art of Miss MARGARETTA SCOTT, Mr. J. H. ROBERTS, Mr. WHITMORE HUMPHREYS, Miss ANN CODRINGTON and Miss AMY VENESS as the discomfited humans, and by the appearance of Miss VERONICA TURLEIGH as the strayed medium who acts as involuntary liaison between this world and the next. H.

"MARRY THE GIRL" (ALDWYCH).

The new Aldwych farce, though it is, in the customary Aldwych manner,

built around the contrasted personalities of Mr. TOM WALLS and Mr. RALPH LYNN, does not, I think, stand up to its predecessors. At least not till two rather dully padded Acts have drawn their slow length along. The third, the trial scene, is so good and so mirth-provoking as to put us all into a happy humour and make us forget our discomfort. And you can't ask an author to make fairer amends than that.

Walford ("*Wally*") *Gibbs* (Mr. RALPH LYNN) is a young gentleman of independent means and no inclination to work; *Hugh Delafield* (Mr. TOM WALLS), a barrister who has less means and no more predisposition to work than his friend. Work interferes with racing, and the only brief he ever had to date (it was from his brother-in-law, *Sir Anthony Plumstead*, a solicitor of obviously immoral character who neglects his clients' for his relations' interest) he lost by appearing at Kempton instead of in Court.

Wally is engaged to *Jane*, the girl *Hugh* wanted for himself. *Wally* has also got himself involved with a charmingly pretty and confiding young person, *Doris Chattaway* (Miss WINIFRED SHOTTER), a sales-lady in the scent department of a famous store. The difficulty is *Mrs. Chattaway* (Miss MARY BROUGH), who sees her daughter married to a real gentleman or alternatively a fat cheque in compensation.

"Will *Hugh* be a sport and take *Doris* off my hands?" says *Wally*. "No, he'll be d——d if he will. . . Yes, by Jove" (catching sight of her photograph), "he 'll be delighted," says *Hugh*.

Mrs. Chattaway forces her daughter into court, and *Hugh* is briefed (by his conscienceless brother-in-law) for the plaintiff in *Chattaway* v. *Gibbs*.

This trial, though not of any very great subtlety in conception or treatment, is good simple fun because Mr. TOM WALLS makes a fine unlikely barrister (but then I find all barristers unlikely) with a distinctly idiosyncratic technique, lounging about the court, cheeking the judge and putting his client generally in the soup. But I gladly confess that I laughed through most of this Act—I have a peculiar weakness for Mr. WALLS' interpretations of contemporary types.

Mr. LYNN'S adroit absent-minded allusiveness goes as well as ever. But, as he never bothers to be anything but himself and as I have seen him as himself so many times, I hope he will forgive me for some lack of excitement. Miss WINIFRED SHOTTER'S modest little *Doris* is explanation enough of *Wally's* lapse from the narrow path of monogamic courtship. T.

"EVER GREEN" (ADELPHI).

Mr. COCHRAN'S Mixed Grill, by Musical Comedy out of Review, should be a stayer. It is undoubtedly a fast horse.

It isn't necessary to applaud every item and aspect of the show (received with acclamation by the brilliant and/or expensive members of a first-night audience), but it is emphatically due to Mr. COCHRAN to say that the best of *Ever Green* is the best that he has yet given us—better certainly than the somewhat overrated *Bitter Sweet*, better than the best in the long and brilliant series of revues from the *League of Notions* to *Cochran's 1930*.



LAUGHTER IN COURT.

Hugh Delafield . . . . . MR. TOM WALLS.
Mr. Justice Sparrowhawk . . MR. J. ROBERTSON HARE.
Walford Gibbs . . . . . MR. RALPH LYNN.

With what a lavish—I don't mean an extravagant—hand he pours in his ideas, effects and personnel! CHITA, for instance, with her partners is certainly the most startling acrobatic turn ever seen over here, almost unbearable in its threat of certain disaster; there is this slight supple girl hurled across the stage and caught, hurled with such a twist as baseball-throwers give to their missile, swung and spun and used as a living skipping-rope, and only not racked and wrenched because of the superb craftsmanship and perfect timing of the team. And she and they appear but for a few minutes.

Then that bizarre yet entirely graceful American blonde dancer, JEAN BARRY (happily returned to us), a short dance is all she gives us, leaving us with keen appetite for more, which is of the essence of discreet showmanship and so forth.

The attempt to thread a revue on a musical comedy motive (a motive more than common serious for this degraded *genre*) was, I think, a mistake. Wherever the piece failed—it wasn't a piece, of course, but a mosaic of pieces—it was because the thread wore thin or broke. *Ever Green* is a girl of twenty-three (Miss JESSIE MATHEWS), posing, at the suggestion of her American impresario (Miss JOYCE BARBOUR), as sixty; she obtains an engagement as *La Belle de Soixante* at the Casino des Folies, and is loved in spite of her years and of much else by a *Pier Pierrot* (Mr. SONNIE HALE). The poor boob swallows her story as easily as the idiot public. The director of the Casino, *Saint-Didier* (welcome back, Mr. MORTON!) probably does not. Her mother (Miss JEAN CADELL), a deserted wife, prim and resolutely bright and unshockable among the candid surroundings of the Casino rehearsals, dressing-rooms, bathrooms and the rest, passes as her daughter. The wanderings of these four and, we must add, of an excellent new broad Lancashire comedian, Mr. ALBERT BURDON, gave excuse for visits to a circus and a fair at Neuilly (a brilliant scene designed by Herr ERNST STERN, employing with the hand of genius the mechanism of the revolving stage which Mr. COCHRAN has installed at the reconstructed Adelphi; even the serried eupeptic ranks of stallholders could scarce forbear to cheer, and the other parts of the house threw aside all their English phlegm); a *fiesta* in a Catalonian village (the backcloth a brilliant piece of work by GUSTAVO BACARISIS); a cabaret, and the bedroom and bathroom wherein the misogynist *Saint-Didier* was hopelessly compromised besides catching the Englishman's "*sangfroid habituel*" owing to mishaps with a shower-bath.

It is always easier in England to say candid things if you put them in quotation-marks. Mr. COCHRAN has adroitly quoted the Folies Bergère: and I think that lively institution may be now wondering if in the matter of spectacle the English impresario has not beaten them at their own game.

The number of Mr. COCHRAN'S young ladies has increased "literally by leaps

and bounds." In the first scene they showed us how relatively unbecoming a bathing-dress may be; in the others how charming Dame Nature and Miss DORIS ZINKEISEN had made them. The JOHN TILLER GIRLS gave us a superb exhibition of their brilliant technique of dancing-drill. England decadent? Not on your life! T.

MY GIFT TO ME.

As soon as Anne started writing down a lot of people's names on a piece of paper and asked me to suggest Christmas presents for them, I felt instinctively that I was going to be in one of my mulish moods.

"A blotter," I said the moment she mentioned Aunt Milly.

"But we sent her a blotter last year," Anne pointed out. "Don't you think——?"

I shook my head. "Blotter again," I said quite decidedly. "And," I added, "if you are wondering what *I* want for a Christmas present——"

"I'm not," interrupted Anne.

"——it's a dressing-gown. A blue silk dressing-gown."

"It isn't," said Anne. "It's a new geyser for the bathroom."

I knew she was going to say that. She had been saying it several times a day for the past week.

"As a Christmas present," I observed coldly, "a geyser is beneath contempt."

"Aunt Milly," said Anne, "a hair-brush. Now—Uncle Henry."

"Blotter," I suggested doggedly.

"A tin of tobacco," murmured Anne, scribbling away. "A man who smokes a pipe is always glad to have lots of tobacco given him."

"Not always," I remarked. "I smoke a pipe and I want a dressing-gown—a blue silk one."

"Cousin Gladys. Can you suggest anything for her?"

That was an easy one. "Blotter," I said without a moment's hesitation.

"Will you *stop* it!" said Anne. "Can't you think of anything but blotters?"

"Yes," I replied. "A dressing-gown."

"You're just trying," protested Anne, "to be as awkward as you can."

She was quite right. I was. A geyser for a Christmas present is enough to make any man feel mulish.

"Now, for goodness' sake," went on Anne, "suggest something for Gladys. And don't mention the word 'blotter.'"

I mentioned the word "geyser" instead, and that really did seem to annoy Anne. In the end, to save time, I told her that my idea of a suitable Christmas present for all aunts, uncles, cousins and friends could be summed up in one word—blotter.

Then, having disposed of that little matter, I began to tell her all about a rather delightful blue silk dressing-gown I had seen in the gentlemen's outfitter's in the High Street. I went on telling her about it until I was quite sure that she was not paying the slightest attention, and then I changed the subject and gave her my candid opinion of the sort of wife who could think of presenting her husband with a bathroom-geyser at Christmas.

I was just trying to think of something dreadfully sarcastic to finish with when Anne gave a little yawn and handed me the piece of paper she had been scribbling on.

"I think that's everybody," she said. "Tell me if I've left anyone out."

I looked down the list. It was just an appalling catalogue of pipes, hair-brushes, pearls, cuff-links and bottles of scent. Not a blotter among them. But it seemed a very complete sort of list; I had to admit that. Anne had even put down my present to her. "Me—evening cloak," I read. Or it may have been "evening cloaks"; I wasn't quite sure. Anne's writing is apt to deteriorate towards the bottom of a page.

"And it hasn't got to be a geyser for the bathroom, has it, Anne?" I asked rather pathetically.

"It hasn't *got* to be," said Anne. "You can choose between a geyser and——"

"A blue silk dressing-gown," I cried happily.

"——and a blotter," said Anne, and gave me a look.

I knew that look. I had seen it before.

Next-door to the gentlemen's outfitter in the High Street is a depressing ironmongery kind of shop. I rang them up and asked how much it would cost a man to give himself a bathroom-geyser for a Christmas present.

The "Comma" Bacillus Again.

"The sign should be given by holding the right arm straight out as far as possible, at least 20 or 30 yards, before making the turn."
Letter on Motoring in Edinburgh Paper.

Strange Singing Robes.

"A day when Thomas Hardy, dressed in a youthful pinaforte, was belaboured with a broom, is recalled by Mr. Charles Lacey, an 87-year-old Dorset journalist, in an article in the Dorset Year Book for 1930."
Midland Daily Paper.

Presumably a "baby grand." It reminds one of LEAR'S prophetic lines:—

"There was an old man in the kingdom of Tess
Who invented a wholly original dress."

THE SHIPPING FORECAST.

SITTING at night in the British Isles
Safe on the solid land, one smiles
To picture the water that laps one round
And keeps the ships from running aground.
And isn't it awfully nice to think
Of the Coastal Districts along the brink,
The Coastal Districts, *figurez-vous*,
That the B.B.C. is a parent to?
Every evening, like birds for groundsel,
They cock their heads for some District counsel;
Every evening the B.B.C.
Hits them off to a nicety,
And tells them what they may all expect,
And warns them not to be getting wrecked.

This is as much as we landsmen know,
But now and again, when the mercury's low,
Just on the tail of the wind as it dies,
I catch some far-away phantom replies;
I, like the porpoises, herrings and sharks,
Think that I hear a few piquant remarks.

"Further downfall," says District Clyde;
"Do let us all be aware o' pride!"
"Rain," says Humber—"it's always rain,
And my goloshes are lost again."
"Fog increasing," says District Dogger,
"Ought we to say 'more fog' or 'fogger'?"
"Talkin' of climate," says District Thames,
"Dad was for tiking it just as it kems."
"Squalls and snow," says Wight, "my hearties!
Shan't have to go to no garden-parties."
"Deep depression," says District Severn,
"And was we quite in the seventh heavern?"
"Northerly winds," says District Mersey;
"Bless my buttons and fetch my jersey!"
"Gales," cry the Shetlands, "so you see
We needn't blow on our cups of tea."
"Visibility poor," says Tay;
"Hasn't he anything fresh to say?"
"Conditions improving," says Shannon, "at last!"
"Here's a health to ye, Father Broadcast!"
But "Much he knows of the secret seas!"
Murmur the ancient Hebrides.

* * * * *

None of this nautical sauce, you know,
Penetrates into the Studio.



"A WALK" IN THE PARK.

A DOG one day
And a messenger boy,
In order that they
Might both enjoy
The brighter weather,
Were linked together
To their surprise
For some exercise.

Into the Park
The pair were sent
Where a dog can bark
To his heart's content,
And a boy on duty
Admire the beauty
Of the Autumn flowers
For a couple of hours.

'Twas a pretty sight,
The great big beast
With his acolyte
Or attendant priest,
Advancing slowly
And looking holy,
As large dogs do
When it suits them to.

While the boy with an air
Of conscious pride
Took great care
To correct and guide
The poor dumb creature
Whose prominent feature
He reckoned to be
Servility.

* * * *

When again they stood
By the dog's front-door
The dog looked good
But the boy felt sore,
For they'd gone like blazes
Past the Michaelmas-daisies,
And only had squints
At the Autumn tints.









Ernest H. Shepard



"THERE'S A HORRID-LOOKING MAN FOLLOWING US, CUTHBERT. HADN'T YOU BETTER STOP AND SAY SOMETHING NICE TO HIM? MAKE A REMARK ABOUT THE WEATHER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A STRANGE yet fascinating collection of human bric-à-brac has been got together by Mr. DENIS CLEUGH in his first and, alas! only novel; and the collecting was, I gather from Mr. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S preface to his dead colleague's book, a labour of love. It dated from the days when Mr. CLEUGH roamed England in a caravan playing SHAKESPEARE, till his death among the Hoboken players in America. And even so the book as he left it lacked two chapters, which have been supplied, and admirably supplied, by his wife. I can imagine revisions and excisions which the writer himself might have been tempted to make. Yet *Wanderer's End* (MURRAY, 7/6) has many lovable qualities; and those who enjoy it at all will, I think, enjoy it inordinately. It is histrionic, but histrionic with the clear-cut two-dimensional quaintness of a toy theatre. And the plot is sheer DICKENS from the moment when the *Pollens*, who are etherealised *Crummleses* with more than a dash of *Boffin*, adopt a well-born young vagrant, *Don Paradise*, as secretary and factotum. At Wanderer's End, a little piece of placid eighteenth-century on the outskirts of London, the *Pollens*, when not on tour, have established a *ménage* at once homely and extravagant. And *Paradise* not only learns to sleep on Cleopatra's couch by night, but participates by day in the suspicions the *Pollens* have aroused among their more respectably stabilised neighbours. There is a happy fantastic courtship and all manner of gentle company, of which the author's chivalrous and whimsical spirit is not the least acceptable.

There are stories of bear and panther and of many tigers in *An Indian Diary* (HEINEMANN, 21/-); indeed sporting interludes alone saved the writer of this volume, the late Mr. EDWIN S. MONTAGU, from physical collapse in India, and the brisk recital of his achievements with gun and rifle may well render a somewhat similar service to students of Indian affairs who follow in these fascinating but occasionally monotonous chapters the tale of those innumerable interviews, conferences, cajolings and readjustments that marked the inception of the historic MONTAGU-CHELMSFORD Report. The same Indian gentlemen might appear before him as members of successive deputations putting forward quite contradictory opinions; native princes might fall asleep in Council; and there were times when the writer felt smothered in the atmosphere of Indian officialism, when he wished he looked "more like Lord Curzon," or when he himself, on his own confession, "looked very sulky and forbidding," as all his laborious building seemed in danger. As an hourly record of many months of ceaseless wrestling with a monstrous problem, this piece of highly self-conscious writing, thought set down in the act of formation rather than after balanced consideration, is nearly unique in the records of constructive statesmanship.

If our cricket does not improve it is no fault of the Australian team who visited and vanquished us during last summer. Some months ago Mr. C. V. GRIMMETT told us much that was instructive about bowling, and now Mr. D. BRADMAN offers several valuable hints on batting to all who care to study them. The interest, however, of *Don Bradman's Book* (HUTCHINSON, 12/6) lies less in its technical pages than

in the history of the author's struggle to achieve fame as a cricketer, and in a tale of success that is very extraordinary. This tale is modestly and generously told: temptation to make quotations is almost irresistible, but I will content myself with one. Referring to the final Test Match Mr. BRADMAN writes, "We were confident, but the sensational dropping of Percy Chapman put our team into great spirits. We were simply amazed at the omission of Chapman." So we gratuitously gave the Australians a tonic that they could scarcely be said to need.

If you could have, packed up in crates,
The men of the United States,
Get them transhipped and boil the lot
In a gigantic melting-pot;
And if you poured the mixture warm
Into a mould in human form
And left the stuff to cool and set,
What sort of man d' you think you'd
get?

This is the problem, more or less,
At which JOHN ERSKINE makes a guess
In *Uncle Sam*, at seven-and-six
(The price which Messrs. PUTNAM fix);
And whether his result's O.K.
Is more than I'm prepared to say.

I doubt if there would come to view
From so promiscuous a brew
A type so lovable and nice,
So utterly without a vice,
So generous and free from sham,
As Mr. ERSKINE'S *Uncle Sam*.
But, accurate or not, I grovel
Before its merits as a novel.

For his newest romance Mr. DENIS MACKAIL has once again found a subject after his own heart; and no one who accompanied him in spirit round *The Flower Show* will be tempted to give him the slip during his grand tour of *The Square Circle* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). For here on a larger canvas —I am not sure that it is not a thought too large for the Breughel effect suggested by so many small figures— we have the sayings and doings, appearances and personalities, of the residents of a London square. And, keyless as *Mrs. Mumsey*, who would not pay her garden-rent, we penetrate the sooty precincts of its enclosure; undesirable (it may be) as young *Mr. Fawcett* we invade not only the *Peter Davidsons'* cocktail parties but the "sluggish swing" of family evenings at the *Nortons*. We are almost in at the bodily death of *Mr. Justice Melhuish* and the financial dissolution of *Mrs. Gillingham*, the ex-actress. Every symptom of *Mr. Bristow's* fortuitous declension from fidelity to *Mrs. Bristow* is open to our inspection. And all the time Mr. MACKAIL is at our elbow, disclaiming preferences and judgments. One reader will appreciate the success with which he maintains these disclaimers, another the still greater success with which he forgoes them. Both, I think, will find themselves scamping attention over one group of characters and lavishing it on another. My own first favourites were *Mr. Fawcett* and the younger *Miss Norton*; but the generosity of Mr. MACKAIL'S sympathy and the grace of his artistry gild everything he touches.



Visiting Chaplain. "YOU SEEM TO HAVE HAD A NASTY ACCIDENT."
Patient. "ACCIDENT! 'E MEANT IT."

To give an impression of *The Story of Fergie Bey* (MACMILLAN, 18/-) in a limited space is exceedingly difficult, but when Sir REGINALD WINGATE, in his admirable preface, wrote, "To parents—to boys and young men—wrestling with the question of a career—I commend the reading of this life of one who gave his unswerving loyalty to his God, his King and his country," no sounder words of advice were ever written. Failing for Sandhurst, VERE FERGUSSON served in the ranks of both the D.C.L.I. and the 8th Hussars, and in March, 1913, at the age of twenty-one, obtained his commission in the 1st Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). The story of his years in the ranks is full of interest and humour, but it is trifling when compared with the history of his later experiences. For these experiences were such that any loyal Britisher will read of them with pride. Without any misgivings I invite you to follow FERGIE BEY'S career as it developed into the absolutely unique position which he held

among the Nuers. Not only will you meet a man brave to the point of rashness, but you will learn much of the history of the Sudan and of the difficulties to be overcome by those who have to control and guide the native tribes. It is to FERGIE'S imperishable honour that he not only controlled the Nuers, but also with his wonderful medical service attended to their physical wants. In short he loved them as they in the main loved him, and, though he was ultimately killed by a traitor, his love was far indeed from having been given in vain. This record, which is told by "Himself and some of his Friends," is accompanied by an excellent map, and for many reasons is deserving of the closest attention.

Miss PAMELA FRANKAU'S novel, *She and I* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 7/6), is nearly as confused and pretentious as the opening paragraph of one of its chapters—"Michael emerged from a state of mind which had ridden him raw throughout this long dusty day. To some of the people in the room, already entrenched, staring unkindly at the visitor, it was obvious that he had come a long way, because his face vouchsafed them no importance and showed only his accepting of this room at the end of his journey." *Michael* is one of three men who dance attendance on *Jane Savernay*, a musician, whose soul has a tiresome habit of going off on its own and making room for that of an older woman. This spiritual idiosyncrasy of *Jane's* makes things difficult for her three lovers and uncomfortable for herself. The first book of the novel describes *Jane's* life in Paris and Rome, her marriage and death. The second book records the life of *Helen*, who is equally unfortunate in love and whose gymnastic soul has, unknown to her, played *Box and Cox* with that of *Jane* during the latter's lifetime. There seems no reason for this, except that *Helen* yearned for Paris and that there was "a space" in *Jane's* mind and that her (*Helen's*) spirit "found that space." Eventually *Helen* (now self-possessed) goes to Paris and meets all *Jane's* mourning lovers. There is a great deal more than this in a story which Miss FRANKAU relates as elaborately as possible and with much emphasis on the sentiment that "love is an illusion."



The Ship's Bore (reminiscently). "DID I EVER TELL YOU WHAT MY YOUNGSTER SAID ONCE, WHEN HE WAS HAVING HIS BATH?"

Women in India suffer from many disabilities. This fact has been common knowledge since Miss MAYO told the world. But no European who had resided in India could possibly have ignored the squalor, disease and ignorance which make that country a home of disillusion and despair, nor failed to realise that these conditions must press more hardly upon subject woman than upon lordly man. Now Miss A. R. CATON has edited, under the title, *The Key of Progress* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 7/6), a small volume presenting the main facts concerning women in India and the various reformative activities at work. This book forms, in fact, a kind of Women's Supplement to Part I. of the Simon Report. It is a terrible state of things which is here described in matter-of-fact language, and no praise can be too high for those undaunted reformers who combat the iniquity and oppression which are traditional and regular features of Indian life. He must be an optimist indeed who can suppose that the puny organisations which are on the side of sweetness and light can ever conquer the demons of cruelty and superstition. But all the same one must admire the steadfast courage with which enlightened men and women, Europeans and Indians, give their best in the faith that at the last the victory will be theirs. The book carries the blessing of Lady IRWIN, who contributes a foreword.

A mystery story in which the law-breakers indulge in nothing more hair-raising than a little smuggling and kidnapping is so rare that for its lack of sensation alone *The Lost Golfer* (MURRAY, 7/6) is quite remarkable. I am open to correction, but I do not think that as much as a nose bleeds in Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON'S latest yarn, and readers of the hectic novels of to-day are so accustomed to be bathed in bloodshed that they must be craving for a change and ready to welcome a tale that is not in the least sanguinary. I must not, however, leave the impression that this story is without its excitements and alarms. If Mr. HUTCHINSON is not bloodthirsty, he at any rate is cruel enough to allow a golfer, already suffering from an agonising attack of socketing, to be kidnapped and guarded by two masked men, one of whom was armed—in the best manner—with "a black-mouthed pistol." And as always Mr. HUTCHINSON writes so easily and pleasantly that one finds in him the most companionable of novelists.

From Mr. BASIL BLACKWELL, of Oxford, comes a most handsome imperial octavo, *The School for Scandal* (63/-), by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, with an informative and allusive preface by R. COMPTON RHODES—a collector's piece, printed at the Shakespeare Head Press, by BERNARD NEWDIGATE, master-printer in something more than the now usual trade sense. Mr. THOMAS LOWINSKY has provided formal decorations in his careful even line which marry well with the type. There is happily no hint of the period pastiche which is now so much the vogue. In fact here is a book distinguished by intelligent design and honest press-work which will serve both those collectors who don't "cut their friends" and those more human but less astute who do.

A Nymp of the Wave.

"Hairdressing (Ladies').—Wanted, Blonde or Titian Girl, 14 to 15, model, permanent, waving demon."—*Melbourne Paper.*

". . . A worthy 'opposite' to her is John Boles, who caps his well-remembered achievement in the 'Dessert Song.'"—*Film Review.*

"Yes, we have no Bananas," was it, or "You're the Pip in my Pomegranate"?

CHARIVARIA.

MR. BALDWIN has chosen a picture of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S statue as his Christmas-card; but we have been unable to ascertain whether Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN has decided between statues of COBDEN and WAGNER.

***

The alleged oldest woman in Britain has been telling an interviewer how she would cure unemployment. Up to our time of going to press, however, she had not received an invitation to join the MOSLEY group.

***

It is calculated that over three hundred thousand miles is covered by bees in collecting a pound of honey. No wonder a bee feels hot when it sits down on you.

***

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE has been ill in bed for one day. So much for the belief that a book a day will keep the doctor away.

***

Complaint is made that Geneva restaurants offer little variety from insipid chicken. A possible explanation is that restaurateurs think it inadvisable to feed delegates to the League of Nations on any diet likely to make them fierce.

***

In an article descriptive of Signor MUSSOLINI'S working methods, it is mentioned that he leaves his office for home with his portfolio under his arm. It will be remembered that at one time the DUCE had a considerable number of portfolios.

***

An eminent French detective relates that a cat's hair found on the scene of a robbery led to the detection of a burglar. A cat-burglar, of course.

***

Burglars in New York are believed to have had the assistance of monkeys. Suspicion attaches to Wops affected by the slump in the organ-grinding industry.

***

"The outlook for pigs" is considered by an agricultural writer. Many a porker has reason to view the approach of the festive season with grave misgivings.

A dachshund has been sold in Germany by length, at threepence an inch. The purchaser had, of course, to take the whole dog.

***

The theory is advanced by a noted athlete that nervousness increases a runner's speed. An instance of this is the astonishing pace attained when a man is chased by a bull.

***

By means of sensitive instruments at the headquarters of the London Power Company, we learn, it can be ascertained almost to the minute when the public-houses open. Another method is to observe the movements of punctual customers.



Housewife (suspiciously). "YOU DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A SAILOR."
Land Tramp. "IF YOU 'D JUST BIN SHIPWRECKED 'ALF-A-DOZEN TIMES YOU MIGHTN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE ONE NEITHER."

A gossip-writer points out that people can always tell when Parliament is sitting because Big Ben is lit up. The low monotonous mumble in the Westminster district is of course deceptive, as it may be just traffic.

***

The suggestion is made that women should be allowed to join the new police motor-cyclists. Pillions are indicated.

***

Fear has been expressed that American gangsters may come to this country. There is a general preference for "Hands up!" across the sea.

***

With reference to an act of gang-vengeance in a New York "speak-easy" it was stated that it is a Sicilian custom to dine and wine a man marked for assassination. Sicilians consider it unhealthy to be "bumped off" on an empty stomach.

***

Sir HARRY LAUDER, we are reminded, has been round the world five times. We understand too that he is always ready to do it again in response to an encore.

***

The Mexican Ministry of Education has decided that Santa Claus shall be superseded by Quetzalcoatl, the Plumed Serpent. It is anticipated that it may be necessary to assure little Mexicans that it is only papa.

***

A white blackbird is reported to have been seen in Surrey, but as nobody attempted to shoot it we rather doubt the authenticity of the story.

***

A gossip-writer says that Mr. BERNARD SHAW has no objection to broadcasting. The B.B.C. has therefore decided to carry on.

***

It is sincerely hoped that the fact that Mr. BEN TILLETT, M.P., found a shilling on a bench usually occupied by the Clydesiders in the House of Commons will not lead to a glut of Scottish Candidates at the next General Election.

***

It has been suggested that it would benefit shipping interests to devote a substantial sum towards the discovery of a cure for sea-sickness. We have always thought that shipping could only be made profitable by the drastic rationalisation of *mal-de-mer*.

***

A contemporary points out that Mr. HENRY FORD'S object in life was not millions of money but millions of motor-cars. So he did it on purpose, after all.

***

The alterations to the crossing at the Elephant and Castle are expected to transform it into a second Piccadilly Circus, but no credence should be attached to the rumour that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has offered to fit it with an evergreen revolving stage.

***

Publishers are observed to be invading the West-End. In literary circles this is regarded as a portent of a severe winter.

THE PENALTIES OF ANTICIPATION.

LINES INSPIRED BY A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CHRISTMAS.

ERE Earth, with red leaves yet to fall,
Started her annual spell of slumber,
Already on the railway-stall
Nestled the previous "Christmas" Number.

For weeks before the Fête was due
The stores have been a hurly-burly
Of Christmas shoppers anxious to
Avoid the rush by rushing early.

And, though for pies composed of mince
Christmas affords the one sole reason,
Our maws have sampled long, long since
These symbols of the sacred season.

Aware of what the P.M.G.
Yearly reminds us to remember,
In view of Christmas pressure we
Despatched our cards in mid-December.

So, with our tale of gifts complete,
The parcels packed, addressed and posted,
We have forestalled our Christmas treat
(Save for the turkey, still unroasted).

And now we sit about and yawn
With Noël's joys untimely sated,
Pending the Great Day's scheduled dawn,
An anticlimax long belated.

O. S.

IMAGINARY INTERLUDES.

THE HEADLINER AT HOME.

The News Editor *returns home in the evening after a busy day in Fleet Street spent in writing headlines.*

News Editor (*opening door with his latchkey and calling out to wife*). Ethel! Ethel! (*No answer*). Ah! Wife's Unaccountable Absence. (*Sees a top-hat on hall-table and starts back*). Mystery Man! (*Looking suspiciously round*) Is Home-Wrecker at Work? (*Rings for* Maid). Jealous Spouse Seeks Confirmation of Fears.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Oh! You weren't expected back so early, Sir.

N. E. Indeed! Husband's Return Surprises Household.

Maid (*who is pretty used to this sort of thing*). The mistress is in her bedroom, I believe, Sir.

N. E. (*wildly*). What? Bedroom Scenes! Amazing Revelations!

Maid (*patiently*). She 's lying down, Sir. She has a headache.

N. E. Cloak for Wrong-doing. Faithless Wife Pleads Illness.

Maid (*shortly*). She asked me to tell you, Sir.

N. E. Domestic Staff in Plot. Should Girls Tell? Er—Whose Hat?

Maid. I 'm sure I don't know, Sir. [*Exit*.

N. E. Servants Bribed. Conspiracy of Silence. (*Seizes hat*). Divorce Court Evidence. (*He rushes upstairs and bursts into wife's bedroom*). Husband's Dramatic Return.

Wife (*who is lying reading on couch*). Darling, you 're so sudden. I do wish you 'd knock.

N. E. Warning for Guilty Pair?

Wife (*getting up*). What *are* you talking about?

N. E. (*searching about*). Mystery Man Disappears.

Wife (*still calm—she has had some years of this*). Suppose you let me know what your little trouble is?

N. E. Jealous Husband Finds Rival's Hat. (*Waves hat*). Produced in Court.

Wife (*laughing*). That isn't a rival's hat.

N. E. Indignant Denials. Husband's Fears. Girl-Wife Led Astray. By Our Special Co-Respondent.

Wife. That 's your old one. I thought it might be thrown away. I found it in the attic.

N. E. (*aghast*). So it is Buried Treasure Come to Light after Twenty Years.

Wife. Yes. And you 're a silly suspicious old thing!

N. E. (*sadly*). Domestic Difference. Woman Wrongfully Accused. Prominent Journalist's Wife Vindicates Honour.

Wife. And *you* 're going to vindicate it too. You 're going to take me out to dinner and a show to-night to make up.

N. E. Heavy Compensation in Evening Suit.

Wife. *And* supper.

N. E. Increased Reparations Demand.

Wife. And then perhaps I 'll forgive you.

N. E. Two-Power Pact in Sight. (*Anxiously*) Official?

Wife. Yes, official. I 'll be ready at seven.

N. E. Are Girls Punctual?

Wife. They will be in this case. But if *you* keep *me* waiting——

N. E. Child-Bride's Lonely Vigil. Man Detained.

Wife. I 'll never speak to you again.

N. E. Married Couple's Silence. (*Sarcastically*) Woman Attempts Record.

Wife. For *that* I think we 'll go on to a night-club after supper.

N. E. (*sadly*). To-morrow's Nap.

Wife (*relenting*). There—I 'll forgive you now. (*Kisses him*).

N. E. Forgiving Wife. Kiss Heals Domestic Breach.

Wife. But remember—if you get suspicious of me again I 'll have a right to get suspicious of *you*. What about your charming secretary at the office, for instance?

N. E. (*startled*). Pretty Bobbed-Hair Girl Typist (*hastily*)—er—Loses Appeal.

Wife. Just as well. Now, what show shall we see to-night? Theatre?

N. E. Amazing Drama. What is Wrong with the Theatre?

Wife. Let 's do a crook-play.

N. E. (*excitedly*). Astounding Disclosures. Body Comes to Light. Eye-Witness's Story.

Wife. And supper at the Hotspot.

N. E. London's Night-Life. Champagne and Kisses. Late Final. (*Dubiously*) Money Scarce To-day. Women Who Spend.

Wife. Never mind. It 'll make us all square for your jealousy.

N. E. (*briskly*). Another Claim Paid.

Wife. Now go and dress. Just ring for my bath as you go.

N. E. (*pressing button*). Bathing Belles.

A. A.

PINCHER.

A PORTRAIT.

AND so you want to know what Pincher's like,
Though he can't hold a candle to your tyke.
All arts and graces in your dog combine,
But—on a lower level—what of mine?
That being that, the truth I will not speak
And say that Pincher's perfect and unique.
The Browns at No. 9, who think he yaps,
Dub him "Just like all other cairns." Perhaps.
He begs for sugar daily during tea,
But so does Dandy Dick at No. 3;
He dotes on joy-rides, so did poor old Scot;
He chases cats, but then what cairn does not?
He 's really like a baby with his ball
And mad to go for walks—but aren't they all?
He sees me to the office every day,
Just as our Rover used to, and poor Tray;
Then waits for my returning by the mat,
And *what* a welcome! Still, dogs *are* like that.
Well, I admit the Browns are right maybe:
"Just like all other cairns"—except to me.

"A tempera painting, by Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson . . . presented anonymously to the London Museum . . . is given by 'A. M. D. G. to the citizens of London as a thankoffering for the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral.'"—*Daily Paper*.

Mr. AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM is of course well known for his generosity.



THE COST OF LIVING.

MR. MACDONALD. "MAY I SAY A FEW WORDS FIRST?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "YOU 'RE NOT FIT TO LIVE A SECOND LONGER. BUT IF YOU MAKE IT WORTH MY WHILE YOU CAN GO ON TALKING FOR QUITE A LONG TIME."



BABY: THE NEW CULT. NO. 3.

MRS. MONTMORENCY-BROWN DOES HER BEST.

FOGGEIN: WHAT IS IT?

(By our Winter Health Specialist).

AMONGST recent medical discoveries I count none more noteworthy than that made by my friend, Dr. Wallop of Wigmore Street, who, after a long course of scientific investigation, has reached the conclusion that *London fog is raw energy solidified*; or in other words, that *in London fog resides the principle of life.*

Pursuant to this belief he has founded the Metropolitan Fog-Lovers' Union, a body pledged to support, cherish and promote the interests of undiluted London fog, and I have been so fortunate as to be elected the first President of the Society.

Dr. Wallop had for some time suspected the presence of carbo-hydrates and proto-phosphates in London gloom, together with a large number of other healthy substances, such as bran, tar, dirt, grit, oil, soot and glue. But was there, he wondered, anything else inside it as well? Obtaining the permission of the L.C.C., he removed a lump of fog to his laboratory and dissected it there. The fog chosen for the experiment was a piece of second-grade London fog, obtained on the Embankment with a meat-axe, and the chemical analysis revealed the following startling result:

Fog contains Foggein.

Further analysis of foggein has proved that:—

(1) Foggein is food.
(2) Foggein is drink.
(3) Foggein is nerve-sustaining.
(4) Foggein is full of remedial ingredients more beneficial to the pores of the cuticle than
  (*a*) sunlight,
  (*b*) soap,
  (*c*) mutton-fat.
(5) Foggein banishes sleeplessness, lowers the golf-handicap and promotes a healthy activity of the blood.
(6) Foggein quickens the appreciation of art.
(7) Foggein builds bonnier babies and makes better homes.

Dr. Wallop also discovered that the more fumes there are in fog the fuller it is of foggein, and, acting in connection with the Central Electricity Board, which is erecting Fog Fume power-stations everywhere, the Fog-Lovers' Union has taken upon itself the task of spreading everywhere the gospel of fog.

"Nearly all the vitamins," said Dr. Wallop, "are present in foggein. Occasionally two of them may agree to pair and stay away, but on nearly every occasion where foggein is found there will be a quorum of vitamins in it, sufficient to restore the tired tissues and renew the vital energy of the brain."

1. *Foggein as Food.*

Fog as food should be served cold, without garnishment, and can be taken in any quantity at any hour of the day or night. If preferred, it can be cut into dice or cubes and put round caviare.

2. *Foggein as Drink.*

Fog as drink should be served wet. Those who like it may add maraschino, orange-juice or gin. Never take fog with plain aerated waters, as it destroys the globular molecules.

3. *Foggein as a Nerve-Stimulant.*

To obtain the full effect of fog as a nerve-stimulant, go out and walk about in it, noticing the way that sounds are deadened, the speed of traffic reduced, the ugly faces of fellow-creatures concealed from view and the monstrosities of neo-American architecture occluded by a merciful veil.

4. *Foggein as Skin-Healer.*

No clothes should be worn when walking about in a fog. Dr. Wallop is insistent on this point. The full force of the foggein-rays should be allowed to beat upon the textures of the skin, drenching them with life-giving properties, which will be rapidly absorbed through the holes of the cuticle. Fog-bathing can be undertaken within the home by opening the windows, but it is better to sit in the garden or on the top of the roof, or lie about in the public parks. The foolish restrictions placed upon sun-bathing do not apply to fog. We have ascertained this from Scotland Yard. A party of fog-bathers was able to remain in a condition of entire nudity for seven hours on Parliament Hill last week without any interference from the police. But, should difficulty arise on the score of modesty or what not, Mr. LANSBURY is expected to erect fog cubicles near the Regent's Canal and the Serpentine, placing notices to prohibit fog-bathing at unauthorised spots.

5. *Foggein for Insomnia.*

Place a lump of fog on the pillow or tie it carefully in a muslin bag under the nose. Inhale deeply until anæsthesia supervenes.

Testimonies to the use of foggein have come from leaders of thought all over the British Isles. A well-known golfing amateur writes:—

"Reaching the fourteenth green the other day in a bank of fog, I found to my surprise that I had holed in one, a distance of three hundred-and-forty yards. At the fifteenth, a hole of almost the same length, my opponent equalled the performance."

An artist says:—

"Without a fog-window on the roof of my atelier I should be unable to obtain the flesh tints which my patrons admire."

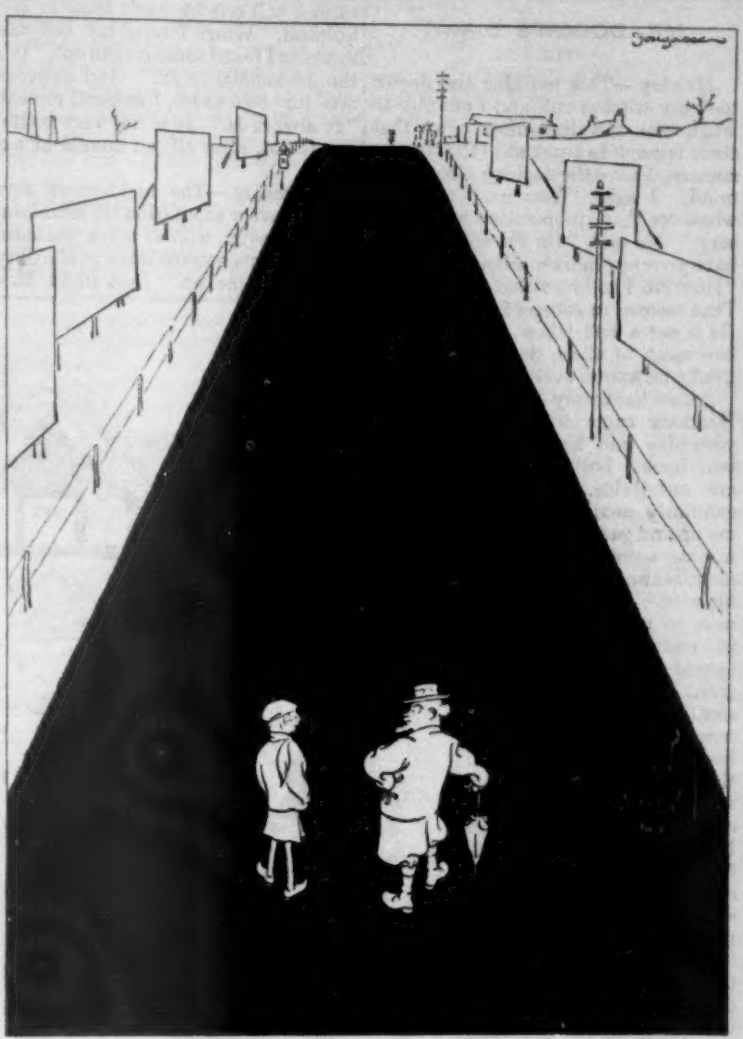
A mother testifies:—

"Little Benny was weakly from birth until I allowed him to play about in the fog and smear it all over his face and hands, when he seemed to pick up and thrive. Now I bottle foggein in jars and keep it always by me for fear the sun should come out again. Last week little Benny was top of his trigonometry class."

The question whether foggein can be fed to racehorses without contravening the laws against dope is being anxiously considered by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Both the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. J. H. THOMAS have stated publicly, "I think better in a fog."

In the meantime, Dr. SALEEBY and Sir WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE are engaged in making a thorough examination of metropolitan fog in order to establish the relative percentage of foggein in the East-End and West-End varieties, and every day they become more engrossed in their subject. Neither has been seen since Tuesday week.

EVOE.



"AND IF I HAD MY WAY NOTHING THAT DIDN'T CONFORM TO CERTAIN STANDARDS OF BEAUTY WOULD BE ALLOWED WITHIN A HUNDRED YARDS OF ANY PUBLIC HIGHWAY."

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Museum and Art Gallery, Reading, January 3 to 31, 1931; at Lincoln, February 14 to March 14; at Wolverhampton, March 28 to May 9; at Blackpool, May 23 to July 4; at York, July 18 to August 29; at Burton, September 12 to October 24; at Manchester, November 7 to January 9, 1932.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Mr. Punch wishes good luck to *Full House*, a new comedy by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG ("A. A." of *Punch*), which is being given for six nights at The Faculty Theatre, 190–195, Piccadilly. The last night is December 21st.

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

XIII.

Monday.—This morning the doctor took my stitches out, and I am able to laugh with less discomfort. Not that there is much to laugh at in the circumstances. I gave the doctor a piece of my mind. I said, "You have no proof whatever that an operation was necessary." He said, "On the contrary, we have your appendix in a bottle." I said, "How am I to know that it is *mine*?" That seemed to stagger him. He is not a bad fellow, but, like most of these doctors, thinks he knows everything.

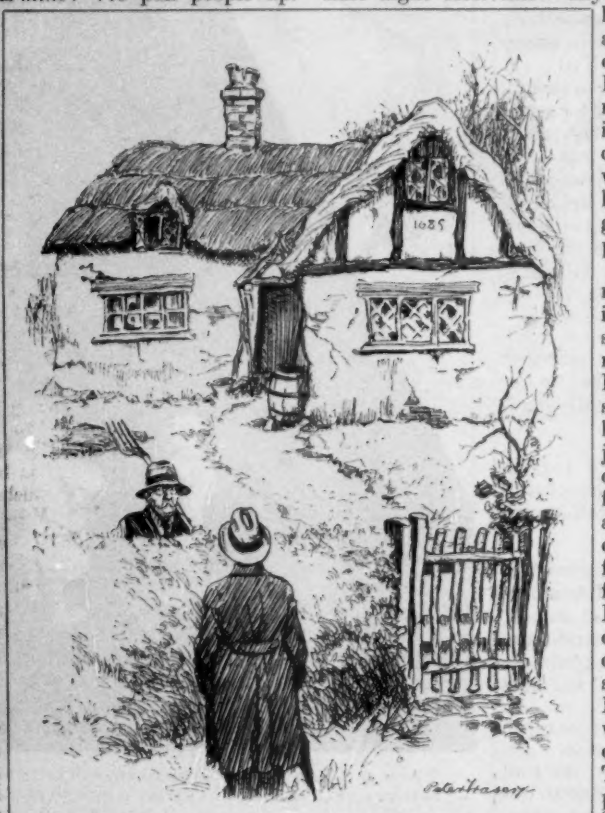
Somewhat to my surprise, Haddock came to see me yesterday and brought me two books, both of which are unsuitable. He seemed genuinely anxious to cheer me up and gave me an entertaining account of an argument between Mrs. Busy and his wife. But it is no kindness to make a man laugh in my condition, and he caused me a good deal of pain; some people do not seem to *think*. Unfortunately I did not look at the books till he had gone, and then I did not quite know what to do with them. One of them is by a man called FIELDING and, although old-fashioned in style, is evidently one of these modern sex-novels. Why is it that people to-day cannot write healthy books, as they did in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries? I did not want my nurse to handle it, her head is quite full enough of the talkies as it is. I rang for the porter, but, as usual, he did not come. At last I reached out of bed in order to slip the book into the nearest drawer, but the effort was too much for me; I had a sharp pain and dropped it—I mean, of course, the book. Just then the Matron came in. She picked it up, and I felt quite hot to think of what she would think. But all she said was, "Oh, yes; that is a classic, is it not? The Bronchial in 37 is reading it." "If that is a classic," I said, "I don't know what we are coming to." I was about to ask her to hide it away when she said, "If you have done with it I should like to read it." What next, I wonder? Haddock also brought some grapes, which are not bad.

By the way, I do not know *why* they cannot call one by one's *name* in this hospital. When I rang my bell this morning I heard someone call out, "It's the Abdominal in 22." And someone else (my own nurse, I suspect) replied, "It always is." It is not very polite; one is not, after all, an animal or exhibit.

Wednesday.—The night-nurse says that I have a reputation for *complaining*, but really, with so much slackness and bad management it is a public duty to pull people up. Last night Mrs. Wheedle's chrysanthemums were left in the room all night; no wonder I could not sleep. On the other hand, they have taken my grapes away, though I *know* there were one or two left. My appetite has returned, but in spite of what the doctor said to-day at lunch I was allowed only a small piece of *boiled* fish. I have told the Matron that I am being literally *starved*, but she only laughs. My nurse, however, has promised to secure me something extra for supper.

Then I do not see any necessity for all this *washing*. One good sponge-over a day is enough for any man (it is not as if one was going about all day and getting covered with smuts). Here one is fussed to death with washing *twice* every day. I do not know which is the worse, the evening or the morning. The former is the more prolonged of the two. Honeybubble came to see me this evening and was sent away almost as soon as he sat down, simply because of this senseless *washing*. It is not very encouraging to one's friends; and really, as I told the nurses, the skies would not have fallen if I had not been washed again till to-morrow morning. I do not know anything so humiliating as to have to lie like a log and allow two women to soap one's arms. Also, I find that I am ticklish, and to have my feet washed by another is extremely trying. In any case my feet do not *require* washing twice a day; at home I very often let them go for two, and no one is a penny the worse.

But the morning is even more irritating, because one is *woken* up at six-thirty or seven to be washed, and I do not get too much sleep as it is. Haddock told me he had the same experience at this place; he seems to have made a joke of it, but that only encourages them. Last night, for example, I scarcely slept a wink. I *literally* heard the clock strike two, three and four. At two o'clock I rang for the night-nurse (who is Irish) and asked her to give orders that I was not to be called till nine. That, she said, was against the rules. I said, "What is the *point* of waking up people at cock-crow when they are ill? Then, if ever, one might expect a little consideration." She said, "If we did not do that we should never get you done before the doctor comes." "So that is it," I said; "I see no necessity. Why can I not be 'done,' as you call it, after the doctor comes? Or, in the alternative, the doctor might arrange to come later in the day." (Really, after the way that young man has dragged me here against my will I see no reason why I should consult *his* convenience. In any case he does not come to see me *every* day.) I said as much to the night-nurse, and she then rather forgot herself. I have written down her exact words to show to the Matron. She said, "You are a very lucky old man. The doctor saved your life and now you do nothing but complain." "Nothing of the sort!" I said, rather warmly, I fear. She said,



Visitor. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE SIR FREDERICK DORJAMBE, THE FAMOUS ARCHITECT, LIVES?"
Sir Frederick. "YOU ARE ADDRESSING HIM."

"Would you like to see your appendix?" Somewhat taken aback, as anyone would be, I weakly said, "Yes." She went out and returned in a minute with a glass jar containing, as she said, my appendix. It was not a very pleasant sight, though interesting, I must own. The night-nurse, for some reason, seemed to think that she had scored a point; but I said, "How do I know it is mine? For all I know it may be Haddock's appendix. It looks like the appendix of an intemperate man." She said sharply, "It is yours—and one of the worst we have ever had. Another hour and you would have been dead." She then took the thing away in a huff. "It is very easy to say that," I called after her, somewhat annoyed, I admit, "but can you prove it?" Nice goings-on for two o'clock in the morning.

When she returned I must say that she seemed to have recovered her temper, and gave me a sleeping-draught. All the same I am determined to report her. I was so upset by what she had said that the draught did not act for a long time; and, as I say, no sooner was I asleep than I was woken up and washed. I was furious, and refused to speak a word to either of the women. Moreover, the maid who came in to do the grate left the door open, so that I was in a draught all through the wash. Nobody seemed to care, and I was not going to say anything. I am waiting now for the Matron to come round.

My nurse tells me that the lady they call "the Abdominal in 37" takes a great interest in me. She is a social worker and, it seems, has heard me speak at some bazaar. When I am allowed up we are to meet. My nurse says she is a very pleasant woman and reads a great deal.

I have half a mind to let the night-nurse off. It would be weak, of course. Really, I do not know *what* to do.

A. P. H.

THE LAY OF COCKFOSTERS.

Air: "COCK ROBIN."

[The rural village of Cockfosters will be the terminus of the northerly extension of the Piccadilly Tube from Finsbury Park.]

"WHO said 'Cockfosters'?"
"I," said the UndergrounD,
"I'll shovel asunder ground;
I said Cockfosters."

"Who'll see it grow?"
"I," said a yokel,
A permanent local,
"*I*'ll see it grow."

"Who'll catch the train?"
"I," said a sane
Little typist called Jane,
"*I*'ll catch the train."

"Who'll tell the tale?"
"I," said the Press,
"I'll boom that address,
I'll tell the tale."

[*Burden.*]

"Quickest Way, Cheapest Fare,"
Murmured Brompton's Road and Gloucester's
When they heard of the growth
Of little Cockfosters—
When they heard
Of the growth
Of
little
Cockfosters.

WOON.

Our Beaky Beauties.

"A charming tricorne hat in black taffeta, giving a chick contour to the face."
Caption in Birmingham Paper.



Shy Man (*making his first remark*). "T-THIS IS A-A FUNNY STORY—S-STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD IT BEFORE——"
His Wife. "SILLY OF YOU SAYING THAT, HENRY. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO IF YOUR ONLY STORY GETS STOPPED?"

BRIDGE NOTES.

THE PRESUMPTIVE BID.

THE Presumptive Bid is a measure of Bidding Reform. Like most reforms it does not re-fashion, but merely restores.

It restores to the Bid its original purpose, which has become obscured beneath a mass of conventions, restrictions and obstructions.

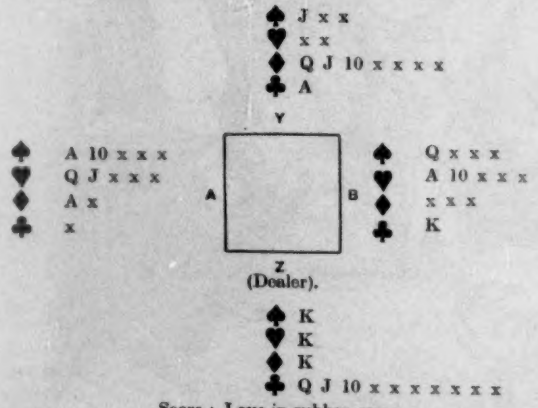
That purpose was, of course, to secure the declaration of the suit originally bid by the dealer. You wished to play the hand in Clubs, so you called "One Club," and your intention was clear. Call "One Club" to-day, however, and what happens? Before you know where you are your partner has taken you into "No Trumps," opponents break out into major suits and in the clash of heavy artillery no one pays any regard to the little Club which fired the first shot. In the end you may live to see your cherished Clubs ruffed on the second round, or you may become dummy once again. Neither possibility is attractive.

Your remedy lies in the Presumptive Bid. It is the salvation of those whose bids mean what they say. It does away with all ambiguity and says quite plainly, "*I am going to play this hand.*" To succeed, it must be sufficiently high to prevent opponents from showing their strength or partner from showing his ignorance; and the card distribution must be such as to warrant a high initial bid.

Hence lop-sided hands breed Presumptive Bids. For, patently, if you hold Long Clubs, your opponents may hold Long Spades; and unless you wish to see your Clubs swept away in a spate of Spades you must rush in with a prepollent presumpt.

Your bid may prove to be far too high, but does that matter? The point is that you have secured the declaration—snatched from under the very blades, so to speak, of Long Spades. The pupil-presumptor should remember this: If you presumpt, presumpt properly—*Bid Big.* You will have your failures—who has not?—but you must not be discouraged; the strangest presumpts prevail.

For example, consider the following deal, taken from recent play:—



Score: Love in rubber game.

Z dealt and considered his hand.

Now Z was a prodigious presumptor. When, as in the present case, his hand presented abnormal features, his bidding was apt to become tragic, insomuch as it inspired pity in his opponents and terror in his partner.

A multi-Club call? Not Z! Taking his cards and his courage in both hands he called "Five No-Trumps." All passed.

A led a small Spade, B put up the Queen and Z took the trick with his King. He then led the King of Diamonds, and A, thinking Z was trying to establish Dummy's Diamonds, held up his Ace. Z now led a small Club, trapping B's King under Dummy's Ace. From Dummy he led a small Heart. B, seeing Hearts so weak in Dummy and having no reason to suppose that his partner's small Club to the previous trick was a singleton, preferred not to play his Ace of Hearts on the first round, thus letting Z's King win the trick. Z then threw nine winning Clubs to make the Grand Slam.

Your own presumpts may not always work out as happily as Z's, but it is hoped that his example will remain a beacon to light you on the road to Bigger and Better Bids.

QUININIANA.

[An International Exhibition to celebrate the first recognised use of Cinchona bark by Europeans was opened last week by CARDINAL BOURNE at the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum in Wigmore Street.]

O SHADE of great HIPPOCRATES, befriend
My humble quill and inspiration lend
The while in doggerel verse I intervene
To laud the Tercentenary of Quinine!

Five nations share the glory and the gain
Of the discovery first made by Spain,
When the good Jesuit fathers in Peru
Revealed the secrets of the bitter brew;
But, though the Dutchmen sowed the seed in Java
(A land enriched by its volcanic lava);
Though Briton followed suit in "Ceylon's Isle,"
Where planters of Cinchona made a pile;
Though the renowned Professor BINZ of Bonn
Carried the good work profitably on,
And SKRAUP, the chemist (Phœbus! what a name),
Has earned by his research undying fame,
'Twas the poor Indian, groping in the dark,
Who first extracted from Peruvian bark
A boon as great as any yet designed
To ease the sufferings of humankind.

Hail, then, salubrious alkaloid, Quinine,
Drawn from a tree with foliage evergreen
But with "deciduous stipules" (so 'tis writ
In the new volumes of the *Ency. Brit.*
Editio Garvinia), and with flowers
In "panicles" that scent the woodland bowers,
Sweet to the nose, but in your bark lies hid
That triply blest *amari aliquid*
Which wholly contradicts LUCRETIUS' lines
And proves the greatest of man's anodynes.

Where'er your healing influence is shed
Malaria bows its devastating head;
The spectral phantoms of delirium fly;
Malign bacteria cease to multiply;
And, mingled with ammonia's pungent juice,
The pains of influenza you reduce.
I do not love you as a pleasing drink
Or find you preferable to red ink,
Nor is the flavour of the best Cinchona
To be compared with that of a Corona;
You are not bland or velvety or mellow,
But in emergencies you have no fellow;
Your benefits to man are simply huge,
Superb specific, peerless febrifuge!

C. L. G.



Chatty Stranger. "WHAT SPORT?"
Angler. "FISHIN'."

THE ROMANCE OF THE TELEPHONE.

A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

THERE are thirty-four million four hundred thousand telephone-subscribers in the world to-day, counting mine.

This is only an approximate figure. Even as I write someone in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australasia may be on the point of joining or have just joined the miserable gang.

My heart goes out to them. There must be many other souls unfortunate with whom I ought to sympathise and with whom I do sympathise at this season of goodwill. But to be a fellow-telephone-subscriber with any man or with any woman creates, I think, a bond of community in suffering which is unique. Here are thirty-four million four hundred thousand creatures, or perhaps I should say thirty-four million four hundred thousand odd creatures, who like myself are not secure of any rest either by night or day, martyrs to an insane desire for unnecessary communication, victims of modern progress, slaves to a ring.

How many and how various, I suppose, must be the shapes of the little torture-instruments that stand on the tables or desks of my fellow-sufferers throughout the globe! There are nine million, nine hundred and fifty-eight thousand telephones in Europe alone. What precisely is the appearance of a Yugo-Slavian transmitter? What sort of receiver is KING CAROL even now putting up to his ear in Roumania as he listens to the Yuletide greetings of KING BORIS or King ZOG? Only the *Corps Diplomatique* can tell me, and I shall not trouble to inquire.

In Asia there are one million two hundred and sixty-five thousand telephones. A tribulation like telephony transcends the barriers of caste and creed, knows

not the colour bar. GANDHI may be telephoning as I write. The thought that GANDHI, as I write, may be getting the wrong number in pure Hindustani sends a kind of thrill through my veins. Or, on second thoughts, perhaps GANDHI does not telephone. It would be just like him not to. It may be the one part of the white man's burden that, with all his desire for *Swaraj*, for self-determination, he obstinately refuses to take off the hook. But still, Asia is telephoning. The telephone-bells are calling on the road to Mandalay. Religious devotees who have the patience can no doubt get through from Baghdad to Samarcand, from Mecca, it may be, to Stamboul.

I do not speak with certainty in this matter. There may be wild parts of Asia—Kurdistan, Mongolia, Tibet—where the disease of the telephone has not penetrated. But I doubt it. I perceive in my mind's eye a dreadful instrument, shaped like a dark lotus-flower, installed in the remotest lamaseries. It summons the listener by a stroke like that of a loud gong. The lama, who has been brooding in solitary silence on eternity since the last call, approaches with dignified mien the telephone-cell and takes off the Tibetan for a receiver from the Tibetan for a hook. There is no answer. All is silence. From somewhere far away on the snow-clad steeps of the Hindu Kush comes the cry of a lonely yak. The hours roll by. Darkness replaces daylight. One by one the sad stars come out. It is cold up there in the lamasery. At dawn the sombre figure replaces the receiver on the hook and returns to brood. He has shared for a few hours the infinite sorrows of myriads upon myriads of fellow-subscribers throughout the world, and he is content.

Not otherwise is it with the Ashanti native in Wale-Wale. There are only two hundred and twenty-four thousand telephones in Africa, but he has one. With how much of pride did he not have it installed! The face of the receiver is like that of a cruel and bloodthirsty god. Every evening he propitiates it with the sacrifice of a wife or a cow. It summons him with a noise like the beating of a great drum, a drum stretched over with elephant-skin. He kneels before it, the receiver placed reverently to his ear. Day after day creeps on. The gods are unkindly.

"*Afe ano ahiya!*" ("The cycle of the year has come round!") he cries at last and relinquishes his long toil. But he too has felt a transient kinship, not only with his dusky brothers arranging theatrical contracts in London and New York, but with the barbarous white man too. His agony, his suspense has been theirs.

In North America are twenty-one million seven hundred and six thousand telephones. The United States have 16·9 of these abominable instruments for every hundred inhabitants. It is only when we read these figures that we can realise the deep sense of tragedy underlying the works of authors like THEODORE DREISER and ANITA LOOS. The telephone is ravaging the United States. It cannot be kept under, even by racketeers, who extort a toll from subscribers by threatening to give away their right numbers to the police, or by the police, who take a similar levy to protect subscribers from the racketeers. The only mitigation of the ferocity of the American telephone is that it does not shoot when it rings. It has merely reduced the American people to nervous wrecks, with haggard faces and a dyspepsia such as NEBUCHADNEZZAR and VITELLIUS never knew.

Australasia possesses seven hundred and six thousand telephones, and has devised no plan up to the present for exterminating them. It was thought at first that they could be infected with a microbe which would make them ring when they had something useful to say and be silent when they had not, but science has failed as usual.

Thus the whole world is clutched as it were in the tentacles of this octopus, or *poulpe*, as the French would say.

It seems a pity that one cannot ring up everywhere from everywhere. It seems a pity that one cannot get through to Tehran as though it were Victoria. The fact that one cannot get through to Victoria either merely shows that in this matter, as so often, East and West are one. Or one O one O one O one.

I do not wish to be unfair to telephones, but my own telephone has contracted a complaint which causes it to do nothing but sing in a faint far-away voice like the sirens when I take it to pieces. But as soon as I reassemble it there bursts out a wild carillon. And when I have listened to the carillon for a long time and taken the thing to pieces again there is a great roar, like the wind through many forests. After that I am struck several times smartly in the ear-drum as it were by a metallic drill. Then there is more murmuring in the distant places of earth and I receive another blow in the ear. After that it says sweetly, "What number, please?"

"You rang me," I say to it, "O telephone, O voice from afar! O one O one O Dam."

And the telephone replies that it is sorry I have been troubled. It is not sorry. It is not troubled for my trouble at all. There are no tears in that voice. Only a desire to roll *r*'s and to go on rolling *r*'s, like barrels from a brewery dray into the cellar of an inn. The telephone has no griefs. But the subscribers all over the world, though they are not knit together in speech, are united in this thing. They hate the tyrant that has overwhelmed them, whose fetters they are obliged to endure. As I said, there are thirty-four million four hundred thousand of us. I should like to ring them all up to-day and state what I feel. In that way and in that way only could I avoid getting a wrong number every time.

But in any case they would all be put down on my bill. EVOE.



Dummy (*archly*). "NOW, PARTNER, I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING REALLY NICE—A DEAR LITTLE SINGLET!"

The Christmas Spread.

"OUTSIZE GOWN FOR CHRISTMAS."
Adv. in Daily Paper.

If you'd enjoy your Christmas fare
You must be clad in outsize wear.



MANNERS.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD.

Mr. Spinnaker was about forty and he had a very good business making hairpins and doing them up in nice-looking packets and selling them to shops, and he worked so hard and was so honest that he made enough money to be able to live in a nice house and give his wife plenty of it for house-keeping and paying the servants' wages punctually and for buying nice clothes for herself and the children, and they could afford to go to the seaside every summer for a holiday and give the Vicar of the place where they lived a contribution if he called round for one, and he often used to say that he wished there were more married couples in his congregation like them.

Well when ladies began to shingle their hair of course there wasn't nearly as much demand for hairpins as there had been and Mr. Spinnaker's business began to go down and he was so worried about it that he took to drink. And Mrs. Spinnaker didn't know about it at first because he hid it from her, and the Vicar didn't either as he had always thought that Mr. Spinnaker was a sort of teetotaler because when he and his wife went to have dinner with them there wasn't any wine or anything of that sort to drink and he told his wife that it was very admirable though he liked to drink a glass of wine with his meals himself because it was difficult to digest large masses of solid food without it.

Well Mr. Spinnaker's business went down and down as more ladies took to doing without hairpins and Mr. Spinnaker went in more and more for drinking until at last he became a regular drunkard but he didn't drink at home and Mrs. Spinnaker thought it was his liver being out of order that made him so morose and the more medicine she gave him the worse he got. But he wasn't always morose and sometimes he would burst into tears when it came over him that his wife and children would have to go to the workhouse and he would be a drunkard which he was ashamed of by this time and walk the streets in rags, and it was almost more than he could bear when Mrs. Spinnaker put her cool hand on his fevered brow and consoled him, but he had sunk so low that it didn't stop him saying that he must take the dog out for an airing and then going straight to "The Pig and Gaiters" round the corner. And then one night when he had done that he didn't come home till twelve o'clock and instead of letting himself in with his latchkey he sat down on the garden path and took off his shoes and went to sleep in a rose-bed, and when Mrs. Spinnaker found him there she knew she was married to a drunkard.

Well luckily it was summer-time, but Mr. Spinnaker was enfeebled by his habits and the rose-bed was damp through Mrs. Spinnaker watering it that afternoon so he caught a bad cold and had to stay in bed. And he made a clean breast of it to Mrs. Spinnaker and she was very sorry for him because he told her about his business going down and down which was the first she had heard of it, so she said she would forgive him if he promised to give up drinking altogether except water and tea and things like that. And he promised he would and said she was more like an angel than anything else but directly she had left the house to do her morning shopping he got up and dressed himself and went straight to "The Pig and Gaiters" and got drunk again.

Well it so happened that the Vicar called round that afternoon to ask for a contribution for something and Mrs. Spinnaker was so upset that she told him all about it, and he was quite shocked and said he would talk to Mr. Spinnaker and try to bring him to a sense of his enormities. So he did that and Mr. Spinnaker had got over being drunk and was sitting up in bed having his tea, and he quite agreed with the Vicar about his enormities and said he certainly shouldn't get drunk any more. But directly the Vicar had gone he took out a bottle of something that he had hidden under his pillow and drank it, and then he was as drunk as before.

Well of course it couldn't go on like that and the only thing for Mrs. Spinnaker to do was to take away his clothes and lock him up in the bedroom, and he said he thought that was a good idea and as long as he couldn't go out he was all right and did crossword puzzles and played with the children when they came in to see him, and Mrs. Spinnaker thought he was reformed, but he wasn't.

Well when he got better he had to go and look after his business which was going down more than ever, and Mrs. Spinnaker wanted to go with him but he promised her that he wouldn't drink anything except water when he had his lunch so she let him go alone. And he came back in the afternoon quite drunk and told her that he was ruined because of people not wanting hairpins any more and the best thing to do was to get drunk as often as possible and forget it, and he advised her to do it too and said he should say the same to the Vicar when he came to see him.

So then Mrs. Spinnaker knew that he had become quite shameless and her heart was like lead. But she knew it was no good going on at him so she took away his clothes again and the next morning she went to his works where he made the hairpins and set his workpeople to making birdcages and mousetraps out of the wire he had in stock, and then she went round to a lot of shops and arranged for them to sell those instead of the hairpins. And they were very nice about it and pretended they didn't know about Mr Spinnaker being a drunkard and hoped he would get better soon, and she took so many orders that she went home quite cheered, and there was Mr. Spinnaker as drunk as ever through having telephoned to "The Pig and Gaiters" to bring him a bottle of brandy for cooking purposes.



"GOING STRAIGHT TO 'THE PIG AND GAITERS.'"

So then Mrs. Spinnaker was nearly in despair, but when he got over it and she could talk to him he was very sorry again and she said don't you think you could possibly make an effort? And he said oh I make efforts all right but they don't seem to come to anything, besides it isn't worth it as we are ruined. Still you could ask the Vicar to come and talk to me if you like, it might do some good, but I doubt it.

So the Vicar came and talked to him and told him what a good wife he had and how dreadful it was for her to be married to a drunkard and bad for his children too because people would soon begin pointing at them in the street. And he quite agreed with the Vicar and said he knew it was perfectly awful but he didn't see how it could be helped unless ladies took to hairpins again and he didn't see much chance of that.

So then the Vicar told him what Mrs. Spinnaker was doing at the works and building up quite a good business again which she hadn't told her husband about as she didn't want him to go with her and get drunk. And he wept tears of contrition and said what a good wife he had and he wasn't worthy of her.

And the Vicar said no you are not, Spinnaker, far from it, but you can be. Make up your mind never to touch another drop of the accursed stuff and all will be well again and I shall soon be calling on you for contributions as I used to in the old happy days before you became a drunkard.

So Mr. Spinnaker made up his mind then and there, and he had a hard struggle for it but Mrs. Spinnaker was such a good wife to him that he always won the struggle, and after about a year he hated the very sight of wine and things like that and he said that if Prohibition was brought up for England he should vo e for it. But the Vicar said he thought that was going rather too far. A. M.

How Oriental Wives get Scared.

"Mr. Terence Maxwell and Mr. Peter Coleman are a couple of harem-scarum painters."—*Birmingham Paper.*

"Sir Oswald Mosley and his friends are angry that their mystery ship has been unveiled before it was ready."
Manchester Paper.

It is always irritating when the floating of one's monument is anticipated.

"Put ¾lb. flour into a basin with 6oz. chopped suit. . . . and boil for three hours. This is a change from meat pudding."
Birmingham Paper.

Especially if you forget to run the buttons through the mincer.



Hitherto respectful Instructor. "YOU NAUGHTY GIRL!"

A MODEL SITTING.

"NEXT, please."

As my draperies were being deftly arranged I noticed several pleasing features about the old familiar face staring back at me from the mirror; a suggestion of honey and flowers in the air reminded me of summer; the taps glittered bravely in the winter sunshine, and there was no hint of blue about my attendant's jowl.

He bent over me, and I stiffened. There had to be a drawback somewhere, and this would certainly be it.

"How would you like it, Sir? Short at the back?"

I nodded. He played the hairdresser's anthem on the scissors and got to work.

There had been an unusually untidy murder that morning; a famous horse had launched a thousand shirts; then, of course, there was Chelsea. Which was it to be? Crime, football or the Turf?

If he would only begin, I thought. The suspense was unbearable. . . . He was at the top now, cutting tenderly. Why couldn't the blighter begin? The clippers came into play. . . . There—he was speaking at last. I resigned myself.

"What did you say?" I asked.

And then I realised that he was waving a mirror about behind the nape.

"Is it all right, Sir?"

No—a thousand times No! I had met the perfect barber *and had failed to recognise him.* Moreover there was little chance of meeting him again, for the establishment was a large one where hair is cut by numbers.

I tried to think of a suitable compli-



English Tourist (after lengthy discussion with Consular Official). "SO I SHALL HAVE TO BRING YOU A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF MYSELF?"
Consular Official. "I'M AFRAID SO, MADAM."

ment to pay him. But it was he who spoke first. As I handed him my tip—twice my ordinary one, though I don't suppose he knew that—he said, "Thank you, Sir. And will you forgive me if I also thank you particularly for your considerate behaviour, if I may put it that way? You are the first gentleman in three years who has not interrupted my work by talking to me."

Bumping at Twickenham.

"Tallent, the Cambridge right centre, scored a try which was exceedingly clever, because he was quick to observe that the defence was concentrating on his co-centre, Collision."—*Daily Paper.*

It will be remembered that Cambridge, though benefited by the presence of Collision, were considerably handicapped by the absence of Collusion when taking the kick.

"—— Evangelistic Church.
To-morrow (Sunday). 11 a.m. to 6.15 p.m."
Bristol Paper.

The Shorter-Sermon movement appears to have made little headway in the West.

THE VIRTUOUS CIRCLE.

[It is now possible to obtain meals on the easy payment system.]

COME, waiter, let me see your choicest dishes,
Bring forth the flagon, brim the cup with wine
And at the double execute my wishes,
LUCULLUS-like am I disposed to dine;
Advise the chef to give me of his best if
He would not hear my censure loud and rude,
And ask the band to render something festive
In keeping with my mood.

I've always revelled as each final payment
Successfully I've managed to achieve
For house and gramophone and car and raiment,
And I've discharged another one this eve;
I feel I'm more than justified in treating
Myself to every dainty I can get,
For I'm (at least until I've started eating)
Entirely free from debt.

As to your present bill, there's not a faint ray
Of hope that I shall forthwith pay the lot,
But, if you'll bring the goods upon a plain tray,
I'll meet the first instalment on the spot
And deem the rest well owed, since, thanks to oatmeal
And other frugal fare, I now can show
A full acquittance for the *table d'hôte* meal
I had three weeks ago.

"The people's verdict on Saturday has had the same effect upon some of our most esteemed fellow-citizens as that produced by pouring hot water upon an ant-heap. They run hither and thither in sad confusion bleating pathetically."—*Mr. HUGHES, reported in Australian Paper.*

This vocal peculiarity of the ant would seem to have escaped the notice of M. MAETERLINCK.



MOSLINI.

THE DUCE (*to Sir* OSWALD MOSLEY). "*FIVE* DICTATORS! WHY WORRY ABOUT THE OTHER FOUR?"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 8th.—Derisive cheers rent the Conservative Benches—as well they might—when Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON read out the reply of the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs to his protest against the anti-British propaganda broadcast from Moscow. It was to the effect that the station from which the broadcast was sent was "not under the control of the Government, but a private station which is at the full disposal of the All Union Central Council of Trade Unions."

Was the right hon. gentleman going



THE FRUITS OF LABOUR.

(*After a bas-relief in Rome of Hercules and the Apples of the Hesperides.*)

Mr. J. H. THOMAS is presenting a gift of British Columbian apples to the Members of the House of Commons.

to swallow that fantastic statement? asked Sir KINGSLEY WOOD. "I must do so until the right hon. gentleman furnishes me with evidence to the contrary," replied Mr. HENDERSON, a reply that moved Mr. ORMSBY-GORE to ask if this was the only example of private enterprise allowed in Russia, and Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON to inquire somewhat more acidly, "Has the right hon. gentleman been listening-in to his master's voice?"

The Russian salad was getting well mixed when Mr. LANSBURY suddenly discovered himself to be a provocative ingredient. It is hard to think of the kindly FIRST COMMISSIONER as the arrogant Minister of the Crown callously setting at naught the Commons' precious prerogatives, but there it was. He had arranged for an exhibition of Soviet posters to be displayed in the Members' tea-room and he had *not* consulted the SPEAKER about it.

Now if one thing is more certain than another, it is that a Member is still a Member even when he is engaged in taking tea, and that the ægis of privilege behind which the SPEAKER shelters him from the pretensions of the KING'S Ministers ought to follow him into the tea-room or even into the bar, and cannot be diminished because the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS happens to be entrusted with the care and maintenance of the KING'S Palace of Westminster and the trappings and furniture thereunto appertaining.

The SPEAKER, always for peace, tried to hint at this; but his predecessors would have set about the peccant Minister to some purpose—if indeed anybody could find it in his heart to be cross with the avuncular GEORGE. As it was, wrath was turned away by the soft answer of the LORD ADVOCATE to a question about Lord BRENTFORD'S articles in *Tit Bits*. They had not transgressed against the Official Secrets Act, said Mr. AITCHISON, adding grimly that he meant to keep a vigilant eye upon the rest of the series. No doubt Lord BRENTFORD will oblige by making his tit-bits extra toothsome.

The Second Reading of the Unemployment Insurance Bill, which permits the Fund to borrow another ten million pounds from the Treasury (a loan the wise it do *not* call), was moved by Mr. LAWSON, who seemed to have very little to say, except that the Fund would be out of funds by Christmas, so what about it?

Tuesday, December 9th.—There is no apparent reason why Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY should interest himself in Ben Lomond or *vice versa*, but the House was gratified to learn that those who take the low road are not to be debarred from the bonny bonny banks by the new owner. It learned with less satisfaction that the Dominions take 73·5 per cent of their imported motor-cars from the United States. America, it seems, takes the high tariff road and we take the no tariff road, and they always get there before us. Mr. HACKING asked if the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE agreed with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that it was all due to lack of enterprise on the part of the British motor-manufacturer. "I never disagree with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," replied Mr. GRAHAM diplomatically.

Before leaving the groceries department, Mr. C. WILLIAMS raised the question of eggs. How did Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE know that eggs imported into this country marked "French eggs" really were French? The proper way to tell a French egg is to wait until it crows, but Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, who is no biologist, insisted that the way to tell a French egg is to see if it is marked "Made in France."

Mr. TOM SHAW assured Mr. SINKINSON that no army horses had been killed by poison-gas experiments at Porton since the War, but did not explain if this was due to the weakness of the gas or to the well-known fact that old army horses never die.

Whitechapel's new Member having



"BUBBLES."

(*With acknowledgments to the popular poster.*)

"He had lost faith in everything . . . even in Socialist phrases. . . . What was the use of talking about the hopes of good trade? There were no such hopes."—*Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN, during the debate on Unemployment Insurance.*

taken his seat amid scenes of subdued triumph—the reduction of a nine-thousand majority to one thousand is not the sort of thing that begets real enthusiasm—the House set about discussing transitional benefit, for which the MINISTER OF LABOUR is asking a trifle of ten-and-a-half million pounds on account. On both sides of the House the suggestion was made that the Royal Commission on Unemployment, whose personnel the PRIME MINISTER had announced earlier in the afternoon, was a device to leave the problem in abeyance until, as the Government hoped, better times came along and enabled it to be shelved again. By no one was it made so feelingly as by Mr. BUCHANAN, who in a really eloquent speech declared that there was

no good time coming, that the Commission could only reach unanimity by a compromise that would rob a lot of poor people of their dole—the wrong people, needless to say—and that he had lost faith in the Government, in Socialist promises and in everything and everybody else. It was echoed by Mr. SCRYMGEOUR, who accused the Government of suffering from Royal Commission disease.

In the end the MINISTER got her vote and the House turned to consider native policy in Northern Rhodesia, where, it seems, they are having trouble over another of Lord PASSFIELD'S comic White Papers. Fortunately another dose of Dr. SHIELS'S famous Oil for Troubled Waters was forthcom'ng, and the debate ended on a harmonious note emitted by Mr. MANDER.

Wednesday, December 10*th.*—The Bishop of EXETER shattered some of the fond illusions about the healthy care-free life of the knight of the road when he pointed out that a quarter of all the tramps on the road are feeble-minded, insane or psycho-neurotic. The psycho-neurotic tramp is presumably the one that goes all of a tremble when conducted to the wood-pile.

There are more ways than one of making the *amende honorable*. The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS was asked by Captain BALFOUR if he would grant facilities for an exhibition of "Come to Britain" posters in the Members' tea-room. "If the hon. Member will organise such an exhibition," replied Mr. LANSBURY meekly, "I shall be glad to put the matter before Mr. SPEAKER."

The salary of the Governor of the no longer vex'd Bermoothes, the "quiet respectable and useful" life led by Aircraftsman T. E. SHAW (*alias* Colonel LAWRENCE), the size of the Cabinet, the names of the new Chairmen of Traffic Areas, the use of arsenic in sweets and the progress of the Battersea Power Station were some of the diverse subjects that engaged the House's passing attention. Then Mr. MCGOVERN was permitted, in spite of the strenuous objection of Major COLFOX, to introduce a modest little measure to set up a State housing authority with permission to spend five hundred million pounds. Major COLFOX was strenuous to the point of calling the Bill humbug, which resulted in the SPEAKER ruling—somewhat belatedly, it would seem—that the word "humbug" was not a suitable one for House of Commons debates.

Then Sir J. DAVIDSON called attention to the need to reduce public expenditure—and suddenly found himself doing the Casabianca act on a legislative deck whence all but he and the ship's cat, as represented by Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, had fled. Perhaps it served him right for stealing what is supposed to be Front Bench thunder, but the



Mr. SCRYMGEOUR. "AH, MR. BULL, REMEDIES OF THAT SORT ARE MORE DELETERIOUS EVEN THAN THE DISEASE THAT THEY PROFESS TO PALLIATE."

fact that the House was nearly counted out twenty minutes after he had started and was completely counted out one minute before the official dinner-hour is likely to furnish the Conservative Party with some pretty damaging publicity.



The boy stood on the burning deck whence nearly all but he had retired for an hour or two to refresh the inner man (and woman).

SIR JOHN DAVIDSON.

Thursday, December 11*th.*—It is always refreshing to hear Lord BANBURY sticking up for the liberty of the subject. To-day he stoutly defended the small farmer's right to buy an Irish scrub bull if he has a mind to, a thing that Lord DE LA WARR'S Improvement of Livestock Bill seeks to prohibit. Incidentally he said he once bought a pedigree bull, but never again! *Lord Banbury and the Bull*—it suggests a novel in Mr. BELLOC'S best political vein.

Possibly Irish bulls are not so popular with the Mother of Parliaments as once they were. Anyhow, their Lordships gave the Bill a Second Reading. And why not? A Government that regulates the sale of bull's-eyes should surely have some control over the purchase of the rest of the bull.

The outstanding feature of the Ancient Monuments Bill, whereof Lord PONSONBY moved the Second Reading, proved to be a clause prohibiting the export of an ancient monument, whether a dwelling-house or not. It is no secret that since AL CAPONE offered to buy the House of Lords and present it to the city of Chicago as a memorial to "BIG BILL" THOMPSON, an apprehension has been felt in certain quarters which this clause should do something to allay.

Badinage of a superior kind ensued on Mr. FREEMAN'S asking the SECRETARY FOR WAR whether, seeing that the effect of hemlock on goats, belladonna on rabbits, opium on pigeons, lemon-juice on cats and strychnine on monkeys was different from their effect on humans, he would explain what was the use of experimenting on animals with poison gas. "I am not a medical man myself," replied Mr. SHAW modestly, adding that he rather understood that hemlock had had a very damaging effect on SOCRATES. Mr. BROWN of Leith was understood to mention the case of a certain rabbit that had been produced from a hat. "I think that one is dead," replied the MINISTER cheerfully.

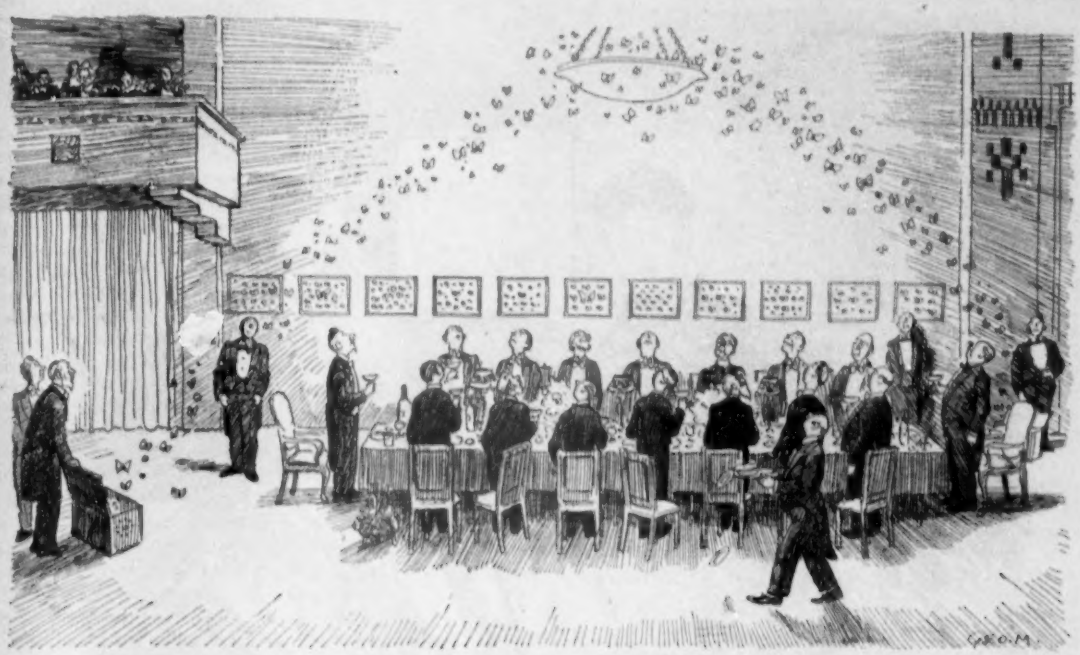
The House in Committee resumed its deliberations on the Education Bill, and not all the piety of Mr. CADOGAN or the wit of Lord EUSTACE PERCY, who quoted *The Hunting of the Snark* as appositely as ineffectually, served to wash out half a line of it.

The Cutting Tongue.

"This statement was severely tested by Mr. Wiggett who cross-examined the witness at great length, some of the replies by the youth causing tatters in Court."
South African Paper.

"SUBSIDENCE HOLDS UP TRAINS."
Headline in Evening Paper.

Not lets them down as you might think.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE GREAT MOMENT AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.
RELEASING THE LEPIDOPTERA.

EMPIRE BUILDERS

AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.

["Let the Empire build these children . . . they will build the Empire."—*From an Empire Marketing Board Advertisement.*]

THE blood of Britain's youth should not be tainted;
The Empire of the future we must build,
And it's pretty sure to flummox
Such a project if the stomachs
Of Britannia's boys with foreign fare are filled.
But, if they're stuffed with food from pastures painted
In red upon the map, then on the day
Our brats have finished growing
That's an obligation owing
To the Empire they are going
To repay.

Consider: Would they be themselves imperial
With bones and blood corpuscles formed of fish
That in its prime was Finland's,
Or if corn from Russia's inlands
Was imported to provide their staple dish?
And, if they form attachment for a cereal
That grows on Catalonia's sunny slopes,
Or a Venezuelan mango,
They'll be wedded to the tango
Or be baiting bulls—and bang go
British hopes.

And then if cocoa, shipment after shipment
Despatched from Rio, every day provides
Their breakfast or midday cups,
Will they really feel their make-ups
Are imperial with Brazilianised insides?

And poor will be their physical equipment
For shouldering the British Empire's lot
In Anglo-Belgian tussles
If they're made of Flemish mussels
Or of cabbages from Brussels,
Will it not?

A son, dear reader, may be yours; supposing
The fruit you give him comes across the seas
In barrel, crate or bottle
From the land of ARISTOTLE,
From the country seat perhaps of SOCRATES;
And then years later, while Geneva's dozing,
Imperial legions march against the Greek,
Do you think the little chap'll
Lift a hand with Greek to grapple
That's composed of Grecian apple,
So to speak?

The problem of the Empire is the dickens;
But when her sons and daughters come to learn
They're built of British foodstuff,
And the flesh that has accrued's tough,
Then they'll build the British Empire in return.
So, parent birds, your care should be your chickens,
To place on foreign nutriments a ban,
And build their little pinions
On the products of Dominions,
Or the Hindus' or New Guineans',
While you can.

C. B.



Girl (in hired London car, held up on the Windsor road). "THIS IS SLOUGH, ISN'T IT?"
Chauffeur. "*VERY*, MISS."

THE NEW FINANCE.

A FABLE.

(Without Application to Anybody in Particular.)

THERE was once a Politician who Asserted in a Solemn Conclave of the People's Elected Representatives that one of his Most Expensive pieces of Legislation cost only the Value of one Vessel of War; whereas in Truth, as his Opponents pointed out with Thinly-Veiled Impatience, it would cost the Value of one Vessel of War every Year, so that, if there was Anything at all in Elementary Arithmetical Principles, the Bill in the Aggregate would Let the Nation In for the Value, not of a mere Fleet Unit, but of a Vast Armada. But the Politician persisted in his Misleading Statement, for it seemed to him that his Ingenuous way of Putting It made the Bill seem a Bargain and its Critics most Ungenerous.

Now the Politician had a Wife on whom Love had Cast so strong a Spell that she treasured his Speeches in a Scrap-Book and their Import in her Heart. And one day she took him Apart to show him a new Chariot she had Purchased of Expensive Lines and Design.

For some Moments the Politician, whose Pulses never missed a Beat when he was introducing Legislation that would Sting the Taxpayer, was Dumfounded at the thought of this Charge upon his own Pocket. A Prickly Shiver ran up and down his Spine, and his Brain began to Outline the Salient Clauses of a Bill to Absolve Husbands from the Financial Commitments of their Spouses.

When his sudden Distemper had in some Measure Abated, he said with Commendable Restraint: "All Things Considered, my Precious One, is the moment Propitious for Luxury Expenditure? Frankly, do you think that to Saddle ourselves with a Mercury Straight Six, which We Do Not Want, was the action of a Wise Little Woman?"

To which she replied Dutifully: "I should not be a Fitting Helpmate did I not consider my Husband's Purse as Jealously as he considers the Taxpayer's Purse."

At this the Politician wondered to himself whether his Wife was Revealing an Unsuspected and Unpleasant Vein of Satirical Humour.

"We can Well Afford this Chariot," she continued, "for it Costs no more than a Long Week-End at a Watering-Place."

The Politician Writhed with the Inward Suspicion that his Wife was indulging in a Clumsy Attempt to Pull his Leg.

"Is it not a Fact," he said, not without Asperity, "that a Mercury Straight Six costs Many Times the Value of a Delectable Week-End?"

"The Cost I refer to," she rejoined Meekly, "is the Amount of the First Instalment. Admittedly this will Recur and Recur for Months and Months, but if I have Understood your Masterly Speech aright, that does not Signify in the Very Least; and the Straight Six, therefore, costs no more than a Week-End, just as your Bill costs no more than one Vessel of War. Your Speech in Effect has given me a New Insight into Finance, and as a Good Wife I will do my Best to secure a Lot More Bargains."

Moral: It is the Failing of Most Women that they Cannot Detect a False Analogy.

Intelligent Anticipation.

"5. 'HEAR MY PRAYER' (The Choir).

HYMN 431, during which an Offertory will be taken to supplement the Organist's Salary.

6. Solo. 'It is enough' (Elijah)."

Items from Programme of West-Country Church Concert.

BRIGHTER EVENINGS.

I LOOKED up from the morning paper and caught Margery's eye across the breakfast-table.

"Do you find the evenings dull?" I asked.

"Pretty mouldy," she confessed. "There's a first-rate picture showing at the Regalia this week, so, if you can get away from the office in plenty of time, we'll feed early and——"

"I wasn't thinking of that. It says in an article here that the road to the Divorce Court is paved with dull evenings, and love, however sturdy its growth, is bound to wither in an atmosphere of boredom. Are you bored, darling?"

"I wasn't," said Margery evasively.

"Well, just listen to this: 'No wife can tolerate for long the husband who habitually conceals himself behind the evening paper. She grows weary after a time of sitting opposite him, reading the advertisements on the reverse side, and longs for someone to speak, for something to happen.'"

"If the man who wrote that is on the staff of the paper," said Margery, "he is asking for the sack. The advertisements ought to be all-engrossing."

"'When you come home from work, no matter how fatigued you may be, remember that your wife too has had a hard day and is probably feeling just as depressed as you are. It is worth your while to exert yourself to cheer her up. Put the paper aside and take her into your confidence. Heaps of funny things must have happened at the office that would be worth recounting; there are jokes you have heard, comical incidents you have witnessed, trivial things in themselves, but she will enjoy hearing them. That humorous story Jones told you in the train, for instance——'"

"Your coffee's getting cold," said Margery with some asperity.

* * * * *

When I reached home that evening I strode into the drawing-room, tossed the newspaper into the corner with a fine air of abandon, kissed my wife affectionately, pushed her into an arm-chair and took up a commanding position on the hearth-rug with my back to the fire.

"Darling, I believe you've been drinking," said Margery

"Nonsense!" I replied. "The road to the Divorce Court is paved with dull evenings. I am about to exert myself to cheer you up. Stop me if you've heard this one."

"Fire away."

"There was once," I began in impressive tones, "a Scotsman——"



"CAN YOU COME DOWN TO US *THIS* WEEK-END?"
"SORRY, OLD BOY; I'M GOING TO BROWN'S FOR THE WEEK-END."
"WELL, CAN YOU COME TO US *NEXT* WEEK-END?"
"SORRY, OLD BOY; I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T BE BACK FROM BROWN'S IN TIME."

"Stop!" cried Margery. "I've heard this one."

"That's impossible. It only came in from Aberdeen by the afternoon mail. It's absolutely red-hot."

"Oh, all right. Go ahead."

"There was once a Scotsman who was walking on the beach at Brighton."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why was he walking on the beach at Brighton? Why not at Oban or Lossiemouth?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I suppose he lived there."

"Scotsmen don't live at Brighton."

"How do you know?"

"Well, did you ever hear of a Scotsman who lived at Brighton?"

"Yes, this one did. Anyway, he was walking on the beach and he found a French penny. So he swam the Channel."

"What for?"

"To spend the penny. You can't spend a French penny in England; at least, not honestly."

"Are Scotsmen honest?"

"Look here, we're drifting away from the point."

"What point?"

"The point of the story, of course."

"Oh, is there one? I'm sorry. Go on."

"Well, when the Scotsman got to Boulogne——"

"Just one moment. Why didn't he go by boat? I'm told there's quite a good cross-Channel service."

"Silly. He hadn't any money."

"He had a French penny."

"Yes, but you can't book a cross-Channel passage with a French penny; and anyway, if he'd spent the penny on the journey, he wouldn't have had it to spend in France, so there would have been no point in his crossing the Channel. Is that clear?"

"Absolutely."

"Good. Then I will resume the narrative. He swam the Channel in order to save money."

"But I thought he swam in order to spend it."

"So he did; but he was only going to spend a penny."

"A French penny."

"Yes. He swam the Channel to spend the French penny. When he got to Boulogne he found there was a flag-day in progress, so he swam back again."

There was a long pause.

"Well?" said Margery.

"That's all."

"Oh."

There was another long pause. Margery appeared to be thinking deeply.

"I suppose they'll give me the custody of the children," she said at last.

"Then I've failed?"

"I'm afraid so," said Margery, "though I daresay you did your best. I'd much rather you had tried that humorous story Jones told you in the train."

"You've just heard it," I said.

Anonymous Heroism in the Dominions.

"The engagement is announced of Violent Maud, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. ——. . ."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"ALDERSHOT TOWN COUNCIL.
FINANCE COMMITTEE TO DISCUSS BATHING POOL FIGURES.
AVOIDING FUTURE SURPRISES."
Aldershot Paper.

A case of "Corporation, slim thyself"?

AT THE PLAY.

"TWELVE HOURS" (COMEDY).

MR. NETTLEFOLD has a faculty of getting hold of the strangest pieces. I am not yet quite sure whether *Twelve Hours* was meant to be serious by the author, and the audience should be credited with discovering its humorous possibilities when they saw the corpses being deposited in the garage and roared at them. As for the famous blue diamond which almost everybody was endeavouring to get away with, the game of Hunt the Slipper was nothing to it. This is in fact one of those children's entertainments which so seasonably appear about Christmas-time.



LIPSTICK SERVICE.

Lydia Cortez . . . . . MISS MARTITA HUNT.
Jim Tibbits . . . . . MR. D. J. WILLIAMS.

We are introduced to a week-end party at *Tom Chandler's* shooting lodge in the Hills. *Chandler*, a large philanderer, who goes about telling women that they have lips like "a strip of red velvet" and is trying to be very masterful and be off with the old loves (*Mrs. Grace Wright*, whom he had seduced in a jungle, and *Lydia Cortez*, who had left her second husband for him and was now being difficult) before getting on with the new—his little secretary, *Wanda*. *Wanda* was virtuous but susceptible, and *Chandler* has been very kind, promising to help clear her father of some criminal charge under suspicion of which he was apparently languishing in jail. *Chandler* in fact has letters proving the man's innocence and will bring them to her room that night—"so much for so much," in fact.

However, the fellow was found at the end of the Act sitting dead in the chair in which he had been eavesdropping, with an arrow in his chest. Not before he had unscrewed the sole of a brassie belonging to his friend or accomplice, *Harry West*, and taken therefrom the Blue Diamond. *Harry* had smuggled it into the country from India, or some place like that, to sell it to *Chandler*, who had double-crossed him. But you didn't know whether the murderer was *Harry*, who looked quite capable of it, or one of the indignant citizens whose wives, like *Wright's* wife, and daughters, like the poor little daughter of *Tibbits* the detective, had been the victims of *Chandler's* prowess, or indeed whether it wasn't a coal-black servant with white patches whom he was in the habit of sjamboking and had in fact just sjamboked. There were so many reasons for wishing *Chandler* dead.

I have seen many "thrillers" which may have lacked subtlety but which did occasionally make some show of curdling the blood or displayed at moments some gleams of sense and traces of reasonable motive in the characters engaged. But here was nothing but a tiresome rigmarole, without any attempt to reach the not too exacting general standard which has been established in these affairs. As a joke, on the other hand, supposing it to have been intended for one, it seemed to me to lack heartiness. In fact I can think of nothing like a sufficient reason for anybody's producing anything so inept, especially in these days when the theatre is on trial. T.

"THE QUEEN BEE"
(PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE).

The Queen Bee, translated, a little heavily, by Mr. E. LEVY and adapted (which, I suppose, means slightly mitigated) by Mr. JOSÉ G. LEVY from the French of M. ANDRÉ PAUL ANTOINE, is a bright cynical little affair, somewhat ultra-physiological in parts, but genuinely amusing and handled so as to give amusement without offence.

The scene opens in a graveyard on the eve of All Souls' Day, when it is the custom of relatives and relicts to dispose floral tributes on the resting-places of their departed kin and drop the heartfelt or perfunctory tear.

A middle-aged corpulent gentleman (*The Husband*—Mr. FREDERICK

LEISTER) and a sombre young romantic (*The Sailor*—Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK) issue from their respective resting places and engage in amiable exchanges. *The Husband* is a frank misogynist and has, we later understand, died of apoplexy after a distressing scene with his wife. *The Sailor* has shot himself because *The Woman* (Miss IRIS HOEY) he worshipped would not face poverty with him. He still worships her memory; is more than a little dashed to learn that, so far from being upset by his tragic fate, she married within two months his agreeable disillusioned neighbour. What heartlessness!

"Not at all," says *The Husband*, or at least, "What else could you expect? What you call love is no more than a market. The man buys, the woman sells. If she doesn't sell at the right time her value is depreciated."

"You were happy with her, of course?"

"On the contrary, profoundly miserable. She was unfaithful from the beginning. They all are if you can't pay their full price."

Later *The Husband* and *The Sailor* are joined by *The Lover* (Mr. GEORGE BARRAUD). We have of course seen glimpses of the life on earth of these three and of *The Woman*.

One such glimpse is of *The Woman* about to leave *The Husband* for *The Lover*. The two men meet. *The Husband*, outraged and angry, theatens violence; *The Lover*, secure in his youth, his strength, in his skill as a boxer, and moreover armed, imperturbably suggests an amicable conference; bears himself with the most punctilious politeness; points out that in reality he is doing *The Husband* a genuine service; that, after all, it is only his sense of property which is outraged, not his love, which never really existed; and the scene ends in the friendly compromise of a *ménage à trois*. *The Lover*, a supreme and competent egotist, describes the proper way to treat a woman, assures *The Husband* that he will thwart, despise, even beat his new partner — thus reassuring his new friend, who, knowing *The Woman*, is beginning to be actually sorry for *The Lover*.

When he rejoins his two predecessors in *The Woman's* affections (or deals) he explains how he has failed, how Man indeed can never prevail against Woman, the Queen Bee, the Female Spider, destroying her mate when he has served, not Nature's (that's a biologist's legend) but her own purpose—and all the fair in the stalls giggled appreciatively.



IN STATU PUPILLARI.
The Queen Bee . . . MISS IRIS HOEY.

To round off this pretty tale our lively Gallic author, too obviously with his tongue in his cheek to be dangerous, brings together in the last scene *The Woman* in solemn crêpe laying wreaths upon her husband's, not her lover's, grave; and *The Girl*, her daughter by *The Lover*, who firmly declares her intention, after realising all that *The Woman* has suffered—according to the ingenious legend elaborated by the latter—of never taking the risk of marrying.

The Boy appears upon the scene; there is a charming passage between him and *The Girl*, in which the author half lays aside for the moment his cynical mask and smiles like a human being; but returns again, like the sad dog he is, to his—theme. *The Woman* is triumphant still; the three men are buried and done with. No doubt a fourth will follow in due course. And *The Girl* may hazard a "spot of companionate"—but not give up her work or surrender her heart.

I think the playing suffered a little from our English heaviness of tonch. This is so definitely and fundamentally a French affair. Miss IRIS HOEY, always interesting to watch, never quite gave the impression that she was doing more than cleverly playing a good part; so too Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER, competent and easy; Mr. GEORGE BARRAUD, suave and just a little monotonous. Miss RENÉE GADD and Mr. BALLARD BERKELEY (*The Girl* and *The Boy*) in a charmingly played passage alone seemed to get into the skin of their parts and made the restrained little love-scene really live. Perhaps that is because this was the only scene which the players really believed in. Miss RENÉE GADD indeed "should go far," as we say. She has the splendid gift of clear utterance, she can express real feeling as well as pertness, and can bring the tears into her eyes and her voice in a really convincing way.

A very amusing, ingeniously produced affair. I can lay hand on heart and testify that I enjoyed every moment of it, an enjoyment the above reservations mitigated but couldn't destroy. The themes of CHOPIN'S Dead March, of the *Lohengrin* Bridal Hymn and of the *Liebestraum*, embroidered with impertinent trills and pom-poms, added to our enjoyment.

If M. ANDRÉ PAUL ANTOINE has more plays like this in his desk, adapters should be after them. He is a wit with a fine sense of the theatre. T.



A GHOST-TO-GHOST CHAT.
The Husband . . . . . MR. FREDERICK LEISTER.
The Sailor . . . . . MR. DENYS BLAKELOCK.

"Our —— Estate is just 5 mins. walk from Greenford Station, with a direct rain service. . . ."
Adv. in Sunday Paper.

Manchester must look to its laurels.

"THE CUSTOMS USED AT SEA."

"THAT there 'Uggins 'as been and gorn and done it again, Chief."

The speaker, a Leading Seaman of pessimistic aspect, sucked his teeth and looked apprehensively at the Captain of his Top. The latter was busily superintending that condition of affairs so dear to the sailor's heart known as "Saturday routine," when every deck is turned into a snipe-marsh in which bare-footed blues paddle happily with hoses. He turned slowly upon his flat feet.

"Done it again, 'as 'e, the perisher? Why don't you clip 'im over the lug?"

"I 'ave, Chief; 'undreds and 'undreds of times I 'ave. But what does 'e do, ar, what does 'e do? Goes and does it again." He appeared to be on the verge of tears.

"Well, 'e'll have to be reported to the Officer of the Division this time. Done it too blinkin' often, 'e 'as." And with a sigh he turned and went in search of Lieutenant Blank.

To that officer, browsing contentedly over his eggs-and-bacon and the morning paper, there came an agitated marine waiter. "Beg pardon, Sir; there's a petty orficer out in the flat wants to speak to you. 'Immejit,' he says."

With a moan of resignation he relinquished his breakfast and left the Mess. "Well," he said, "and what's your trouble?"

"I'm sorry to 'ave to report, Sir, that Ordinary Seaman 'Uggins 'as done it again."

The Divisional Officer blenched. "Not again, surely? I cautioned him only last week."

"You did, Sir; but 'e 'as."

"Well, it's a case for the Commander this time, I'm afraid. Put him in the report."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

The Divisional Officer paused to light his pipe and then walked slowly aft to the Captain's Secretary's office and poked his head round the curtain.

"Good morning, Scratch," he said.

"I hadn't noticed it. Why, and what can I do for you?"

"Can I see one of my troop's papers—Huggins, Ordinary Seaman?"

"Surely he 's not in trouble again?" said the Secretary.

"Oh, yes, he is, three bags full, bless his little heart! He's done it again for the umpteenth time, *and* the Bloke was given a bad egg for breakfast. Troublesome times will be had by all, I fancy."

The Secretary produced a much-blemished conduct-sheet and whistled in consternation.

"Laugh that off," he said. "There's the whole horrid story. New readers should begin here and a further sensational instalment to-morrow."

Blank wandered disconsolately out and a moment later tapped on the door of the Commander's cabin, conduct-sheet in hand. The altercation which he heard in full flood between that officer and the telephone-exchange did not encourage him. The Commander, having fused the connection and thrown the instrument across his cabin, turned upon his visitor.

"What d' yer want?" he growled.

"Sorry to worry you, Sir, but this man Huggins of mine, Sir—er——"

"That dam fellow done it again? Man 's nothing but an infernal nuisance in the ship. I'll pass him on to the Captain this time. See if that will shake him up a bit!"

As the forenoon wore on, all the impressive array which goes to make up the naval occasion known as "Captain's Defaulters" gathered upon the quarter-deck. Grouped round the baize-covered table were battalions of ship's police flanked by platoons of witnesses and officers, some concerned with the day's *cause célèbre* and some frankly inquisitive. Afar off, miserable and alone, stood the Cause of all the Trouble, nervously wriggling his bare toes.

"All ready for Captain's Defaulters, Sir." The Master-at-Arms saluted. The Commander took up the charge-sheet and went down the ladder to the Captain's cabin. He knocked and entered.

"One defaulter for you this morning, Sir," he said; "that man Huggins again. He's always doing it, and I thought it would do him good to see you this time."

The Captain glanced at the charge-sheet and frowned. "All right," he said. "Are you all ready?"

Together they ascended to the quarter-deck.

"Defaulters, shun!" came the Master-at-Arms' stentorian bellow. "Ordinary Seaman 'Uggins, double-march, 'alt, off cap! Ordinary Seaman George 'Uggins, Sir, no-badges-first-class-for-conduct-first-class-for-leave-on-the 20th-of-October-at-about-ho-eight-three-ho-did-lose-overboard-one-'and-scrubber-the-property-of-'Is-Majesty-a-repeated-offence." He gasped for breath.

"Have you got anything to say?" The Captain gazed inquisitorially at the wretched offender.

"Nothing, Sir," he gulped. "They seems to slip out of me 'and some'ow."

"Well, you 've done it too often and I must take a serious view of it this time. Pay full value."

"Pay threepence!" roared the Master-at-Arms. "On cap, 'bout turn, double-march!"

ONCE A YEAR.

A SEASONABLE FORECAST.

LAST night I saw, or mine eyes played traitor
At a sight to astonish and appal—
I saw an infant's perambulator
Standing at ease in the outer hall;
And I said, "How the Christmassy feeling quickens!
Won't I frolic and dance and frisk?
Don't I see myself giving DICKENS
Half-fifteen for a bisque?"

For I knew that the vision was emblematic
Of the earthquake-shock that the season brings,
And the house will be packed to the topmost attic
In less than no time with Bright Young Things—
Bright Young Things with their brighter progenies,
Two generations, prepared to rub
Shoulders with queer old Uncle Diogenes
Summoned forth from his tub.

Well do I picture the great invasion,
Nieces and nephews, noise and din;
Well do I know the supreme occasion
When they bring the visiting infants in;
There are the nannies, not goats but nurses
(Haven't I got the lingo pat?),
And the mummies, not from Egyptian hearses,
But mothers, and young at that.

The treasures pass in a long procession,
Capering round me from morn to night,
While I do my best to convey the impression
Of a suitable interest and delight;
Somewhat mixed among Johns and Maries,
I pat their heads with an empty glee,
Wee boy pirates and wee girl fairies,
All confoundedly wee.

"Come, come, let be with your lyric prosing,"
The Spirit whispers, and I am dumb;
"You 're only pretending, only posing,
And would grumble if Christmas didn't come."
Well, perhaps I am. Though I feign to be sad at it,
Though I let off steam with my cynical rot,
When it comes to the pinch I am not so bad at it,
And enjoy it rather than not. A. C.

Smith Minor Warned.

"BELOW THE LINE.
SMART FINE FOR OVERLOADING."
Hull Paper.



Absent-minded Salesman. "YES, SIR, UNIQUE LITTLE PIECE. WE SELL A LOT OF THEM."



Manager. "ARE YOU DRESSING THE WINDOW, MR. TOMKINS, OR DO YOU IMAGINE YOU ARE AT HOME ON CHRISTMAS DAY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WILLIAM MORRIS maintained, you remember, that we should all be happy if we had a faith as sturdy as the Norseman's, in spite of its "wild dreams and dreadful imaginings." And I can imagine the translator of *The Volsunga Saga* welcoming the translator of *Egil's Saga* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 18/-) as a craftsman of parts, and exulting that the most aristocratic, most individualistic, most pagan and (after *Njála*) most artistic of the Icelandic sagas was at last available in a noble form for Englishmen. The historian in all of us will appreciate the adventures of a Northland free-lance who lent a hand to ATHELSTANE against the Scots; the antiquarian will find his rearing and roving in Iceland, Norway and England a mine of jewels; and the poet (while, I think, preferring his chronicle's stark prose to its cryptic verse) will find certain of its scenes unforgettable: *Skallagrim* smelting Icelandic ore in winter-time; *Egil* twitching his black eyebrows in ATHELSTANE'S hall; *Egil* blind like SAMSON and spurned by a kitchen-wench from his own fire. The translator, Mr. E. R. EDDISON, has proved entirely happy in stressing the English affinities of the saga—its trading forays, its heroic settlements with their primitive and beautiful domesticity. Above all, I feel he has been happy in bringing out the linguistic resemblances of a world with place-names like Whitewater, Reekdale, Einarsness, Anisbrent and Grimsholt; a world where seafaring men, speaking of "a mort of men" or "a mort of money," anticipate a seafaring kinsman of nine hundred years later, the immortal *Mr. Peggotty.*

An Angler's Anthology (verses and prose)
Is a COUNTRY LIFE issue intended for those
Who love a green meadow where bright water goes.

A. B. AUSTIN has made it; he's gone with his shears
Back to Dame JULIANA—five hundred whole years,
And he's searched up to date for that lady's compeers

Through a hundred of authors who've fished with fly hooks,
And he's made in his searching the best of good books;
Five guineas will buy an *édition-de-luxe.*

But, if you would purchase the everyday
Edition, a guinea is all you need pay,
And in both NORMAN WILKINSON goes the whole way

With his beautiful dry-points, at least twenty-four,
For the frontispiece counted will give you one more,
And, *de luxe,* you may add a loose print to your score.

And for eight-and-a-tanner I'd have you to know
That they sell the same book, without pictures, to go
In a fishing-bag 'long with a sandwich or so.

All three shall good anglers this winter be lost in,
And find, by the fireside, June meads that they've crossed in
Gum-boots to gay rivers. Salaams, Mr. AUSTIN!

If Miss E. M. DELAFIELD'S satire strikes one as for the most part a shade petty, it is, I fancy, because it is to so great an extent pitiless. And she has chosen for her latest objective a pre-War type in a post-War situation—a possible but by no means representative synthesis. The anony-

mous wife, mother and hostess who writes herself down an ass in the *Diary of a Provincial Lady* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) gets no exhilaration whatever out of life in the country, which she envisages as a town life minus a town life's amenities. Her house, like so many houses in these days of remunerative unemployment, is precariously staffed; but, unlike most hostesses I know, the *Provincial Lady* continues to deplore her cook instead of taking a hand with the cooking. She is bored with her garden, obviously more handy with the lipstick than a trowel, fussy with her children's pets and prehistorically sensitive to social slights. But, unlike "ELIZABETH'S" hero of *The Caravaners*, whose self-accusatory method she seems to have borrowed, she is so bewildered and pathetic a figure, with her blank misgivings (in brackets) and her utterly unrealised world, that you cannot with any pretence of justice enjoy her dismemberment. What you can enjoy are her two delightfully-portrayed children, *Vicki* and *Robin*, their entirely and entertainingly Gallic *Mademoiselle*, and all the little pen-portraits with which Mr. ARTHUR WATTS has embellished the text. His notion of a Channel-crossing—the *Provincial Lady* is on her cheerless way to the Riviera—struck me as particularly eloquent.

Sir PHILIP GIBBS sees the present age as a cosmic abyss shot across by furiously intense though invisible ultra-violet radiations, with himself and all the other prophets and dictators either urging or retarding that dissolution into primordial nebulæ which seems to await humanity already launched from the brink. His own writing might indeed fairly be described as ultra-violet, and in his latest study of the post-War period, *Since Then* (HEINEMANN, 15/-), in all conscience he has material enough for high-tension nightmares. He has seen Europe in tragedy, and as he writes he has before his mind pictures of Austria's king-haunted palaces turned into American relief-offices, or of Hungary's schools and tram-cars for ever placarding the new map contrasted with the old. He writes of all the restless peoples of the East, and remembers the suave Chinese diplomat who, wine-fogged, murmurs, "Kill all the foreign devils." Among the Greeks he has to hear the wails of Smyrna. In America he finds heresy-hunting and atheism, in England a loosening of moral fibre. Only in Germany, where there is a turning back to simple things and ways of peace, does he find much hope; only in the League of Nations a possible way of escape. Behind all his thought lies Russia—black agony, red menace. His tale of tragedy of the twelve years gone is history and cannot be denied. His gloom for the future—great up to a point though his writing is, well-informed, all-embracing, mordantly arresting—his gloom, one may believe, is partly PHILIP GIBBS.



"'CIGARETTE COUPON'! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A CIGARETTE COUPON?"
"I ONLY WANTS ANUVVER 'UNDRED-AN'-NINETY-SIX TO GIT A REAL LEVVER MEROCCOER 'ANDBAG."

Though I have often met in books the die-hard who believes that the way to make an Englishman is, first, to knock the nonsense out of him, and, secondly, to give him large supplies of women and wine; and have also met (again between covers) a type of sinister old man with the heart of a devil and the mind of a genius, I had never, until I read Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA'S novel, *The Cast-Iron Duke* (CASSELL, 7/6), come across any character combining the qualities of both. *The Duke of Leominster* is salacious and picturesque: his life at Moulton Castle is a terrific ceremonial. He wears high-heeled shoes, quotes Latin, prays before dinner, eats to music and drinks port at the rate of a bottle a night. His chief object appears to be to corrupt his great-grandchildren, whose mother, *Lady Knighton*, does not wish them to go to a public school lest they be turned into "degenerate savages." She persuades *Arthur Camelford*,

a schoolmaster, to come to Moulton as tutor to the boys, and soon begins to fall in love with him. Family affairs make this state of his grand-daughter-in-law's heart very pleasing to the *Duke*, who has arranged an effective spy-system at Moulton. Mr. McKENNA has evolved quite a good plot, but has paid so much attention to the *Duke's* very startling character that he has scarcely troubled to bring any of the other people to life. The chief charm of his book is in its descriptions of a great house, ruled by an autocrat who is as unforgettable, in spite of his odious ways, as any hero of a mediæval romance.

I do not remember ever to have read a book more inconsistent in quality than *Dumb-Animal and Other Stories* (DUCKWORTH, 7/6). Many a page would tempt one, in default of evidence to the contrary, to write Mr. OSBERT SITWELL down a very bungler in literature, so heavy-footed and tedious is the satire, so crudely derivative from long outmoded models are the purple passages. But then comes a keen shaft of wit, winging straight to its goal, or a piece of sustained and authentic beauty, or the delicate revelation of a deep and pitiful understanding of human foibles, and one is filled with admiration. Were Mr. SITWELL always at the top of his form he would be a very fine writer indeed. But, alas! he lets himself down too often and too heavily. The contents of his stories are of a like inequality of value. One or two of them are almost too insignificant for print, but in most there is at least an ingenious fancy skilfully evolved. I like the adventures of the lady who was the slave of a malevolent microbe, and of the other lady who changed the decoration of her house to suit the character, career or nationality of her lover of the moment; while "Alive, Alive-oh," depicting the dilemma of a poet whose reputation was based on the unfulfilled expectation of his early death, is a high-spirited guying of the cults and coteries, with one conspicuous exception. But "Happy Endings" is a thing apart; a serious and, with all its bitterness, a beautiful piece of work.



A REALLY HARDY COLD-BATH FIEND IS RESCUED JUST IN TIME.

The cover of *The Dickens Advertiser* (ELKIN MATHEWS AND MARROT, 7/6) has a cheerful look, reminding us of one of those "precious green numbers" that have been raided to supply the contents. Pictured on the outside you may find a foretaste of what is to be found within—fair crinolined damsels playing the new game of croquet, supplied by JAQUES; the so gentlemanly integuments furnished by Mr. MOSES, poet, tailor and hatter, of Aldgate and the Minories; the Versatio, or reversible coat, doubling the resources of any wardrobe and, purchaseable at the same shop in the Strand, the Pocket Siphonia or waterproof overcoat. These and many other amusing specimens of Early-Victorian trading announcements have been collected by Mr. BERNARD DARWIN, who supplies also a running commentary which is everything that such a commentary should be. Certainly he does not seem to have omitted anything from which a modicum of fun could be extracted, though perhaps he includes a few which have to be squeezed rather hard. But a man who can write gracefully and allusively about golf is not to be beaten by soap and pills, millinery or perukes. He has made an interesting volume—even though sometimes we may ask ourselves whether a magazine article would not have been sufficient for his purpose.

The *Carters* of California certainly multiplied, even if all of them did not thrive, and when Mr. CHARLES G. NORRIS begins to tell their history in *Seed* (HEINEMANN, 8/6), *Captain Dan Carter*, the not too pious founder of the family, possessed five sons and four daughters, in addition to nine nephews and nieces. With such a flock the stage at the beginning seemed to me overcrowded; but presently *Bart*, one of the sons, emerges from the ruck and is quite evidently destined to become a writer. The story of his literary career, with all its successes and domestic troubles, is in the main well told, but in the telling Mr. NORRIS pays so much attention to the question of birth-control that the balance of his novel is sometimes in grave danger of being upset. At the end of the book one of the *Captain's* sons says, "All of us Carters present interesting phases of this birth-control problem," a statement that I am not disposed to deny, though I could have wished that these phases had not been so numerous. Nevertheless this is a tale of scope and of serious intention, and especially I commend the picture that it gives of those *Carters* who remained in their Californian homestead.

Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG's tales of South Africa may be lacking in distinction, but they are invariably easy to read and are ably constructed. *Wife of Hess* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) is an unambitious story of a fruit-farmer in the Northern Transvaal, whose partner, *Dick Mayne*, was a thorough blackguard. Not only did *Mayne* fall in love with *Mrs. Hessingford*, but he also tried to kill *Hess*—as he was always called—and indeed he had good reason to think that his attempt had been successful. *Hess* however was saved by the devotion of a native and, terribly mutilated, reappeared to the dismay of his wife and *Mayne*. Then *Mrs. Hess* discovered that her lover was at any rate a poltroon, but found it easier to dismiss him than to contemplate a life with her disfigured though curiously forgiving husband. In fact we leave her praying for help to "carry on." The women of Miss YOUNG's novels are always cleverly drawn, but if she could bring herself to allot a few saving graces to her malignant men I think they would be more lifelike and acceptable.

Ermine for Vermin?

"For Switzerland tunics of fur and cloth are considered smart for the lice."—*Daily Paper.*

". . . Coventry, where for several years the picture houses have been allowed to open on Sunday evening under an arrangement with the Witch Committee."—*Birmingham Paper.*

We await with interest the counterblast of the municipal ladies.

CHARIVARIA.

IF all the parcels and packages handled by the Post Office at this season were piled one above another so as to form a column, it is estimated that those marked "Fragile" would be found at the bottom.

* * *

We read of a family of children who are avowed disbelievers in Father Christmas. Really nice children dissemble their scepticism out of consideration for their parents.

* * *

Turkeys, we are reminded, are enormous eaters. It is a salutary thought at this season that they pay the penalty of over-indulgence.

* * *

On the other hand, when one reflects that the turkey, according to an agricultural writer, "can be the most affectionate of creatures," it is a sad thought that these birds rarely get let off anything for good behaviour.

* * *

"When the Christmas dinner is on the table, holly and mistletoe hung in the hall, fruit and nuts heaped on the sideboard," says a daily paper, "few people pause to remember the part which the railways have played in the festivities." We propose to call for three hearty cheers for them.

* * *

It is feared that Sir W. ARBUTHNOT LANE'S defence of the Christmas pudding, which he pronounces to be of a highly nutritive value, may discourage small boys who revolt from eating what is good for them.

* * *

Since a recent American divorce case there is some talk in that country of altering the line in the marriage-service to "until golf do us part."

* * *

An authority on cigars urges the importance of having really good Havanas to offer one's friends at Christmas-time. Our belief is, however, that many men will continue the custom of offering each other the cigars their wives have given them.

* * *

Several types of postmen's hats have been submitted for the consideration of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. This may be the last Christmas when the shape in present use is sent round.

Those who suffer from red noses should never use a pale face-powder, says a hint on make-up. Few pantomime comedians seem to know this.

* * *

The rush to the South which usually occurs just before Christmas is said to have been less marked this year. We should hesitate, however, to attribute this to a change of heart among slate-club treasurers.

* * *

Americans who come to England for the shooting are reported as finding it preferable to the methods practised in their own country.

* * *

Senator BORAH considers Germany, France and England equally responsible for the Great War. He doesn't attempt, however, to minimise America's share of the Peace-guilt.

* * *

Mr. SICKERT is reported to have shaved off the beard which many young artists imitated. So much for Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S belief that they were imitating his own appendage.

* * *

In opposing a scheme to erect yet another power-station near Chelsea a Borough Councillor pointed out that, apart from the menace to health and the heavy expense, it would cause many celebrities to leave the district. Locally it is not believed that the promoters of the scheme will lightly incur the reproach of having smoked out the intelligentsia.

* * *

With reference to Mr. L. S. AMERY'S prediction that the change-over from Free Trade to a National and Imperial fiscal policy is as certain as that the sun is bound to set, some surprise is felt that so ardent an Imperialist should have forgotten that he was speaking of an Empire in which this phenomenon never occurs.

* * *

Among English residents in Italy, we are told, Signor MUSSOLINI is alluded to in conversation before the servants as "Mr. Smith." CÆSAR never got as far as that.

* * *

In view of Australian political developments it is not anticipated that Mr. SCULLIN will find relief from the heat of his voyage home in thinking of the frosty Caucuses.

* * *

A Liverpool carter has been summoned for threatening to push an umbrella down a bookmaker's throat. We are not told which end he proposed to insert; possibly he wanted to be topical and do it each way.

* * *

"Now is the time to make New Year resolutions," says a woman-novelist. But most of us have quite a lot of this year's which are almost as good as new.

* * *

"Income-tax officials are human after all," observes a County Court judge. This rather cuts across the theory that they are only suitable as pets.

* * *

Income-tax demand-notes are now due for delivery, says an evening paper. It is the function of the Press to broadcast little rays of sunshine like this.

* * *

A negro who was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for burglary was in the habit of scattering tin-tacks on the floor to cover his retreat. He forgot that All God's Chillun Got Wings.

* * *

A music-hall comedian has written a song about the chefs of Soho. We hope he will call it "Men of Garlic."



"WELL, DICK, I 'VE BROUGHT YOU A BOX OF SOLDIERS."
"OH, GEE, AND I WANTED GANGSTERS!"

ANSWERS TO IMPENDING CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW ROAD-CODE, ETC.

MOTORIST.—You invite our opinion as to the nature of the questions indicated in that clause of the New Road-Code which says: "Do not pull up alongside a constable on point duty in order to ask him a question *which other people could answer*" (the italics, though supplied by our own fount, are yours). It is clear that only questions which lie within the intellectual scope of the man-in-the-street are indicated, such as:—

"What sort of weather are we having?"

"Does my nose want powdering?"

"Has my tail-plate come off?"

"What is the time?"

"How do you do?"

No objection, you will observe, is raised to your inviting a constable on point duty to reply to questions of which Heaven alone knows the answer, such as:—

"Can you kindly give me the approximate date of the General Election?"

"May I trouble you to tell me the winner of the Grand National?"

"What is LLOYD GEORGE's game?"

"What does EINSTEIN really mean?"

"What will MUSSOLINI do next?"

As to the other point you raise, we cannot support the charge of inconsistency which you bring against the composers of the New Code. It is true that in one clause they say: "Sound your horn when about to overtake. Do not take it for granted that your warning has been heard" (meaning, of course, that you are to keep on hooting till you get a signal from the other fellow showing that he has noticed the noise), and that in another clause you are told that "motor-horns should be used sparingly." But their intention is quite clear: they expect you to *overtake sparingly*.

PEDESTRIAN.—The instruction to pedestrians, "Use signals yourself," will no doubt be supplemented with a code of official pedestrian signals. Meanwhile we suggest one or two that occur to us as useful.

When crossing the road you should raise both arms in the "Kamerad" manner as an indication that you are anxious not to be killed. Habitual jay-walkers should stop in the middle of the transit to blow the nose or adjust a shoelace by way of indicating their peculiar vulnerability. On the footpath some signal, such as a walking-stick or umbrella carried upside down, should be continuously employed as a warning that you do not wish motor-cars to mount the pavement in your immediate vicinity. Here too a pocket-hooter should be blasted whenever you are negotiating a blind corner or overtaking another pedestrian or a car that, in spite of your permanent signal, has taken to the footpath.

SWARAJ.—Certainly. As soon as full Dominion status—the kind enjoyed, for instance, by Australia—is conceded to India there will be nothing to prevent the Indian Government from nominating GANDHI as Viceroy.

HUMORIST.—We acknowledge with thanks your suggestion for a cartoon representing Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as a Dog in a Manger, Mr. BALDWIN as a Horse, and a bundle of Corn as Political Power. But the analogy is only superficial. In the fable the Dog's attitude was due to mere cussedness, since he had no natural taste for the Provender from which he was debarring the Horse.

LIBERAL.—We agree with you, and with the leaders of the Socialist and Liberal parties, in feeling very strongly that the contact established from time to time between them should not be described by the word "Pact," a term made sacred by association with the name of Mr. KELLOGG.

MOSLEYITE.—One rather important consideration seems to have escaped the notice of those, like yourself, who contend that the horrors of the present Peace constitute as great an emergency as the perils of the late War, and demand the creation of a National Cabinet corresponding to the War Cabinet of the Coalition. That body, though its members may have differed as to the means of achieving their objective, had one single purpose—to save their country by winning the War. But today a National Cabinet, if representative of all parties, would be bound to contain members who, if it came to a choice between seeing their country perish and sacrificing their economic shibboleths, would unhesitatingly decide in favour of the former alternative.

SON OF TOIL.—As you justly say, a Prime Minister who has invited the co-operation of both Oppositions in the task of rescuing the country from ruin would be the last to introduce any partisan measure. And indeed abundant proof of the purity of Mr. MACDONALD'S patriotism is provided by his scheme of Electoral Reform, so essential to our national salvation. In his scrupulous anxiety (conceivably encouraged by the promptings of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE) to give no advantage to any party, least of all to his own, he is even going so far as to risk damage to the cause of Labour by insisting that only the classes who possess motor-cars shall be allowed to drive to the poll, while the masses (except such as happen to be halt or maimed) are left to walk there.

SMITH MINOR.—Remember that, if you have not exhausted your capacity for eating on Christmas Day, you can always work off the residue on Boxing Day. In mining circles this is known as the "Spread-over." O. S.

THE NAG'S HEAD.

I WALKED up steep Helvellyn
As WORDSWORTH did with SCOTT;
My perspiration fell in
A way theirs may have not;
Grisedale and Dollywaggon
Raised visions of a flagon,
A pottle or a pot.

"Through Whelpside Gill the force is
Obstreperous in its bed;
I might reduce its sources,
But mine be ale," I said;
And down for Wythburn straightway
I made, to reach the gateway
Close to the old Nag's Head.

I dreamed of bygone drinking
Inside its taproom door,
Of beaded bubbles winking
As in the heretofore;
And, round the schoolhouse swinging,
I gained the pathway bringing
The road to me once more.

Though the King's Head at Thirlspot,
I heard, still carries on,
Though still the traveller twirls pot
In Grasmere at the Swan,
From what its folk call Wyburn
(And with what wrath did I burn!)
The Nag's Head Inn was gone.

They raised the Thirlmere level—
Quashing the inn, I fear—
That Manchester might revel
In water all the year;
I read the name through whitewash,
And clean Mancunians might wash,
But I could get no beer.

Thus, then, from high Helvellyn,
After a stiffish climb,
I reached a private dwelling
Where no ale-glasses chime.
O Ordnance Map, though surest,
Falsely thou here allurest
The unsuspicious tourist;
And "dwelling," to a purist,
Is WORDSWORTH but not rhyme.

Records which Appear Impregnable.

"Responding to the call for dinner, sounded by Mr. J. —— for 37 years, at Queen's College, Oxford."—*Daily Paper.*

A Suite in a Suit.

"He was in a lounge suit with his wife, and Miss Elsa Macfarlane, and his manager, Tom Hearn, and Mr. Ronald Kennedy. . . ."
Gossip-Writer's Account of MAURICE CHEVALIER.



OUR UNPROTECTED BIRDS.

BRITISH TURKEY. "I'M QUITE READY TO DIE FOR MY COUNTRY, BUT I SIMPLY LOATHE THE IDEA OF BEING SEEN DEAD WITH THESE DUMPED ALIENS."



BABY: THE NEW CULT. NO. 4.

"THE WORST OF IT IS HE'S GROWING AT SUCH A RATE; HE'LL BE A BIG BOY IN A YEAR'S TIME."
"DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR. BABIES WILL HAVE GONE OUT OF FASHION LONG BEFORE THEN."

THE ALTRUISTS:

OR, PRESENTS THAT PLEASE.

THE Radleys are probably the most argumentative and truculent family in England. I am often stamped with the hallmark of their affection by being passionately called a "two-faced lizard" because I happened to agree with Helen instead of Audrey. Thus, when I went round in Christmas week with offerings, the sounds of dispute troubled me not at all. "They have," I thought, "just reversed the vase contributed by some aunt, and Helen thinks the label at the bottom says four-and-eleven, while Audrey hopes it is fourteen-and-eleven, and that noise is our Helen not being pleased."

Fragments of the conversation came out to me as I arranged my parcels in the hall.

"*Not* crystallised ginger, but plenty of peppermint-creams. Let's have two pounds of 'em. Oh, hullo, my ancient!" (to me) "we're just settling what to put in Grannyma's hamper."

I sat down surprised. One does not commonly esteem one's grandmother to the tune of a guinea or over at Christmas. Also the gifts, when made, are made by her—the penalty grandmothers pay for being still with us. I no longer have a grandmother to refrain from giving anything to.

But I shall never forget the last of these relations. Her parting words to me when I went in state to tea with her were apt to be, "Good-bye, dear; I hate your hat." Still it was reasonable to suppose the Radleys' relative had a sympathetic taste in hats and had fought her ancient and honourable way to two pounds of peppermints at Christmas. (The selection of that succulent confection was doubly good of the Radleys, as they all love it.)

"We're making out the list, R," said Audrey.

"But can't you get the shop to send her hamper off for you? You just post the money and they fill it according to price."

"Yes; and what *offal* they'd put in!" answered Helen. "Dates (bah!), a whacking pudding——"

"But she must *have* a pudding," I began, becoming quite sorry for the old lady peering for the pudding that wasn't there.

"She *always* has one, you silly strunnion! We don't want her to have pudding on the table right into Twelfth Night. It's so important to remember everything. We must get the list exactly right."

This was devotion. The Radleys evidently adored the old lady. She must be one of those chubby comfortable grandmothers who wear caps like jelly-moulds and smell of lanoline and lozenges. . . .

"Come on, come on!" urged one of the boys. "Good stuff and plenty of it."

I looked at him astounded. "Is this my Henry?" I murmured, and, thinking of his tailor's bill, his socks, shoes and shirts, I felt humbled and almost at the point of wishing I'd spent a shilling more on his silk tie.

"We must have crackers, Hell," chipped in Alan. "And pick out the ones with decent fillings; no paper muck."

"But they're so expensive," snarled Helen.

"She must have them. I will spend anything—in reason, of course."

"Oh, *all* right. But food, food."

"A jar of mincemeat," I suggested brightly.

"Take the paper, dear, and look at the pretty pictures," answered Audrey.

"A cake," said Helen.

"No; it's so heavy and beastly, and the icing's like tombstones. We'll have shortbread, though, and lots of it."

With this the entire family concurred.

"And a good-sized pot of *pâté*."

"It's very rich," I ventured.

"Isn't it?" beamed Alan; "but Sir ARBUTHNOT LANE says it's positively good for your tummy to be taken by surprise now and again. It shocks the old dear back to work. And don't forget a jar of caviare."

Old Mrs. Radley is eighty-four, and I feared that Sir ARBUTHNOT might have much to answer for.

"Would it run to a spot of sloe-gin?" asked Henry.

"It shall, if I can make it," answered Helen, "*and* a bottle of ready-mixed cocktails."

But at this I was roused to protest. "You'll slay her," I said.

"Slay who? Oh, grannyma! No; she never touches 'em. She doesn't exactly 'tottle,' but she's no tank," responded Henry.

"And, if I may say so, I must admit I think your choice a horribly indigestible one," I went on. "I mean that *pâté*——"

"Oh, that's all right. She hates it."

"But—well," I floundered—"the shortbread and the caviare——"

"She hates them too."

"Then why include them in the hamper?"

"Because, you hamstrung catamaran, *we* like them."

"But who cares what *you* like?"

"Oh, kill her, Hell! Tell her in words of one syllable. Hold her hand. Pump on her head. Give her plaster from the ceiling. Now then. We—are—to—stay—with—grandmother—for—a—fortnight—at this—season—of—good—will."

I looked at them in silence. Gradually it came to me why the crystallised ginger was omitted. It is (*a*) a weakness of the old lady's and (*b*) the Radleys loathe it.

Henry had strolled out into the hall. "Parcels, ho!" (and he annexed his own). "R's handwriting, I see."

"For mercy's sake don't open it here," I begged. "Take it down to Mrs. Radley's."

"Not so, not so. I am going to tell you it is just what I have been wanting now, *whatever* it is, and save the stamp. Grannyma's hamper is going to be rather an expensive item, if you get me; and *any* contribution towards the cost—even in kind—is welcome."

RACHEL.

Good News for Rotarians.

"NEW LAWS OF THE ROAD TO-DAY. All vehicles must have circular wheels."
Daily Paper.



WOMAN'S YEAR.

ENTER MOTHER CHRISTMAS.

For a Lilliputian Christmas.

"This intriguing model will make an handsome addition to the living room of some lucky person 24" in length."
Advt. in Canadian Paper.

"MORE BIG CHELSEA TEAM CHANGES. CLEAN SWEEP IN THE HALF-BACK LINE."
Headlines in Evening Paper.

We're so glad he washed.

"Allen, the young Merchant League bowler who is making his début in representative cricket, bowled well. He is a slow left-hand speed bowler."—*South African Paper.*

This is the sort of mixture that ought to worry BRADMAN.

Post Hoc, Propter Hoc?

"T. H. —— has taken over the above Hotel, and will be glad to cater for Teas, Dinners or large functions of any kind, also supply Motor Hearse any distance at reasonable charges."
Advt. in West-Country Paper.

"VICAR'S DANCE BAN.

. . . He condemned dancing on the ground that it was not uplifting."—*Daily Paper.*

He should enjoy CHITA in *Ever Green*.

"A brilliant record by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra is that of the vital 'Tannhäuser' March, 'Entrance of the Gusts.'"
Gramophone Paper.

We like a March to come in like a lion.

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

XIV.

Monday.—I feel better to-day, in spite of the somewhat strange interview I had this afternoon. The lady-patient who is described as "the Abdominal in 37" has, I am told by the nurses, frequently expressed a desire to meet me (it seems that she heard me speak at the Willerton Odd Fish Annual Bazaar). To-day, as I have been allowed "up" two afternoons without ill results, it was arranged that we should meet in the sitting-room for tea. Her name, by the way, is Mrs. Cheviot Horse—a widow, I understand. She was in a bath-chair, which somehow seemed to give her an advantage. It must have been that, for no woman has ever made me feel small before—well, not *small*, perhaps; I do not quite know how to describe it. Certainly her mode of address was unconventional, to say the least. After all I had heard I expected to be received with a certain respect. But not a bit of it! We talked first, of course, about our operations. Mrs. Horse has lost her appendix too, but she has had "tubes" and complications (which I was spared) and has been here much longer. We had rather an argument about the *size* of our appendixes; Mrs. H., it appears, takes a great pride in hers and constantly sends for it to exhibit to her visitors. It was all I could do to prevent her from ringing for the Sister to fetch the two of them. I had no desire to see my own in the daylight, and I thought that I might not be able to conceal my distaste at the sight of Mrs. Horse's. What was odd was that, as she expressed it, the whole thing seemed quite healthy and even humorous. I cannot imagine Mrs. Busy conducting such a conversation. What an idea!

Then Mrs. Horse said suddenly, "So *you're* the celebrated grumper?" I said, rather stiffly, I fear, "I have no idea what you mean. What is a *grumper*?" She said, "Is it true you keep newts?" I said of course, "Yes," and she replied, "That's a bad sign."

It is difficult to know what to make of some people. However, I kept my temper and I said, "If you had kept newts as long as I have you would know that they are extremely decorative and graceful creatures." It was on the tip of my tongue to add, "Moreover, their family life might well be taken as a model by many of us." But fortunately just in time I realised that Mrs. Horse might have been divorced and I did not of course want to wound her. One strange thing about her is that she does not *seem* to pay attention to anything one says. While one is answering a question she has put to you about one thing she is thinking of a question about something quite different. One feels that one is always a sentence or two behind. It is pure rudeness, of course, on her part; nevertheless in some strange way it gives one an uncomfortable and even an *inferior* feeling.



Wife. "IF YOU HAD ANY SENSE YOU'D PUT THAT TOY-HORSE DOWN AND PULL IT ALONG."

Next she said suddenly, "You are a silly old sheep, aren't you, rotten with funk?" I very nearly made a sharp reply. However, I followed my good old rule, counted five, and said, "That is not very polite, is it?" Once more, without answering my question, she switched off to another subject and said, "If you were Home Secretary, what would you do about this Sunday cinema business? Would you repeal the Act?" (What a question to put to a Town Councillor!) I said, "Really, I cannot say that I should. It would be a very dangerous precedent. And I for one am not in favour of the Continental Sunday." She then said strangely, "Continental Sunday my foot! Fudge and footle! You don't think. You just use phrases. You have no ——. You are a —— old ditherer!" I have written down this extraordinary address, as it may be amusing to recall it later. At the end she made what I can only describe as a snort, and I then thought that it was time to take my leave.

The extraordinary thing is that I rather *like* the woman; certainly I do not *resent* her rudeness as I should have if it had come from Haddock, for example. I think she would be described as a handsome woman; the hair is only slightly grey here and there and the features are as clearly marked as the personality. The smile I find particularly pleasing, and I always admire a straight nose. I have promised to look in and say good-bye to-morrow.

Tuesday.—It is pleasant to be back in the flat again. Strangely enough, I was quite sorry to leave the hospital. They have looked after me well enough in their way, though I am determined to write to *The Times* about the early-morning washing. I gave my nurse two shillings and the remainder of my grapes (I believe they are wretchedly paid). I looked in and said good-bye to Mrs. Cheviot Horse, who will not be out before Christmas, poor creature. She said, "You are a knock-kneed old newt," and the odd thing was that I laughed heartily—I cannot think why. If anyone else had said such a thing I should have issued a writ. I must remember to send her a Christmas-card.

Mrs. Wheedle has kept the flat very clean (I think she is thoroughly ashamed of herself about the Worcester sauce), and had even hung up some holly in the hall and a "Welcome Home" done by her daughter. A kind thought, though she had spelt "Welcome" "Welkum." Really, I do not know what we get for the money we spend upon education.

I am sorry to have missed the last public sittings of the Licensing Com-

mission. Altogether, I see we have examined one-hundred-and-ninety witnesses, and the numbered paragraphs and questions total over forty thousand. Not bad work for thirteen months. When I mentioned this to Mrs. Horse she said, "No, the elephant takes two years." Strange woman! I do not know what she meant. She then said, "Forty thousand questions! Have you been to any pubs?" I said, of course, "No; what an idea!" and she replied, "What a country! Good-bye, old bat!"

Friday.—I find this Christmas shopping very trying. So far I have only bought a number of Christmas-cards and a book for Niece Margery, yet I am quite tired out. And I cannot think what to get for Mrs. Horse. The easiest thing is a book, but a book which I considered suitable I am afraid she might laugh at. Grapes are expensive if you buy a quantity; in any case she *has* grapes. And she has so many flowers that I am afraid mine would hardly be noticed in the room. I was looking to-day at some very nice hand-bags, but I do not feel that I know her well enough to give her an article of apparel. I have decided not to send Mrs. Busy a Christmas-card this year; from what I hear she has been definitely working against me at Burbleton since I came to Bloomsbury, and one must make an example somehow.

Tuesday.—Quite exhausted. I have sent off my Christmas-cards and a book each for the nieces. For the past few days Mrs. Horse's present has been really weighing on my mind. Yesterday in Bond Street I bought one of the hand-bags, but on consideration I took it back; the young woman in the shop was most unpleasant about it. I go down to Burbleton to-morrow, so had to do something, and when she suggested a small bottle of scent instead I rather weakly agreed. It seems a strange present for me to give to a lady, but there it is. Possibly she does not use scent, and in that case I dare say it can be changed. After all, it is the *thought* behind a present that matters.

A. P. H.

"London Flue Quartet, 'Bees Wedding' (Mendelssohn)."
Programme in New Zealand Paper.

The "Sneeze Wedding" of Atischumann might have suited them better.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch acknowledges with sincere gratitude the many gifts that he has received from generous readers in response to his recent appeal for the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. Those whose memory it may have escaped in the pressure of social claims at this season he ventures to remind that this Hospital is in urgent need of funds to replace the present buildings which its many developments—notably in the field of research—have outgrown. Mr. Punch is raising a fund of his own in aid of this good cause and begs for contributions great or small. Cheques, made out to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, should be addressed to The Secretary of *Punch*, 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

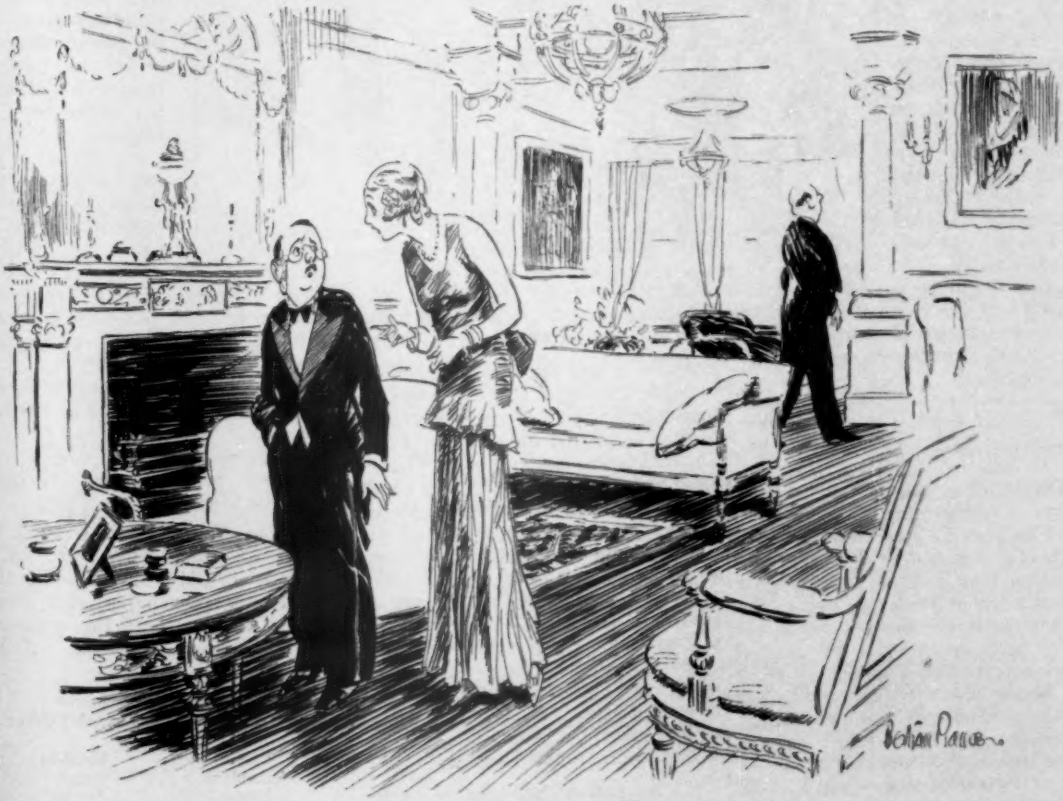
A Swell Affair.

"Baronet's Mumps."—*Sunday Paper.*

"LUTON WOMAN 101.

Mrs. ——, who remembers the Crimean War, has eight children, now all grown up . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

We had a suspicion that they must have passed the stage of adolescence.



Wife. "I WISH YOU'D SPEAK TO THE BUTLER."
Insignificant Husband. "WHY SHOULD I? HE NEVER SPEAKS TO ME."

ILLECALISING CERTAIN ASPECTS OF CHRISTMAS.

THE U.S.S.R. (known variously as the Soviet, Moscow, or "them Bolshies") has again decreed, as in previous years, that Christmas shall be illegal in Russia. Now it is seldom that I am in agreement with anything that the Soviet does, but here I find myself wishing that our Socialist Government, patriotically Russian as ever, would follow suit on the lines I am about to indicate.

For in these days just round about Christmas I am beginning to feel more strongly than ever that something really ought to be done to make its more virulent manifestations definitely illegal in this country too. There is a very great deal about Christmas that ought to be drastically suppressed, even if it means reviving, for the benefit of culprits, some of the more entertaining forms of torture extant in the sixteenth century.

Perhaps one of the roots of the evil is the so-called Christmas Spirit. It is practically a latent disease, one, moreover, which possesses many symptoms of varying kinds. There are, for instance, Inopportune and Redundant Paper Caps on Otherwise Dignified City Fathers; Second Helpings of Indigestible Pudding Because it's Christmas; Holly in Guests' Pyjamas for a Joke; Back-slapping by Uncle George; Archness by Unprepossessing Females in the Vicinity of Mistletoe; Late December Liver; and many others.

I propose therefore to write to my M.P. (whose name for the moment escapes me) and suggest, nay, urge, that he take the earliest opportunity of introducing a Bill to make certain aspects of Christmas definitely illegal. It will be known as the Christmas (Abolition of Forced Gaiety) Bill, 1931.

I have, I may say, already roughly drafted a few of its clauses which—if I still have your attention—I should like briefly to indicate. As we are all friends together on this page, I know you won't object to my insufficient knowledge of correct legal terminology. Where this has failed me, I have of course made my meaning clear—a very unlawyerlike proceeding, I admit—by employing more colloquial phraseology.

Taking therefore a deep breath:—

WHEREAS the Season of Yule hereinafter known as Christmastide and not hereinbefore mentioned has slowly tended, and notwithstanding the onward march of civilisation is continuing slowly to tend, towards the complete and utter negation of the true festal spirit by a forced insistence upon festivity, and whereas it's pretty rotten that the one great annual occasion of joy, peace and even goodwill, to wit the above-mentioned Christmastide, should be to the majority of people a thing neither to look forward to with joy, look upon with pleasure, or look back to with anything but relief and indigestion, and whereas anything else you like in the same or similar strain: BE IT THEREFORE ENACTED by the, etc., with the advice, etc., of the Lords both Spirituous and Temperate, etc., etc., to and for, etc., and by, with and from, etc., as follows:—

(1) No person shall give, send, despatch or cause to be given, sent or despatched, or be party to the giving, sending or despatching on his behalf (I trust I make myself clear) of "Christmas Cards" to any other person whatsoever, such conduct being calculated to spoil the Christmastide of (*a*) those who are forgotten when they themselves have remembered, (*b*) those who are remembered when they themselves have forgotten, (*c*) those who are trying to forget those they ought to remember, (*d*) those who are trying to remember whom they have forgotten. In short, if you really want to keep in touch with people at Christmas, you can jolly well take the trouble to write.

(2) No person shall give or receive Christmas presents in kind, except he be under the age of sixteen years, it being recognised that the acceptance of that ubiquitous and peculiar type of article classed as "Seasonable Yuletide Gift" is generally followed by disappointment, insincerity, annoyance, worry, malice, and all uncharitableness, and the passing of it on, next Christmastide, to some other poor poop. Presents, therefore, between adults where deemed necessary, shall be in cash, for you know where you are with money. There are many things you can do with even five-and-six that you can't possibly do with an embroidered tea-cosy.

(3) All parties at Christmastide shall be made up on a *friendly* as opposed to a *family* basis. It has too long been the custom to collect together at this season under a cloak of goodwill and holly all those aunts, cousins, husbands, wives, and Uncle Ebenezers who are rigidly and wisely kept apart all the rest of the year.

(4) In order that enjoyment may be free and unforced, the following shall be made misdemeanours:—

(*a*) Asking, hinting, suggesting or otherwise giving the impression that one is not unwilling to receive a Christmas tip (schoolboys exempt).

(*b*) Practical joking by persons who think they have a call to make the party Go with a Swing.

(*c*) Hanging up mistletoe; for to narrow-minded people it is a barbarous custom; to broad-minded people it is unnecessary.

(*d*) Putting in puddings objects of a tooth-fracturing and indigestible nature.

(*e*) Sending through the post any bill, rent or rate demand, or other obscene literature.

(5) The despatch of Income Tax Demands so timed as to arrive by the first post on Christmas morning shall be a felony punishable with several kinds of death without the option.

A. A.



Hostess. "I MUST ASK YOU TO EXCUSE THE GAS-STOVE BEING ON THE TABLE, BUT WE WERE QUITE UNABLE TO GET THE TURKEY OUT."

A Mixed Bag.

"CHRISTMAS POULTRY
Finest selection of English Poultry
Turkeys

Pheasants	Chicken
Rabbits	Geese
Hares	Ducks."

Provincial Stores Christmas Circular.

Brer Rabbit: Oh! my feathers!

MANNERS AND MODES.

THE FELINE TOUCH.



IF THE VOGUE FOR LONG AND POINTED NAILS PERSISTS—



IN VIEW OF THE ELABORATE CARE NECESSARY TO CULTIVATE THEM—



WE MAY ONE DAY FIND WOMEN KEEPING THEM IN CONDITION ON A TABLE-LEG.



The Seneschal. "MY LORD, THY FOOL HATH BEEN TAKEN GRIEVOUSLY SICK AND CANNOT ATTEND THE FEAST TO-NIGHT; BUT THIS LAD SAITH HE HATH A GOODLY STORE OF QUIP AND JAPE WHEREWITHAL TO ENTERTAIN THY GUESTS."

The Baron. "IS HE FUNNY?"

The Seneschal. "PERSONALLY, MY LORD, I FIND HIS WIT TEDIOUS, BUT PERHAPS AFTER THE WASSAIL-BOWL HATH CIRCULATED THE GENTLEMEN MAY BE ABLE TO BEAR IT."

BIG CLAUS AND LITTLE CLAUS.

IT was particularly annoying that my wife should have a violent cold just when she had promised to give her niece Juliet a day among the Christmas shops. In the end I had to act as deputy though I am frightened of all children, even of Juliet, who has the reputation for being old-fashioned and has not yet overthrown any of her nursery idols.

When I reached her home on the dreadful day, Juliet was ready and jumping, but before we were allowed to depart my sister-in-law hustled me into the drawing-room.

"You'll find her the *quaintest* companion," she told me. "Of course, I wouldn't *dream* of lending her to most people."

I tried to look grateful, and Marion continued: "Juliet is so *sensitive*; that's why I am going to ask you to say nothing that could *possibly* destroy her faith in Santa Claus. She is talking so much about him just now. It is so lovely to feel that she is not at all a *modern* child, and I want to keep her *just* as she is, still believing *utterly* in fairies and Santa Claus."

I promised that I would keep Juliet's illusions intact.

In the crowded Tube Juliet asked many embarrassing questions about Santa Claus. At the entrance to the Toy Department at Stanton's we were met by a rather mangy-looking specimen who took half-a-crown off me and gave Juliet a sixpenny toy from the branch of a spruce tree.

"I thought you said Santa Claus was a big *fat* man," remarked Juliet as we went out into the street.

"So he is as a rule, but I expect he's been starving himself like Mummy does when she wants to get thin."

"Why?"

"So that he won't stick in the chimneys, of course!" I replied triumphantly. Juliet smiled a faint approval.

We walked on to another shop, and there we saw a second Santa Claus. He was a very fat man, and he was sitting in a sleigh loaded with parcels. One of these cost me another half-crown.

"How has he got here so quickly?" asked Juliet.

"Can't you see his sleigh?" I said.

"Well, why has his nose grown so *tippy* when it was hookey before?"

"Hush! he'll hear you."

"And how has he got fat so quickly?" she asked in a penetrating whisper.

"I expect he's fatter," I replied, "because he's just eaten an enormous dinner. And that reminds me that it's quite time we had ours. Come on!"

We had lunch in another shop. I tried to prolong the meal with cream meringues and ices, until I saw a very thin, ghostly-looking Santa Claus come dithering through the open door-way of the restaurant. Then I urged Juliet to hurry.

"You can't be quick over ices," she said pathetically. "If you *are*, they make your nose ache."

Then of course she noticed Santa Claus, who was visiting every table that had a child occupant.

"Here he comes again," she said brightly. "I know. I'll write him a note *now*. It'll be much better than putting it up the chimney; besides Mummy always makes me ask him for such *little* things. Did you know that Santa Claus always gives you the presents you write and ask him for?"

I felt quite cheerful again after I had read Juliet's note, which began, "Dear Santa Claus, will you please

bring me a great HUGE dolls'-house for Christmas." I knew my sister-in-law's stinginess. She should pay for the bolstering of Juliet's faith.

Then, as Santa Claus approached us, the child began again.

"If he's had a big dinner, why does he look so thin and scraggly *now*?"

"He's been sick," I said firmly; "he's been very, very sick because of the dinner. He wouldn't like you to talk about it, so leave the note on the table. He'll find it. Yes, of course he will."

I paid the bill and dragged Juliet away.

"Is Santa Claus often sick?" she asked loudly as we moved off.

"I don't know."

"Could he be sick when he's filling the stockings?"

"I expect so."

"*Into* the stockings?"

I didn't answer.

"I think I feel sick myself," said Juliet; "I often *do* after ices."

Like the companion of the other Juliet, I felt, "I must begone and live, or stay and die." I took a taxi, and when we were in it I began to appreciate the mystery of children as I had never done before. The jolting made Juliet feel better.

As we stopped in a traffic-block, she shouted, "Look! There are *seven* Santa Clauses!"

I looked, and I saw marching past us, like the seven devils who are worse than the first, seven sandwich-men; each was dressed as Santa Claus.

"You said there was only *one* Santa Claus," cried Juliet. "You said it in the Tube."

"There *is* only one."

"But I can *see* seven!"

"When people have been feeling sick after ices," I said slowly, "they often see double. I expect you are seeing seven times now!" Luckily that was good enough for Juliet. I began to feel a success with children.

The feeling did not last, for when we had got back and I was slaking my weary throat in my brother-in-law's company, I could hear Juliet shouting confidences to her mother in the next room.

"First he said Father Christmas was fat and then he said he was thin, and then he said he'd been sick after a big dinner!"

It didn't sound well, as Juliet told it.

Half-an-hour later I bore my sister-in-law's reproaches. I tried to explain, but Marion is a hard talker.

"How could you be so *coarse*," she said, "about—about Santa Claus and the stockings."

It was then that I made my *coup*. I told Marion about Juliet's written request for the "great, huge dolls'-house."

"And," I added sarcastically, "the dear child mustn't be disillusioned."

"How *sweet* of you!" cried Marion. "As soon as you send the dolls'-house I'll hide it in the attic till Christmas morning."



"HAVE YOU ANYTHING CHRISTMASSY IN THE WAY OF AN INFLUENZA CURE?"

A CANINE COME-BACK.

[According to an evening paper an Alsatian dog, locked up in the kitchen, awakened his master, Mr. URCH, of Kenton, near Harrow, by his barking and saved the house from destruction by fire which had broken out in another room.]

THE hefty and agile Alsatian
Has lately been under a cloud,
But emerges (unlike the Dalmatian)
Unspotted, erect and unbowed,
A true friend in need and as "safe" as a church,
On the grateful admission of Mr. J. URCH.

In the kitchen, wherein he was locked up,
Out of sight of the flames and the sparks,
He made such a row that he knocked up
The household by furious barks,
And, rousing the neighbours as well as his master,
Averted a probably fatal disaster.

Though the dog is secure of his glory,
It rouses my critical ire
To read in the newspaper story
Of his "*sensing* the danger of fire";
For I'm certain that horrible word is not found
In the language of any intelligent hound.

C. L. G.

Wonders of Criminology.

"Harding managed to get clear. . . He was wearing the grey prison uniform and cap, and it is thought that he will change this garb for less conspicuous clothing at the first opportunity."—*Daily Paper.*

After a Concert by the New B.B.C. Orchestra.

From his disciplined ranks
He such harmonies drew;
Take, ether, my thanks
For this BOULT from your blue.

THE STRATEGIST.

TIME was, not so long since, when I used voluntarily to seek the society of Stanley Smith's smile on the 8.40 to Town. As one caught sight of it, brightening everything it touched, including even the paintwork of the station bookstall, one felt lifted above the sordid anxieties of everyday existence. The gas account, Lord ROTHERMERE, DON BRADMAN—these and other domestic and national embarrassments melted away like mists before the morning sun.

"Hullo, Stanley!" I would hail him.

"Hullo, boy!" he would answer. "A topping day—what?" And as we travelled together to the City it *was* a topping day. And at the terminus, after a brisk "Cheerio, Stanley!" and an equally hearty "Bye-bye, lad!" in return, I used to depart to the office thoroughly braced for the morning. But now, though Stanley's smile still makes its daily journey to Town, it has lost its glamour and become just a hollow glitter—nothing more. I have no further use for it.

As I entered the train a fortnight ago last Monday I found in the carriage a stranger whom Stanley introduced as his cousin, a young doctor starting practice in our neighbourhood. He seemed a pleasant fellow with quite a taking railway manner. Conversation proceeded on normal early-morning lines till we were near Victoria, when Stanley suddenly pointed to my umbrella.

"What on earth have you been doing to your gamp?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I'm not much of a hand at rolling them," I answered apologetically.

He reached for it. "Let me have a try."

A minute later he restored to me the most beautifully-rolled umbrella I had ever seen. For some weeks past I had been thinking that my old friend was getting a trifle *passé*, yet here it was absolutely rejuvenated. I laughed joyously.

"By Jove, Stanley, you've taken years off its life!"

"Oh, it's just a knack," said Stanley modestly.

A thickish drizzle was falling in Town, and, with a commission to execute for my wife, I had to walk some little distance before getting underground. My first impulse was to put up my umbrella, but I could not bring myself to do it, since I knew I could never hope to re-roll it to its present perfection. Accordingly I tucked it under my arm and arrived eventually at the office a little damp. But after all, I reflected, what did a slight wetting matter? We British are a hardy race. I thought of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, who had completed his voyage of circumnavigation, presumably in all sorts of weather, before umbrellas, so far as I was aware, had been invented.

By evening the drizzle had hardened into a steady downpour, but as I trudged home from the station with my umbrella still tightly furled I comforted myself with the prospect of a speedy change into dry clothes, and my thoughts ran on Miss GLEITZE, a lady who has been swimming about the world for years without the shelter of even a parasol, her vitality unimpaired by numberless hours of practically total immersion. And she was (if one may say so) a woman, a mere woman, and I a man. I threw out my chest and drank more deeply of the evening air and raindrops. Next day I was in bed with a bad chill.

When I had sufficiently recovered to totter again to the station I was distinctly shocked by the appearance of many of the 8.40 crowd assembled on the platform. Most of them bore umbrellas which in the symmetrical elegance of their rolling reminded me of my own; several, like myself, in addition to wearing overcoats were carrying mackintoshes over their arms; not a few had the air of men newly risen from a bed of sickness. And some familiar faces were missing.

At the last moment we were joined by Stanley Smith, his smile brighter than ever. "'Morning, lads!" he said genially; but for once his cheery greeting met with but a half-hearted response, and no one got in with him.

My neighbour Thompson and I had a compartment to ourselves. After a few minutes he put down his paper and looked across at me.

"Did you have to have a doctor?" he asked.

"Yes," I admitted.

"Stanley Smith's cousin?"

"Well," I said, "you see, our man is away on holiday, and as it happened his *locum* was laid up."

"That," said Thompson bitterly, "was Stanley's master-stroke, getting hold of the *locum's* umbrella."

We sat without speaking for some seconds. Then: "Aren't you going to unroll yours?" he demanded.

"Er—yes, I suppose so, but——" I hesitated.

Thompson laughed harshly. "I know. Same here." Suddenly he leant forward, grabbed my umbrella and thrust his own into my hands. "Now!" he said.

Swiftly, silently, savagely each of us tore open the other's umbrella.



The Brass Instrumentalist. "I RECKON SHE'LL GO BETTER TO-NIGHT, TOM. I FOUND A MOUSE'S NEST IN 'ER WHEN I GOT 'OME LAST NIGHT."

A Pardonable Error.

"Through a mistake on the part of the Chatham operator the telegram had gone to Boston instead of to Providence."
American Paper.

But, if we know our Boston, that city is perfectly competent at any time to understudy Providence.

THE FAIRY-TALE (NEW STYLE);
OR, WHY DON'T WE ALL?

I KNOW no better recreation than to study those vivid stories of real life which depict the dramatic rise to power and riches of some complete nonentity like myself, due entirely to his resolve to cut out the attached coupon and to mail to-day. Owing to the comparative deficiency of the English business man's vocabulary in terms of abuse and contempt applicable to the hero "before taking," they are found at their best in American magazines, of which in fact they form the largest and often the most attractive portion. For the American people at least, if not for the whole of the modern world, they have replaced the fairy-tale of a simpler age, in which the youngest son, the dud of the family, gets away with the Princess and half her father's kingdom—represented by the boss's daughter and a half-share in the business.

The plot, as in all the best fairy-stories, follows familiar lines. The hero chances to overhear two of his superiors discussing with supreme contempt the invertebrate nature of some "weak sister" or "no-account Jane," and idly wonders whom—or, as he puts it, "who"—they are referring to. He is soon rudely enlightened by a peremptory order to remove his desk into the coal-hole or to deputise for the charlady or perform some equally humiliating task. Stung to the quick, he at once signs on the dotted line and embarks on a correspondence course—exact subject seldom specified. He has a choice that ranges over every department of human activity, from accountancy to zither-playing.

After a few weeks of pleasant study at odd moments, he is enabled to weigh in with a suggestion for reorganising the work of his whole department and getting rid of several spineless Samuels such as he once was himself. We leave him established at a sumptuously upholstered managerial desk, telephoning with one hand and counting his salary with the other. We are further given to understand that in his spare time he is engaged upon a course in psychometry which will fit him to reorganise the entire firm and lead to still further promotion.

It may be due to my British denseness, but somehow I fail to visualise what would happen if all the countless host of weak-kneed Willies and pepless Percies shook off their besetting lethargy and enrolled to-day. Unversed as I am in commercial matters, I cannot help feeling that no business could stand the strain of constant reorganisation from floor to ceiling, while the livelihood to be gained by people who take in one another's washing would appear to be affluence itself compared with that accruing from giving one another the sack. Moreover the supply both of bosses' daughters—which doesn't matter—and of half-kingdoms—which does—is strictly limited.

The same corrosive doubts attack me when I dutifully peruse the recipes for success in various pastimes so lavishly and altruistically contributed by experts to the daily Press. These consist largely of tips for circumventing and defeating a shadowy entity described as "your opponent." No doubt diligently studied and conscientiously carried out they would enable us all to win at Wimbledon, or to get our bridge "Internationals" at Almack's—*unless our opponents had read them too.* If they had, I can see nothing for it but an eternally inconclusive struggle between invincible forces.

And, since the imagination contemplates with horror the vision of a world in which, after the daily reorganisation of the office, we recruit our flagging energies for the further study of correspondence courses by games of lawn-tennis where the rallies are ended only when exhaustion supervenes (DO YOU TIRE EASILY? Mail the attached coupon to the Hercules School of Physical Culture *to-day!*), it is perhaps just as well that the majority of us are, and have every intention of remaining, "pretty weak sisters."



Aunt (at Christmas dinner). "LOOK, ERIC, THE PUDDING'S ALIGHT. ISN'T IT LOVELY?"

Modern Boy. "'M—YES—BUT I DOUBT WHETHER ALL THAT BLAZE IS DOING THE VITAMINS ANY GOOD."



THE NEW IDOLATRY.
ANYTHING VICTORIAN.

SALUTATION TO SLEUTHS!

(A fireside greeting on Christmas Eve from a doting admirer of detective yarns.)

Now is there mirth
In heaven and earth,
  So fetch me books to read,
Where, found at dawn,
On frost-white lawn,
  Mysterious brokers bleed!

Now is the time
When church bells chime
  And merrily sings the choir;
So bate my breath
With tales of death
  And boots stamped deep in mire.

Who put those bits
Of Mrs. Fitz
  Into a cask like that?
Remains no clue
Save one old shoe
  And a bashed-in top-hat.

From chandeliers
White-whiskered peers
  Hang downwards circling slow;
Was it the heir
That shoved them there,
  Festooned with mistletoe?

What child of sin
Did uncle in
  Whilst listening to the waits?
Inspector Cobb
Is on the job,
  Nosing the churchyard gates.

Sir Ralph gone west!
I might have guessed;
  Stained is the wintry loam!
The dear old trout
Had just gone out
  To drag the Yule-log home.

Sit down and dream
What time the scream
  Was heard by Joyce, and who
Had most the chance
To leave the dance
  And chop poor Charles in two.

Sit down and think
What subtle link
  Of reasoning yet is loose
In the strong chain
Connecting Jane
  With arsenic in the goose.

With gyves in hand,
A god-like band,
  The gay detectives come;
With laugh and song
They join the throng
  With wassail-bowls of rum.

They share the feast,
They view deceased,
  Immaculate, well-bred
They question all,
They leave The Hall
  With fragments of the dead.

So give me books
On murderous crooks
  For right good Christmas cheer!
With guns and dope,
With hempen rope
  Swing in the glad New Year!

EVOE.

"Miss Joan ——, who celebrated her 21st birthday yesterday by stroking the Cambridge crew. . . ."—*Sunday Paper.*

It takes more than that to make a Rowing Blue purr.

"In the Empire tournament game with Lindrum at Leicester, Lindrum made his twenty-fourth thousand of the season, 1,129 (full)."—*Daily Paper.*

It is clear that LINDRUM will have to excel himself if he wants to win.



THE WISE CHILD OF THE PARTY.

UNCLE DAVID. "THIS OUGHT TO TICKLE 'EM!"
MASTER JOHN SIMON. "I CAN'T SAY I'M TERRIBLY AMUSED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Friday, December 12th.—When this country, following the high-minded example of the United States, decided to apply the surplus of the Boxer indemnity to the promotion of Chinese welfare it apparently overlooked the possibility that there might be other China breakages resulting in other things being destroyed besides the crockery. Anyway, Mr. DALTON found himself introducing a Bill to-day "to make further provision with respect to the application of monies paid on account of the China indemnity," which apparently does not make any provision for exacting reparations for the murder of missionaries and other innocent persons by Chinese Communists, Celestial bandits and other bloodthirsty criminals.

The proper business of the promoters of a Slaughter of Animals Bill, like that of the Aristotelian tragedian, is to excite pity and terror. It cannot be said that either Lieut.-Colonel MOORE, or his seconder, Lt.-Commander KENWORTHY, performed this function to excess, which is perhaps why their Bill, requiring that humane-killers shall be used by all but Jews and Mohammedans and that slaughterers shall receive a licence of competency, found opponents as well as supporters on all sides of the House.

Lieut.-Colonel MOORE, to be sure, did his best to excite terror by producing a humane-killer, which looks like a peculiarly deadly sort of firearm, and pointing it at various hon. Members, and to inspire pity by describing with some revolting minuteness of detail the methods used in the slaughter of pigs—not to be confused with road-hogs, which, it is hoped, have been successfully disposed of by Mr. MORRISON'S humane Highway Code.

Opponents of the measure claimed that in the case of sheep and pigs the man-handling of the animals which the humane-killer made necessary would really hurt the victims' feelings more than the blow of knife or pole-axe; while others claimed on behalf of the bacon-curers that the meat of pigs killed by humane-killers had definite defects as compared with those dispatched by the older methods. Mr. WOMERSLEY even produced a glass-case of unappetising specimens to fortify his argument.

Mr. GREENWOOD pointed out that the voluntary use of humane-killers was spreading fast, but intimated to the promoters of the Bill that they would only be at the beginning of their troubles if they got their Second Reading unless some sort of agreed measure could be evolved. Thereupon Mr. LANG withdrew his Amendment, being generously willing that the Bill should become an agreed measure if anybody could be persuaded to agree about it.

Curiously enough, seeing how representative the House is of all shades of opinion, nobody moved an Amendment to the effect that, as the human race would be notoriously better and brighter if it lived on nuts, it should be unlawful to keep pigs except as pets.

At this point many Members adjourned to lunch, thankful that it was Friday and that there are no enthusiasts for the humane slaughter of fish. Mr. WARDLAW-MILNE, however, detained enough Members in the Chamber to talk out his Seditious and Blasphemous Teaching of Children Bill—another of those measures that come habitually to grief, not because its intentions are not excellent, but because even Members of Parliament are often convinced that the citizen should be left with a few responsibilities besides paying his taxes and putting himself to bed.

Monday, December 15th.—It required no lengthy argument on Lord HAILSHAM'S part to persuade his noble Conservative friends to restore the Dyestuffs Act to the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, from which Mr. SNOWDEN'S hard-shell Cobdenism had ruthlessly torn it. Nor does it seem likely that the Government will be at great pains to put it back again. In the first place the Socialist Back-Benchers are much too keen to get home for Christmas, and in the second place they themselves handed in an Amendment to keep the Dyestuffs Act in operation for another twelve months. It may be very galling to have a Chamber of belted aristocrats stemming the rich and impetuous tide of democratic legislation, but it is hard to express resentment when they are merely trying to see eye to eye with the Left Wing of the Socialist Party.



GRAND TRANSFORMATION;
OR, THE DISAPPEARING ROAD-HOG.

Harlequin . . . . . MR. MORRISON.
Policeman . . . . . MR. CLYNES.

The Commons gleaned two interesting pieces of information in the course of the day's private business. They learned that plans for a regrouping of the principal units of the iron and steel industries are under consideration by the Government, but that it was premature to ask for details. An earlier question by Lt.-Colonel MOORE as to the number of Scottish shipyards rationalised out of existence, and what would become of the workers thus deprived of employment, was also, it appeared, somewhat premature.

The House further heard from the POSTMASTER-GENERAL that, whatever course the British League of Opera may take in the negotiations, the arrangement between the B.B.C. and the Covent Garden Syndicate was to be proceeded with. Restive Members with visions of the Covent Garden Syndicate's bloated Directors voting themselves handsome honoraria were calmed by the P.M.G.'s assurance that, as the B.B.C. would appoint the majority of the Directors, no such allotment of the extremely hypothetical profits would be possible.

What he deemed to be an unsatisfactory answer about the conveyance of handcuffed prisoners on trains in the Durham and other areas impelled Mr. SHEPHERD to ask the HOME SECRETARY why he gave him the same answer that he had given twelve months ago. "Because it's the same old Government," came the answer—not from the HOME SECRETARY.

The House in Committee disposed of the Education Bill.



New-Rich Tenant of Ancient Mansion. "L-LOOK! D-D'YER SEE THAT?"
Guest. "YES. IT SEEMED TO ME THAT HE DELIBERATELY CUT YOU."

BILL AND THE DINOSAUR.

No, of course, I won't tell you a story about a Dragon. There never were such things. It's just idle superstition. It's taken scientists hundreds of years to prove that men only thought that they were being eaten alive by Dragons. What's that? Call it a Dinosaur? Oh, that's very different. Dinosaurs are an established scientific fact. Turn off the wireless and I'll tell you a story about a Dinosaur.

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago either, there was a Dinosaur egg in a large glass-case in the British Museum (Natural History Section), South Kensington, in charge of Mr. William Gates. Bill (as he was known to his colleagues) was one of the Museum's most trusted servants, and through sheer hard work had risen from the Overflow Cloak-Room to the Fossil Reptiles Gallery. He was specially proud of the Dinosaur egg, and even brought his wife to see it on her birthday.

But the Curator, for his part, had been shockingly careless, and had placed the egg too near a radiator. And one day as Bill was dusting the Diplodocus (which was part of his official duties) he heard a sharp snapping sound and saw to his horror that the Dinosaur egg had a crack right across it. At first he blamed the traffic (as he always did when he smashed anything in dusting), but he soon saw that there was more to it than that, and in his excitement he left about six feet of the Diplodocus's neck undusted. Then, at 4.35 sharp, just after he'd told an old lady for the third time that afternoon where the Lost Property Office was, and stopped some small boys making faces at the Basking Shark, the awful thing happened. The egg split in half and a young Dinosaur stepped out.



"IT PLAYED WITH HIS BOOTLACE LIKE A KITTEN."

As soon as Bill saw it he put up a notice, "Gallery Closed by Order," and went off to have a drink of water and bathe his forehead. When he came back there it was sure enough. . . . What was it like? you say. Well, it was exactly like a small Dragon, with a long tail and an ugly head and scales all over it. It kept on thrusting out its forked tongue and Bill thought it looked hungry. So he went along to the Refreshment-Room and bought it a ham sandwich, and had to go right back again because he'd forgotten the mustard.

When closing-time came he borrowed the master-key and unlocked the case. The Dinosaur moved towards him, sniffing, and bolted the sandwich at one gulp. Bill, who was passionately devoted to animals and had a white

rat and six white mice and fourteen white rabbits and thirty-six guinea-pigs (various) at home, picked the beast up, thrust it quickly inside his overcoat and went guiltily towards the door.

The Dinosaur was cold and prickly and gave off a strong smell of musk. But Bill was so excited that he didn't mind. On the bus he noticed how people kept staring at him and sniffing and changing places; and he even came over faint once or twice himself. But the Dinosaur seemed quite happy and contented and went to sleep with its head on his lap.

When his wife saw it she screamed out, "Take that scent-box away from me! What in the name of mercy is it?"

And Bill said, "Sshh!" (because it was asleep at the time). "It's a Dinosaur."

Then Bill's wife (who was really very common) said, "Well, it gives me the fair 'orrors. William Gates, listen to me, you've got to choose between your lawful wife and that object," and went upstairs to put on her bonnet and go round to her mother's.

So Bill, very sadly because this was exactly what had happened when he had first brought his other little pets home, took the Dinosaur out to the shed in the garden and locked it up there. Then he persuaded his wife to take off her bonnet and give him some bran-mash, with vitamin extract sprinkled over it, for the Dinosaur's supper.

When he got to the shed he could hear a sort of growling noise coming from inside, and he felt rather nervous about opening the door. There sure enough was the Dinosaur, distinctly larger and fiercer-looking. But it wouldn't touch the bran-mash with the vitamin extract sprinkled over it. And Bill saw why. Within five minutes it had eaten the white rat and the six white mice and the fourteen white rabbits and the thirty-six guinea-pigs (various) and was licking its lips for more. It seemed quite friendly towards Bill however, and played with his bootlaces, like a kitten.

Bill went indoors at once and between his sobs told his wife what had happened. And all she said was, "Serves 'em right, the horrid smelly creatures!" and said it wasn't a bad sort of Dinosaur after all and could have the scraps from their supper if it was still hungry.

Next morning, when Bill went down to take the Dinosaur out for a run before too many people were about, he had the shock of his life. It was about twice the size and as fierce as anything. So he just went quietly back upstairs and tried to think what to do. And the next thing he knew was that his wife had looked in through the window of the shed and was already half-way round to her mother's, without her bonnet this time.

So Bill went out to the shed and brought the Dinosaur indoors for fear that some of the neighbours might notice it. It was about six feet long by now and growing visibly. Three long horns were sprouting from its head, and it kept coming over to have the sore place rubbed. It seemed to like being indoors, moreover, and it promptly ate the remains of the breakfast-sausage and half a loaf and two bright orange cushions that Bill's wife had just finished making. And they never found the cat afterwards.



"CYCLING BACK FROM A CHURCH BAZAAR."

Bill was naturally very worried. The Dinosaur settled down at last and just sat in a corner most of the day, growing and growing. Finally Bill managed to get it off to sleep by singing to it, and popped round the corner to the "Duke of Marlborough" for a bottle of gin to see if that would stop it growing. When he got back the Dinosaur was awake and had eaten a complete set of *Heroes of History* in thirty-six fortnightly parts without being satisfied. At the sight of the gin it brightened up a bit and swallowed a pretty stiff dose. Then it began jumping up for more. And as it was about nine feet by now, Bill didn't care to refuse it anything that it asked for.

Within half-an-hour it had finished the bottle and was getting very lively. It swung round with its long scaly tail and smashed a tall yellow vase with a design of fruit and flowers on it that Bill's wife had been given for a wedding-present and was very proud of. It seemed to realise that it had done something serious, because it cowered in a corner for a moment and then made a dash for the door. Bill tried to stop it, but he couldn't. And the next moment the Dinosaur, smelling strongly of gin, was going down the street, swerving from side to side, with Bill after it.

It was nearly midnight by now and very few people were about. Two men who saw it didn't mention it, and a policeman on his beat turned quickly round and walked in the other direction. Bill lost it after that and returned home by another route with his coat-collar turned up.

It was nearly a week before anything definite was heard of the Dinosaur. Travelling all night, it had reached rural Sussex, and two perfectly harmless old ladies in the East Grinstead district were certified and confined for describing what they had seen. Then a clergyman at Haywards Heath resigned his living quite suddenly after cycling back across country from a church bazaar, and none of his parishioners knew why.

The Dinosaur itself was living very quietly. It contented itself with a few sheep at first, and then it ate a postman. The postman was often a bit late and nobody missed him at first. Then the Dinosaur got ambitious and ate the landlord of the "George and Dragon"; and of course he was missed immediately. There was a tremendous outcry at once, and Scotland Yard sent down two plain-clothes men in bowler-hats and enormous boots, and they disappeared, boots and all. And Bill's wife sent a postcard with "What did I tell you?" written on it, and no address at the top.

That night Bill, who still felt a sort of responsibility for the Dinosaur and couldn't bear to think of people shooting at it or anything like that, took a



Lady (fearful of being suspected of gate-crashing). "WILL YOU FIND OUT IF WE REFUSED OR ACCEPTED THE INVITATION FOR TO-NIGHT'S FANCY-DRESS DANCE?"

ticket (single, in case anything happened) to Horsham, where the Dinosaur was practising at the moment. The town was full of photographers and reporters and Life Insurance agents and refugees from the neighbouring villages all waiting for someone else to make the first move. Then a party of Boy Scouts made it. First the Scouts went out in charge of a Patrol Leader and couldn't find the Dinosaur. Then the Scout-master, with his knapsack all covered with little saucepans and things, went out alone, and they couldn't find the Scout-master.

When Bill heard that, he took his *Guide to Fossil Reptiles* and set out to find the Dinosaur. He had not been gone more than about half-an-hour when he smelt an overpowering odour of musk. And in front of him he saw the Dinosaur with the Scout-master's knapsack, all covered with little saucepans and things, still hanging out of its mouth. The Dinosaur had grown enormously, and now had two great horns about six feet long and a smaller one in front. And when it saw Bill it rushed at him.

But Bill stood his ground and said, "Diddums be a Dinosaur, den," just as he did when it was little.

And the Dinosaur stopped dead.

"And who broke that vase?" said Bill a little louder. "You know the one I mean, with the fruit and flowers on it."

Then the Dinosaur looked very unhappy and frightened (because it had been drunk at the time and wasn't at all clear about what had really happened). And it came over to Bill very sorrowfully, and two big tears ran down its cheeks when Bill began to rub its horns for it again.

So Bill led it back to Horsham. When the people saw Bill returning victorious, they all cheered. And the little Scouts, who were lined up, cried out, "Where's our Scout-master?" And the Dinosaur hung its head for shame.

What's that you say? How was it killed? It wasn't killed. I've told your mother before how I disapprove of the unnecessary brutality of nursery tales. Then how did it die? Well, if you must know, Bill got a permit (after he had tamed it) to take it round to play the part of the Dragon in pageants, and after an especially dull one it just expired from sheer boredom.

You like stories best in which the Dragon is really killed? Well, I can't alter the facts just because you're spiteful. And anyhow I told you before that there never were any Dragons. What? You say that someone on the wireless said that horned Dinosaurs were herbivorous and so this one couldn't have eaten postmen and scout-masters. Why must you wretched modern children always pull everything to pieces?

The Débâcle That Might Have Been.

"Although lacking the services of ——, their left-back, Hooe St. John's were soundly beaten."—*Plymouth Paper.*

Our Candid Confectioners.

"Our cakes have been to Australia, America, France, Belgium, etc."

Notice in a Pastrycook's Window.

Yes, but when did they get back?

AT THE PLAY.

"TO SEE OURSELVES" (AMBASSADORS).

MISS E. M. DELAFIELD'S lightly-handled feminist tract for the times should delight the members of her own sex; and there is no reason why mine should not be diverted by the scarifying criticism which she aims at our heads and hearts. It is true, if she will permit me to make a point with due courtesy, that she assumes the privilege of her sex (as we see it) of eating her cake and trying to have it too—a feat which indeed we all of us attempt but which the wisdom of the ages declares to be impossible. However, I must in candour say that women, being quicker-witted, get nearer to attaining that desirable end than we do. I hope Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, as head of the Masculinists, will emit a counterblast against this subversive feminist manifesto.

Our author presents us with four characters—*Freddie Allerton* (Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN), an abysmally imperceptive paper-manufacturer who has settled down in the English manner, buries himself in newspapers, hears about half of his wife's questions and answers a quarter of them, doesn't notice what she wears or when she changes the fashion of her coiffure, never gives her flowers, never tells her that he loves her, and has entirely sufficient British reasons for all these and many other lapses from the standards imposed by all women, even the most intelligent. Good form is his god; British working-men should in general be shot, and woman's highest function is to be wife and mother and housekeeper.

The wife, *Caroline* (Miss MARDA VANNE), is a plainish woman but pretty on her day—and whenever anyone takes the trouble to make her so. She is caught in the old trap, sees no one in this benighted countryside and, with her boys at school and her husband at the works, must fill in a good part of her day lamenting her fate. Well, such things have been known to happen.

Her sister, *Jill* (Miss HELEN SPENCER), younger by ten years, has come down for a visit with an attractive young Welsh squire, *Owen Llewellyn* (Mr. MAURICE EVANS). *Jill* is debating whether her answer is to be Yes or No to an age-old question. Obviously *Llewellyn* is a devoted and appreciative lover and her heart says Yes. Her head, however—especially with this example before her of the perhaps inevitable issue of the thing called marriage—perceives an *Owen* behind the times, maids constantly leaving, the fishmonger at the door offering a choice of turbot or soles. No, she'll be hanged if she'll risk it. She has her job: she is a journalist (is that career, my dear *Jill*, entirely without its disadvantages?); and she turns a distant shoulder towards her young man.

Owen thus checked sulks a little. And, not by way of reprisal, but out of a real perception of the crisis in *Caroline's* life—the two evidently like each other very much—offers his ready sympathy; and, as may happen when any two human beings of opposite sexes enter that path, something that is less than love but a little more than plain friendship springs up suddenly between them. If I had had a croquet-mallet in my hand I should have beaten on the head certain morons about and behind me who sniggered at a really beautifully-played passage (of but a few delicately-pencilled lines) between *Caroline* and *Owen*.

Of course *Owen* blames himself (quite naturally but needlessly); *Caroline* has a twinge of remorse, but not very serious because she understands and is suffering; and *Jill*, the modern, the young woman about town, the hard-bitten journalist, is jealous. And the jealousy, that futile passion which surprisingly survives all rationalist attacks, brings the two young people together.

Miss DELAFIELD has with delicate skill, without heavy underlining, shown us the real tragedy of a partnership wrecked by male lack of perception. Perhaps that good fellow, *Freddie*, is particularly dense—though "Every Englishman is an average Englishman," according to our lively author. At any rate appreciative chuckles (do women chuckle?) from her fellows showed us that we of the stouter sex were in their opinion getting it good and hard in the neck. Forward, Mr. MAUGHAM! we look to you to soothe our wounded sensibilities. Do we want to see ourselves as Miss DELAFIELD sees us? I doubt it.



AS OTHERS (FORTUNATELY) DON'T SEE US.
Caroline Allerton . . . MISS MARDA VANNE.
Freddie Allerton . . . . MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN.

Miss MARDA VANNE played her admirably-written part with even more than her usual sensitiveness and wit. Thank Heaven she is not a picture-postcard beauty—if she will permit me to pay what I believe to be a true compliment. Miss HELEN SPENCER had an easier part, but didn't "take it easy," and showed in her few moments of surrender that she has tenderness at command as well as intelligence and vivacity. Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN thoroughly enjoyed (and made us enjoy) his portrait of the decent crass *Freddie*, and built it up without caricature and with a hundred ingenious but not over-stressed touches. He has, too, the fine gift of repose. Mr. MAURICE EVANS played with a certainty of touch remarkable in so young an actor (which I by no means intend as patronising or qualified praise). Indeed, here is a well-picked foursome and a very jolly game. T.

"CAVIARE" (LITTLE).

I was very properly excluded from the first half-hour of this little revue, presented by the indefatigable MAURICE BROWNE, LTD., because I unfortunately arrived five minutes late. A healthy precedent this. Other theatres, please copy (but they won't!). Programmes too are presented free, during the run of the piece, a courtesy long overdue from managements to patrons. When, with the other thirty miscreants, I was at last seated, Mr. EDWARD COOPER at the piano, skilful and easy in bearing, offered his adequate impressions of M. MAURICE CHEVALIER'S million-dollar manner and Mr. NOEL COWARD'S softly-murmured nothings, and jazzed and sang a bright little thing of his own.

A little more of the highbrow matter and technique which rumour had promised me crept into a duet (Mr. EDWARD

COOPER and Miss BARBARA WILLIAMS), "My Reason for Living," and much more into a dramatised version of a tale by MAXWELL ARMFIELD, "The Lost Key," with music from HUGO WOLF and DARIUS MILHAUD—the latter, I imagine, being responsible for the "La-la-la-la-la's" which, in the manner of the best class-singing (class-singing for highbrows, *bien entendu*) formed the most of the accompaniment to the miming of Miss SPENCER WATSON and Miss MARY SPENCER WATSON.

These ladies both move gracefully and rhythmically, but even with a synopsis I found the affair most difficult to follow. Effective dramatic interpretation in this *genre* is, I think, not quite so easy as gifted amateurs imagine.

An hysterico-comical Bloomsbury playlet, featuring Miss RAWLINGS as *Araminta* and Mr. JOHN CLEMENTS as her lover, pleased me chiefly in that the girl stabbed her boy to the heart because he wore a bowler-hat, which seems to me an admirable and entirely sufficient reason.

I could make little or nothing of "Caviare," from a well-known pen, that of Miss EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. It had the guileless air of being an impromptu charade on an unintelligible theme. I have no doubt that I did not approach this austere and lengthy trifle with sufficient reverence—or adequate mental equipment. And it distinctly occurred to me that the applause which followed had about it an air of artificiality.

Oddly enough, the more this little revue descended to normal lowbrow standards the more we all seemed to enjoy it. In "Wholly Russia" we were given an impression of Russia as imagined by *The Morning Toast*—an affair of blood, iron, bullets and Anglophobia; as visualised by *The Morning Toiler*—an idyll of good comradeship, dancing, leisure and deep love of England the Friend; and then Russia as it is—"very like Maanchester," as the Hook's Tourist observes when the workers drop their clanging hammers on the very first stroke of the food-bell.

The applause here had a more genuine ring.

Mesdames SATNE and ARMINE MEDURIA, two charming ladies, sang prettily to the accompaniment of their lightly-thrummed guitars some esoteric and sobering folk-music. Miss MARGARET RAWLINGS found her true *métier* as a *diseuse* of personality in "Why Waste Your Tears?" a ragtime with words so much more coherent and less maudlin than is usual that we had a glimpse of the real possibilities of quiet jazz for non-morons—a very pleasant affair.



CAVIARE MAURESQUE.
MESDAMES SATNE AND ARMINE MEDURIA.

Mr. ODLIN'S puppets, *Josephine*, a brown-skinned Hawaiian, *Kinky Kids* (two coon dancers) and a Clown with his dog, scored the real hit of the evening. The dance of the lady coon contained a passage of swift rattling steps which was a considerable technical achievement in puppet-manipulation. Thoroughly good turns, these three.



CLOWN-PUPPET AND PUP-PUPPET.
BY MR. RICHARD ODLIN.

"Why Not?" a dialogue between an absent-minded disdainful professor and a too-hearty Bradford commercial, suffered from an intolerable diffuseness. Those benighted authors, Messrs. COWARD, JEANS and NICHOLS, would have said all this in a fifth of the time, and therefore said it much better.

These bright young people have something to give but much more to learn. They will refuse to believe this, and the refusal will hamper them.

Thus naturally speaks dull, jealous, crabbed age! T.

AT THE PICTURES.

HEARTS OF GOLD.

I DO not know whether more money was made out of the gold-rush to the Klondyke at the time than has been made out of films on the subject since, but there is a sort of pathos in the notion that there may be men now alive who never found a nugget and never dreamed how supremely valuable the living picture of a man not finding a nugget was destined to become.

I should guess that *The Spoilers* (which I saw at the Plaza) was a fairly valuable film. It must certainly have been a very costly one to create. A gold-mining town, with all its huts and booths and shacks and stores and washings and workings, had to be contrived under more temperate skies.

There was not, perhaps, so much difficulty in contriving the less important characters. One seemed to know them from afar, from other films of old. There was a rough hearty miner and a long, loose, rambling, comic miner, and there was a little Jewish store-keeper who sold ancestral eggs. But the hero and heroine of *The Spoilers*, if not the rest of the cast, were good examples of the advance which has been made in film technique since the early days of the gold-rush to Hollywood. GARY COOPER, who took the part of *Roy Glenister*, a man deprived of his claim by pseudo-legal fraud, played, I believe, the Virginian in the film from OWEN WISTER'S book. He is very much the Virginian again in *The Spoilers*, an ideal "Nature's gentleman," tall, handsome, with an athlete's walk, apparently quite untheatrical, so that you cannot say whether any gesture is studied or not. And KAY JOHNSON as *Helen Chester*, who has come out to see the gold-rush because she happens to be a relation of the fraudulent claim-adjudicator, is also very good. She puts a quality of frankness, simplicity and

fun into her affection for the hero which would never have been attempted, still less achieved, by the screen-heroines of some years ago. If there was one part they never played it was that of the nice unaffected American girl.



"LONG SHOTS."

Slapjack Sims . . MR. SLIM SUMMERVILLE.
Roy Glenister . . . MR. GARY COOPER.

She was wrong, though, our heroine, on one point. She should not have plucked her eyebrows nor shaped her lips like a bow. Not only was the fashion unsuitable to her costume, but, alas! it would have jumped any claim she had to be considered a lady in the eyes of a hardy pioneer like *Roy Glenister* during the dear dead Klondyke days.

It is the more improbable, this make-up of hers, because of the rough out-door life which the story of *The Spoilers* compels her to lead. In a very complicated plot she has nearly the most energetic *rôle*. The miners decide to steal back their own gold, which has been confiscated for the time being by the Court of Inquiry. The heroine, of course, happens to come out and see them doing it, but, because the man she loves is one of them, she misdirects their pursuers, sending them up, and not down, the gulch or canyon or whatever the kind of thing is where gold-dust is taken from mud in troughs and carried away on horseback in bags.

And then she learns that the miners are going to shoot up the Court of Inquiry and the new owners who have been put into their claims. So she dashes off and hires a tramp-steamer and makes the captain take her to the nearest town along the coast and summon troops to the assistance of the law. She brings those troops herself, marching at their head—and the weather in Alaska is chilly and the going poor. Then later she finds out that her cousin, the adjudicator of claims, has been on the crook all the while. He was just going to take all that gold-dust, so far as I could make out, and vamoose with it from the bank. And in order that the miners should be put hopelessly in the wrong, he has laid a rather curious plot. This is to blow up all the troops with dynamite, in the full certainty that the blame will fall upon the miners and not upon him.

It struck me as rather a futile dodge. But I suppose that Mr. REX BEACH, who wrote the story, knows more about fraudulent Alaskan judges and their petty little subterfuges than I. In any case the heroine has to make yet a third active intervention in the plot. She runs to the headquarters of the troops and warns them in the middle of the night, just in time to save them from going up *pop*, which is what happens to their hut the moment they have rushed outside.

It is now, and not really before, I think, that in the matter of strenuous exercise the hero comes into his own. He chases the crook judge (Mr. WILLIAM BOYD) and they fight. Oh, my word, they do fight! Knock-out after knock-



RIVAL LOVE-PROSPECTORS.

Helen Chester . . . MISS KAY JOHNSON.
Cherry Malotte . . MISS BETTY COMPSON.

out, tumble after tumble, hold after hold. Two seconds of that fight would have lasted an ordinary English heavy-weight for years. They tear off each other's clothes. Their bodies shine with sweat. Their eyeballs burst from their heads. They roll down a long stairway together and go on fighting still. What is left of the villain is taken away at last by the police, who have been put wise (by the heroine) to the whole affair. GARY COOPER, with one small piece of sticking-plaster on the left cheek, confronts the heroine at the end. And lo and behold! instead of "fading out" on the prehistoric old kiss, they



HELEN SAYS IT WITH TROOPS.

disappear from view with their backs to the audience, laughing awkwardly at each other—so weary of simple sentiment have we now become.

I ought to have mentioned that BETTY COMPSON has the straight part of a jealous but afterwards repentant Alaskan cabaret-girl who had loved the hero before and loves him still. She is very charming too.

Nearly everybody talked clearly and well, and there were several sub-titles, but even so, if there happened to be any non-Alaskan miners in the audience, they must have found it a little hard to get a complete cinch on the plot. EVOE.

Lancashire Leading Again.

"The Wigan-Ashton-in-Makerfield route, a distance of four and a half miles, done in forty minutes by the trams, is now done in ten minutes by the buses."
Provincial Paper.

Though I patronise Peebles for pleasure
And order my hose from Balbriggan,
For its wit and devotion
To swift locomotion
I'm wedded to wonderful Wigan.

Rebellion at the Nineteenth.

" —— Golf Club.

A gruesome competition for a prize offered by the Vice-President will be held on Saturday."—*British Guiana Paper.*

Six hours in the rain and a plated salt-spoon at the end of it.

THE CLASSICAL TOUCH.

[From *Athletics in the Ancient World*, by E. N. GARDINER, we learn how ASTYLUS, of Croton, after gaining prizes at the Olympic Games, allowed himself to be proclaimed a citizen of Syracuse. Whereupon the townsmen of Croton destroyed the statue they had erected in his honour.]

Ginger (as it has been our wont to call you
When for the Vampires we have seen you shine),
Till now we have not doubted you were all you
Were claimed as being in the sporting line;
For you our Saturdays were far from dumb times;
We've lauded lovingly each dazzling run
And cried, "Shoot, Ginger, shoot!" which you have sometimes
Obediently done.

Those days are dead; no longer our affection
By many a brazen lung will be expressed;
You've turned your talents in a new direction
And got a transfer at your own request;
Such conduct could not fail to make us shirty,
And so no more to us who held you dear
Will you be "Ginger"; we shall call out "Dirty!"
As soon as you appear.

Nor is that all; our wrath at your removal
Demands a gesture that will point the fact
That turncoats have our instant disapproval
(Turnshirts, to be sartorially exact),
And so, to mark our sense of your defection,
We'll take your portrait from its niche of fame
Among our fag-cards (Football Hero section)
And cast it to the flame.

SWEEPINGS.

WE were talking about gambling and luck with horses, as all Great Britain and Ireland has been doing since the Dublin Sweepstake, and everyone had an incident to unfold. There were no end to the odd ways in which tips had come to them: in dreams, of course, while looking through dictionaries, from scraps of overheard table-talk, from occurrences, even from actual mishaps, the bearing of which had to be grasped.

One man, for instance, had won a packet over the last Derby merely through slipping on a piece of orange-peel. Orange had suggested Blenheim and the rest was easy.

"Never disregard the counsels of Providence," he warned us gravely. "But note," he added, "how strange are its ways. One person slips on a piece of orange-peel and merely breaks a leg or fractures a hip. Another is reminded of a thoroughbred and is guided to fortune.

"What I mean is," he added, complacently stroking his moustache, "that the lucky instrument must do his part too. All intimations from above need intelligence and a humble spirit to be rightly interpreted; by the obtuse and arrogant they may be misunderstood and thus wasted."

"That's right," said his neighbour. "Providence can truly be our friend if we are nippy. Now, if I hadn't been taken to church by my hostess in the country in the spring of 1925 and heard about the Israelites in the Wilderness, I should never have backed Manna for the Derby that year. Heaven can be very good."

Another man had done well on a wet day at Longchamps because at lunch the waiter had told him that, as the ground was soft, he should choose the horse with the biggest feet. "I wasn't going to back anything," he said; "I don't bet; I think it's a mug's game; but, after being told that, I went into the paddock with eyes like a pedicurist. The silly thing is," he added, "that, although I have never betted since, I always look at horses' feet."

It was, as usual, not until they had all finished that I endeavoured to make myself heard, and for once succeeded.

"I don't suppose," I said, "anyone has had an odder experience than happened to me. Last year, when staying at Hove, I was walking up Second Avenue when in the middle of the pavement I noticed a pink playing-card, face down. I looked at it for a minute or so, wondering which of the pack it could be. The choice was vast: in point of fact fifty-two guesses were open to me. It would be terrific to guess right the first time.

"I thought and thought and then chose the six of diamonds. Imagine my surprise and excitement when I turned it over and the six of diamonds was revealed!"

"Pretty good," said the company.

"Wait," I said. "This is only the beginning."

"You don't mean to say there was a horse running that day called Six of Diamonds?" someone asked.

"I do, indeed," I said. "At Gatwick. I bought a paper and looked for him. Six of Diamonds, by Sextet out of Scintillation—rather more carefully named than most of them are now. He was not specified in the betting forecast at all; he was merely among 'the others' at 100 to 8, and I decided to go the limit. I could just afford to lose twenty-five pounds, so I put fifty on: twenty-five each way. I did so with perfect confidence. It didn't feel like betting at all; it was a gilt-edged investment."

"And he won?" they all cried.

"No," I said, "he came in last." E. V. L.

PARTIES.

PARTY frocks are funny, and I don't know what they do
To make them full of somebody who's never really you;
Party shoes are horrid, and my feet are always slow
When I've been turned from somebody to someone I don't know.
I know Nancy when she wears her cotton frocks,
I know Peter in his muddy shoes and socks,
I know both of them and both of them know me,
But we never seem to know us when we all go out to tea.

Party bread-and-butter isn't stodgy bread-and-scrape,
But no one dares to bite it into any pretty shape;
Party cakes are lovely and they've sugar on the top,
But no one goes on eating till they really want to stop.
I know Nancy when she's butter on her thumbs,
I know Peter when he's making lots of crumbs,
I know both of them and both of them know me,
But we never seem to know us when we all go out to tea.

Party sort of parties shouldn't ever be *begun*,
But to-day I gave a party that was only just for fun,
For Peter, me and Nancy; it was really quite all right—
We didn't change our jerseys and we weren't a bit polite.
I knew Peter when he climbed the garden-wall,
I knew Nancy in her crumpled overall,
I knew both of them and both of them knew me;
We knew each other quickly and as well as well could be.

Where to Achieve Spiritual Warmth Without a Headache.

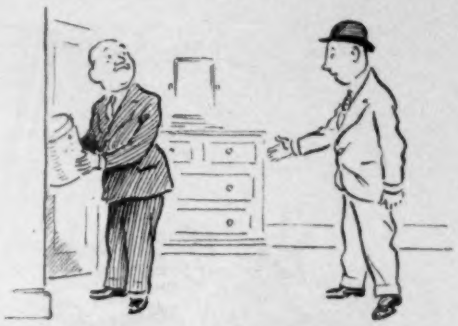
"'SOULS AFLAME.'
Wonderful Heating—Wonderful Ventilation Plant."
Cinema Advt. in Gloucester Paper.

"The loneliest colonist can take his time from Big Ben at the centre of the Empire."—*Christmas Number of Weekly Paper.*

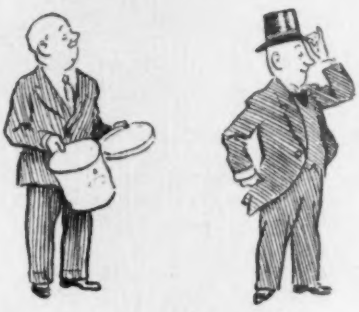
Still, we don't advise him to.



BROWN USED TO SAY, "LEND ME YOUR TOP-HAT, OLD CHAP; I'VE GOT TO GO TO A FUNERAL"—



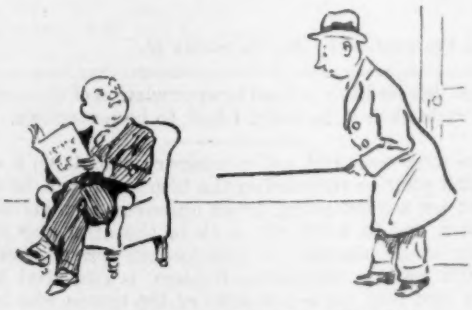
AND "BE A GOOD CHAP AND LEND ME YOUR TOP-HAT; I'M ASKED TO A WEDDING."



AND THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON—



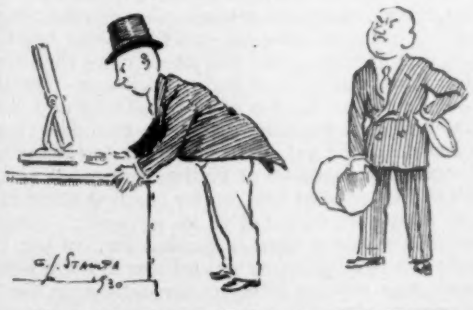
FOR YEARS—



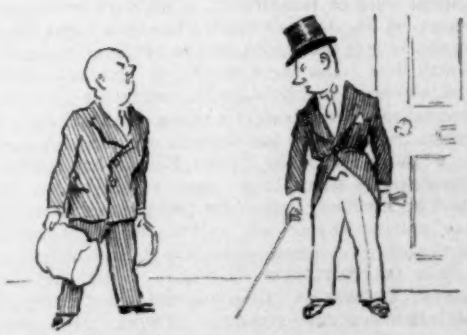
TILL IT GOT TO BE "I'LL BE WANTING *OUR* TOP-HAT TO-DAY."



THEN IT GREW INTO "OUR TOP-HAT'S GETTING A BIT MOULDY."



AND NOW HE SAYS, "IT'S A BIT THICK EXPECTING ME TO WEAR A THING LIKE THIS—



IT'S TIME YOU BOUGHT ANOTHER TOP-HAT."



Customs Officer. "ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"
Deckhand (just arrived from the Continent). "YOU'RE TOO LATE, BOY. WE'VE DRUNK IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE *Letters of Henry Adams*, 1858—1891 (CONSTABLE, 21/-) reveal a character as tenacious in its pettiness as nobler Americans have been in nobler postures. Their writer, already known for an intellectual biography of singular detachment, started life as a lawyer, but became absorbed in politics, which, with family pride (he says), was ever the distinctive badge of his tribe. The letters printed here cover half a lifetime, and convey their writer from a youth of miscellaneous studies in Berlin and Dresden to political work in Washington, a Harvard professorship, diplomacy at St. James's (where his father was Minister during the War of Secession), and so to travel in Japan and the South Seas. Despite a wealth of American domestic allusion, the book is politically interesting for the forecasts of a second-rate actor who is occasionally a first-rate commentator. America, he maintained, was the only country worth working for; since "until Europe has settled her various disputes there is no sense of getting on in it." England he disliked, though he was personally drawn to several "cultivated Radicals." Of his travel pictures I dare wager the only immortal pages are those which describe two visits to STEVENSON in Samoa, when the horrible squalor of "TUSITALA'S" tin shack and odd stockings stung ADAMS into exceptional vivacity. Of STEVENSON'S attitude to his guest there is a most vivid illustration in ADAMS'S candid admission that "my Bostonianism and finikin clinging to what I think best must rub him raw all over." Indeed this verdict, modified by appreciation of the sincerity that could utter it, is likely, I feel, to be posterity's.

The most sustained and sanguinary assault on a single fortified position recorded in the history of war, in which defeat for the defending forces appeared to involve final disaster, and in which the path of the attacking armies during many months of inch-by-inch progression was literally covered with fallen fighters, is described by no less a hero than the commander of the troops who barred the road, in language which might be considered adequate for a weekly football column. In *Verdun* (ELKIN MATHEWS AND MARROT, 12/6), Marshal PÉTAIN, when glorifying the valour of those troops to whom his mere name was an inspiration, never rises beyond commonplace generalities, and in indicating the methods he adopted to put new heart into his dazed and flagging *poilus* can do no more than repeat a few occasional sentences of florid peroration. The story of his own incredible burden of responsibility and care is left almost without mention. His only technical chapter is an estimate of the value of permanent fortifications in modern war—the resistance of Verdun contrasted with the easy fall of Namur—but this, by far the best thing in the book, is perversely relegated to an appendix. One has always had a suspicion that in Marshal PÉTAIN our allies had perhaps a fighting leader not inferior to FOCH himself. This book does nothing either to strengthen or diminish that suspicion, simply because it contains no evidence bearing on the question. His place in history does not depend on his own telling of this story.

The Eighteen Eighties! Essays writ
By Fellows of the Roy. Soc. Lit.,
And mostly read, it seems, aloud
To that urbane and reverend crowd.
Taking each decade in rotation
They mete out praise or condemnation
To those poor predecessors who
Traversed the path they now pursue,
And then collect the savoury mess
And pass it to the C. U. Press.
Here's OWEN MEREDITH, by his son,
With T. E. BROWN, most ably done;
NEWMAN and MANNING, WALTER PATER
(GILBERT and SULLIVAN come later—
CHESTERTON deals with that famed
pair);
Then LEWIS CARROLL (DE LA MARE),
And, by the way, if you don't know,
WALTER's the man who runs this show;
Then HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER
writes
On IBSEN and the Ibsenites,
While, as a cocktail before supper,
There's DRINKWATER on MARTIN
TUPPER.
For all this feast and more they fix
The modest price of twelve-and-six.

Satire, in the genial and kindly hands of Mr. BELLOC and Mr. CHESTERTON, is by no means the savage and brutal business it usually was in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Mr. BELLOC is no SWIFT any more than Mr. CHESTERTON is a GILLRAY or a ROWLANDSON. Their weapon is the rapier rather than the bludgeon; and even so the combats they engage in are more in the nature of exhibition bouts than duels to the death. Nevertheless their latest work of collaboration, *The Man Who Made Gold* (ARROWSMITH, 7/6), provides them with an opportunity to administer several shrewd thrusts to certain of their particular aversions, as, for instance, high finance, politicians of all parties, men of science, St. Dives's High Church Hostel for the Poor, and the League of Nations, all of which come in for a share of the greatly diluted vitriol with which Mr. BELLOC'S pen—and of course Mr. CHESTERTON'S pencil—are charged. And, quite apart from satire, malicious or otherwise, the story of the unhappy *Professor Lexington* and of the distressing consequences of his acquisition of the modern equivalent of the Philosopher's Stone is as entertaining as it is ingenious, regarded simply and solely in the light of a mere thriller.

Miss MARY BORDEN has chosen an ugly title for her new book, *A Woman With White Eyes* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), and, I fear, one which suits it. Her publishers explain that it refers to the appearance in certain affections of the eyes and typifies the blindness to real values of her heroine, *Caroline Merryweather*, who tells here the histories of herself and her friend *Maggie*. The loyalty of the women to each other and *Caroline's* love for *David*, *Maggie's* little son, are the only attractive things in the whole story, brilliant as Miss BORDEN often is and alive as her characters are, even some to whom she only devotes a few lines. For the rest the book might almost be taken as a cautionary tale exhibiting the miseries of a gay life. *Maggie* and *Caroline* inhabit a world full of intrigues, divorces and darker matters where sex, dress and hunting seem to be the only interests. We watch *Maggie* fighting a succession of aspirants to her husband's favour. We go with *Caroline* through her association with an elderly and married Cabinet Minister, the birth of her child, her subsequent marriage with a horse-coper who ends in jail, and her life afterwards in an unpleasant set in Paris. A mysterious Finnish philosopher named *Tawaska*, whose hands, for some reason only known to Miss BORDEN and *Caroline*, are always referred to as "paws," wanders in and out of *Caroline's* life, apparently representing the appeal of higher things, but not having much effect on her. These excursions into the drains and dustbins of humanity seem to me needlessly protracted and, when I consider what Miss BORDEN has done in the past, I feel positively peevish with her for inviting me here to spend so much time in the atmosphere of a raffish ballroom on the morning of the day after the night before.



Difficult Lady Shopper. "I WANT A PRESENT SUITABLE FOR A CHILD OF THREE-AND-A-HALF YEARS AND ANOTHER FOR ONE OF THREE YEARS AND SEVEN MONTHS."

The publishers of *French Justice* (Messrs. FABER AND FABER, 9/-) take rather a serious responsibility in giving us this all but incredible record of the treatment of the author, Señor MANUEL MENÉNDEZ VALDÉS, in the prisons of La Santé, Fresnes and Thouars, and in the penal settlement of French Guiana. One point that raises a difficulty in the mind is that most of the book is a dated record, from May 3, 1918 to March 26, 1919, of the sufferings day by day of this unfortunate Spanish engineer, arrested as a spy, condemned to death on mere suspicion as he asserts, kept in prison in unbearable suspense for seven months, his sentence finally commuted to transportation and penal servitude for life. It is difficult to understand how such a record could be made, escape the vigilance of his inquisitors, and survive the labours and hazards of his bold escape after three years. Taken at its face value as the authentic account of a terrible miscarriage of justice, with exaggerations inevitable in one suffering such grievous wrong, but true in substance, it is a moving and disquieting book. It is not the miscarriage of justice but the treatment of the prisoner before and after condemnation and the conditions of imprisonment which form the indictment. There is more here than can be explained by the logical theory of our neighbours that it is the business of the officers of justice to make the criminal uncomfortable. The book is prefaced by the appeal of a countryman of the victim, Señor LUIS ARIQUISTAIN, to HENRI BARBUSSE, "in the name of justice . . . . and of France eternal and universal, yours and ours."



Philosopher (at home, Christmas Eve). "LET ME THINK NOW—WHAT DID I COME IN HERE FOR?"

It cannot have been easy to have been born the youngest son in a family of which two elder sons were the IRON DUKE and the MARQUESS WELLESLEY. I was prepared to sympathise with HENRY WELLESLEY until I read *The Diary and Correspondence of Henry Wellesley, First Lord Cowley, 1790-1846* (HUTCHINSON, 21/-), and learnt that, with the unbounded self-confidence that characterised his family, HENRY WELLESLEY did not allow himself to be frightened by the example of successful ambition set him by his brothers. He wisely abandoned the Army and the Indian service, in which he could not hope to outshine their fame, and devoted himself instead to a diplomatic career, in the course of which he rose to be Ambassador at Vienna and Paris. An old saying runs that a diplomat is a man sent to lie abroad for his country, and liars in the sense of gifted *causeurs* are often the best of company, yet, judged from his own writings, HENRY WELLESLEY would have lamentably failed to pass this test. His dispatches are invaluable to the historian and models of what such documents should be—lucid, concise, matter-of-fact. Terribly matter-of-fact! I like to imagine METTERNICH'S eyes gleaming with amusement at the seriousness with which this soldierly, self-conscious and somewhat self-important Englishman looked upon the affairs of Europe. If he had been vouchsafed a glimpse into the diary to which WELLESLEY confided his innermost thoughts, the "Prime Minister of Europe" would have been astonished and unable to suppress a yawn. Discretion can go too far. Did WELLESLEY never hear a good story in Vienna and Paris?

I was glad to discover the time-honoured plea of "request of friends" in the forefront of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S *Essays and Observations* (CASSELL, 12/6). For, though no such excuse is needed for their publication, the classic phrase seems to chime well both with a high and ancient office and with its present holder's private temper. Lord HEWART OF BURY is indeed not only a distinguished lawyer but a devout classicist in the stricter sense, and a presidential address to the Classical Association is given the place of honour at the head of his miscellany, while a paper on "Modern Oratory" is largely devoted to the praise of DEMOSTHENES and CICERO. Whatever his theme, moreover, whether he is gravely discussing some aspect of the law or gaily proposing or responding to a toast at a club luncheon, the classic spirit—in the broader sense—suffuses his every utterance, giving it urbanity and ripeness and a tincture of scholarship displayed in apt quotation or allusion. This quality, seasoned with a humour agreeably redolent of the Circuit Mess, makes Lord HEWART'S occasional pieces, even when the occasion itself has ceased to have much interest, extremely pleasant reading. Except in one or two purely legal discussions and some tributes to men of special worth, great gravity or depth of thought is not to be looked for in them, nor does their humour often kindle to the finer point of wit; but they offer a combination of humanity and humanism, integrity and intelligence which totals up to good companionship.

The English countryside makes some sort of favourable appeal to most people who know it, but it is within the power of only a very few writers to convey much of its charm to those who are unacquainted with it. Miss CLARE CAMERON is entitled to claim a place among this select few, though I am not very sure that she is yet fully qualified. She walks into, and describes charmingly, many out-of-the-way places and some which are fairly familiar; but for all her undoubted enthusiasm she is at times too subjective to create any desire to follow in her tracks—the true test. Perhaps it is that she is rather too reminiscent of things which have recently vanished. Or it may be that she is too candid about the weather, for, though England is not always to be seen in sunshine, one somehow prefers to trust that a walk will not be marred by rain. Whatever the cause, her pictures of *Green Fields of England* (CONSTABLE, 12/6) do not always beckon. Possibly, if they did, strangers to her scenes might suspect that the reality could never be as good as the picture. So it may be just as well that there are a few drab patches.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that Lord BEAVERBROOK's manifesto to farmers may be sung in public without a gun-licence.

***

A young couple at Aurora, Ill., were married in rhyme. For the divorce ceremony, if any, they will no doubt prefer *vers libre*.

***

"I have been called a MUSSOLINI," said Dr. ADDISON, Minister of Agriculture, in a recent interview. Nobody ventures to call the DUCE a Dr. ADDISON.

***

Silent chocolates (that is, without audible wrappings) are now on the market. Another long-felt want is silent soup.

***

A motorist summoned under the Road Traffic Act said he objected very strongly to paying a fine. The explanation is that he was wearing one-way pockets.

***

A new London telephone exchange is to be called "Acorn." We could make a joke about this, but it would be a chestnut.

***

A bridge expert alleges that almost every club has its bully. We feel confident that the Athenæum is an exception.

***

With reference to the statement that the last instalment paid to America on account of the War Debt represented eight shillings a head from every man, woman and child in this country, we can only say that it was a shame to take the children's money.

***

"The men are so kind at winter sports," says a woman-writer; "the more you fall about the better they seem to like you." Still, the practice of falling about with the object of being liked may easily be overdone.

***

The objection to awarding a half-Blue for ski-ing, we are told, is that it would lead to a clamour from other quarters. Ice-croquet would be sure to have its advocates.

***

A published photograph shows that an ordinary telephone-box is too small to accommodate a giant who is appearing in a London circus. Our feeling is that the G.P.O. has been guilty of worse cases of neglect than this.

***

Lord CASTLEROSSE mentions that his office is at the top of the building and that there is no lift. Yet we shall not easily be persuaded to believe in the inaccessibility of gossip-writers.

***

Figures of *Ariel* and *Prospero* are to typify Wireless and the B.B.C. in the sculptures on the new building in Portland Place; but we understand that it is not proposed that the listener-in shall be represented by *Caliban*.

***

It is understood that the Government's New Year resolutions will remain in "dummy" form till Parliament reassembles.

***

The LORD MAYOR as Admiral of the Port of London has given a welcome to the "Butter Fleet"; but we are authorised to contradict the rumour of a civic reception for the "Marge Barges."

***

Astronomers at the Mount Wilson Observatory fix the extreme limits of space at 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 light years. We distrust these round figures.

***

Sir JAMES JEANS asks us to realise that if ADAM had had the use of wireless and had sent out an S.O.S. it would not yet have reached the more distant stars. Another profound thought is that if ADAM had broadcast a talk on gardening there would have been nobody but EVE to listen to him.

***

"U.S. bridegroom for Oxford University" was a recent headline. Oxonians had no idea that their Alma Mater was contemplating matrimony.

Professor HOBDAY, of the Royal Veterinary College, claims to have rejuvenated elderly dogs. We always understood that there was life in the old dog yet.

***

"The best time is that spent in making others happy," says a daily paper. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is said to have read this and smiled sweetly to himself.

***

A famous Belgian water-diviner is now in England. It is said that one night, when he entered a public bar and stood near some whisky-bottles, the hazel-twig broke his wrist.

***

Gramophone records of favourite wireless items are selling well. An appropriate present for an agricultural friend is a record of a week's fat-stock prices set to a syncopated rhythm.

***

It is rumoured that in view of the demand for economy Scotsmen in future won't even give a hoot for anything.

***

"I don't believe any sportsman is degraded by the sport in which he engages," says Lord BAYFORD. Still, anybody who becomes a midget golf rabbit has sunk pretty low.

***

The Bank of England Operatic Society has just performed a revue called *The Old Lady Shows Her Mettle*. Since the disappearance of gold currency it would be too much to expect the Old Lady to show her metal.

***

"The only way to tell the total weight of the stars," says Sir JAMES JEANS, "is to weigh them all together." Anyone who intended weighing them separately should therefore abandon the idea.

***

A journalist writing of bullfights gives the opinion that none but a coward would tease an animal. We do not claim exceptional courage, but we should never dream of teasing a bull.



INSULT TO INJURY.

A Burmese firm advertising gramophone-records refers to:—

"ARGUS CAMPBELL'S FAREWELL TO STERLING."

One can picture that hundred-eyed Scot taking a lot of last looks before the saxpence went bang.

TO-MORROW: A SERMON.

(Permission to broadcast this little article was refused to the author rather rudely by the B.B.C.)

Now that we are on the threshold of a new year, which I have ascertained from the calendar will be 1931, though I shall probably go on calling it 1930 on cheques and letters for a good long while—that is to say, if I send out any cheques and letters in 1931, which at the moment of writing I do not intend to do—now that, as I said, we are at the threshold of this new circuit of the sun round the globe, or the globe round the sun, if it is a globe, which I have always doubted, or a sun, of which there appears to be no sign whatsoever, would it not be well if we began to reconstruct, alter and reform the whole basis of our lives in accordance with modern ideas of sanity, kindness, civic responsibility and hygiene? Would it not? I rather think it would.

I have no use for private resolutions in this great forthcoming year. I want corporate determinations. I want united pledges. I want everyone not to do all the things that we know ought not to be done, all at the same time, and not to do them now.

The things that we know in our own hearts should be utterly destroyed and abolished are (I take it) roughly these:—religion, capital punishment, sex, the State, hunting, shooting, party government, class divisions, motor-horns, capital, coal fires, public-school education, dress, armaments, alcohol, gas, meat, vivisection, golf, prisons, international jealousy, the home-life, liver trouble, port and mince-pies.

We cannot see the new world which we all hope will start in 1931 come into being unless we make some combined effort to get rid of all these obsolete old things.

There are difficulties in the way. Even at this moment a traditional love-urge towards unnecessary affection-objects has devastated England from north to south, with the usual outbreak of present issues and cardophily. The effete and old-fashioned home is full of little boys and girls, whereas it ought to be empty of little girl-boys and boy-girls, so that wherever they were and whatever they looked like they would not be kicking up such a deuce of a din. Nourished in a communal crèche, without any sex and without any clothes on, they would be preparing themselves for the golden dawn of happy neuter-kind. And a jolly good job too!

The State still goes on. How or why it does so I have no idea. Hundreds of heavy thinkers have proved how supererogatory it is.

"The State," says Flubb on p.1075 of his *Weltpolitik and World Thought*, "is more of a washout than ever."

And I think he is right. What do we get out of the State, anyhow, compared with the number of things it is always taking away from us? It has become a by-word and a laughing-stock. It loses its own mail-bags, except at Christmas-time, when nobody wants them. It pays a King's Proctor to interfere with the decent breaking-up of marriages; it refuses to pay us pensions until we are too old to enjoy them, and takes all our money away just when we need the cash. It humiliates persons convicted of so-called crime by keeping them in captivity instead of promoting them to Cabinet rank and crowning their heads with flowers. It makes me pay to drive a motor-car and then pays for a man to motor after me and stop me from driving it. It thwarts my desire for self-realisation by refusing to allow me to play dominoes for money at the Savoy Hotel. In 1931 the State must go.

Along with the State will go party government. The best political thinkers agree with the late Professor Grouch, who laid it down in his *Citizens without Cities* that "the stateless state reduces political rivalry to a minimum. Co-operation between the best minds directed towards the common weal is only possible in a polity where politics have ceased to be political." I remember dining once with the late Professor Grouch and being much struck by his insistence on this truth. During the meal, by an almost imperceptible movement of the right hand and wrist, he bagged my bread. However, that does not alter the main point.

I suppose I need not say anything here about the public schools. We all of us know what they mean. They may have done something to foster the tradition of honesty and fair-play in the past. But the price of boots was lower in those days, and boys did not wear plus-fours. Nor were there any cinemas to drag them from quietly reading a good book by the fireside in the playing-room. As for girls' public schools, can anybody tell me why a well-behaved girl should want to wear a gymnasium-snood? No? I thought as much.

We are moving onward, I hope, to better and broader ideas of our relations with our fellow-creatures, however stupid they may be, and especially is our love of birds and animals taking on a higher and more altruistic tone. Meat-eating must go in 1931. The pheasant must be placed on a par with the nightingale, the domestic sheep with the domestic cat and dog. There is a movement on foot, I am glad to say, to found a home for ageing sheep in Cricklewood and an aviary for retired pheasants on the Sussex weald. And I hope it will become known during 1931 that starlings can be frightened from red-currant-jelly bushes by placing a stuffed cat with electrically-lighted eyes amongst the branches far more easily than by shooting at them with a fowling-piece. The turkey, on the other hand, makes a delightful companion for the young, and in the co-educational kindergarten, where the non-moral neuterkind of the future will be brought up, it should be impossible even to talk of the death of one of these birds without non-inhibiting a tear.

Let us make a clean sweep then of all these things in 1931. Let us make a clean sweep of everything and begin all over again. Of everything, I say. But especially of port and mince-pies.

EVOE.

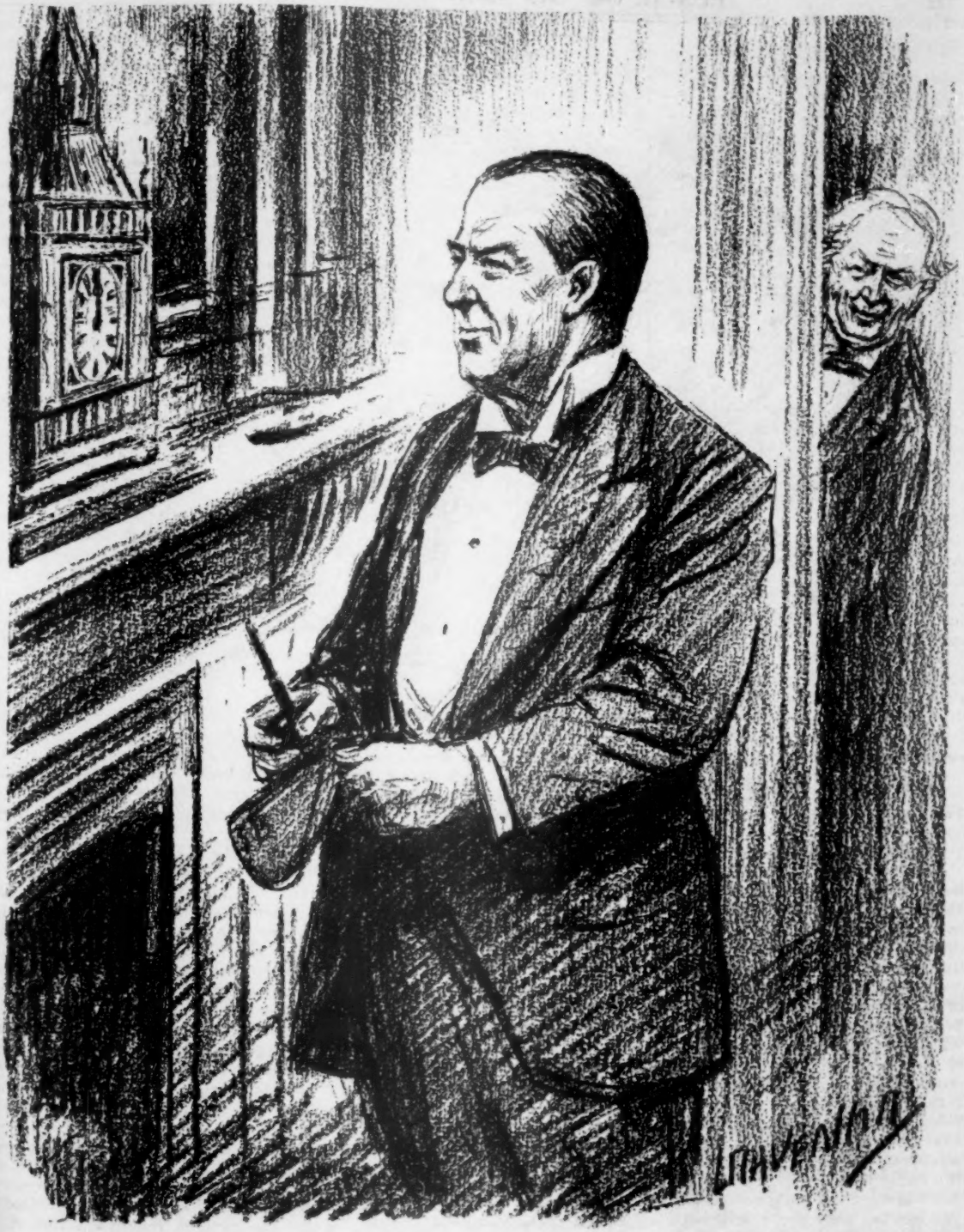
SHAVING UTENSILS.

I BOUGHT a razor of a brand
No hair could possibly withstand;
It smoothed the cheek, although the hand
That wielded it was flustered;
It triumphed though it had to cope
With miserable shaving-soap,
Or even lard, or custard;
Its edge was keen as mustard.
A poster booming it I read,
And that was (roughly) what it said.

Some soap for shaving I was sold;
And, though the water used was cold,
And though the razor was an old
And blunted pencil-mender,
Having adopted late in life
The functions of a pocket-knife,
It made the hairs so tender
That they must all surrender.
Or such (in substance) was the claim
Of those who advertised the same.

My brush would make a whisker itch
To vacuate its natal niche
And undermine the stoutest which
The hairiest human fry don;
So silken were its fibres they'd
Deliver helpless to the blade,
If asked, the hairs descried on
The face of a Poseidon.
Its worth, the makers said, was thus
(Or similarly) marvellous.

And, when for weeks the wizard three
Had daily been employed by me,
I went one day to church to see
A single man made double.
I thought, "If one would make a hit
At wedding ceremonies it
Is wise to take the trouble
To clear one's face of stubble."
And so *en route* my barber gave
My face a badly-needed shave. C. B.



A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

MR. BALDWIN (*as the Old Year passes*). "WELL, PERHAPS THE COMING YEAR WILL BRING ME BETTER LUCK."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "NOT IF I CAN HELP IT."



WARM WINTER SPORTS: A DESERT NURSERY.

EXPERTS TELL US THAT BEGINNERS CAN LEARN TO SKI ON SAND.

IMAGINARY INTERLUDES.

The Castle "Guide" proposes to move out of his cottage and is showing a possible tenant and his wife over it.

Now, ladies 'n gemmen, will you both step this way? Hrrerrcrmmm!... Passing up the garden path we come to the main or front door. This old door, now, you will observe, painted a dull brown, was at one time apple-green, but in de*ferrence* to the wishes of the present tenant, who did not like bright yews, was repainted the colour which you now see. *Passing* through this door mind the step lady we find ourselves in the 'allway. The 'allway is one of the *oldest* parts of the eddifiz being erected by J. Griggs, Builder, in 1843 one eight four three it being subserquently found convenient to build the house round it. . . . The walls as you will see if you tap them—yes, lady, you can tap them too, not there, here—and you Sir if you come up here where I'm standing you'll get a better tap—is not particularly thick thus hobviating raisin' the voice when the late owner wished to converse from parlour to 'all or *viva voce*. . . .

On your right you 'ave the parlour aforesaid *on* your left the party or boundary wall separating the property from that of the neighbouring landowner. . . .

Passing into the parlour, no, lady, this way, please, no *not* down the 'all we shall come to that *all* in good time *if* you will follow me please *passing* into the parlour. We 'ave what was originally the main banqueting 'all now only used on special occasions and kept up principally for the reception of visitors note the chimbley ornaments.

Here also step this way Sir you can't see from there are the principal pictures—the visitors are requested not to touch the furniture lady—of the household. On the right "Monarch of the Glen" by LANDSEER. On the left "Conversion of the Gentiles" by ST. PAUL. *Moving* on we see a fine chromolithograph "'Ighland Cattle" by FARKISSON, popularly believed however to be a copy below it is the well-known "Wedding Group"—photographic but coloured by hand—depicting the nupchals of the present tenant and his first wife. It was specially commissioned by the family and is of high sentimental value in going out note the ceiling which is of plaster follow me please. . . .

Pass round to your right if you please right round. *If* the lady at the back would come a little closer. Hrrrcrmmm. . . . *This* is the kitchen. Here all the meals are cooked for the entire family when in residence. . . . That old flue has been in use ever since the house was built. The tiling in the scullery, on the other hand, which you may see through that doorway the other doorway Sir that's the larder *which* the visit does *not* include was put in by the present tenant on the coming of age of his eldest son *passing* through the main kitchen door we find ourselves again this way Sir. . . . in the hall. Facing us is the central staircase. *On* the right the banisters. This stairway if you permit me I will precede the lady, thus breaking the common rule of politeness in the interests of information, is old but in good repair. The fourth tread was replaced by the present tenant's father now buried in the parish churchyard that was his photo on the left as you came up. . . .

The bedrooms occupy the whole of the first floor and are no fewer than two in number. . . .

The principal or "Big" bedroom so

named by the original builder is in front of you and that other is the small or "Back" bedroom to which wait a moment lady we shall soon come.

The vister is large—no Sir not visitor, *vister*—is large and from this window extends over no fewer than three fields in the distance the "Egg and Gristle" present tenant Stuggs, and lord of the manor Hoppe & Mault Ltd. *This* 'ere's the bed. The rest is known as the Stained Deal Suite and has been in the family for three years. So called from the nature of the wood used in its manufacture and not because it's been used a good *deal*, ha! ha! thank-you lady, ha! ha! . . .

Now if you will go one at a time into the small bedroom, look at it, and come out you will find me waiting for you here. Remember to glance from the window whence you will see a large part of the messuage. . . .

We will now descend the stairs again will the lady kindly go first—politeness this time you see ha! ha!—and now you Sir thank you. . . .

The back premises scullery coal-cellars and yard we are unable to-day to visit owing to the presence of the Family. So we will retrace our steps along the main 'all to the front door . . . Crrrr-hmmm. This is where we —er—part company. Er—*thank* you, Madam. Thank *you*, Sir. . . . A. A.

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I SUPPOSE that I must have fallen asleep. How else could it have happened? Yet my impression was that I was listening to the broadcasting programme in a state of complete wakefulness, and that suddenly the announcer spoke as follows:—

"Now here is the year's news bulletin, copyright reserved.

"The problem of global and categorical tonnage was again discussed by the Round Table Conference at Geneva this morning, when Mr. Scullin declared that whatever happened Australia would meet her obligations. Miss Amy Johnson observed that the thermometer on the roof of the Air Ministry showed a reading of 94 degrees, and it was therefore decided to adjourn the meeting until the arrival of Mr. Gandhi with a fresh consignment of salt.

"After the luncheon interval Bradman soon reached his second hundred, but a change of bowling was deprecated by Mr. Lloyd George, on the ground that there was no advantage in 'swapping footlers.' Mr. Baldwin then impressed upon the meeting the importance of the wheat quota, and Mr. Snowden announced that Covent Garden wheat would in future be subsidised on the distinct understanding that there should be no spread-over of prima-donnas. The arrival of an Afridi jirga rather upset the proceedings, but they were soon quieted by Feng, Chang and Chiang, members of the Palestine delegation to Lord Passfield. A treaty for the limitation of earthquakes was then signed, and M. Chautemps reported that he was unable to form a Government as the National Socialists —the German Fascist party—would not co-operate.

"Two important items of news were announced before the meeting adjourned for the day, so as to enable the delegates to watch Miss Helen Wills and Miss Diana Fishwick rowing from Mortlake to Highbury. The first announcement was that the Nobel Peace Prizes had been awarded to Primo Carnera and Signor Mussolini, an award which, in Mr. Lansbury's view, showed the necessity for Empire Free Trade. The other announcement was that it had been decided to replace Eros on the top of Mount Kanchinjanga, thus registering yet another triumph for the Aga Khan.

"Now that is all the news for 1930, and 1931 will follow almost immediately."



Small Expert (to well-meaning Hostess). "I THINK PERHAPS WE SHOULD DO BETTER IF YOU ALLOWED *me* TO TAKE THE INITIATIVE."

Another Exhumation?

"IS THERE MONEY IN SHAKESPEARE?"
Headline in Daily Paper.

MR. DOUGH'S DIARY.

XV.

Friday.—I cannot pretend that I am much attached to Yuletide, as Mrs. Busy calls it. The weather is always treacherous at this time of the year, and since Christmas Day I have not been feeling at all the thing. I lunched quietly at home by myself. I did not order a turkey this year as the Masters kindly invited me to their Christmas dinner in the evening; and turkey once a day is enough for any man. Mrs. Puke seemed to resent my decision and has been disagreeable ever since, but really I do not see why one should have an expensive turkey for the sole benefit of one's housekeeper.

I had a disappointingly small post-bag, including three or four offensive communications from ratepayers about the park-seats decision and an unsuitable post-card from Haddock, who is staying at Brighton, it appears. Most of my friends seem to have forgotten me, though I daresay there are still some packages delayed in the post. But I was very pleased to receive a letter from Mrs. Cheviot Horse, thanking me for my gift. She seems to have been *delighted* by it. It is true she says that she has never used scent and does not mean to begin at her time of life; but she added, "I am *charmed* by the *thought* behind the gift, and I shall always treasure it, unless perhaps they will allow me to change it for a fancy blotter, which is the only thing I really *want*." I am a little annoyed that I did not think of a fancy blotter; in any case I cannot remember that that particular shop dealt in such things. I have written to Mrs. H. to say that she is at liberty to change my present for any article she prefers; but I also said that I have a foolish hope that she will *keep* the scent, whether she uses it or not. I hope I shall not be suspected of being sentimental.

Her letter was full of abuse; but as usual it was more amusing than annoying. She says, "The nurse you had goes on about you like a Kensington cat. Quite right too, you skinny old tip-hog!" I really do not know what I have done to deserve this; I gave the girl two shillings, which worked out at a shilling a week, and after all she was only doing her duty. However, Mrs. H. went on: "I told her this morning that if she let out a single snarl about you again I'd crack her over the head with a carafe." A loyal soul, evidently. She put a post-script on the *outside* of the envelope: "Go slow on the turkey, you old gor-mandizer—I could *hear* you eating two rooms away." But I had to laugh, though I am afraid that Mrs. Puke must have read the words.

Christmas dinner at the Masters' was rather a boisterous affair, as all their meals appear to be. Masters was in high "spirits" and was wearing a cracker-cap when I arrived. He seems to have no sense of personal dignity and made a great fool of himself under the mistletoe in the hall with one of the Foster girls, who evidently did not much like it. One of his own daughters came up from behind and caught *me*, the artful child! She apologised so prettily that I had to forgive her; in any case a spontaneous tribute of that kind is quite a different thing. I sat between two of them at dinner and thought them sadly empty-headed. I found that neither of them knew what was meant by the Alternative Vote or the Political Levy. Indeed, the young women of to-day seem to be able to talk about *nothing* but something called "whoopy," which I believe is a new kind of game. The turkey was excellent. I could not help thinking of Mrs. Cheviot Horse in her lonely room at the hospital and I saved a motto from a cracker to send to her, which seemed appropriate. Masters teased me because I would not wear a cracker-cap; he grew noisier and noisier, and, if I had not helped him with the Burgundy, would have been even worse for wear than he was, I fear.



Landlady. "A LITTLE TURKEY, MR. SMITHERS?"
Boarder. "YES, IT CERTAINLY IS ON THE SMALL SIDE."

Sunday.—Mrs. Puke gave notice this morning, but I talked her round rather cleverly, I think. I have raised her wages.

Wednesday (*New Year's Eve*).—Well, this is a strange affair. I have not "seen the New Year in" for some years, so I decided to have a small party for the purpose. I invited nine or ten friends, all men (I did not feel up to coping with a "mixed" gathering, and Mrs. Busy has quite enough to talk about as it is). All except Rogers and Crank refused, somewhat to my surprise. I only discovered afterwards that Masters is giving a large party to-night also; and, although my friends did not say so, I suspect that that is the counter-attraction. I believe that Masters has engaged a conjurer. I was invited too (I must say, considering how little I see eye to eye with Masters, he is really very hospitable), but, as Crank and Rogers had promised to come here, I could not very well accept. In any case, one of the Masters' noisy evenings is enough for me for a long time. But now Crank and Rogers have not turned up, and here I sit waiting for them. It is half-past eleven already; Mrs. Puke has made a very nice-looking little brawn, the bottle of Madeira is ready open, and at the moment it all looks like being wasted. It is really not a very fair way to treat a brother-Councillor. The night is foggy, certainly, and at first I thought they must have been frightened by that (Rogers is very fussy about his health); but the odd thing is I telephoned earlier to both their houses, and in each case the servant's reply was that the "master has gone out to see the New Year in." I cannot understand it. I suppose they cannot have deserted me for the Masters' party. If I thought they had done that (without letting me know) I would never speak to them again. What is more, I shall have something to say in Council about Crank's part in the —— Building Estates affair. It may be, of course, that they have looked in at the Masters' and intend to join me later; but in that case I think that they might have torn themselves away a little earlier. As it is, Mrs. Puke has gone to bed in a huff about her brawn and I am absolutely alone, with nothing to do but write my diary. A nice way to see the New Year in!

I have had a glass of Madeira and



Time—11.55 P.M., DEC. 31.

Conscientious Young Lady. "D'YOU MIND STOPPING BLOWING YOUR SQUEAKER FOR A MINUTE OR TWO? I'VE JUST REMEMBERED I'VE NOT THOUGHT OF MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS YET, AND I FIND THE NOISE RATHER DISTRACTING."

have tried the brawn, which is really delicious. If Crank and Rogers prefer a stupid conjurer and a lot of noisy young women that is their look-out. I have a good mind to step across to Masters' place now and catch them. I can imagine the look on their faces when they see me! It is now ten minutes to twelve and there is just time. On second thoughts, though, that would not be very dignified. It is an odd coincidence that Mrs. Horse should be alone in her "home" and I alone in mine at this hour. I have a good mind to go up to town to-morrow and see her. It would be a charitable action, and I should miss Mrs. Busy's Book Tea, which will be tedious. Also I could inquire about fancy blotters; I can see nothing suitable in Burbleton.

There go the bells. I shall drink half-a-glass of Madeira to Mrs. Cheviot Horse and go to bed. Her Christian name, by the way, is Harriet.

Well, so much for my New Year celebrations! A. P. H.

"JOIN OUR PRE-WAR TURKEY CLUB."
Notice outside Lancashire Grocery Store.

Thank you, but we don't like our game as high as that.

MODEL ADVICE.

[Mannequins are now being advised to give up slimming exercises and food, so that their figures may become plumper to fill the fuller costumes which are becoming fashionable. Good meals with plenty of beer are advocated.]

TIME was (and it was not remote)
When, Phyllis, you tabooed
The very thought of *table d'hôte*
Or *any* hint of food;
A lemon and a skipping-rope
Were then your constant friends
Who made you like a telescope
To further Fashion's ends.

But, now that Fashion turns and frowns
Upon the lean and lithe,
The fat alone in roomy gowns
Make jealous neighbours writhe;
So, Phyllis, to your steak and chips
And cheese and lollypops;
Forsake your little daily skips
And take a lot of hops!

"MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN
Returns to Duties following a severe cold."
Headlines in Evening Paper.

We fear he was a bit chilled by the Lords' veto on the proposal to discontinue the Dye-stuffs Duty.

The Operatic Nightmare.

"Misfortune brought strange bedfellows together, said Sir Thomas, amid laughter, but the case of national opera must be desperate before it brought such diverse bodies into such close union. How many ferrets were going to be tied round the limbs of this Government combination before it saw the light of the theatre."—*Bristol Paper.*

We cannot guess; but the situation is enough to make a weasel go pop.

The Female Cult of Rotundity.

"WOMAN WINS A CATTLE PRIZE.
FINE DISPLAY AT A FAT STOCK SHOW."
Daily Paper.

"He called to a passenger, Mr. Punch, who was on deck and called his attention to the creature in the water, saying that it appeared to be a sea-serpent."
From Letter to "The Times."

Mr. Punch has no recollection of this incident and declines to be drawn into the sea-serpent controversy.

"Found, on Dundee Road, purse containing money, motor spare wheel, motor cycle tools, and tin of petrol. Apply County Police."
Dundee Paper.

The worst of these Dundee purses is that they can't be carried in the lumbar pocket without spoiling the sit of the trousers.

$\sqrt{-1}$ IS FLYING.

I EXPECT you are rather wondering what that means. Perhaps I had better explain.

This is a scientific age. I mean, nobody is so stupid as to suppose that we live in a world any more, at any rate not the rather stuffy sort of world in which people existed in the days of dear old QUEEN VICTORIA. I'm not saying anything against it, mind you; I was born into it and I couldn't see anything wrong with it myself, but then I'm not a scientist. The scientists hated it, in fact they hated it so much that they decided to abolish it altogether. So nowadays we live in a four-dimensional continuum instead—and a distorted one at that.

Well, that's all right. I don't complain. After all, it looks much the same, and a world by any other name is just as likely to have a Mr. SNOWDEN in it. If it makes a few scientists happy, that is something; they are gloomy persons, difficult to amuse. But they don't stop there. Scientists are like that; they are so apt to take the bit between their teeth and then to pretend that it isn't a bit at all, but only a kink in a distorted continuum.

Having disposed of the world, they turned their attention to time. Scientists hate time even more than they hate the world. I don't know why; perhaps because it won't stand still long enough for them to have a really good look at it. So they began to insult it—scientifically, of course. Some of them tried to pretend that it didn't exist at all, but they didn't get very far; there were too many people about with a whole lot of it on their hands which they didn't know what to do with. Then Sir JAMES JEANS came along.

"Look here," he said—"I've got an idea. We won't measure time by seconds any more—anybody can do that—we'll measure it in terms of $\sqrt{-1}$."

"Hold on," said the mathematicians; "$\sqrt{-1}$ doesn't exist."

"I know it doesn't," said Sir JAMES JEANS. "But don't tell anybody."

So that is how it happened. There is no such thing as time any more. It is done with, a hopeless back number. And in its place we have got $\sqrt{-1}$.

Which brings me back to the observation with which I started. $\sqrt{-1}$ is flying. It has been flying like anything ever since I started to explain what it was, but it doesn't really matter. That is one of the comforting things about $\sqrt{-1}$; there is always just as much of it left as there was to begin with.

All that is only by the way. However gracefully we fall for $\sqrt{-1}$ (and there is no denying that it looks fascinating on paper) there is a serious side to it. I doubt whether you have realised it yet; you are probably still feeling excited at the thought of all the $\sqrt{-1}$ which you have wasted in your $\sqrt{-1}$. I only realised it myself when I sat down to write a few thoughts on the New Year.

You see the difficulty now, of course. If we substitute $\sqrt{-1}$ for time, and $\sqrt{-1}$ doesn't exist (I was never much good at square roots at school, but I've spent a long—I mean, I've wasted a lot of $\sqrt{-1}$—in trying to work this one out and there's no answer), then what becomes of 1931? It isn't there, that's all. When the bells ring out at midnight on December 31st and dark men go forth into the rain and come back with pieces of coal and money in their hands, it won't mean anything. The dark men won't know it, of course, because they aren't scientists, but all they will have done is simply to float about in a sort of haze of $\sqrt{-1}$, kinks in a distorted four-dimensional continuum! And every one of them will imagine that he was letting in something called the New Year. Poor kinks!

All this is sufficiently disturbing. But let us consider another aspect of the matter. No fewer than three different aunts have sent me calendars for Christmas. They are on my desk before me as I write, and there is to my newly-opened scientific eye something very pathetic about them. There they are—facts, things over which men have laboured with loving care under Trade Union rules. One of them has a robin on it. And yet they mean nothing—nothing at all; in fact, *less* than nothing.

Look, for instance, at Saturday, January 3rd. How future generations will roar with laughter at the simplicity of an age which tried to split up $\sqrt{-1}$ into things like Saturday, January 3rd! How their sides will ache at the thought of Shrove Tuesday and August Bank Holiday! Even I begin to find something ludicrous in them. Yet there the calendars are. What am I to do with them? They won't be any use to me now. I might send them to Sir JAMES JEANS, of course; I daresay he enjoys a good laugh as much as anyone.

Happily, there is a brighter side to it. This is the season of the year when rather morbid persons indulge in New Year resolutions. $\sqrt{-1}$ will wash that sort of thing out all right. If time is nothing but a dimension in terms of $\sqrt{-1}$ in a four-dimensional continuum with a dint in it, there doesn't seem to be much point in bothering about good resolutions.

Things grow more and more difficult. At this point I was interrupted—these things happen, even in the most scientific households. It was Pippa. Some kind but misguided relation had sent her a book of fairy stories as a Christmas present, and she brought it to me with the request that I would read a story to her. I opened it at random.

"Once upon a——," I read, and stopped. I looked up. Pippa's big blue eyes were fixed expectantly upon me.

"Go on," she said.

How could I go on? Could I tell an innocent confiding child a scientific lie? On the other hand, could a fairy story possibly begin with the words "Once upon a $\sqrt{-1}$"?

But as I hesitated doubts began to creep into my mind. Perhaps after all a fairy story was the only possible place for time. After the scientists have stopped worrying it, it ought to feel quite at home there.

I turned again to the book on my knee, and the smile of *Cinderella* the timeless restored perspective to the world.

"Once upon a time," I began firmly.

L. DU G.

AN UNPRACTICAL JOKE.

"AND then on New Year's Day you'll give it to Daddy and he'll be ever so surprised, won't he?"

"Oh!" said Peter, taking the matchbox from my hand. "How does it open?"

"It doesn't open. It's a trick, you see. You wind it up like this . . . I'll show you."

Peter was interested. At three years old you like things that wind up.

"And then," I explained, flattered by his attention, "when Daddy's filled his pipe you must ask him if he wants a match, and when you give him the box it just goes burrr-r-r-r-r."

"Oh!" said Peter, listening to the rattle as it unwound. "And how does Daddy get the match out?"

"He doesn't. That's the trick. It's a pretend. You pretend there's a match, and then there's only the burrrr-r-r-r. See?"

I wound it up again and he leant against my knee, standing on tip-toe to get a good view. Then he shook it and listened. Then he said, "It rattles, doesn't it? Why does it rattle?"

"That's the trick," I told him, feeling that I had said that already. He examined the box carefully.

"Where do you open it?"

"You don't, darling. It's only pretend."

"Then how did the matches get in?"

"But, Peter, I told you. There aren't any matches."



Impecunious Gentleman. "COULD YOU LEND ME A QUID, OLD MAN, OVER THE NEW YEAR?"
Acquaintance. "TERRIBLY SORRY, BUT THE POUND I LEND IS OUT AT PRESENT."

"Oh! Then why does it rattle?"

"Because that's the joke. Now you wind it up and give it to me and see how surprised I'll be when it rattles."

We tried it for about ten minutes and got quite good at being surprised. And then Peter heard the front-door.

"That's Mummy and Daddy," he said and pulled me down to whisper. "Let's do it now," he said.

It didn't seem the best possible moment for working the trick, but he couldn't wait. He ran towards them with the box behind his back.

"Do you want a match?" he said excitedly and held the box out to them; "'cos this is supposed to be a match-box, and you pretend there's matches in it. It's a trick," he added and thrust it into their hands.

They both said, "Thank you, darling," and waited, looking across at me. But it didn't work very well, because Peter and I had omitted to wind it up.

"You've got to be surprised," he said. So they were.

"There," said Peter, delighted—"you never expected to find a match in that, did you, Daddy?"

The Stony-Brokers.

"Thanks to your hard work our Firm is now safely on the rocks."
Extract from business letter from Chinese firm.

No Laodiceans Need Apply.

"Magnificent Ocean and Coastal views. Sunshine and Sea Breezes. 100 beds (hot and cold)."
Advt. of Cornish Hotel in Daily Paper.

". . . a tall, dazzling, handsome youth with shapely lambs and dashing figure—Robbie, the hero (Miss Nita Croft)."
From Notice of Pantomime in Scots Paper.

For "lambs" read "calves."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE NEIGHBOURS.

Mr. and Mrs. Surety lived at La Gioconda in the Cavendish Road and had always been great friends with Mr. and Mrs. Wotnott who lived at Penshurst next door, but they quarrelled because of Ermyntrude Wotnott who was only seven teaching Victor Surety to use bad language. And what happened was that the Vicar's wife had called at La Gioconda to ask for a subscription and Mrs. Surety had given her one and had told her about her uncle who was fairly rich and she had made him out to be richer, and she could see that the Vicar's wife was just beginning to think that it might be worth while to take her up and ask her to tea, and just then Victor burst in with his face dirty and the Vicar's wife said he would be quite a nice little man if he was a bit cleaner, and he told her to go somewhere that it wouldn't do to write down and wash her own ugly face, and of course she was offended and went away without even putting down her card on the antique dresser.

Well Mrs. Surety gave Victor a good welting she was so exasperated and asked him where he had learnt that word and he said from Ermyntrude, so she left him howling and went round to Penshurst and recommended Mrs. Wotnott to give Ermyntrude a welting too. But Mrs. Wotnott was offended and said that it was Victor who had taught Ermyntrude to use bad language and she said he was so common that she shouldn't let her child play with him any longer. And Mrs. Surety was furious at that and she said that Mrs. Wotnott was so common herself that she had often wondered why she had anything to do with her, and if her uncle knew what her neighbours were like she was sure he would want her to move out of the Cavendish Road and go and live somewhere where she could mix with ladies and gentlemen. And Mrs. Wotnott said I suppose you would offer to do a day's charring for them sometimes or take in their washing, and then Mrs. Surety flung out of the house and said she should never darken its doors again, and Mrs. Wotnott called out after her if I ever see that brat of yours speaking to my child again I shall dust his jacket for him, it always wants it because you don't know how to keep him clean or yourself either, and I expect your old uncle you're so proud of is as dirty as the rest of you.

Well Mrs. Surety didn't hear the last bit about her uncle because she was slamming the gate of La Gioconda by that time, but she was perfectly furious because if there was one thing she prided herself on it was keeping everything clean, and she knew she was better at that than Mrs. Wotnott who spent a lot of her time reading novels and eating chocolates which she got cheap through her husband being in the confectionery business, and Mrs. Surety didn't approve of that but as Mrs. Wotnott sometimes gave her a box of chocolates she didn't say anything about it, and she had always liked hearing Mrs. Wotnott saying things about people because she didn't mind what she said and she was often very amusing. But of course it wasn't so amusing when Mrs. Wotnott said perfectly awful things about her, and when Mr. Surety came home from his business she told him they couldn't possibly have anything more to do with the Wotnotts and if he got a rise next Christmas they had better move into another road.



"AND MR. WOTNOTT SAID, 'I SHOULD WASH MY CHILD'S FACE.'"

Well Mr. Surety and Mr. Wotnott liked each other very much and played dominoes together in their luncheon hour and on Saturday afternoons they used to talk to each other over the garden fence, so Mr. Surety was aggravating about it and he said he certainly shouldn't give up being friends with old Wotnott just because Victor had said something to the Vicar's wife, and anyhow he didn't care to have the Vicar's wife always nosing around and he should certainly tell them at the office what Victor had said to her and have a good laugh over it. And Mrs. Surety said that she worked her fingers to the bone keeping his house nice for him and all he could think of was to disgrace her, and if he spoke to Mr. Wotnott again she should divorce him. And he said very well do, and he went straight out into the garden and called out to Mr. Wotnott quite loud so that Mrs. Surety could hear him well old man how goes it?

Well it was all very well for Mr. Surety and Mr. Wotnott to pretend that nothing had happened, but their wives were always thinking of things to exasperate each other and the next day which was Saturday Mr. Wotnott said to Mr. Surety over the garden fence I say old man we know the ladies must work off the steam sometimes but it's a bit thick of your missus to write to mine in the third person and send her back half a box of chocolates she gave her because she says she is sure I pinched them from the firm. And Mr. Surety was rather shocked at that but he was sensible about it and he said well old man if that is what she really thought she wouldn't have eaten the other half, and if it comes to things being a bit thick what about your missus writing in to mine and saying how sorry she was to read that her uncle had got two years hard, and would she like her to send him a box of chocolates to Wormwood Scrubs. And Mr. Wotnott said did she do that? And he said yes she did, she sent a piece that she had cut out of a newspaper about a man called Smith and my wife's uncle is called Smith but of course he isn't the same.

Well the next thing was that Victor climbed on to the garden fence and put out his tongue at Ermyntrude and Mrs. Wotnott happened to see him doing it and she rushed out and boxed his ears so hard that he tumbled off the fence

into a rose-bed and scratched his face and he howled so loud that Mrs. Surety rushed out of the house and saw his face covered with blood and she said Mrs. Wotnott had tried to murder her child and she should go straight off and fetch a policeman.

So she did that, but the policeman wouldn't come because he said he had a wife of his own at home and he knew that ladies living next door to each other fell out sometimes and it was much better to make it up without going to the police-court. But when Mr. Wotnott came home from his business Mrs. Wotnott told him that Mrs. Surety had tried to get a policeman to take her up, and he went out into the garden and said to Mr. Surety over the fence look here old man this is a bit too thick altogether. And Mr. Surety said yes old man it is, and he called out for Victor and showed him his face all covered with blood from the scratches and dirt from the rose-bed which Mrs. Surety hadn't washed off yet, and he said if my wife had treated your child like that Wotnott wouldn't you go for a policeman? And Mr. Wotnott said no Surety I should wash my child's face. And Mr. Surety drew himself up and said I refuse to play dominoes any longer with an individual of your class Wotnott or to lend him garden clippers our friendship is at an end. And Mr. Wotnott said so be it Surety, take your friendship where it is wanted, it is not wanted here. And they both walked indoors with their heads in the air.

So none of them spoke to each other after that except Victor and Ermyntrude sometimes when their mothers weren't looking, and that lasted for about a week until Mrs. Surety's uncle Mr. Smith came to see her on Saturday afternoon in his motor-car. And he went out to look at the garden of La Gioconda and Ermyntrude was playing in the garden of Penshurst next door, and he saw her over the fence and said oh what a pretty little girl come here my dear I am sure you can make use of a sixpence, and he gave her a sixpence before Mrs. Surety could say anything. And she ran indoors and told her mother and Mrs. Wotnott came out looking very red and Mr. Wotnott with her and she said to Mr. Smith my husband and I wish to thank you Sir for tendering our child this coin but under the circumstances we are obliged to tender it back again.

So then it all had to come out and Mr. Smith who was a very kind old gentleman and did a lot for hospitals laughed at it, especially at Mrs. Wotnott pretending he was the Smith who had been sent to Wormwood Scrubs, and he said well I am sure you must all be tired of behaving in this silly fashion, I will take you all out in my motor-car for a nice drive and pay for us to have tea in an expensive hotel, and I am sure we shall enjoy ourselves and forget all about the quarrel.

Well they did enjoy themselves, and they were all tired of the quarrel by this time and were more friends than ever after it and they had a gate made in the fence between La Gioconda and Penshurst so that they could go in and out more easily, and arranged that Victor and Ermyntrude should marry each other when they were old enough.

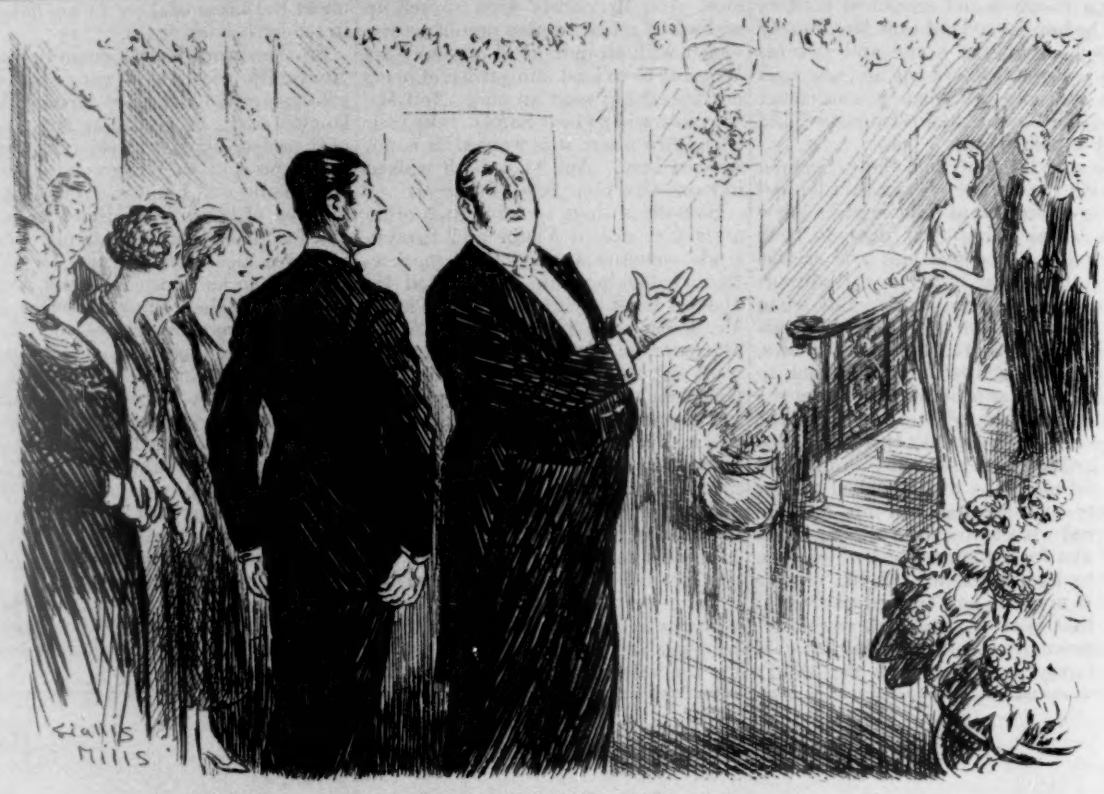
A. M.

"UNIONISTS REPORT.
DUMBARTON EFFORT TO WIN BACK SEAT."
Headlines in Scots Paper.

We never struggle for anything but a front seat.



Lover of Animals. "DON'T YOU KNOW YOU OUGHT TO PLACE A BRICK OR SOMETHING UNDER THE WHEEL TO REST YOUR HORSE WHEN YOU PAUSE ON A SLOPE?"
Carrier (indignantly). "WELL, SO I 'AVE, AIN'T I?"



THE SERVANTS' BALL.

First Footman. "'ERE COMES 'ER LADYSHIP. I 'OPE I GET A DANCE WITH 'ER."
Butler. "YOU FORGET YOURSELF, 'ENERY; DANCING WITH 'ER LADYSHIP IS THE *BUTLER'S* PERQUISITE."

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE TURK.

[A gentleman named ZARO AGHA, now resident in New York, claims, according to the daily Press, to be one hundred and fifty-six years old, and to have fought in Syria against BUONAPARTE.]

I HAVE met famous men at dinner
And fatuous men at lunch,
But ah! if I might meet the man
To whom the rest are "also ran,"
The champion of the world, the winner,
The boy that whacks the bunch!

For few there be to-day that, wearing
The bowler or the fez,
Have seen NAPOLEON'S star arise
And watched it flame across the skies
And then depart, without much caring,
As ZARO did (he says).

Not many to the cocktail-shaker
Nor pourer of the wine
Can modestly but firmly swear
About the war, that they were there
When SIDNEY SMITH defended Acre
In seventeen-ninety-nine.

O head in which so many summers
Of Europe are recalled!
O head, upon which all those winters
Have left their snowflakes, gentle printers,
Still adding late and later comers—
(Unless the bloke be bald).

Perhaps he felt the writer's hunger?
He was a boy of ten
When the great SAMUEL JOHNSON died:
JANE AUSTEN (authoress of *Pride And Prejudice*) was just a younger
Contemporary pen.

Perhaps—but no, the mist is murky,
The brain is numbed and mute;
I will not strive to tell the things
Those eyes have seen—the wars, the kings—
Nor trace the history of Turkey
(Never my strongest suit).

He may, though now a good deal tougher,
Have wept when BYRON fell,
Being a generous-hearted foe:
By reputation he would know—
Himself a somewhat aged buffer—
The girl VICTORIA well.

Enough that if my chance to see his
Time-wrinkled face occur,
If I should meet him front to front
I warn all others off the hunt;
Bags I herewith the right to be his
Autobiographer! EVOE.

The Proud Mother.

"Mrs. W—— looked prettier than she ever has. Among the guests were her two small sons, Lord Elibank, and Admiral Mark Kerr."
Daily Paper.

Quite our Oldest Inhabitant!

"Mr. —— said he had never seen anything like the September long-distance race since the Spanish Armada (laughter)."
Suburban Paper.

Things which could have been more drily Expressed.

Famous film-star describing the reasons for his fourth wife's divorce suit:—

"As we grew richer, my wife wanted possessions like those of other wealthy people. We had to travel and to have a big home, with swimming pools. These went to her head."—*Daily Paper.*

Water on the brain is said to be an increasingly common complaint at Hollywood.



RE-OPENING THE DOOR.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, December 16th.—It must be jolly to be so many things that you cannot remember them all. That is Lord PARMOOR's happy position. He had moved the Second Reading of the British Museum and National Gallery (Overseas Loans) Bill, and Lord HANWORTH, one of the Trustees of the British Museum, was pointing out the disadvantages of the measure. "The noble Lord is a Trustee of the British Museum," he declared accusingly. "I am *not* a Trustee of the British Museum," retorted Lord PARMOOR. "At least," he added reflectively, "I don't think I am." Lord HANWORTH assured him that as a Cabinet Minister he *ex-officio* was. Lord PARMOOR accepted the newly-discovered dignity, and I'm sure that next time he is in Bloomsbury he will look in and give the jade tortoise a proprietary pat or have a few words with THOTHMES about affairs in Egypt.



DESIGN FOR THE FOREIGN SECRETARY'S NEW YEAR CARD, ADAPTED FROM SIR EDWARD GREY'S CHRISTMAS CARD IN MR. PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1908.

As for Lord HANWORTH, he was highly unwilling that he and his co-Trustees should be permitted by statute to lend anything to anybody except "objects representative of British arts and crafts." So much opposition to the Bill developed that the debate was adjourned by consent.

Lord LAMINGTON then introduced the subject of the Imam of YEMEN, who seems by all accounts to be anything but a museum-piece. Though not actively hostile he declines to recognise British sovereignty over Aden Moslems, and the Resident seems to think that there is no persuading him to do the right thing. He is not, unfortunately, the sort of object representative of British craft that any foreign country is likely to want to borrow.

A debate on unemployment was as barren of result as all such debates, but it had a few bright spots. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S picture of the Government as a body of prisoners in Sing Sing condemned to death but not knowing whether the execution would take place in three months' or six months' time, because it all depends on what their unscrupulous and ingenious attorney does for them, went well and had the effect of drawing a return fire from the Liberal leader. "He," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, pointing at the ex-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "has passed the electric chair. He was condemned and executed by the public at the last Election."

The party sallies of the old gladiators struck no answering sparks from the Treasury Bench. Mr. MORRISON dealt soberly, but perforce aridly and ineffectively, with quantities of figures with which he sought to show the Government's zeal and success in coping with unemployment. As for Mr. GREENWOOD, he lost himself in an argument about the need to abolish capitalism and made no attempt to restore the allegorical picture of Unemployment scotched by Socialism which the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT had painted and his own follower, Mr. W. J. BROWN, of Wolverhampton, had torn into as many fragments as a jig-saw puzzle.



JULIUS CÆSAR: "ET TU, MAJOR!"

Julius Cæsar . . MR. TOM SHAW.
Brutus . . . . . MAJOR A. G. CHURCH, WHO VOTED AGAINST HIS CHIEF ON THE EXPIRING LAWS CONTINUANCE BILL.

Wednesday, December 17th.—The Lords, preoccupied with the consequence of giving the Government the air (as they say in America) over the Dye-stuffs Act, confined its criticism of the Unemployment Insurance Bill, for which Lord MARLEY moved a Second Reading, to a mere whiff of the Londonderry air. Indeed, the Bill being a money Bill, a mild protest was all that the Upper House was entitled to emit.

If their Lordships had any doubt as to the wisdom of their decision to keep the Dye-stuffs Act alive, that doubt must have been dissipated by to-night's proceedings in the Commons. It is true that Mr. TOM SHAW—presumably selected for the task by virtue of his superior lung power—vehemently dared the Lords to do it again, but his subsequent admission that the War Office experts were strongly opposed to the Act being allowed to lapse rather spoiled the effect. If he had known that his own Parliamentary Private Secretary, Major CHURCH, was going into the Opposition Lobby, its effect might have been spoiled still further. The Dye-stuffs Act is being led to the altar of hard-shell Cobdenism by the fanatical arch-priest, Mr. SNOWDEN, but it fell, as usual, to Mr. GRAHAM to wield the actual knife. Sir P. CUNLIFFE LISTER urged him to spare the chee-ild, but Sir HERBERT SAMUEL besought him in unctuous tones to strike and strike home. Unfortunately, Mr. WISE selected this moment to intervene. Mr. WISE is a wise guy who tries to wed Socialism with common-sense, and when he gets off a few wise cracks the spoiled Liberals and the trade union pachyderms on the Treasury Bench stir uneasily. Mr. WISE tore Sir HERBERT'S specious arguments to bits in a few sentences.

Mr. E. D. SIMON spoke for the dissenting Liberals, and Mr. STRACHEY and Major CHURCH backed up Mr. WISE, who had announced *en passant* that, since he and the thirty-nine other segments of the Labour tail could not wag the Labour dog, they would jolly well not wag at all. As a result the Government emerged from the Lobbies with loud sighs of relief and a majority of exactly six. Only half their auxiliaries had remained loyal and they were unled, the guerilla generalissimo having retired, unpaired,

to the tall grass. On the basis of proclaimed opinions and not of votes the House showed a substantial balance in favour of salvaging the Dye-stuffs Act—an adequate mandate to the Lords to go on and hit the Government another poke.

It was rather a chastened Mr. GREENWOOD—if indeed anything could chasten Mr. GREENWOOD, who moved the Second Reading of the National Health Insurance (Prolongation of Insurance) Bill, for it was no secret that some at least of the Liberal lack of support was due to the almost recreant flippancy with which the MINISTER on the previous day had addressed himself to the subject of unemployment. In Liberal circles, where unemployment is regarded as the one subject of over-riding gravity, this flippancy seemed naturally little short of insulting.

Thursday, December 18th.—The Lords' victory over the Government in the matter of the Dye-stuffs Act was almost too easy to be exciting. Lord HAILSHAM had only to fire a perfunctory salvo and Lord PARMOOR gracefully surrendered to "the serried ranks" opposite.

In the Commons Major DAVIES raised again the question of the contamination of certain kinds of cheese by tinfoil. Mr. GREENWOOD replied that he had the matter under observation, but was unwilling at the moment to make any further statement. Presumably he is waiting for the cheese to make the first move.

The sitting of the House, as becomes a legislative body about to break up for the holidays, was devoted mostly to provocative noises, the first instalment of which coincided with the PRIME MINISTER's announcement that on Thursday, January 22nd, the reconvened House would take the Second Reading of the Trade Disputes Bill. "At last!" cried Sir KINGSLEY WOOD in tones of mock relief. "On Friday," continued the PRIME MINISTER, "they would take——" "a General Election," interposed a hostile voice, and all was sound and fury again.

Relative quiet prevailed while the House in Committee engaged in further consideration of the Education Bill, but fresh liveliness manifested itself when Mr. GRAHAM rose to move, with such good grace as he could muster, that the House do not insist on disagreeing with the Lords' Amendments to the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill. The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE attributed the Government's decision to the reduced vote of the House on Wednesday. The ensuing debate produced much cry but (fortunately) no loss of wool, even the mutual exchange of charges of corruption being smoothed over by Mr. LEIF JONES's anxious explanation that he at any rate had applied the word "corruption," if at all, only to those who had been "corrupted by bad arguments."



LORD PARMOOR HOISTS THE WHITE FLAG (UNDYED) BY WAY OF SURRENDER TO LORD HAILSHAM.

Friday, December 19th.—The Lords sat but only to adjourn, the Commons having accepted their Amendments to the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill. Fortunately Santa Claus finds work for idle hands to do and a sense of duty well done is as fine a sauce for leisure in Grosvenor Square as in Seven Dials.

With nothing very promising before it in the way of Questions to be raised on the motion to adjourn, the House amused itself with a brief but lively baiting of the PRIME MINISTER on the subject of his mandate from the country for the Electoral Reform Bill which Mr. CLYNES—a very small vehicle for so large a load of mischief—had introduced. Mr. MACDONALD said the mandate had been given. Then why had the PRIME MINISTER to ask his followers to allow him to introduce the Bill? asked Sir KINGSLEY WOOD. They were informed that the mandate was to be carried out, parried Mr. MACDONALD. "Then what was the voting about?" demanded the pertinacious Sir KINGSLEY. And would the PRIME MINISTER, for the comfort of Members opposite, elucidate just what he meant by a mandate? inquired Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY in leopardy tones. "Is not the mandate the mandate of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE?" asked Sir WILLIAM MITCHELL-THOMSON.

No matter of great moment was raised on the motion to adjourn, though Mr. ERNEST BROWN's question about the money spent by the Government on schemes of unemployment relief did give Mr. LLOYD GEORGE an opportunity of calling Mr. POTTS black with something approaching acidity.



FLYING THE KITE.

Master CLYNES. "I'VE STARTED IT, ANYHOW, BUT I FANCY IN THE NEW YEAR I'LL HAVE TO LOP OFF SOME OF THE DEAD WEIGHT."

Mary's Tale.

Mary had a little tale,
Its theme was pure as snow,
And everywhere that story went
The publishers said "No!"

"Green Beer.—Brewed in Scotland." *Daily Paper.*

Scotland should have remained true to her Tartan tipple.



Keeper (*on an estate where a small premium is paid for vermin destroyed*). "HERE, BOY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT HAWK?"

Boy. "I BE TAKIN' 'IS FEET." *Keeper.* "BUT YOU DIDN'T KILL IT."

Boy. "NOA, THE MASTER HE SHOT UN, BUT SO BE I GOT THEM FEET TO SHOW, 'E'LL PAY I A TANNER."

THE CALL OF THE AMAZON.

[MRS. VIOLET CRESSY-MARCKS, the woman explorer, has recounted to a representative of *The Sunday Times* her adventures during her recent canoe voyage up the Amazon, in the course of which she was frequently capsized, and contended with vampire bats and deadly insects. Her equipment included mapping and astronomical apparatus and the works of PLATO and ARISTOTLE.]

LET others study the baroque,
And sit in ivory towers with "SACHA,"
Or plan an iridescent frock
To captivate some sheikh or pasha;
Lavish caresses on a peke,
Or topiarize upon a poodle,
Or in rash speculation seek
To aggrandize their stock of boodle.

Such joys may please the gilded crew,
May lure the dancer and the diner;
Give *me* a tiny frail canoe,
And not the huge luxurious liner;
Place *me* where I can drink my fill
Of risk upon the broad Savannah,
Or in the heart of wild Brazil,
The land of ipecacuanha!

Let others petrify with Gin-
And-It the remnant of their livers,
Remote from jazz and dope and din
I seek the home of mighty rivers;
Careless of what the CENSOR bans,
Unmoved by controversial squabbles,
I leave champagne and ortolans
To him who swills and her who gobbles.

Deep in the virgin forest's gloom,
While I peruse my ARISTOTLE,
I love to hear the bell-bird boom
Or watch the playful axolotl;
Far from sophisticated haunts
Where Folly holds her futile orgies
I take my Amazonian jaunts
Along Marañon's awful gorges.

Life that is dangerous, not soft,
Becomes the breed of Britain's daughters,
As well I know, who had full oft
To swim for life in perilous waters,
Where, when your boat in deep ravines
Capsizes under walls of granite,
You may be torn to smithereens
By fish, the fiercest on our planet.

Why, modish maidens, multiply
Your toilet's weird impedimenta,
Darken your skins with henna's dye
Or stain your nails a bright magenta,
When, freed from Fashion's crippling codes,
You may enjoy the lust of battle
With vampire-bats, enormous toads,
Gigantic spiders, snakes that rattle?

Yes, nobler far I deem the lot
Of those who quit the feverish scurry
For some entirely savage spot
Uncharted in the Guides of MURRAY;
Far from the scenes where pressmen rave,
Where politicians brawl and bungle,
The woman with a soul to save
Must seek salvation in the jungle.

C. L. G.

The Writing on the Uprights.

"From the Press Box there seemed no doubt about the legibility of the goal."
Weekly Paper.

More Strong Silent Athletes.

"There are three new 'caps' among the forwards who have obviously been chosen with a view to the French match. They constitute a hushy pack."—*Sunday Paper.*

". . . but the majority of the members—like Topsy—'said nuffin.'"—*Jersey Paper.*

What did Brer Rabbit say in '80?

AT THE PLAY.

"TOAD OF TOAD HALL" (LYRIC).

I CAN'T help thinking that A. A. M. has allowed himself, by reason of a literary loyalty which does him credit, to be hampered in his treatment of KENNETH GRAHAME'S *The Wind in the Willows*. That admirable work is cast in narrative form and embroidered with a gracious fancy which cannot be reproduced on the stage or at any rate has not been attempted by the adapter, who perhaps has had his eye too exclusively fixed upon the children and averted from the less important grown-ups. KENNETH GRAHAME'S book is addressed quite as much to us as to our offspring. Mr. MILNE has jettisoned, perhaps perforce or for policy's sake, all that makes the enchantment of *The Wind in the Willows* for the mature mind.

Moreover—if I may venture a criticism which will infuriate the adapter *qua* disciple—I can't help thinking that Mr. GRAHAME'S characterisation is at fault. *Mr. Badger*, nervous but, when roused, truculent, will serve; *Mole*, timid, unresourceful, enthusiastic—well, that may pass, though we all have too little opportunity of studying the sturdy little gentleman in velvet; but I doubt if a water-rat—in life a shy furtively-moving little fellow, a gentleman certainly and no doubt a good father, husband and friend—is really the resourceful managing fellow of the author's original and the adapter's adopted fancy. The character of the hero, *Toad*, is a more serious matter. Nobody who has made friends with one of his tribe could represent a toad as a dashing, entirely irresponsible, dandyish braggart and road-hog. Surely he is rather a grave, modest fellow, given to reflection, a bit of a scholar perhaps, not, as *Mr. Toad* at the Lyric, a distinctly bumptious and resilient bounder. Now if one of our larger smart green swift-leaping speckled frogs had been given these dashing and unsatisfactory moral qualities, that might have passed muster—and indeed Mr. FREDERICK BURTWELL, who gave an admirable interpretation of this misdrawn character, was in habit and appearance entirely frog-like and exceedingly amusing at that!

So much a critical conscience compels one to submit and no doubt put oneself for ever in the bad books of the adapter, who has stoutly declared that anyone who cannot swallow *The Wind in the Willows* whole is not really to be counted a serious or perceptive person.

Mr. MILNE however, if anyone,



BUFO VULGARIS.

Toad . . . MR. FREDERICK BURTWELL.

should know the human child and what he likes, and from the laughter that burst in happy gusts from the children present one guessed that they were more than satisfied. Which, no doubt, is all that really matters.

The scenery, by Miss MURIEL STERLING, was happily conceived—the wild wood in warm twilight and again snowbound, with its scurrying rabbits, ferrets (why ferrets?), stoats, weasels, squirrels (the obtrusive grey tribe, I note with dissatisfaction), field-mice and, I'm sorry to say, a regrettably mangy and dispirited fox; *Mr. Badger's* quarters; the court-house where poor *Toad* is condemned for stealing a motor, furious driving and disrespect to the minions of the law; the dungeon in which the gaoler's daughter dances prettily and shows a good heart; the canal-bank with practicable barge; the banqueting-room of Toad Hall.

Mr. IVOR BARNARD is the friendly nautical *Water-Rat*, very serious and lovable; Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN a very attractive *Mole*—but why so light-brown a coat, and where are those adorable pink paws of the little digger? Mr. ERIC STANLEY is the grave sardonic *Badger*, whose make-up was the most satisfactory of all. There were two horses, a white and a bay, strangely similar in character and action. There were wind and thunder and lightning, carol-singing by the field-mice and dances by the scutted rabbits, and in a word much to delight the child for whom the pageant was devised. And Mr. H. FRASER-SIMSON, an old and valued collaborator of the gifted author of *Winnie the Pooh*, has made pleasant music. May I suggest that in his own *Pooh* books Mr. MILNE has even better material for a piece of happy Christmas nonsense than in *The Wind in the Willows*? T.



The Horse, "I'M JUST 'ALFRED' IN THE PROGRAMME, BUT THEY HAVE TO BE LABELLED."

Water-Rat . . . . MR. IVOR BARNARD.
Badger . . . . . MR. ERIC STANLEY.
Mole . . . . . MR. RICHARD GOOLDEN.
Horse . . . . . { MR. PETER MATHER. / MR. HALLIDAY MASON.

"JANE'S LEGACY" (DUCHESS).

This is a very agreeable affair. I feared (not with a grave but only a light apprehension) that we were to be given another slice of PHILLPOTTS Devon, with its proverbial philosophy, high virtue, mean but not serious hates, pawky humour and so forth.

In a sense we were. But with a difference. I don't think it was merely the setting in a distant period—I should suppose the early thirties—which gave the impression of novelty. Or, if so, then it was a skilful and pleasant camouflage.

Jane (Miss LOUISE HAMPTON), turned fifty-five, with an invalid brother on her hands, has been living hardly (at any rate she has no visible means of support) and happily in a roomy cottage with a cupboard well supplied with gin and tobacco.

Then comes the news of an entirely unexpected legacy of

a thousand pounds left in the will of some dead baronet in whose house the excellent *Jane* had for a time been serving-maid.

This windfall begins to demonstrate the old thesis about money being "the root of all evil." "The family" gather to dictate the proper use or investment of the fortune and the ultimate disposal of it. *Jane* has in fact already decided that, not touching the capital, she will leave it in equal parts to her dull nephew and her pretty niece, her very pretty niece, we may say (Miss VIOLA LYEL). An ex-sergeant of the Great Duke's army, for whose benefit the cupboard is frequently opened, begins a vigorous siege of her heart. *Jane* has a distinct feeling for this personable shameless hero (Mr. FRANK PETTINGELL). Of the hero's good faith we are in considerable doubt, the more as he has views about the unwisdom of preserving capital intact for the benefit of the next generation. *Jane* at any rate accepts the amiable toper, but has a shock at the party given to celebrate the legacy when he falls into the junket owing to frequent doses from the cupboard administered with the active connivance of *Jane's* truculent married sister (Miss BARBARA GOTT).

Jane is shocked into withdrawing her pledge of marriage; shocked further by the manifestations of character in her neighbours which the legacy has opened up, and, appalled by the burden of her money, begins to understand the sorrows of the rich.

At last enters an old lady, a delightful, shrewd, still comely "body," another *Jane Mortimore* from a foreign village some fifteen miles away—played admirably by Miss DOROTHY HALL. She is the authentic legatee and has come prepared to fight. But *Jane* is only too anxious to be rid of her burden and will not dispute her claim. This good fairy, having recovered with some difficulty from her astonishment at *Jane's* attitude, unmasks the supposed sergeant as a complete fraud, a quite unmilitary bigamist or trigamist wanted by the police, and the new wooer (Mr. HENRY CAINE) of the pretty niece as a *Don Juan* in corduroys.

That upright dolt, *John* (Mr. KEITH-JOHNSTON), who had jilted *Jane's* pretty niece because she was an heiress and he wanted a woman who should owe everything to the strength of his good right arm and wooden head, condescends to take her back into favour; and so this quite unlikely and highly edifying Devonshire idyll, with its consoling message for this difficult time, is neatly rounded off.



LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

Jane Mortimore . . . . . Miss LOUISE HAMPTON.
Sergeant Merryweather Chugg . Mr. FRANK PETTINGELL.

The two outstanding performances in a well-produced play were that of Miss LOUISE HAMPTON, who made a charming wistful figure of *Jane*, and of Miss LYEL, who played with a sweet natural grace the part of the niece. Mr. FRANK PETTINGELL'S portrait of the breezy toper, *Sergeant Merryweather Chugg*, was amusingly sketched in.



LEGACY LOVE.

Ivy Mortimore . . . Miss VIOLA LYEL.
Tom Sparrow . . . Mr. HENRY CAINE.

Nobody failed the author or the producer, Mr. AYLIFF. And Mr. SHELVING'S characteristic decorations made a pleasant unobtrusive background. T.

A Lantern-Lecture on Antarctic Exploration will be given in the Fyvie Hall, Polytechnic, Regent Street, on Friday, January 9th, at 8.30 p.m., by Surgeon-Commander MURRAY LEVICK, R.N., Medical Officer to Captain SCOTT'S Antarctic Expedition (1910–13), in aid of the Chailey Heritage Craft Schools for Crippled Children. The second part of the lecture will be about the Social Habits of Antarctic Penguins. Tickets at 10/-, 5/- and 2/6, may be obtained from the Polytechnic, or from Mrs. MURRAY LEVICK, 28, Manor House, Marylebone Road, N.W. 1.

MUSIC AND THE ORDINARY LISTENER.

No. CXLV. COMPOSERS ALL.

[Sir WALFORD DAVIES has sat up too late the night before, reading *The Mystery of the Universe*.]

GOOD evening, listeners all. Last week, you remember, I explained that all music—except perhaps some contemporary music—is founded upon one or other of the known scales, those ladders of sound whose rungs are notes ascending or descending in pitch. I dwelt a little upon the pentatonic scale, and cited, as an instance of its universality in space and time, the use of it by a tribe of head-hunting pygmies in the heart of darkest Africa. Since last Tuesday I have been inundated by a record shoal of letters and telegrams, including a long cable from the paramount chief of the cheery clan which I have mentioned. He indignantly repudiates the suggestion that the pygmies' scale contains only five notes, and asserts roundly that the choristers of his Chapel Royal have been known on festal occasions to give voice to many thousands of different notes without beginning to exhaust either extremity of their gamut.

Of course I concede the chief's point at once. His cabled message implies a very simple misunderstanding. He is confusing Music and Noise, the distinction between which was drawn early in this series of Talks. I will only remind you that, if amongst scales we include the scale of Noise, then the steam siren becomes our ideal, both for volume and for compass. The notes of its scale



First Sailor. "WELL, THAT'S PROPERLY JIGGERED IT. WHAT THE H—— AM I GOIN' TO DO ABOUT THIS?"

Second Sailor. "TRY A SPOT OF AUTER-SUGGESTION. KEEP ON SAYIN' TO YERSELF 'IT NEVER 'APPENED; THE DECK'S STILL LOVELY AN' WHITE'!"

are almost infinite in number, but not quite, because this scale, like space itself, is obviously curved, and the more notes there are in it the sooner it curves back on itself. No one who has ever heard a steam siren will deny that its scale is curved, but with the ears at present at our disposal we cannot calculate the precise number of its steps. If it sounds more like a toboggan slide than a staircase, that is an illusion due to lack of training in minute listening. It seems safe to assert that the number of notes runs into many millions, and incidentally that the steam siren leaves the pygmy choristers standing. I must return to this vitally important subject in another Talk.*

In the meantime I pass to what is really my text this evening—the universality of the faculty for musical composition. "Composers All" I have called it. How jolly! *How* lovely! Each one of us can, if he will, sit down and write a song, a sonata, a symphony! Now, I can hear some dear old diffident listener muttering to himself, "Rubbish! Wish to goodness I could!" My dear man, my dear lady, whoever you are, you can; believe me, you can. Time and patience are all that is required, or nearly all, for one caution I must give you. For goodness' sake don't *try* to compose, or you'll tear the whole thing! It was, I think, HUXLEY who said:

"There once was a brainy baboon
Who always breathed down a bassoon;
For he said, 'It appears
That in billions of years
I am certain to hit on a tune.'"

Lots of other pioneers are at it already. You can hear the results of their diligence in almost any concert-room.

And finally, for my time is nearly up, I want to direct your attention to an instructive passage in the remarkable book which I have just been reading: "The habit of thinking of all intervals as musical intervals may be so ingrained in him [that is you, my dear listener] that, if he fell downstairs and bumped on stairs numbered 1, 5, 8 and 13, he would see music in his fall." Personally I should suggest an alteration in the number of the lowest step, but the author's meaning is clear: the musician would play the arpeggio of the common chord on the steps with the outlying portions of his anatomy.

What a lovely thought it is! Imagine the joy, the quite literal transport, of being hurled by contact with a motor-bus through a first or second inversion, or possibly both, into the exquisite harmony of a diminished seventh, and finally of being dropped on to your bed in the hospital to a plagal cadence! Do prospects like this not make the study of harmony well worth while? "The others may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know." Surely it is only by such interpretation of experience that this apparently humdrum existence of ours can become, in the words of an immortal poet, "one glad sweet song."

Good-night, all, *good*-night!

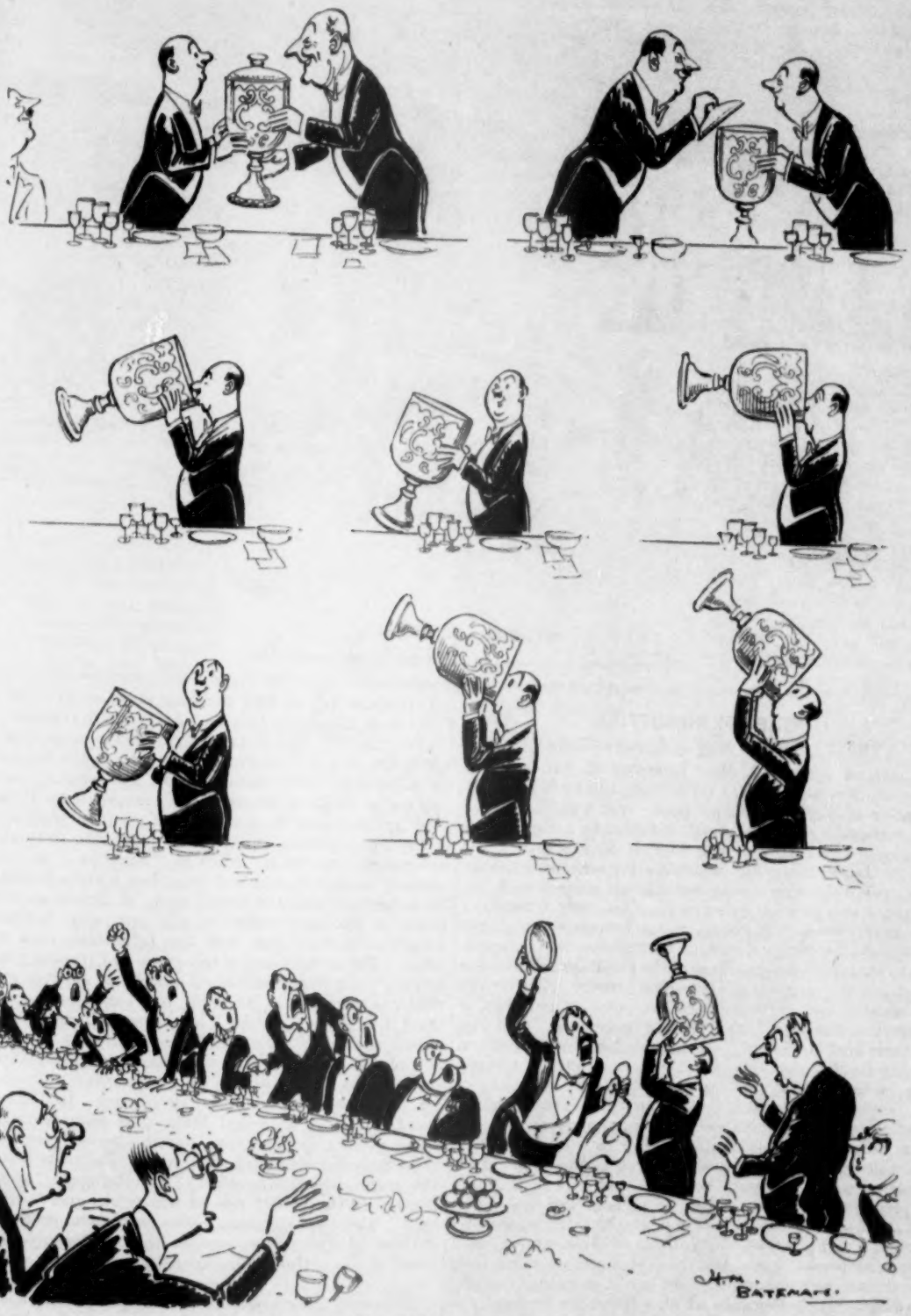
* Not here, please.—ED.

Answer to Correspondence.

CROSS-WORD-PUZZLED.—No, we cannot say how "Torquemada" is pronounced by the B.B.C., but we notice that *The Times* in a poem pronounces it "Torquemarder," and that *The Observer* (which ought to know) quotes this pronunciation with approval.

"The report proposes that capital punishment should not be inflicted for an experimental period of five years."—*Daily Paper.*

We agree that that kind of death would be a little too lingering.



THE MAN WHO DRAINED THE LOVING-CUP.



STUDIES IN CRIME.

KIDNAPPING THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF TOSHKISTAN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I RATHER agree with Miss DOROTHY M. STUART that *Christina Rossetti* (MACMILLAN, 5/-) has chiefly maintained her pride of place as a man's poet. Yet I think she has been fortunate in finding herself inducted by a woman into the glorious company of the *English Men of Letters*, for Miss STUART's biography—which is also a centenary tribute—has handled an exceptionally difficult subject with exceptional competence and grace. Obviously CHRISTINA ROSSETTI's life is a discreetly monochromatic study; yet the temptation to lay on colour by stressing its juxtaposition to the more prismatic lives of the Pre-Raphaelites is one which few biographers have been able to resist. Miss STUART has resisted, and with deliberation, pointing out that, if CHRISTINA was indeed, as SWINBURNE said, the "Jael who led their host to victory," the indebtedness was mainly on the Pre-Raphaelites' side. CHRISTINA was always curiously independent of external stimuli. The dour austerity of her London abodes did little to depress her flame; fugitive revelations of loveliness elsewhere—Longleat, Kelmscott, even Italy—as little to exalt it. In this her world oddly resembled the literary dream-world of eighteenth-century romance, whose influence both she and DANTE GABRIEL so pregnantly shared. Again, as regards her circle, Miss STUART has withstood the lure of emphasizing its showier members and given us the portraits of those who counted most with her heroine. And these portraits are so tenderly and dexterously painted that we hardly miss the beautiful drawings and photographs which a ROSSETTI biography in any other series would undoubtedly have reproduced as of prescriptive right.

It is reassuring to find the long short story—the story that runs half-a-dozen to a pleasantly sized volume—holding its ground. And if the ground is in a sense American, being Mrs. EDITH WHARTON's, it is also, in the most generous sense of the word, cosmopolitan. The territory occupied by *Certain People* (APPLETON, 7/6) ranges from Cyprus to Charing Cross; and the best of the stories deal with sophistication and apparent simplicity brought into dramatic and unforeseen opposition. Such is "Atrophy," in which a married woman is repulsed from her lover's deathbed by his hitherto discounted sister; and "A Bottle of Perrier," where a Cockney valet stands opaquely between an American archæologist and the fathoming of a terrible crime. The background of this yarn—a Crusader's castle—and its dexterously-sustained tangle of sinister motives, render it excellent of its kind; but I cannot say quite so much for "Dieu d'Amour," an attempt at recapturing the period of ST. BRIDGET of Sweden. Here it is a question not of the civilised and uncivilised, as Mrs. WHARTON understands them, but of an unfamiliar culture which remains, alas! with her purely decorative. In "Mr. Jones" the England of ancestral Halls and immemorial cedars comes admirably into play; but the mystery surrounding the tritely-denominated steward of "Bells" is less creditably unravelled than ravelled. "The Refugees," an amusing fantasy of the lighter side of war-work, and "After Holbein," where an American, *Miss Havisham*, greets again a cavalier of her prime, sustain their agreeably dissimilar parts in this artfully-mingled *pot-pourri*.

A fervent admiration for a famous statesman, an easy-chair and a good fire, with the prospect of a long life of leisure, all appear to be necessary to a complete appreciation

of the many hundred pages of *The Diaries of John Bright* (CASSELL, 25/-), for Mr. R. A. J. WALLING, editing the daily jottings for fifty years, has been all too willing to pass on the task of selection to his public. On a given date JOHN BRIGHT notes that he saw HALLEY'S Comet or read the April number of *Bleak House* or went to view the new and charming Crystal Palace or discussed a project for establishing a penny daily paper in London. All the great Victorians did these things and artlessly confided their impressions to their diaries; but I think JOHN BRIGHT goes one better in recounting how he read aloud at one sitting the whole of *Paradise Regained* to his *fiancée's* family assembled. He tells of his anxiety for his little daughter's health in some detail, and is apt to dismiss his own most moving orations in Parliament with the words "House: I spoke." Yet it is doubtful whether his oratory has ever been surpassed, or whether in his generation any speeches were more effective than his own in moulding public opinion.

Mr. GEORGE WODEN paints the life of his hero, *Giles Bower*, in such drab colours that, even though it was his dismal fate to teach for years under the old London School Board, they seem a trifle exaggerated. In his boyhood at his father's inn, which gives its title, *The Parson and Clerk* (BENN, 7/6), to the book, he knew and loved country ways; but after his stepfather sent him to be, as he bitterly protested, "trained, not educated," in London the shades of the prison-house fell fast. He married a girl who was a most accomplished liar and who never understood or sympathised with him until long after they were both middle-aged. *Giles* is represented as having inherited through his father, a gentleman come down in the world, sensitiveness and a more or less patrician outlook. The coarseness of a wife such as *Adeline* would, one imagines, have been death in life to him, but Mr. WODEN lays more stress on his misery in having to teach under a system of which he heartily disapproved. At the end of the book *Giles* looks back with serene happiness on a difficult life, in which he has never lowered his ideals. There are many acute observations and many well-written scenes in a story which has a certain beauty as the record of a victory such as even the dullest and most disappointed can achieve.

The Tin Tree (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) opens "somewhere in front of Bapaume" with a scene so original and so well described that to forget it is an impossibility. But, although the War forms a background for this story, Mr. JAMES QUINCE'S main concern is not with wholesale slaughter, but with the question of a murder committed in the West of England. Because *John Montauban* had sound reason to think that he, though accidentally, had killed his cousin, he disappeared from Devonshire and presently enlisted under another name. In the sequel facts came gradually to light which proved that the cousin was already dead before *John*, leaping from a wall, had landed scrunchingly upon him. Who, then, was the murderer? With Mr. QUINCE'S solution of this problem I am not entirely satisfied, but the tale as a whole has my confident approval. In some ways it is reminiscent of that successful novel, *Bretherton*, for its greater improbabilities are so persuasively narrated that I found myself wondering whether they were facts rather than fictions.



PICTURE OF AN "ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND EARLY-MORNING BATHER" GOING HOME WITH HIS TOWEL.

Towards the end of *Scotland in Eclipse* (TOULMIN, 5/-), Mr. ANDREW DEWAR GIBB states that the Scottish people have, in submitting to the Legislative Union of 1707, "perpetrated the grossest piece of snobbery that the world has ever seen, snobbery on a national scale." "Modern Scotland," he continues, "has deliberately chosen and prefers to be a province of a great world-power rather than to rely on her own resources and make to the history of the world a contribution in thought and action which should be her own." And to his mind the question that all thoughtful Scotsmen should be asking themselves is whether this "unhappy state of things" is to go on. Upon such a problem it is obviously impertinent for anyone who is not a Scotsman to express an opinion, but I can safely say that Mr. GIBB quotes many cases in which Scotland has sound reason to complain about the way Parliament has treated her. Even in the last four years, for instance, £80,666 have been granted to the National Libraries of Wales, £13,212 to those of Scotland. Such figures speak for themselves and so loudly that no one can wonder at the protests of patriotic Scotsmen.

Mr. RODNEY GALLOP, in *A Book of the Basques* (MACMILLAN, 15/-), tentatively accepts the most modern theory, namely, that they are the descendants of the Paleolithic inhabitants of the Pyrenean region, and then wisely abandons the subject to deal with the people of to-day, whom he intimately knows. He devotes many chapters to folk-lore and strange customs, and is particularly entertaining on the subject of the national game of pelota. Though in his chapter on Decorations he appears to err on the side of credulity, he is as a rule healthily sceptical of easy explanations, being content to state the facts and leave the rest to the reader. This is likely to remain for some years the standard work on the Basques as they exist at present. We may confidently expect from other pens further works on their ethnological significance.



LOTTERIES FOR CHARITY AND STATE.

Mr. Punch. The year whose death we are about to celebrate has been a poor year. Enterprise, luxury and charity have all suffered, and the greatest of these sufferers has been charity.

The Philanthropist. Not in Dublin, where they raised a fabulous sum for it with their sweepstakes. I was glad to see that you had a cartoon expressing approval of this admirable device.

Mr. P. Pardon me; it expressed nothing of the sort. I contented myself with pointing out that it was illogical for the law to permit the public to speculate with bookies or on the Tote and forbid them to engage in a lottery for charitable ends. Yet I received a strong protest from an old friend who complained that I had polluted the crystal waters of charity.

Phil. He was talking through his hat—a clerical hat, I imagine.

Mr. P. His letter said nothing of his headgear; but he happens to be a layman.

Phil. Then he was talking through his secular hat. People who have been in the habit of subscribing to good causes without any speculative prospect of reward in this world will continue to do so. What the Dublin hospitals did was to appeal to a totally different section of society and draw upon fresh sources that by no other means could have been tapped.

Mr. P. That's what I told him.

Phil. Besides he begged the question when he assumed that speculation is a filthy thing. It is a natural and universal instinct. It constitutes one of the prime elements of our principal activities. Without it the Stock Exchange might close for five-and-a-half days of the working week instead of for one only; the occupation of our insurance companies would be gone; commerce would suffer the extreme of emaciation.

Mr. P. That's what I told him.

Phil. It even penetrates our religious life, being of the essence of faith, which is concerned with the unseen and the unknown. It colours many of our social relationships. Marriage, for one, is popularly regarded as a lottery.

Mr. P. Long ago I gave my considered advice about marriage, but I am prepared to listen to yours on the subject of other lotteries.

Phil. Well, my advice is that you should openly support the general adoption of a scheme which takes a human instinct as it finds it and puts it to noble uses. The law, which at present penalises this method of helping the cause of mercy, reflects the public conscience even less than the law against buying tobacco after 8 P.M.; and it is only natural that people should do their best to evade it. Our nation may not boast of many virtues, but it has

a traditional penchant for abiding by the law. Nothing lowers the standard of self-respect in a community so much as a statute that invites evasion. We see this in America, where the open and cynical defiance of the Eighteenth Amendment has done more harm to the national character than was ever done by the facilities for drunkenness which it was designed to correct.

Mr. P. But I am given to understand that these lotteries would encourage the demoralising habit of expecting something for nothing.

Phil. The same thing might be said of ordinary investments. But it is a fallacy. In point of fact the man who invests in a charity sweepstake pays down a definite sum for the value of his chance, just as when he buys in the ordinary way his chance of a winning horse, with the rather important difference that in the one case the profit goes in the long run to the bookie, and in the other, with each transaction whether he wins or loses, a large share of it goes in aid of the sick and pitiable. Morally, of course, the bookie may be an object of pity; but he never seems to be sick—except when the favourite wins.

And anyhow, when people talk of the demoralising habit of expecting something for nothing, what have they to say about the dole? Based on a system of insurance (itself speculative, as I have said), the recipients of it in a large and rapidly-growing number of cases have dispensed with the formality of keeping up their contributions and are being gratuitously supported by the tax-payer.

Mr. P. I have formed an intelligent anticipation of what you will say next: you are going to advocate State lotteries.

Phil. I am. The resultant revenue would permit the lowering of income-tax and so restore that spirit of commercial enterprise which is essential for the reduction of unemployment. We should have had State lotteries long ago but for the cowardice of Governments of all shades. They have gone in terror of a scandalised outcry from the hypocrites that have never hesitated to break the law by raffling bed-quilts and tea-cosies for the renewal of their church choir's surplices or the repairs of their chapel pews. And the humour of it all—as of a Morality Play turned into a Farce—reaches its climax when we are allowed to enter for foreign lotteries, but not for lotteries within the Empire.

Mr. P. I am credibly informed that the Post Office opened all communications addressed from Great Britain to the promoters of the Dublin sweepstakes. I should strongly object to my private correspondence being treated as if it were suspected of containing infernal machines or live mice or obscene literature. However, that is merely an offensive detail. To return to our original theme—even I, with my notorious discretion, admit that you have made out a pretty good case for charity lotteries. As for State lotteries, of which the need is less urgent since the Government, unlike charitable institutions, has an alternative in the shape of economies, I would be prepared to compromise on Premium Bonds, which, along with the chance of a prize, would offer a moderate interest.

Phil. In fact, where charity is not involved, you think a man is justified in expecting some assured return for his investment of capital.

Mr. P. For myself, unless the purpose is charitable, I confess to a preference for that idea. It is a principle that I have practised in my commerce with those whom I invite to consider the merit of my own products. Indeed I go further. I guarantee that every investor shall receive a prize. Superficially, these prizes are all equal; intrinsically, they vary in value according to the purchaser's intelligence. You, Sir, with your nice gift of perception would qualify yourself for a prize of the first magnitude. Permit me therefore to recommend with great humility that you invest in my

One Hundred and Seventy-Ninth Volume.

